



Pearson's magazine

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A FLIGHT OF DOVES.

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PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Brief notes on prominent painters, with the portraits of some, and representative examples of their work.

The President of
the R.A.

"SIR," remarked Hiram Powers to the President's father, "your son may be as eminent as he pleases." Sir Frederick Leighton has pleased to take the highest eminence. Born at Scarborough sixty-five years ago, he may be said to owe his artistic career to the American sculptor just quoted. Young Leighton at the age of fifteen was wintering in Florence with his father, who had strenuously opposed the lad's desire to be a painter. The elder Leighton finally consented to show his son's drawings to Mr. Powers and abide by that authority's judgment of their merit. The sculptor's verdict gave us the President of the Royal Academy.

All his training was obtained on the Continent, and he spent fourteen or fifteen years working in Frankfort, Brussels, Paris, and Rome before he returned to England, to follow a reputation that had already preceded him. From Rome he had sent to the Academy in 1855 his "Cimabue's Madonna, carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence," a large canvas which, after attracting more attention than any other picture of its year, became the property of the Queen. From that time to this its painter has given the world a long series of pictures, seldom dramatic, but always beautiful in richness of colouring and superb drawing. As a sculptor he is scarcely less brilliant.

The President of the Royal Academy must, however, not only be eminent in art. He requires other qualities that are rarer among his fraternity—he must be a man of social tact, an administrator with some financial talent, and generally a man whose personality will command respect, not only from artistic circles, but from the outer world. Sir Frederick Leighton is all this, and more ; he is painter, sculptor, orator, and linguist, the friend of princes, and the idol of a multitude.

A Short Way with Pictures.

On the wall of a well-known art collector's house in New York there hangs a handsomely framed panel that has attracted considerable attention from the owner's visitors. There is neither beginning nor end to the composition, which contains nothing except a few branches and some shrubs, terminating abruptly at either side of the frame.

In the lower right hand corner of the picture is the signature of Corot, the great French landscape painter. The owner explained to the writer of these notes the origin of the puzzle, and it is an illustration of the

utter lack of art that many persons have who pay large sums of money for paintings.

The panel was originally a portion of a large painting which the gentleman purchased for fifteen hundred pounds. He bought the picture to fill a certain space upon his wall,



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON IN HIS STUDIO.

From a Photograph by Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill.

but was disappointed on its arrival home to find that it was some six inches too long. He sent for a carpenter and had seven inches cut off the end—the end bearing the painter's signature!



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SWEETHEARTS.

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A STUDY OF NAPOLEON.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

down on one side to keep out the reflection and to hide himself from the prying eyes of foot passengers, he was painting at his ease, through the opposite window, a view of the Champs Elysées.

Mr. R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

Mr. Richard Caton Woodville is one of many distinguished painters who have first made their reputation in the illustrated journals. Sir William Ingram prides himself, with some reason, on having "discovered" him. Eighteen years ago young Caton Woodville, then a handsome youth of twenty, offered his first black and white drawing to the office of *The Illustrated London News*, and Mr. William Ingram bought the picture, and encouraged the young artist to send in more. This was the

Cab Studios.

Painters of street scenes in Paris have adopted a plan for working up their subject which is as ingenious as it is useful. The artist charts a cab, and pays the driver his two francs an hour for the privilege of remaining stationary as long as he may choose.

It is hard to say who originated the idea, but for years, indeed, ever since pictures of modern Paris became so popular, it has been very much in vogue.

Détaille, De Neuville, De Nittis, Duez, Beraud, and other masters have used it. A correspondent recently surprised Beraud at work in one of these studios on wheels. His canvas was perched on the seat in front, his colour-box beside him. With the blind

beginning of a connection that has lasted ever since.

Mr. Woodville's father was also a painter who achieved some distinction both in the United States, to which he belonged, and at our own Royal Academy. His mother was a Russian, and, on the death of her husband, she, with her son, left England for St. Petersburg, and afterwards settled in Germany, where, at Dusseldorf, young Woodville studied art under E. von Gebhardt, the religious painter. He has only once been accused of a religious picture himself. Some years ago he painted a large water colour of the trial in Morocco city of a woman taken in adultery. Several of the critics, ignoring the muskets and other indications of



GREEK GIRLS PLAYING AT BALL.

From the Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

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MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

modernity, persistently referred to it as "Mr. Caton Woodville's Biblical picture."

He had done a lot of fine black and white work when his picture of "Saving the Guns at Maiwand," painted some years ago and bought by the Liverpool Corporation, brought him at once to the front rank of military artists. Since then he has more than maintained his position with "Kassassin," "Kandahar," "1815"—his picture of Waterloo, in which he has represented, with the masterliness of Meissonier, Napoleon's last move—with "The Storming of Badajoz, 1812" (exhibited in the Academy of 1894), and, with "Balaclava," hung in this year's Exhibition at Burlington House.

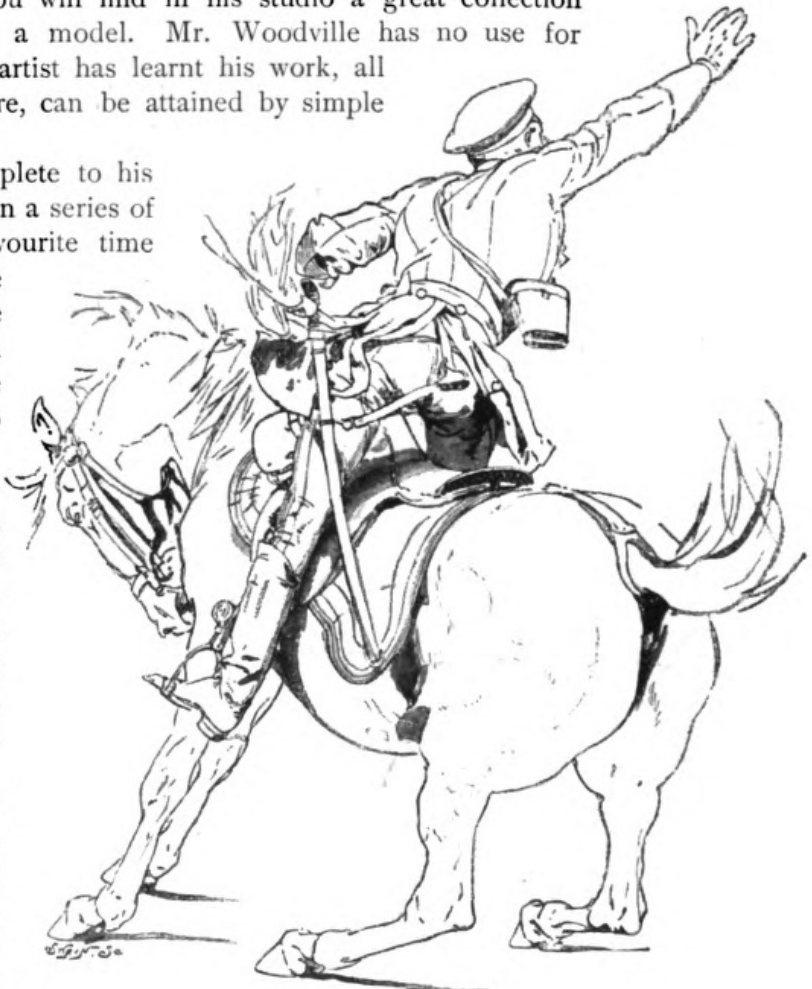
Like Meissonier, Mr. Caton Woodville is a stickler for truth, and no temptation to the purely picturesque will draw him from his unflinching and exact realism. His knowledge of military costumes, especially of the Waterloo

period, is perhaps unequalled. You will find in his studio a great collection of arms and uniforms, but never a model. Mr. Woodville has no use for them, maintaining that, once the artist has learnt his work, all that a model could give, and more, can be attained by simple process of reasoning.

The scheme of his picture complete to his mind's eye, he works out the detail in a series of black and white studies. His favourite time for this work is at night, and the small hours of the morning, while his wife (who is as charming and clever as the wife of so admirable an artist should be) reads aloud to him.

Some of these studies are reproduced on these pages, and, slight as they are, they show Mr. Woodville's wonderful skill in expressing action. The study of Napoleon was done in Algiers, when the artist was seriously ill, and was banished from everything but his pencil and paper.

For a man so popular in society, Mr. Woodville is remarkably industrious. This year he has finished something like two hundred black and white drawings, two large pictures, and two smaller ones. "The Relief of Lucknow" is just on the stocks. For the last



HALT!—A STUDY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

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A MILL IN THE EIFEL MOUNTAINS.

From the Picture by Carl Schultze. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

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A STUDY FOR "BALACLAVA."

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

four years the illustrated periodicals have seen less and less of Mr. Woodville's work, owing to his devoting himself more and more to painting, but the readers of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE will have an opportunity of admiring his drawings from time to time. If they should ever have the good fortune to meet him face to face, they will find him as delightful and entertaining as his pictures, for his memory is stored with amusing adventures of war and sport in many parts of the world.

Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

Born in Edinburgh sixty years ago, Mr. Orchardson is a Scotsman with a dash of Spanish blood in his veins, and the curious in such matters may find amusement in tracing to this fact the combination of qualities characteristic of his pictures.

The foundations of his art were laid at the Trustees' Academy of his native city, and it was not until the age of twenty-eight that, encouraged by the reception of his first picture at the Royal Scottish Academy, he came to London and submitted his first canvas to the oracles of Burlington House. He was elected an Associate only four years after his arrival, and he easily keeps the

place in public favour that he won in those early days with "The Challenge" and "Prince Henry, Poins, and Falstaff."

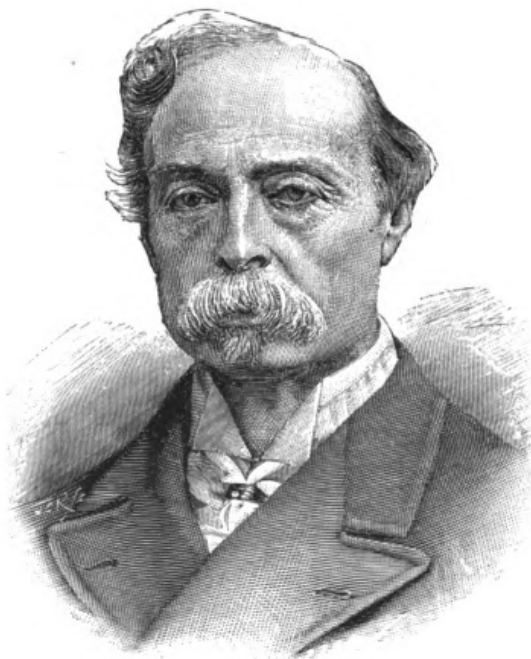
Mr. Orchardson is not of those who through tribulation of minutest detail arrive at the perfection of the finished picture; you will find in his studio no litter of chalk studies for his great canvases. The subject grows in his mind as he paces the floor, until the conception is complete to the smallest detail, when he rapidly records it in miniature on paper. He then paints the picture right off before the freshness of his idea has time to waste itself in fidgety experiments and alterations.

Other artists have other methods, but for him success lies that way, and his successes have been neither few nor small—"The Queen of Swords," "The Mariage de Convenience," "The Mariage de Convenience—After," "Hard Hit," and a score of others.

Masters Old and New.

It has been stated recently that the tendency to run after the newest and latest in art,

as well as in science and industry, has caused less competition among buyers for examples of the "old masters." We are inclined to think that the apparent apathy is due, not to the fickleness of public taste, but to the fact



MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

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ECHO.

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that picture lovers have become too suspicious of the authenticity of the work that is frequently offered to them with the cachet of famous names. The fraudulent dealer is not alone responsible for this, for over-boastful collectors have done almost as much mischief by their exaggerations as the dealer has done with his frauds.

Mr. B. W. Leader, A.R.A. Mr. Benjamin Williams Leader (the old family name of Leader was added to his original appellations to distinguish him from the numerous other artists rejoicing in the name of Williams) is not an artists' artist, but there are few painters more popular with the Royal Academy public.

He was born in Worcester sixty-four years ago, and showed such an obstinate propensity to stray, on sketching tours, from the ranks of the engineering profession, for which he was intended, that he was suffered to study art at the School of Design in his native city.

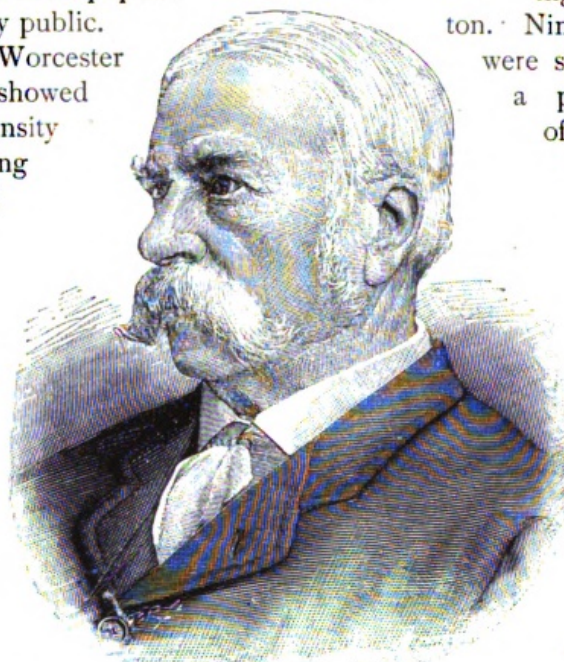
Of systematic study under a particular master he has never had the benefit, and there are some painters who will hint that Mr. Leader has never overcome this disadvantage of his early training. But they are the painters who sneer at the public enthusiasm for the sentiment of a setting sun shining through trees, and casting reflections on the little country church. While that enthusiasm lasts, however, a great deal of the best artistic talent will go to the painting of landscapes, and it must be said that few pictures are, on the whole, more refreshing and satisfying, for they rest the eye and soothe the spirit.

Mr. Leader's pictures are good to live with. He gives us the romance of summer meadows dappled with wild flowers; denuded Nature shivering in the breath of chill autumn, or awakening at the reviving caress of spring;

the vaporous glimmer of dawn, the splendour of sunset, and the mystery of moonlight—these are his inspiration.

Mr. Leader exhibited his first picture in the Academy in 1854, but he was not elected an Associate until 1883. He received the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition, 1889, and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He has a charming house in the most beautiful part of that Surrey scenery which he depicts so faithfully.

A Story of Stolen Pictures.



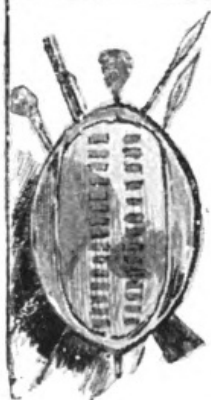
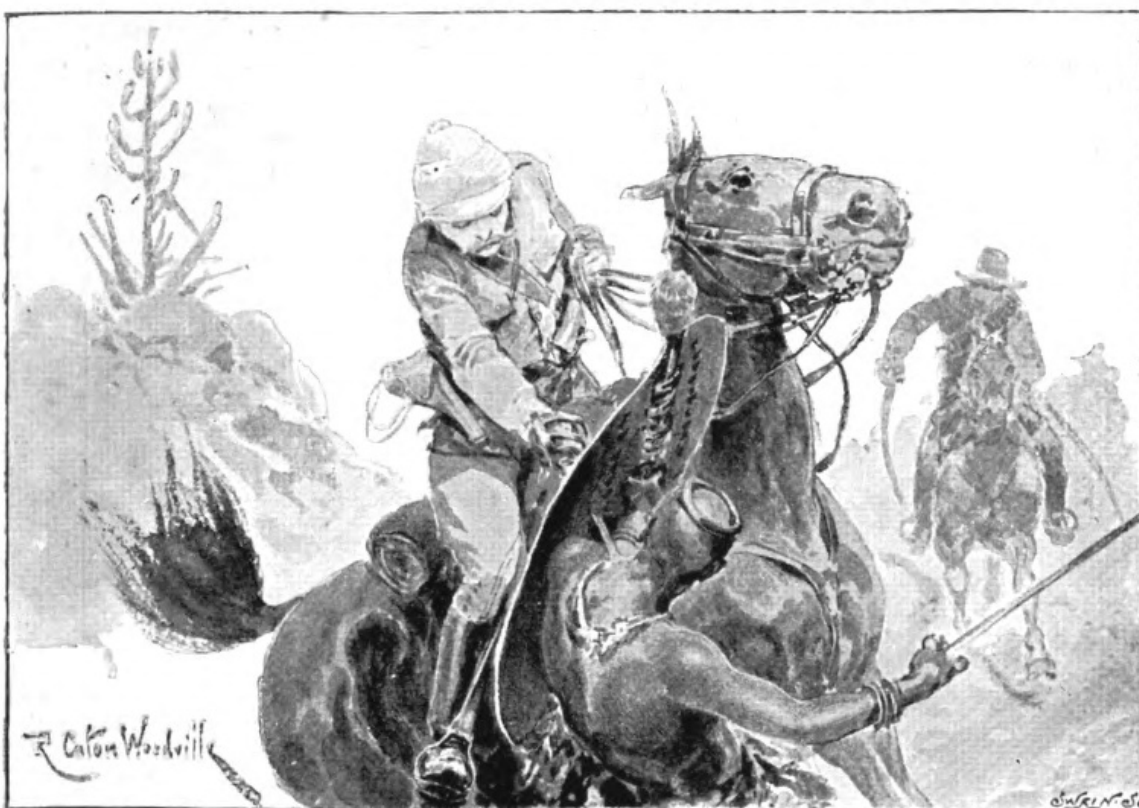
MR. B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

A strange story of the adventures of four paintings reaches us from Boston. Nine years ago the pictures were stolen from the house of a private collector. One of them was a small panel by Millet, the painter of the "Angelus," valued at two thousand pounds; the other three were also small—not one of them was more than twelve by fourteen inches—and also quite valuable. When the theft was discovered, a reward of £300 was offered for their return, with "no questions asked"; but not a trace of them could be found.

They seemed to have disappeared like Gainsborough's famous "Duchess of Devonshire," and the owner finally concluded that they had been destroyed.

The ending of the story reads like a tale of Gaboriau's. A murderer, it seems, was arrested in New York, and was asked if he could pay for a lawyer. He had no money, but he said he knew how fifteen hundred dollars could be obtained. His secret was the hiding place of the stolen pictures. Negotiations were set on foot which resulted in the payment of the proffered reward, and the return of the paintings to their owner's family.



THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW. HOW LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD WON THE V.C.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

It was mid-December of 1878 when Sir Sam Browne's column, having occupied Ali Musjid and tramped on up the grim and sullen Khyber Pass, was settling itself down for the winter on the plain of Jellalabad. Lord William Beresford and myself only waited for the Christmas dinner of the head-quarter staff, and then we rode down the passes together, blazed at by the Afghan hillmen all the way from Ali Boghan to Khata Khoostia. At Umballa we parted, Beresford to return to duty with the Viceroy at Simla, while I made across the Bay of Bengal for Mandalay, the capital of native Burma, there to study the character and surroundings of King Theebau. While engaged in that somewhat barren operation, there

suddenly reached me a telegram informing me of the catastrophe of Isandlwana, and ordering me to betake myself to South Africa with all speed.

Beresford and I, when parting at Umballa, had trysted to meet next spring for the expected fighting on the way to Cabul; but the startling tidings of misfortune in South Africa disarranged that programme. At Calcutta I found a letter from Beresford, telling me that he had obtained six months' leave, that he was bound for Zululand, and that I should find him at Aden, waiting for the fortnightly steamer down the east coast of Africa. We duly foregathered in that extinct volcano crater, dodged wearisomely into every little obscure Portuguese-Negro

port along that coast—stagnant, fever-stricken, half-barbarous holes where, as it seemed, nobody was quite black or quite white.

Finally we reached Port Durban about the middle of April, 1879, to find its roadstead thronged with the transports which had brought the reinforcements out from England, and the hotels of the place crammed with officers of all ranks and all branches of the service. Beresford belonged to the Cavalry arm—he was a Captain in the gallant 9th Lancers—and during the voyage to South Africa he was wishing with all his heart for a position on the staff of his old friend General Frederick Marshall, who was in command of the regular Cavalry brigade which had been sent out.

But yet better fortune was in store for my comrade. That resolute fighting man, Colonel (now General Sir) Redvers Buller, was in command at Kambula, far up in the remote Transvaal, of the irregular Volunteer Cavalry of Evelyn Wood's grand little fighting force, which had just gained a shining victory over a host of 20,000 Zulus. In one of the recent fights, Buller's staff-officer, Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell, had been killed.

It was a peculiar and difficult post, which was vacant in consequence of his death, for Campbell was a man whom it was not easy effectively to succeed. The assignment rested mainly with Marshall; and on the night of our arrival he, knowing Beresford better than did most men then, obtained Lord Chelmsford's sanction for that fortunate officer's appointment to the post.

Beresford made no delay. Before breakfast on the following morning he had got a kit together, bought his horses, requisitioned an Irish (very Irish) ex-trooper of the Royal Dragoons as groom, cook, and body-servant, and was ready for the long journey. A couple of hours later he was on the road, eager for duty.

Presently I, too, joined Wood's force up at Kambula, where I found Beresford too busy to do more than give me a hurried handshake. He was Redvers Buller's sole staff officer, and the force Buller commanded, some 800 strong, was the strangest and most mixed congeries imaginable.

It consisted of broken gentlemen, of runa-

gate sailors, of fugitives from justice, of the scum of the South African towns, of stolid Afrianders, of Boers whom the Zulus had driven from their farms. Almost every European nationality was represented; and there were men from the United States, a Greaser, a Chilian, several Australians, and a couple of Canadian Voyageurs. One and all were volunteers, recruited for the campaign at the pay of five shillings a day.

What added to the complication was that the force comprised some eight or ten sub-commands, each originally, and still to some extent, a separate and distinct unit. Beresford had to arrange all details, keep the duty rosters, inspect the daily parades and the reconnaissance detachments, accompany the latter, lead them if there was any fighting, restrain the foolhardy, hearten the funkies, and be in everything Buller's right-hand man.

Buller was a silent, saturnine, blood-thirsty man, as resolute a fighter as ever drew breath—a born leader of men, who ruled his heterogeneous command with a stern hand.

Beresford, to the full as keen a fighter and as firm in enforcing discipline and obedience, was of a different temperament. He was cheery; with his ready Irish wit he had a vein of genial yet jibing badinage that kept queer-tempered fellows in good humour while it pricked them into obedience. In fine, he disclosed the rare gift of managing men—of evoking without either friction or fuss the best that was in the rough troopers. And, strangest of all wonders, the fellow whom all men had regarded as one of the most harum-scarum of mortals, was found to be possessed of a real genius for order and system.

At length, on June 1st, Lord Chelmsford's army wound down into the valley of the Umvaloosi, and there lay, stretched out beyond the silver sparkle of the river, the broad plain on whose bosom was visible the royal Kraal of Ulundi, encircled by its satellites. Over the green face of the great flat there flitted dark shadows which the field-glass revealed as the impis of Cetewayo practising their martial manœuvres.

Two days were accorded to the Zulu monarch in which to choose submission or a battle. It was desirable, meanwhile, to gain

some acquaintance with the ground in our front, over which a final advance might have to be made. So orders were issued that at noon of the 3rd Buller should make a reconnaissance across the river, without bringing on an engagement, since Cetewayo's "close time" was not yet up.

At the specified hour Buller and Beresford sat on horseback in front of Evelyn Wood's tent, waiting for their fellows to come on the ground. Presently Baker came along at the head of his assortment of miscreants; brave old Raaf brought up his miscellaneous Rangers; Ferreira, leading his particular bandits, was visible in the offing; and then Buller headed the procession of horsemen down towards the ford, Beresford remaining to see the turn-out complete and close up the command. Then he galloped forward to join the scouts; for it was, as ever, his place to lead the advance, Buller bringing on the main body.

There was no delay down by the Umvaloosi bank, where the scattered fire from the Zulus in the Kopjie on the further side whistled over the heads of the horsemen—over whom, too, screamed the shells from the laager, which fell and burst among the crags where the Zulus lurked. The spray of the Umvaloosi dashed from the horse-hoofs as the irregulars forded the stream on the left of the Kopjie, and then, bending to the left, took it in reverse.

The Zulu occupants of the rocks were quick to perceive their risk of being cut off, and hurriedly ran out into the plain through the long grass in front of the riders. Some fell as they headed for the nearest kraal, Delyango, out of which a detachment rattled the fugitives.

Nodwengo was found evacuated; and then the force—Beresford and his scouts still leading, the main body deployed on rather a broad front—galloped on across the open through the long grass in pursuit of the groups of Zulu fugitives. It really seemed a straight run in for Buller and Beresford as they set their horses' heads for Ulundi and galloped on.

Beresford, on his smart chestnut with the white ticks on withers and flanks, was the foremost rider of the force. The Zulu chief

bringing up the rear of the fugitives, suddenly turned on the lone horseman who had so outridden his followers. A big man, even for a Zulu, the ring round his head proved him a veteran. The muscles rippled on his shoulders as he compacted himself behind his cowhide shield, marking his distance for the thrust of the gleaming assegai.

It flashed out like the head of a cobra as it strikes; Beresford's cavalry sabre clashed with it; the spear-head was dashed aside; the horseman gave point with all the vigour of his arm and the impetus of his galloping horse, and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, the sword point was through the shield, and half its length buried in the Zulu's broad chest. The gallant induna was a dead man, and his assegai stands now in a corner of Beresford's mother's drawing-room.

The flight of the groups of Zulus was a calculated snare; the fugitives in front of the irregulars were simply a decoy. Suddenly from out a deep watercourse crossing the plain and from out the adjacent long grass, sprang up a long line of several thousand armed Zulus. At Buller's loud command to fire a volley and then retire, Beresford and his scouts rode back towards the main body, followed by Zulu bullets.

Two men were killed on the spot. A third man's horse slipped up, and his wounded rider came to the ground, the horse running away. Beresford, riding behind his retreating party, looked back and saw that the fallen man was trying to rise into a sitting posture.

The Zulus, darting out in haste, were perilously close to the poor fellow, but Beresford, measuring distance with the eye, believed that he saw a chance of anticipating them. Galloping back to the wounded man, and dismounting, he confronted his adversaries with his revolver, while urging the fallen soldier to get on his (Beresford's) horse.

The wounded man bade Beresford remount and fly. Why, said he, should two die when death was inevitable but to one? The quaint resourceful humour of his race did not fail Beresford in this crisis; he turned on the wounded man and swore with clenched fist that he would punch his head if he did not assist in the saving of his life.



" . . . Beresford partly lifted, partly hustled the man into the saddle."

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This droll argument prevailed. Still facing his foes with his revolver, Beresford partly lifted, partly hustled the man into the saddle, then scrambled up himself and set the chestnut a-going after the other horse-men. Another moment's delay and both must have been assegaied.

A comrade, the brave Sergeant O'Toole, fortunately came back, shot down Zulu after Zulu with cool courage, and then aided Beresford in keeping the wounded man in the saddle till the laager was reached, where no one could tell whether it was the rescuer or rescued who was the wounded man, so smeared was Beresford with borrowed blood. It had been one of Ireland's good days; if at home she is the "distressful country," where-ever gallant deeds are to be done and military honour won, no nation excels it in brilliant valour. Originally Norman, the Waterfords have been Irish for centuries, and Bill Beresford is an Irishman in heart and blood. Sergeant Fitzmaurice, the wounded man whose self-abnegation was so fine, was an Irishman also; and Sergeant O'Toole—well, there is no risk in the assumption that a man bearing that name, in spite of all temptation, remains an Irishman.

Going into Beresford's tent the same afternoon, I found him sound asleep, and roused him with the information which

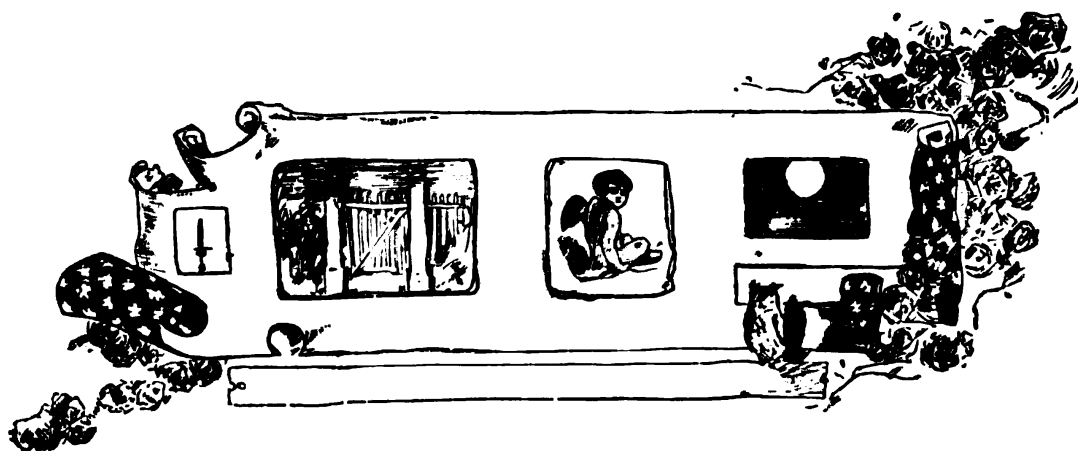
Colonel Wood had given me, that he was to be recommended for the Victoria Cross.

"Get along with your nonsense, you impostor!" was his yawning retort as he threw a boot at me, and then turned over and went to sleep again.

But it was true all the same. As we approached Plymouth on the home-coming, the Prince of Wales, then in the Sound with Bill's elder brother Charles, was the first to forward the news that the Queen had been pleased to give effect to the recommendation. Lord William was commanded to Windsor to receive the reward "for valour" from the hands of his Sovereign.

But something more may be told. Beresford plainly told Her Majesty that he could not in honour receive recognition of the service it had been his good fortune to perform unless that recognition were shared in by Sergeant O'Toole, who, he persisted in maintaining, deserved infinitely greater credit than any which might attach to him.

Not less than soldierly valour can Queen Victoria appreciate soldierly honesty, generosity, and modesty; and so the next *Gazette* announced that the proudest reward a British soldier can aspire to had been conferred on Sergeant Edmund O'Toole, of Baker's Horse.





THE VIGIL OF COUNT AMADEO.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

I.

IN the days when Vittorio was Prince of Mantivoglia there resided at the court a young gentleman of high birth and great fortune, by name Count Amadeo of Castivano. So well favoured was he, so accomplished, courteous, and brave, that there was no lady in all Mantivoglia who would not willingly have had him for her husband, and all his companions in arms envied Amadeo greatly for the indications of ready favour which were bestowed on him.

But to Amadeo these things were as the beauty of sky and sea to a man that is blind. Love was a stranger to his heart; he spent the hours wherein the rest danced and courted in high and abstruse meditation, and the ladies of the Princess's train, although very handsome, amiable, and kind, yet could not lure him from his retreat, nor persuade him to exchange his gloomy musings for the brightness of their smiles. And at last he betook him to his spiritual director, and prayed the reverend father that he might be suffered to bid farewell to a world wherein was no delight, and sanctify himself to the service of Heaven by taking the vows in the monastery of St. Joseph of Mantivoglia. But Father Eusebius, knowing the instability of human determination, and how the heart of a young man may be turned by this and that, bade him wait. And, having waited three months, Amadeo returned to

Eusebius, and Eusebius bade him wait again for three months. And when he came again Eusebius would not receive him for yet six months.

But when a year had thus gone by and Amadeo was still steadfast, Eusebius, fearing lest he might be fighting against God, withstood him no more, but bade him keep vigil for three nights in the chapel of the palace and after that take the vows as he purposed. And it was spread through all the court that Count Amadeo of Castivano would keep vigil for three nights in the chapel, and, having performed this obligation, would forthwith assume the habit in the Monastery of St. Joseph.

Now no sooner were these tidings proclaimed than the Lady Lucrezia, chief of the ladies in attendance on the Princess, summoned all her fellows to her; and there came Jessica, Constantia, and Cecilia, Margherita, Zarata, and Theodora, Eugenia, Euphemia, and Beatrice, all very fair ladies, among whom there was great indignation that none of them should have power to wean Amadeo from a religious life, and that a slight should be put on one and all of them by the determination to which he had come.

"Although, in truth," said Eugenia bitterly, "the blame is not ours, for he has not so much as looked on our faces, and knows not whether they be proper or uncomely."

Therefore they agreed that, before Count Amadeo took any vow, it was right and just that he should look on their faces. And they took counsel together how this thing might be contrived, saying nothing of what they did to the Princess nor to any other.

Behind the altar in the chapel was a window, and behind the window there was a narrow gallery giving access from the Princess's apartments on one side to those of her ladies on the other; and on the window was painted a representation of Our Blessed Lord in Glory.

Amadeo, having fasted since noon, came into the chapel a little before midnight, and steadfastly fixing his eyes on this window fell into a mystical reverie. Thus he abode for two hours, and then hid his face in his hands and prayed. But as he prayed he heard a sound from the direction of the

window; yet for a while he did not look up. But the sound came again, and he looked up; and the window was no more in its place, but its frame was empty.

And while Amadeo watched what should follow, there came the form of a damsel, clad in celestial blue, and with a very fair face; and she looked down on Amadeo, smiling. Strange she looked, unsubstantial and unearthly in the moonlight that shot across the ancient chapel; yet her features bore a resemblance to the features of Lucrezia, and Amadeo, dimly remembering the fashion of Lucrezia's face, perceived the likeness, and fell into great trembling and agitation, making no question but that Satan tempted him in the form of this lady. And he cried out loudly, bidding the unholy vision leave him. Whereupon the face that was Lucrezia's passed, and there came another that was like to Eugenia's; but still Amadeo railed on Satan, and bade him leave him; and the semblance of Eugenia passed, and there came forms like to each of the Princess's ladies; but Amadeo railed on them all, and, when the last was passed, hid his face again and prayed in terror and with fervour; and when he looked up the window was in its place again, and the first light of day was breaking through it. Whereupon he arose, gave thanks, and went his way; but he told no man of the temptation which had been sent from Hell to assail him.

The second night of the vigil of Count Amadeo came, and behold, all fell out as on the first. Again the window seemed to be removed, again the visions came in rich garments and with alluring smiles; but Amadeo again railed on them all with more passion than before, bidding them begone to their own place and trouble him no longer. And his tongue used them so fiercely and with such lack of measure that they passed more quickly.

"We are lost," said Zarata mournfully, as the ladies sat at their embroidery on the next day. "For to-night is the last night of the vigil, and although his Highness's masons will again shift the window for us, what profit is it, since he is steadily persuaded that we are demons from Hell."

And all the ladies were very melancholy

and greatly affronted at the conviction in regard to them that possessed the mind of Count Amadeo. Nevertheless, in order that no chance should be lost, and they have nothing wherewith to blame themselves, they resolved that once more the temptation should come to Count Amadeo in the chapel. For they were not yet persuaded that he could withstand the beauty of their faces, provided that he could be induced fairly to look upon them.

But when the evening came, it chanced that the lady Beatrice was seized with a sudden sickness, and lay on her bed, moaning and almost beside herself, and her maid Jacinta bathed her brow and chafed her hands and sang to her soothingly, until at length the afflicted lady fell asleep. And the hour when they should all be in the gallery behind the window was at hand.

Now Jacinta had been in the service of Beatrice but one day, and few in the Palace knew her face, for she came from a country village, being the daughter of an impoverished gentleman who had dwelt on a small estate, but was now dead, leaving his daughter without means of subsistence, since his land had been sold for the payment of his debts. And Jacinta, who was very beautiful and surpassed all the ladies of the Court in loveliness, having robbed her mistress the evening before, and thus became privy to the irreverent and light jest which was afoot, stood looking on the rich gown of white, cunningly brodered with gold, that Beatrice should have worn. And Beatrice slept peacefully. Then Jacinta stood before the mirror and looked on her own face; and she remembered also the face of Count Amadeo, having seen him as he walked that afternoon in the gardens.

"I will see how the robe would become me," whispered Jacinta, and, having taken off her own gown, with many a fearful glance at her sleeping mistress (for sore would have been her lot had Beatrice awaked), she slipped into the white robe brodered with gold, and, thus arrayed, again took counsel of the mirror.

"It would be sinful," said she, sighing heavily. "Yet, alas, that so fine a gentleman should turn monk!" And, going to Beatrice's couch, she laid her hand lightly on her brow; but Beatrice slept.

"Now, Our Lady deliver me from this temptation!" cried Jacinta softly.

Count Amadeo kept vigil in the chapel; and to-night there was exultation in his eyes and a smile of rapt ecstasy on his lips, for he was assured that no temptation could conquer him, and that Satan, having done his worst, was foiled. Thus, in peace and elevation of spirit, he abode, till the time came whereat the vision was wont to appear.

Again it came, the line of fair faces rich in varied beauty, and of forms each diversely and most sumptuously arrayed; the first passed, and the second, and so to the ninth; and the ninth, perceiving a tenth behind her, and knowing nothing of Beatrice's sickness, gave place to the tenth; and all who had passed stood in the gallery, sore with the railing Amadeo had poured out on them, but hoping to find some recompense of merriment in his cursing of the tenth. And the tenth appeared at the window, and her face was visible to Count Amadeo as he knelt before the altar. But the nine that listened in the gallery heard no sound from him; his voice was not raised in railing, as always before, but an absolute silence fell and endured for many minutes. And fear suddenly possessed the nine, and their terrified eyes asked one another what the meaning of this stillness might be.

Then there came a great cry from Count Amadeo. For springing to his feet and stretching out his arms towards the vision he cried loudly:

"The rest were of Hell, but surely this is an angel from Heaven!" and he leapt forward, as though he would have sprung on the altar itself, since thus only he could reach the vision. But Jacinta in alarm drew away, and hid herself from him, and he, beholding her no more, fell prone on the floor of the chapel, and lay there as though he had swooned.

Alas that envy should find a place beside youth and beauty! Yet it is hard for proud ladies to endure that a waiting maid should be hailed as an angel from Heaven, and they declared to be demons from Hell. Great and hot was the wrath of the Princess of Mantivoglia's ladies when they found in Jacinta, the maid of Beatrice, her who had

borne off from them the victory, and thus marvellously overcome the constancy of Count Amadeo.

"Surely," they cried, "all men are fools, and this Count a fool above all men. We see this girl for ourselves, and where is her beauty?" But though they could not find beauty, they found presumption and insolence, and, laying hold of poor Jacinta, they hurried her to where Beatrice lay, and, having roused Beatrice, shewed her Jacinta, clad in her mistress's robe and now for fear weeping bitterly.

On the sight, all sickness seemed to leave Beatrice. She sprang up, full of anger, and with her own hands tore off her robe from Jacinta's shoulders, and took the silken cord that had girdled Jacinta's waist and beat her with it, the rest standing by and saying that Jacinta came cheaply off. And when Beatrice had beaten her, she compelled her to put on again her own worn and scanty raiment, and, having given her a few pence, bade her begone from the palace and show her face there no more. And the rest also bade her begone quickly, for, said they, it was not fitting that such a bold and insolent wench should remain among them.

Thus they drove her forth, and she went out from the palace before day dawned, weeping very sadly, and bemoaning herself greatly because she had not withstood the temptation that came upon her. Sore was her heart, and her shoulders also, and her tears fell fast. Yet still she remembered that Count Amadeo had hailed her as an angel from Heaven. Thus she went her ways, and the Princess's ladies returned to their apartments.

But Count Amadeo lay till dawn on the floor of the chapel; then he rose in sore disarray, and in great trouble of mind, for he could not tell the meaning of the vision and fell into much perplexity. Now it seemed to him that the vision was of a saint, and purported that he should the more steadfastly devote his life to the service of Heaven. Now he feared that, notwithstanding his cry, the face that he had seen was a last and most potent temptation of Satan. But whether the face were angel's or devil's, it abode with him, and would not be thrust away. It filled his

thoughts, and he seemed still to see it, as it had looked down on him from the window of the chapel, in rare and matchless beauty.

And as he pondered, it seemed to him an impossible thing that he should take the vows before he were resolved of these doubts, for now there was nothing in this world—no, nor in the next—so near to his heart as to learn certainly and without error what the meaning of this vision should be. Yet he did not tell Father Eusebius of the vision, but sent him word that certain affairs of moment called him from Mantivoglia, and, having eaten and drunk, and thus gained strength, he bade them saddle his horse, and at noon of the next day rode forth alone from the city.

But none knew why he went, and none saving the Princess's ladies and the stonemasons (to whom Lucrezia gave a fee for silence) were aware of what had passed in the chapel; for had the Princess learnt what her ladies had done, they would have been in danger of suffering things hardly less cruel than those that they had inflicted on Jacinta. Therefore they held their peace, and when they were asked of Amadeo, shrugged their shoulders, saying, "We know naught of him."

II.

When Jacinta went forth from the city, not knowing whither to turn for shelter nor what lay before her save to perish miserably so soon as her small store was spent, she walked all the day through lanes and by-paths, for she feared to take the highways. That night she lay under the stars and all next day walked again, until in the evening she found herself in a lonely country, where a narrow swift river ran down from the hills through a desolate ravine. Her pence were gone in bread and the bread was eaten; she drank of the running river and sat long on its bank.

Then, rising, she followed the course of it, and night found her still beside it, weary and footsore, like to throw herself into the water and so make an end of her trouble. Yet she would not die, believing that it was not for nothing Amadeo had hailed her as an angel from heaven; and she was thinking on his cry when, in utter fatigue, she sank down on the stony track by the river and, gathering her poor raiment round her, fell asleep.

The moon was high in heaven when she awoke with a loud scream of wonder and dismay; for she lay no longer on the bank, but was being carried swiftly along, flung like a sack across the saddle of a cantering horse; and the man in the saddle, a big fellow and of a rustic comeliness, looked down on her with a triumphant leer. She would have cried out again but he pressed a great hand across her mouth and with an oath bade her be still, lest she should bring a worse thing on her; and with this he dug in his spurs, and the horse bounded forward at a gallop.

Thus they went for hard on an hour, keeping the river close on the right hand: then the horse was suddenly reined in, and Jacinta perceived that they were in front of a low hovel, roughly built from the stones that lined the river's edge. Standing in the doorway was an old woman, gaunt, and of great stature, and by the side of the old woman a black he-goat.

Then Jacinta, being timid and full of such superstitions as are rife among country folk, was even more terrified than before: for if the man were a brigand or worse, surely the old woman was a witch or worse, and the black he-goat was that than which nothing could be worse, aye, the very Evil One himself; and she wept piteously. But the old woman plucked her down from the saddle, and cuffed her on the ears, telling her to cease her tumult, while the man said,

"Here's a girl for you, grandam, though in truth she is too handsome to be your drudge." And with a laugh he went off to water and feed his horse, while the old woman, having looked very curiously at Jacinta, led her into the hovel, gave her bread to eat and milk to drink, and bade her stretch herself on a heap

of straw in a closet that opened off the kitchen.

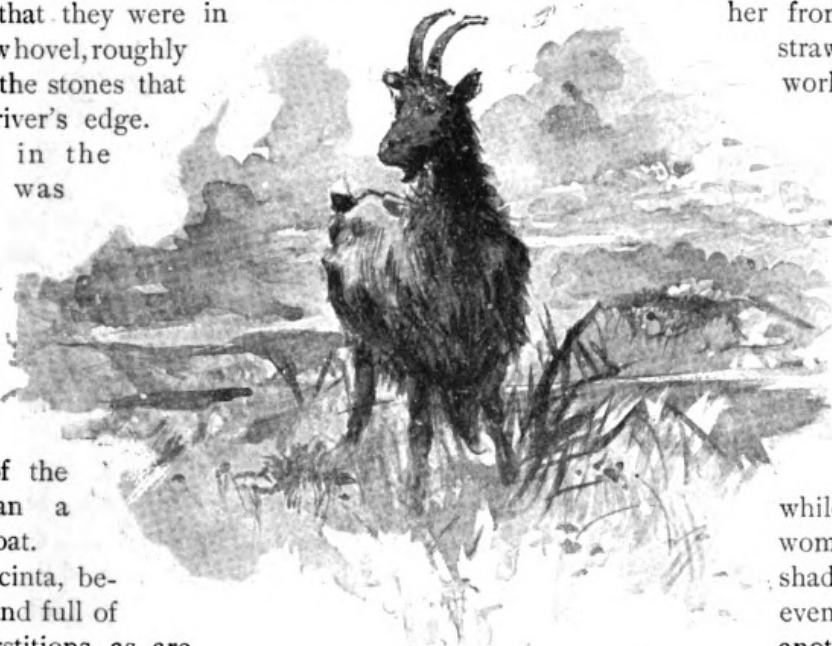
This Jacinta did, but slept little by reason of the old woman and her grandson who talked through the greater part of the night; and even when the man lay down to rest the woman, to Jacinta's terror, continued to talk to the he-goat, asking it questions and seeming to unravel strange answers from its bleatings. And Jacinta crossed herself in the extremity of dismay, saying, "Because of the sin I committed in the chapel, I am delivered to perdition." And then she sighed most sorrowfully, "Oh, that my lord the Count were here!"

Early in the morning the old crone dragged her from her heap of straw and set her to work to make a fire and to bring water from the river, and all day long she laboured, suffering curses and many blows.

while the man and the woman lay idle in the shade. But towards evening there came another man, at a gallop, who, leaping

down, ran to the first, calling him brother and telling him that a gentleman rode that way, and, not knowing where he was, must be benighted by the time he came to the village; his horse was good, the equipment of it most handsome, and doubtless there was money in the rider's purse.

To all this Jacinta listened, but then the two knaves leant their heads so close together that she could hear no more, and when the old woman came and heard what her grandsons whispered to her, she cast a wary glance at Jacinta, and bade the girl take a hunch of bread and a pitcher of water, and be off to her straw, for she had no more need of her that night; so Jacinta went to her closet and barred



the door of it for fear, and lay quaking, while the three talked low in the room without, and the black he-goat bleated incessantly.

Then a storm broke with thunder, lightning, and a flood of rain, and in the midst of the turmoil there came the sound of horse's hoofs that stopped before the door of the hovel.

Jacinta raised her head to listen, and presently she heard the voice of a gentleman asking for shelter, and the old crone's voice answering with such smoothness as its cracked tones could achieve; and there was a stir in the room without as though preparations were made for the stranger's entertainment. An hour went by, Jacinta heard heavy steps pass over the threshold; then voices said: "We bid you good-night, my lord. We lie by the horses, if you have need of us." And then all was still.

Now the crone had charged Jacinta on no account to betray her presence by any noise or to come forth from the closet, promising her a sound beating in case she should disobey; yet a very great desire came on her to see who the stranger might be, and to warn him that he would sleep in more safety did he not sleep too soundly, for, having heard what the young men said of his horse and his purse, she conceived that they meant no good by their hospitality. But for fear of being beaten she lay still, and presently, from weariness, fell into a restless slumber.

And a dream came to her, wherein she seemed to be in the outer room and no longer in the closet, but bound hand and foot and with a handkerchief tied across her mouth, so that she could utter no sound; while before her stood the crone with a hatchet in her hand and the young men each with a knife, and on the pallet in the corner lay the stranger; and in her dream the stranger had the face of Count Amadeo. Then the black he-goat began to bleat loud and strangely, and when he bleated the two young men with the knives stole nearer and nearer to the pallet where Amadeo lay, with looks of greed and stealthy hate and with their cruel knives uplifted in their hands. The crone chuckled low and the he-goat bleated loud; still Amadeo slept, and the two were on him with a spring; the one held

him, while the arm of the other was raised and the knife poised over his heart.

But when Jacinta saw this she awoke with a low cry and sat up, raising herself from her heap of straw; and she moaned in terror. "Am I awake, or do I dream still?" For from the room without she heard the bleating of the black he-goat. Then, hardly knowing whether she slept or were awake, but full of fear, she sprang up, and, drawing back the bolt of the door, flung it open wide, and cried in a loud voice, "Awake, Count Amadeo, awake!"

And the thing was as she had seen in her dream; for as she cried the two young men were springing on the stranger, while the old woman stood by, holding the hatchet which she was accustomed to use for chopping wood. But at Jacinta's cry the stranger leapt up and seized his sword that he had laid on the bed beside him. Then Jacinta saw that in very deed he was Count Amadeo, and for an instant Count Amadeo saw her as her face shone on him in pale and terrified beauty, and, knowing it for the face that he had beheld from the window of the chapel, he cried, "My Saint is with me," and flung himself on the robbers, seeking to break through them and come to where Jacinta was.

But they, being stout rogues, withstood him stubbornly, one catching up a club and seeking to brain him, while the other watched warily how to stab him. And the old woman, uttering loud curses, turned on Jacinta and rushed at her, swinging the axe in her hand, and Jacinta, in new terror, dared not await the issue of the contest between Amadeo and his assailants, but eluded the old woman and made her way past her, narrowly escaping the deadly stroke of the axe; and she rushed to the door and ran out; so that all Count Amadeo saw of her was the momentary vision of her face; and he had heard only her cry, "Awake, Count Amadeo!"

But the old woman, fearing lest Jacinta should escape and carry tidings of what had been done, gave chase, and pursued her out into the night and along the rough track by the river's edge; and behind the old woman came the black he-goat, bleating most furiously. With desperate haste Jacinta ran, for she was persuaded that she could look for

no mercy if she were caught; yet she knew not whither she ran; her feet were sorely cut with the stones, and now her breath came in gasps and pants; she heard the old crone behind, and it seemed as though she drew nearer and nearer; so that Jacinta gave herself up for lost and had no longer any hope of escape.

Yet even at that moment she rejoiced that she had saved Count Amadeo, and would have been content to die had she but known that he had overcome the robbers. And with her last breath she prayed for him, and was about to sink down on the river's brink and there await her doom with hidden face.

But on a sudden a new hope rose in her, for a few yards ahead she perceived a plank laid across the river from side to side. Rousing herself with a great and last effort, she came to the plank and darted over it; then, throwing herself on her knees, she sought to pull it over so that the crone should be unable to cross. Alas, her strength did not serve, and with a moan of despair she beheld the crone running up, brandishing the hatchet and laughing hoarsely in a cruel exultation. And the crone was at one end of the plank and Jacinta now lay in helpless terror at the other end.

But at the same instant the black he-goat also came to the other end of the plank, and, seeking to cross before his mistress, he butted at her; whereupon she, being already in a mad fury, struck at him with the hatchet. Then the goat gave a great bleat of rage and fury; his eyes gleamed like fire (or so it seemed to Jacinta), and he made straight at the old woman.

She uttered a cry of mingled anger and fear. "Thou devil!" she cried. "Thou devil!" And she struck at him again with her axe; but in the wildness of her rage she missed the goat's head, and the axe imbedded itself deep in the wood of the plank on which she now stood; and before she could draw out the axe the goat made at her again, bleating loudly and butting furiously, and then and there he knocked her off the plank and she fell backwards in the stream.

And by now the rain brought by the thunderstorm had run down from the hills, and the river was full and swollen, so that

she was rapidly carried away, and Jacinta heard her curses and cries grow fainter, till at last they were smothered by the rushing waters. But the goat, having stood awhile on the plank, seeming to watch the drowning crone, bleated once more long, loud, and (as to Jacinta's frightened fancy it appeared) in an unholy and malicious triumph, and then turned and bounded away into the night—nor was he ever seen again. But Jacinta lay on the bank with her face hidden in her hands, and prayed for the kindly light of day.

Thus marvellously was Jacinta delivered, and Count Amadeo ran no less narrow a peril of his life; for the first ruffian contrived to deal him a sore blow with his club on the left shoulder, so that he could use that arm no more, and the second drove his knife through the muscles of his right leg, so that he could scarcely stand.

But his soul was strong and stout within him, and he fought as a man who is inspired and comforted from heaven; so that he rose on his pallet, and, steadying himself against the wall, drove the point of his sword through the eye of the first, and the fellow fell back and sank to the ground; but at the moment the second was on Amadeo, springing on the pallet and seizing the Count so tightly that he could no longer use his sword, but dropped it; and the two fell together on the bed and rolled over and over, the robber seeking to stab Amadeo, and Amadeo endeavouring to get the knife into his own hand.

Thus they struggled for many minutes. But Amadeo felt his strength ebbing from him and because his left arm was numbed he could not maintain his grip. Yet he could not believe that a gentleman of his rank should die thus at the hands of a knave, nor that heaven, having preserved him by the vision of his saint, should now withdraw its favour.

Suddenly he loosed hold on his enemy and sprang nimbly away from him; but as he sprang he felt the dagger in his side. Yet he stayed not, but leaping from the pallet, snatched the club from the dead man's hand, and turning, dealt a mighty blow at the head of the other as he rushed on, knife in hand. Even as he struck this last great blow, Count

Amadeo's eyes grew dim, his head swam, and his feet gave way under him; for the blood was flowing from his side. But the blow had done its work, and he sank fainting between the two that he had slain.

And thus, lying unconscious between his dead enemies, he was found by a shepherd in the early morning, and was by him carried to the nearest village, and lay there many days on the edge between life and death. And when he came to himself, he told all that had passed, save that he said naught of the vision that had been vouchsafed to him, nor told how its coming had saved his life. But when at length he was healed, he mounted his horse and set out for his own house at Castivano, saying to himself:

"Now of a surety this vision that has twice come to me is the vision of Saint Emilia, who has ever been the protector of our house. Therefore I will raise to her at Castivano a fair and magnificent shrine, so that all men may speak in her praise and exalt her glory. And her I will serve all my life long, with fasting, charity, and prayer."

And the news that Count Amadeo was gone to Castivano to build a great shrine to Saint Emilia was spread throughout all the principality of Mantivoglia.

III.

So soon as day dawned, Jacinta was on her feet flying from a spot full of terrors; and although she longed greatly to know how Count Amadeo had sped, yet for fear of the dead crone's grandsons, and of the dead crone herself, and more than all of the black he-goat (for what that goat was God alone knew) she dared not return to the hovel, but set forward at her best speed straight away from the river; and having walked the greater part of the day, she came to a little grey town that nestled in the lap of great blue-grey hills. There was a wood on the outskirts and a little brook running through. She sat by the brook and drank, and bathed her sore feet, looking at her face in the running water; and as she sat a voice came suddenly from behind her, saying:

"Sweet mistress, for the love of heaven, do not move."

Jacinta looked round in great confusion,

gathering her feet up out of the brook and under the grudging shelter of her scanty skirts, but to her comfort she saw only an old man of a pleasant mild countenance, who leant against the trunk of a tree a few yards away and was drawing on a pad that he rested in the curve of his arm. Jacinta blushed red, but the stranger drew near and told her softly that he was a painter and prayed leave to draw her as she had been sitting, and since he was an old man and gentle, Jacinta dipped her feet again in the cool water and suffered him to draw her thus. When he had finished his work, he sighed, saying: "Yet your face should make an altar-piece," and he prayed her to tell him whence she came.

On this, unused to kindness, she burst into weeping, and the old man seemed near weeping also when he heard how she had narrowly escaped death through seeking to rescue a gentleman from the attack of murderous robbers; but she feigned not to know who the gentleman was, for she feared a betrayal by her blushes if she pronounced Amadeo's name.

Then the old painter set his arm about her, and led her to his house on the outskirts of the little grey town, and gave her over to his sister who kept his house for him, and his sister, being old and gentle like himself, wept and laughed over her, praying her to abide there. But Jacinta said, "Then I must work for you;" but they would not let her work, the painter crying, with a face that seemed transfigured by some strong and exalted emotion, "I have waited long for you, child! For now, behold, neither your face nor my name shall ever die!" But the old sister bade her not heed his words, but be kind to him and let him paint her when he would; thus easily should she requite them for her lodging and the food she ate.

Therefore every day, and most readily, Jacinta suffered the old man (who was called Giacomo) to paint her; and many pictures he began and many he destroyed, but at length he made one that seemed to please him, and set himself to work on it, now with rapture, now in sore distress, yet always with resolution, and, as it were, a great purpose. But why he painted, or for what patron, Jacinta

did not know ; for there were few people in the little town, and those ignorant of such matters, and she herself seldom went abroad, save to the pleasant wood and the cool water of the running brook.

Thus many weeks passed by, most happily for her, save that still she wondered what had befallen Amadeo ; yet she did not fear greatly for him, believing that none could overcome him. Therefore she abode patiently where she was, trusting that Amadeo would come again, and not knowing that he was no more than two days' journey distant, across the passes of the great hills that circled the little town.

For Amadeo was come to Castivano, and there busied himself in preparing and setting in hand the great and fair shrine, which he was minded to build to the glory of Saint Emilia. But he lived in his castle of Castivano as a hermit lives, and did not mingle with men, seeing none save those that came to him concerning the building of the shrine, architects, stonemasons, workers in marble, in iron, in bronze, in silver and in gold, painters also, and those who laid mosaic, all of whom he gathered round him and encouraged to put forth their best and highest skill.

Thus the reputation and fame of the shrine grew great, even before it was built, and all artists and artificers desired an opportunity to display their skill in its erection or ornamentation. Moreover, when the Prince of Mantivoglia heard what Amadeo was purposing, he sent him word by one of his gentlemen that so soon as the shrine should be built, he would come with the Princess and all his Court and behold its beauty. Amadeo, although he desired no such visit, could not avoid accepting the honour with all appearance of gratitude, and appointed the Prince a day on which he should come, and pressed on the work that all might be ready.

But concerning one thing he was sore distressed ; for none of his painters could paint for him such a picture of Saint Emilia as he desired to place over the altar in his shrine ; nay, although he described most minutely what the face and form should be, depicting in words with all accuracy and animation the vision that he had twice beheld, yet none of the

pictures were like to what he described. In truth, small wonder need there be that it was so, since none of the painters had seen Jacinta, and the spoken word, howsoever eloquent, is powerless to render the glowing colour and the grace of form that make beautiful the living countenance and shape.

But at last Amadeo made proclamation that a great sum should be paid to the painter who would paint him the fairest picture of Saint Emilia for his altar-piece, and, the news of this proclamation having come to Giacomo through the mouth of a wandering friar, he went into his house and, having prayed long on his knees, took his brushes and painted.

Great and gay was the cavalcade that set forth from Mantivoglia to go to Castivano ; there rode the Prince, his nobles and gentlemen, there the Princess and her ladies. All were full of jests and merriment, and they went along at a round pace, the mounted servants clearing the way before them.

On the road they passed a covered waggon driven by a grey-haired old man, and a young gallant, catching sight of a girl's red cloak in the waggon, would have had out the hidden beauty, but the Prince checked his freedom and the cavalcade rode by. But Jacinta looked out and saw Beatrice as she passed, and she shook her head with a laugh ; for Jacinta had persuaded Giacomo to bring her with him when he came to offer his picture of Saint Emilia to Count Amadeo, and he had agreed, binding her by a promise to abide in their lodging and not wander alone through Castivano, nor let herself be seen by the gentlemen of the Court.

Count Amadeo received their Highnesses and the company with splendid pomp and graceful courtesy ; yet there was a cloud on his brow, and in his demeanour a sadness, which neither the admiration paid to his shrine nor the gay smiles of the Princess's ladies could dismiss. And, so soon as he had bestowed his guests suitably to their respective rank and pretensions, he returned again into the shrine and sat down opposite to the altar, his eyes travelling round the shrine that he had built. And he sighed deeply as his glance returned to the space above the altar, where there hung a curtain



of black velvet. But presently his steward approached him, saying:

"My lord, there is yet another painter come, bringing a picture which he desires to offer to you."

"I'll have no more of them," cried Amadeo, impatiently. "The place of the picture shall be empty, for my eyes can fill it better far than any painting that has been brought to me. Give this painter also what suffices for his charges and his labour, and let him go."

But the steward pleaded with Amadeo, saying that the man was old, and that his eyes had filled with tears when he was told that Amadeo

had declared that he would look at no more pictures.

"Let him come, then," said Amadeo wearily.

"My lord," said the steward, humbly and with some fear, "he prevailed on me to allow him to set the picture in its place that you might judge of it the better.

"Neither he nor you had right to do the thing," said Amadeo, "but since it is done, pull aside the curtain."

Then old Giacomo, who had been standing concealed behind an arch, slipped forward and bowed low to Amadeo, who flung him a careless nod; and he laid his hand on the string, and, drawing back the black velvet curtain, displayed the picture of Saint Emilia that he had made.

At once Amadeo sprang to his feet with a loud cry, and stood with clasped hands and his eyes



Lawler

"And he put out his hand and gently grasped her hand."

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set greedily on the picture. Presently, although his gaze could not leave the picture, he beckoned with his hand to Giacomo, who came near to him timidly. And Amadeo said in a hushed voice, his tones being full of awe :

"How came the vision to you? How for you also was the veil of Heaven drawn back and the face revealed?"

Giacomo, bewildered by the strange manner of Amadeo, and remembering how men said that the Count was subject to delusions and sometimes was carried out of his right mind by religious fervour, and especially by his unmeasured devotion to Saint Emilia, stammered in his answer, saying lamely that he had painted with his best skill and trusted that the result was pleasing to his Excellency.

"But from whom did you get the features?" cried Amadeo fiercely.

"The model is something, my lord," answered Giacomo; "but the hand and the pallet are more." For fair as he held the girl to be, it seemed to Giacomo that his picture was much fairer. But Amadeo's mind was different.

"It is very like her," he whispered with a sigh, "although less beautiful." And he added to Giacomo, "Come, sir, the picture shall stay in its place, at what price you will, and, I pray you, come with me to the Prince."

And he carried Giacomo to the Prince of Mantivoglia, who sat in the gardens with his Princess and all the Court, and there he presented Giacomo to His Highness, commending his skill and genius and praying the Prince to show him some mark of favour.

"Right willingly," cried Prince Vittorio. "But come, let me see for myself." And he rose, and, followed by the Princess and all the Court, took his way to the shrine where the picture hung. And the Princess's ladies were curious above all the rest to see the picture that Giacomo had painted, for they perceived a new and strange excitement in the eyes of Count Amadeo.

Then, they all being come to the shrine, Amadeo asked his Highness if he would command that the curtain should be drawn back, and his Highness gave command

accordingly. And at once a murmur of admiration rose from all, and the Prince, turning to Giacomo, who stood by, embraced him and hailed him for a great painter and a glory to Mantivoglia; while the Princess gave him a gold chain from about her neck, and, turning to her ladies, bade them see the marvellous beauty of the picture. The ladies answered nothing to the Princess, although they curtsied in respectful obedience; but Beatrice nudged Lucrezia, Euphemia whispered to Eugenia, "It is she!" Constantia murmured softly, "God save us!" Jessica, Margherita, Cecilia, Zarata, and Theodora laid fingers on lips, saying, "For your life, not a word of it!"

And they all turned red and appeared very uneasy, for, notwithstanding the delusions of Count Amadeo, and for all old Giacomo's vain talk about his skill and his pallet, to them at least it was plain that this wonderful picture of Saint Emilia was nothing else than a portrait of Jacinta, Beatrice's maid, whom they had beaten and driven with contumely from the Palace at Mantivoglia.

"God send that she be not here," whispered Beatrice, with a glance of great apprehension at Count Amadeo. For although it was vexatious enough that the Count should waste his life in adoring a saint, and spend on a shrine what might have been laid out in revelry, feasting, and jewels, it would be worse by a thousand times that Jacinta the maid should appear before him in flesh and blood, since most certainly in that event he would think very little more of Saint Emilia.

When all the rest had praised the picture to their heart's content, and almost to the satisfaction of Giacomo himself, Amadeo, still very gloomy, bade them come to dinner, for he had spread a magnificent banquet in the hall of his house.

Here they feasted very finely and in great merriment throughout the afternoon, even the Princess's ladies forgetting their uneasiness, and receiving with great complaisance the gallantries of the gentlemen who sat by them. And when the tables were cleared, the Prince called for wine, and drank to Giacomo, and the ladies, rising, took partners and danced with them for the pleasure and entertainment of their Highnesses.

Thus evening came, and found them still at their revels; but presently Amadeo, having prayed leave of the Princess, rose and went out from the hall, for he was minded to seek the shrine, and there remain on his knees before the altar and look again on the face of Saint Emilia, for there was a moon that night even as when he had kept his vigil in the chapel of the Palace at Mantivoglia.

IV.

When evening began to fall, the door of the lodging that Giacomo had taken was opened softly and a slim figure stole forth with cautious tread. Was it just that, while her picture was seen and praised, she should sit and mope alone? Nay, at least she must see the picture in its place; aye, and, perchance, from afar off she might see Amadeo himself.

Come what might, the picture she would see; and if that came for which she prayed, Amadeo also she might see. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks red beneath the shawl; in truth, she had not wholly that rapt expression of heavenly contemplation which the art of Giacomo had imparted to his picture.

Safe and unperceived she stole from the village up the hill, even to the summit, where stood Amadeo's house, and by it now the shrine, whose marbles, streaked in white and black, showed cold and stately in the rays of the risen moon. The windows of the banqueting-hall were full of light, and loud merry voices, mingled with sounds of music, echoed from within. Thither Jacinta looked wistfully, but dared not go. She turned to the shrine; there all was gloom save for the dim light of candles, out-shone and quenched by the moonlight's radiance.

Softly she stole up and passed through the open door. She seemed still alone, save for the picture, and that she saw but faintly, for the moonbeams did not shine full on it; nay, she found them full on her face as she stood just beyond the arch on the left side of the altar. Half in fright at her solitude, half in admiration of the shrine's beauty, she cast her eyes round it, and suddenly became aware of the figure of a man, who knelt before the altar, his face buried in his hands.

A tremor ran through her, and she leant against the pillar of the arch; for she knew

that the man was Count Amadeo, and that she was alone with him. It came into her head to fly, but she could not leave him, for she longed to be near him, and his presence was very sweet to her. But as she stood there, she heard him sigh deeply and moan pitifully, for he was in great distress of soul, and struggled sore with himself, calling himself a wretched sinner and all unworthy to have been chosen to build this shrine to the honour of St. Emilia. And at last he cried softly:

"Behold, I am in as great peril as in the robbers' hovel! Sweet Saint, grant me another vision, that I may be strengthened and confirmed in grace!" And he let his hands fall from before his face, and raised his eyes to the picture above the altar.

But, alas, the picture was lifeless, dull, and cold, and Amadeo turned away from it, and gazed where the moonlight fell. Full in the path of the pale light, white in its white radiance, he saw a face that smiled on him and eyes that gleamed brightly, and a form in white that the light made whiter stood with a hand outstretched towards him. It seemed to him that he saw again the vision that had come to him at Mantivoglia and in the hovel by the river. And, kneeling still on his knees, in an awe-struck voice and with fear he said,

"What is thy will?" And again he hid his face. But no answer came, for Jacinta, although she blushed rosy red, found no words in which to respond.

But soon Count Amadeo, letting his hands fall, looked again, in fear that the vision would have passed: but, seeing it still there, he gazed on it, and it seemed to him ten thousand times more fair than Giacomo's picture. Therefore he continued to gaze very intently on it, and the eyes of the vision fell towards the floor, and its lids drooped, and, because Amadeo's gaze was very ardent, presently, to his great wonder, the vision raised its hands and hid its face.

"Show me thy face," cried Amadeo, and now he rose to his feet.

There was silence for a moment; then a low, ashamed, merry laugh came, and a whisper that said, "My lord, I dare not."

"Now surely this is a strange vision," said Amadeo, and he took a step towards where



"Sir, with your leave, I would make this lady my wife."

it stood, but cautiously, lest it should fly from him. And he paused, asking himself what many others had asked concerning him, whether he were mad, and took for real the figments of his own distempered imagination. He dashed his hands across his eyes and looked again, but still the vision was there, and again the merry ashamed laugh struck faintly on his ear. And he had never yet heard nor read, nor had any told him, of a vision from heaven that laughed and hid its face, like a maiden who was coy and yet would not willingly escape.

Then he sprang suddenly across the space between them, crying, "Who art thou?" and came to a stand before her; and she answered him from between the fingers that were in front of her face.

"I am the girl from whom Giacomo painted."

"But I saw you in the robbers' hovel," he cried.

"I was servant to the old crone," murmured Jacinta.

"And in the chapel at Mantivoglia?"

"I was waiting-maid to the Lady Beatrice," Jacinta whispered.

Then silence fell again between them for awhile, until Amadeo said, in a voice that trembled,

"I pray you take your hands from your face, that I may see whether it be in very truth the face that came to me in Mantivoglia and in the hovel. I do not understand how these things can be; for how came you to Mantivoglia, and to the hovel, and here?"

And he put out his hand and gently grasped her hands and drew them away from her face; but she was greatly confused, and did not know whether she would laugh or weep, nor what she had best say to Count Amadeo. And when at last she spoke, her voice was so low that Amadeo was constrained to draw nearer to her, that he might hear her words; but she in timidity shrank back, and, since he pursued, they passed thus together into the shadow of the arch.

"Now, on my faith," cried Vittorio of Mantivoglia, "piety is good, and devotion is good, but it is not good that a man should forsake his guests, fair ladies and honest gentlemen, and spend alone on his knees the

time that he should give to their society and entertainment. This is not well in my lord Amadeo."

"His heart is in Heaven and not with us, sir," said the Princess.

"His heart may be where it please God," swore Vittorio who was merry with feasting, "but he shall pledge me in a cup of wine before I rest to-night. Come, let us after him." And he rose and ran towards the shrine, all following, lords and ladies, gentlemen, squires, grooms, pantlers, and maids; for all had feasted and were apt for any sport; and the Princess came also, because her husband would not be denied her company; and they came with a merry din to the door of the shrine. But there they paused, so pure and solemn seemed the shrine in the moonlight. And their mirth died away, and they stood listening there.

"For," said the Princess, "of a surety we shall hear him at his prayers. For he prays all the night through and is untired in devotion."

And even as she spoke there came through the stillness a low passionate voice that said:

"For all my life, and in all my life, and with all my life, I am yours; for you only do I see with my eyes, and hear with my ears, and move with my members. And you are life and death and the world to me."

"It is even as I said," remarked the Princess of Mantivoglia. And she added with a sigh: "Yet Count Amadeo is a comely gentleman."

But then, to the great astonishment of all, there came another voice from the shrine; and although they had not heard the voice of Saint Emilia, and could not tell how she would speak, yet it did not seem to them that this could be the voice or these the words of the Blessed Saint.

"My dear lord," said the voice, "you are my life and my love and my all. For since I saw you in Mantivoglia I loved you, and more I loved you in the robber's hovel, and more than all now do I love you. Yet I am not worthy of your favour."

"Now these be fine devotions!" said the Prince of Mantivoglia. And his eyes twinkled, and he gave a twist to his moustaches. And he opened his mouth to speak again, when

suddenly Giacomo, who had been on the outskirts of the throng, sprang forward, crying in great apparent anger :

"Jacinta, what do you there?"

His voice brought a little fearful cry from the shrine ; then came Amadeo's voice, saying,

"Fear not; for now neither ladies nor robbers, no, nor this painter, can touch you, for my arm is about you."

And, as he said this, Amadeo came forth from the chapel with his arm about Jacinta's waist. And he beheld with astonishment the throng that stood there; but the Prince ran forward and caught him by the arm, asking merrily,

"Are these your devotions, Amadeo? Of a truth, I perceive why you would not share them with us."

But Amadeo took Jacinta by the hand and drew her forward in a very courtly manner, and, bowing low, said to the Prince :

"Sir, with your leave, I would make this lady my wife. And if you desire to know who she is, ask the Lady Beatrice, who is of her Highness' train."

Then the Prince turned to Beatrice and bade her speak, and in sore fear and terror she told all that she knew of Jacinta, save that she did not tell how she and her fellows had beaten her. And Amadeo told how Jacinta had preserved him from peril in the robbers' hovel, and how he had conceived that her face was the face of a Saint from Heaven.

"Of a truth, I do not marvel at your error," said the Prince, and he bent and kissed Jacinta's hand, and led her to the Princess, who received her very graciously and said to her :

"Ask what favour you will of me, and it is yours."

Jacinta looked round on Beatrice and the others of the Princess's ladies, and said :

"Madame, I pray you to forgive your ladies the trick they played on my Lord Amadeo in the chapel of Mantivoglia, for from it has come to me joy greater than any suffering I had at their hands."

And when Beatrice and the rest heard her they ran to her and embraced her, for they had been very sore afraid what would befall them when the truth became known to the Princess.

"And what of the shrine, Amadeo?" asked the Prince, laughing.

"It will be the richer, Sir," the Count answered, "by a jewel more precious than any I had before,"

And all applauded him, and they returned to the banqueting hall there to spend the night in revel; and the next day Amadeo was wedded to Jacinta in the shrine that he had built to Saint Emilia. "For," said he, "since I have had this trouble to find her, I will take good heed not to lose her again."

Now this story was told by the Princess of Mantivoglia, son's wife to that Prince Vittorio in whose time the thing fell out, as she sat with her ladies in the gardens after dinner that they might know the history of the Shrine of Saint Emilia at Castivano, and of the famous picture of Giacomo's that hangs there to this day. And if there

be anything else that may be learnt from the story, it would seem to be that, so a face be pretty enough, it hath much the same power, whencesoever it may come and whether it belong to a Saint in Heaven, or to a waiting-maid.



IN THE PUBLIC EYE



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

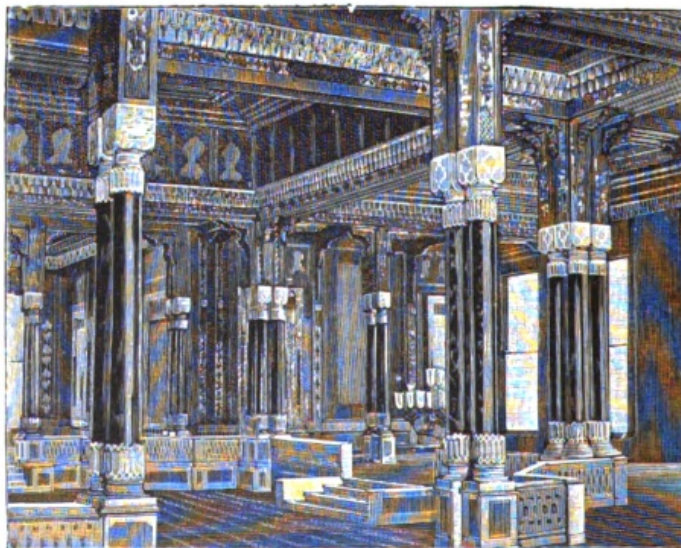
temperate in his habits to the point of asceticism, well informed on most phases of contemporary thought, gravely courteous in manner, and extremely generous in disposition, he impresses all who come in contact with him as a kingly man. He is passionately fond of his children, and his little daughter is sometimes brought in to play the piano to a guest whom the Sultan has honoured with admission to the family circle.

The Padishah is fifty-three, but he looks many years older, for his life has been one of difficulty and danger. He feels that while England has protested friendship she has taken Egypt and tried to humiliate him in Armenia; Russia involved him in a

If advice were of any market value the Abdul Hamid II. Sultan of Turkey would to-day be the richest man alive. He has certainly been one of the best abused men of the last twelve months, and if we may judge from the utterances of press and platform, he is about the only living person who does not know how to rule Turkey.

He has been trying his best for nearly twenty years now, for he came to the throne in 1876, on the deposition of his elder brother Murad. He is a shrewd, intelligent man, and would be one of the ablest living rulers if his powers were not paralysed by a highly nervous disposition. As it is, in spite of his astuteness, he is constantly victimised by the army of spies who are the scourge of Constantinople.

Abdul Hamid is in every respect as unlike the popular conception of him as a man well could be—



THE AUDIENCE HALL IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

disastrous war; France has taken Algiers and covets Tripoli; Austria thrust him out of Bosnia and Herzegovina; Italy has taken what he regards as Turkish territory on the Red Sea, and is more than suspected of a desire to acquire other tempting morsels; even Bulgaria has been allowed to pilfer Eastern Roumelia from her Suzerain. No wonder the Sultan views with obstinate suspicion the efforts of ambitious ambassadors to "reform" his government.

* * *

Sir Philip Currie.

The telegraph has destroyed the romance of diplomacy, and when, two years ago, Sir Philip Currie was appointed ambassador at Constantinople, it was said that we had only put him at the other end of the wire. For four years he had been Permanent Under Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, and as such he was its guiding spirit, the maintainer of its traditions, the link between incoming and outgoing Foreign Ministers. He was a first-rate permanent secretary: we have had many better ambassadors.

Sir Philip's father was a member of the great firm of bankers of the same name. He himself went from Eton to the Foreign Office, and spent forty years there. He is said to have been one of the

most brilliant clerks ever known in Downing-street, and when he quitted for the Bosphorus he left behind him a reputation for pleasant

manners and great ability. Sir Philip had made acquaintance with Turkey nearly a score of years ago, when he acted as private secretary to Lord Salisbury during the European Conference that preceded the Russo-Turkish war.

Arrived at Constantinople he seems to have conceived the idea of emulating the Great Elchi; but Lord Stratford de Redcliffe lived in very different times, and he had to deal with a Sultan who had dissipated what mental abilities he started with by a life of Oriental debauchery. The present Sultan is a match for the combined diplomatic talent of

all Downing-street, and, try as we may to disguise the fact from cynical neighbours, he "scored off" Sir Philip in the diplomatic duel over Armenia.

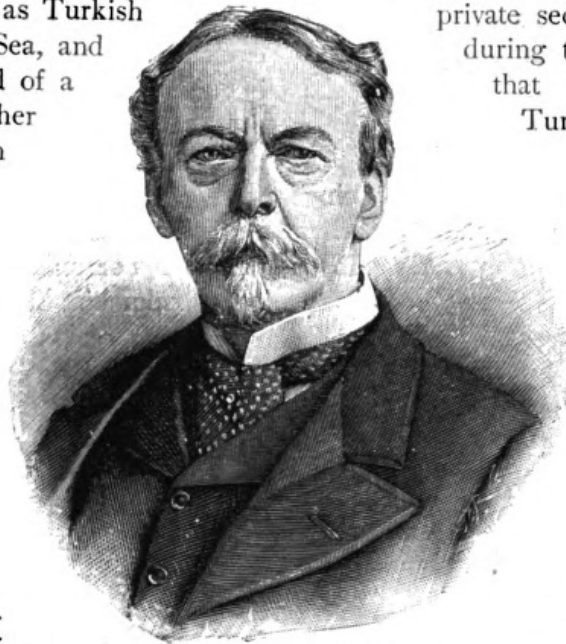
Sir Philip married Mrs. Singleton, a lady who has been guilty of a number of novels under the pseudonym "Violet Fane," and who now scandalises the Turks by lavishing attentions on her dogs in the reception-room of the Embassy.

* * *

Mr. W. J. Lipton.

Silly people sneer at what they call the world's respect for riches; but the world is not so unreasonable after all. The object of nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of every thousand is to

make money, and it follows that the man who, unaided by circumstance of birth or chance, makes a colossal



SIR PHILIP CURRIE.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT THERAPIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

fortune to-day must be gifted with extraordinary ability. At the age of fifteen the young Scotsman whose name is now so often in the public eye, sailed in the steerage of an American liner with the main object of improving the lot of his parents: to-day he controls the largest business of its kind in existence.

After some years of hard work, during which he regularly sent remittances to his folk at home, young Lipton returned to Glasgow with rather less than £100, with which he opened a small provision shop. The dimensions of the business may be judged from the fact that the proprietor slept in his back shop, and used to dress his window after the shutters were put up at night.

This was twenty years ago. At present Mr. Lipton has in London alone over sixty stores, and his operations extend from the United Kingdom to America, and, farther, to Ceylon.

In America he possesses his own railway cars, which are continually running over the States with his goods, and his head establishment in Chicago covers nearly five acres of ground. Here from two to four thousand pigs are killed daily—practically a million every year.

Mr. Lipton owns the largest and finest tea estates in Ceylon, in spite of which, so colossal is this department of his business, he is compelled to purchase enormous quantities on the London, Calcutta, and Ceylon markets. The public take from his stores nearly two hundred tons of tea a week. There is, however, little chance of the supply running short, for some 12,000 chests are

always kept at his London head-quarters, while three or four times that quantity are held in bond.

Ceaseless, untiring, personal work, is the explanation Mr. Lipton gives of his success, but there is nothing about him to suggest the over-wrought business man. Strongly built, he carries his tall figure like a guardsman. A look at his face convinces one that something more than plodding pertinacity is there to command success. Those who serve under him like and respect him most—

better proof of ability and kindness you cannot have.

* * *

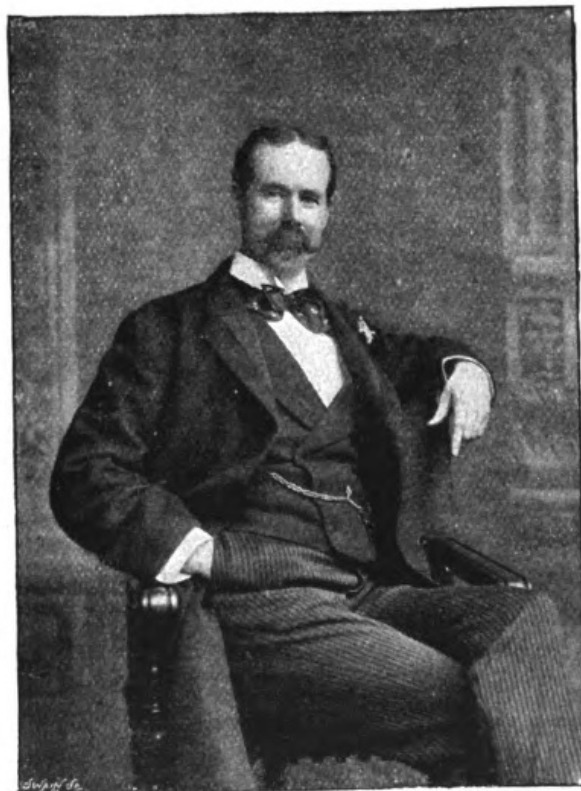
Mr. William Waldorf
Astor,

The second most wealthy American in the world—his annual income is said to be £1,600,000—was born in New York forty-eight years ago. After passing through Columbia College, he entered the Law School, which he left in 1875 to be admitted to the Bar, and in 1882 was appointed United States Minister to Italy.

In 1890 he succeeded to the main portion of the colossal

family estates, valued at a hundred millions sterling, in the management of which he had assisted his father for a number of years. The land itself is not of great superficial area, but it stands on a corner of the island on which New York is built, and was acquired as waste land for a nominal sum by old John Jacob Astor with money that he made out of the fur business. Whole sections of the city of New York belong to the Astors, and tracts that once were farms are now covered with handsome houses.

About a year after his succession to



MR. W. J. LIPTON.

the estate his wife took offence at the result of a lawsuit which upheld the claim of the dowager Mrs. Astor to receive all letters bearing the ambiguous inscription "Mrs. Astor," and induced her husband to leave the country and settle in England. He had been here about two years when he startled the literary world by purchasing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the staff of which, during his proprietorship, has been as expensive to maintain as that of the *Times*.

His next important move was the purchase of the Duke of Westminster's country house at Cliveden-on-the-Thames; but he almost lost this prize by laying claim to the visitor's book—a magnificent collection of valuable autographs—a claim that the Duke hotly disputed. However, Mr. Astor had legal right on his side, and finally permitted the Duke to keep possession of the book on payment of £300.

Mr. Astor is over six feet in height, thin, and muscular. In personal tastes he is simple, and his manner is courteous without ostentation. He has written some capital stories, and studied painting and modelling in Rome. He knows the points of a bulldog, and is popular with those who serve him.

* * *
The *Daily Telegraph*.

In this era of keen journalistic rivalry, when a paper that does not spring into existence with a dash which

forces it upon the attention of the public has a poor chance of a long and successful life, it were impossible to discover a precedent for

the career of the *Daily Telegraph*. To glance through the pages of the present ponderous and autocratic journal, and run one's eye over the forty columns or so of advertisements, makes it well nigh impossible to believe that on the first day of its appearance only seven-and-sixpence was taken for advertisements.

Were a daily paper, whatever its political creed, or however brilliant its conduct, to start under such circumstances to-day, its existence would probably end with the last copy of the first issue taken off the machines. But at that time a small circulation and a feeble advertisement list did not

dishearten the promoters, and they continued the paper until the property was taken over, in part payment of a debt, by Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, the father of the present chief proprietor, Sir Edward Levy Lawson.

Absolutely ignorant of journalistic matters, Mr. Levy was a shrewd and capable business man, and before long the tide in the affairs of the paper had turned, and the balance had gone over to the right side of the books. He had the knack of knowing a promising writer when he came across one, and it was he who discovered, as it were, Mr. George Augustus Sala and Mr. (after Sir Edwin) Arnold.

In young Mr. Edward—who took the name of Lawson comparatively early in life by the wish of one of his mother's brothers, Mr.

Lionel Lawson—the proprietor, found an admirable lieutenant, more especially in the practical management of the paper, for he had



MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.



CLIVEDEN HOUSE.

Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

spent a great deal of time in his father's composing-room, and added to considerable literary talent a knowledge of the mechanical branches of journalism.

On the death of his father, Sir Edward took over the management. Although he has now practically abandoned editorial work, he finds it impossible to remain away from the office for any length of time, and no change of any importance in the paper is made without his consent.

Mr. John M. Le Sage is the managing editor of the *Telegraph*. He left the *Western Morning News* thirty years ago to fill the position of Parliamentary reporter on the former paper, but Mr. Levy very soon discovered his brilliant descriptive abilities, and put him on the editorial staff. It was he who went post haste to Marseilles in order to meet Mr. H. M. Stanley on his return from his search for Livingstone, and it was owing to a chance conversation which he, together with his chief, had with Mr. Stanley that the second expedition was arranged, in conjunction with the *New York Herald*. The *D.T.'s* share in this trip cost £17,000.



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

the special correspondents of rival papers. At this sport he proved an adept, and by his indomitable perseverance and ingratiating

manner while dealing with the French officials he frequently managed to get the news to London hours ahead of his colleagues.

The Daily Telegraph

NO. 11,000 LONDON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1896. (TEN PAGES, ONE PENNY.)

Talking of indomitable perseverance, it would be practically impossible to find a man with a larger share of this quality than the editor himself, Sir Edwin Arnold. In the matter of steady, continual labour, this renowned poetical, critical, and political writer almost rivals

Mr. Gladstone, for, in addition to the mass of anonymous journalism which he has done day by day for thirty years—during which time 10,000 leading articles for the *Telegraph* have emanated from his brain—he has kept up the Eastern studies which, at the end of his college career, gained for him the appointment of Principal to the Government School of Sanscrit at Poona, and has also produced "The Light of Asia" and "The Light of the World."

It was chiefly owing to the pressure Sir Edwin brought to bear on Sir Edward Lawson during the Bulgarian crisis of 1877 that the policy of the *Telegraph* was changed from rampant Gladstonianism to moderate Conservatism, a movement which involved great risk, but which happily resulted in the discovery of a new and larger public.

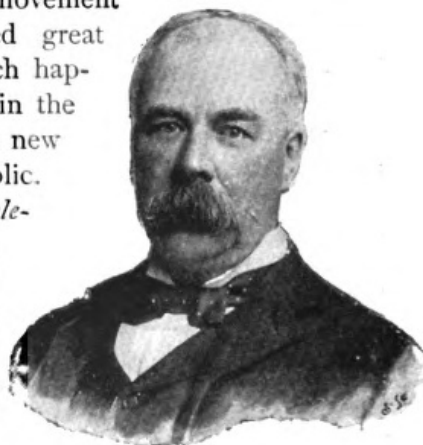
The *Daily Telegraph* consumes a mass of paper so enormous that not only is it manufactured by the firm itself, but the very grass from which

the paper is made is specially cultivated on tracts of land in Texas owned by those who preside over the finest building in Fleet-street.



SIR EDWARD LAWSON, BART.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MR. JOHN M. LE SAGE.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Slatin Pasha. Slatin Pasha, not only by virtue of his eleven years captivity in the hands of the Mahdi, or the romance of his perilous escape across the desert, but as a man of bravery and courage, a dauntless soldier and a clever diplomat, forms a strikingly picturesque figure in the narrative of recent events in Egypt.

An Austrian by birth, he displayed at an early age an inherent love of travel and a thirst for adventure, of which, in after life, he was to have his full share. In 1876 he spent about eighteen months in the Soudan, but returned to his native country, where he volunteered for the campaign in Herzegovina. Within two years he started again for the Soudan, and was appointed, by General Gordon, Inspector-General of the Eastern Soudan and Sennar. Before General Gordon went to Khartoum, Slatin Pasha reigned as satrap in the province of Bahr-el-Gazelle. At this time he was a man of about thirty years of age.

Brave almost to recklessness, resourceful, and unscrupulous to a marked degree, he was well fitted for the task of overawing the treacherous native tribes under his jurisdiction.

Slatin showed himself a ruler little troubled with conscientious qualms. While in command of his province he readily abjured Christianity and professed Mohammedanism, hoping to gain increased confidence on the part of his followers at the cost of a creed lightly held. Slatin himself says that he was in high favour with the Khalifa, owing to his capacity for praying. In this exercise he showed more vigour and tenacity than any of the natives, and thus gained a name for sanctity which stood him in good stead.

Yet Slatin Pasha enjoyed considerable popularity, even with those who were not to be deceived by such outward signs as these.

Stern when the moment for severity arrived, he always proved himself a man of large heart and of true refinement. To his family and his native land Slatin is devoted, and if he may not be a man to lightly forgive an injury, neither is he one to forget a service.

Slatin Pasha is a brilliant fighter, and during his reign was occupied with constant warfare. He was a scourge to the Arabs, whom he killed by thousands. His powers of endurance are extraordinary, and he would often be twenty-four hours in the saddle constantly fighting without either food or drink. He slept, in these times, on the hard ground beside his soldiers, sharing their simple fare.

He was just in his dealings with the natives, generous always, and ever ready to assist the poor and the aged. In battle he was heroic. Once when a finger on his right hand was shattered by a bullet, he calmly held it out to a man standing by his side asking him to sever it with his knife. Prior to the taking of Khartoum, Slatin had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi, and was in irons at the time of Gordon's death.

The sufferings which the brave Austrian officer has undergone

during his eleven years captivity, living, as he did, in constant fear of death, defy description by any pen but his own. When the Mahdi died in 1885, Slatin became one of the bodyguard of his successor, and up to the time of his escape he was acting in that capacity, his position being at the door of the Khalifa's house. During that interminable period he appears to have been kept on remarkably short commons. Yet even after his perilous journey across the desert to Cairo, during the greater part of which he lived on dates and water, he arrived bearing no visible sign of his captivity.



SLATIN PASHA.

Ian Maclaren is the pen-name of the Rev. John Maclaren Watson, minister of Sefton Park Church, Liverpool, who was born at Manningtree, in Essex, on Nov. 3rd, 1850, but, though an Englishman by birth, he is of pure Scotch descent, and a Highlander on his mother's side.

It was natural that Mr. Watson should commence his career in Scotland, and he chose that one which has always had such an attraction for Scotch students—the ministry. He found his first pulpit in Logiealmond, a parish on the borders of the Highlands. Here it was that he learnt the stories which have been published in his first book called “Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,” a title based on a verse of Scotch poetry, commencing:

There grows a bonnie brier bush
In our Kail-yard.

Ian Maclaren's stories all circle round the people of Drumtochly, the real name of which is Logiealmond. The local scenery is true, but the stories are fiction; that is to say, no living person has been described in the book. How they came to be written the author explains as follows:

“I had always been interested in the study of Scotch character, and used to lecture on it. I did not write out my sketches, however, until long afterwards, when asked by the editor of a London weekly to do so. The purpose of the book, which consists of the collected stories, was to give an artistic representation of a certain type of Scottish life, including religion. There are no startling incidents or distinguished people in the book; it is only the record of simple lives.”

So great has been the success of this first book, both here and in America—about 120,000 copies have been sold in little over a year—that a second series has just appeared, under the title “The Days of Auld Lang Syne,” which bids fair to outrun its predecessor in popularity. A short time ago Ian Maclaren told a literary friend that when

this volume was finished he should finally abandon Drumtochly because he would have exhausted the available types.

He hopes in the future to write a story dealing with the darker side of Scottish life. But, before he undertakes that big and difficult task, he will try his hand at other stories, presenting certain phases of English life, quite different from anything in his books. Some of these we have secured for *Pearson's Magazine*.

Of Mr. Watson's ministerial career it only remains to state that from Logiealmond he went to Glasgow, and thence to Liverpool, where he ministers to a congregation second to none in that city. In the spring of this year Mr. Watson was entertained by his brothers of the pulpit at the Authors' Club, and, before that difficult audience, made the wittiest and most successful speech ever made before the Club, not even excepting that of Bill Nye.

It only remains to say that Mr. Watson was married in June, 1878, has a family of four boys, and is exceedingly happy in his domestic life. The excellent portrait we reproduce dispenses with the necessity of a personal description, but it may be permitted to the present

writer to say that what struck him most in his interviews with Mr. Watson was the extreme simplicity of his manner and the entire absence of any consciousness that he was famous.

* * * *

A man who holds, locked up in the archives of his memory, sufficient evidence to convict for fraud and worse some of the best known and wealthiest men in London, is a man worth knowing something about. It is said that Sir George Lewis enjoys this power. But no one is ever likely to share his knowledge of this evidence, now, or after his death, for Sir George has not kept a diary for the past twenty years, relying solely upon the very excellent memory with which he is endowed.



“IAN MACLAREN” (REV. J. M. WATSON).
From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

He is, without exception, the greatest lawyer of modern times that ever faced a jury, and this unique position has been reached chiefly by reason of his love for hard work. I say chiefly, because no amount of hard work could have raised him to the pinnacle of fame on which he now stands had he not been possessed of that brilliancy of speech and that marvellous power of unravelling the most tangled web of evidence which have made his name familiar in every British household.

He is always thinking, yet he is a stranger to a bad night's rest, and for this reason: he never permits a case, however intricate, to worry him.

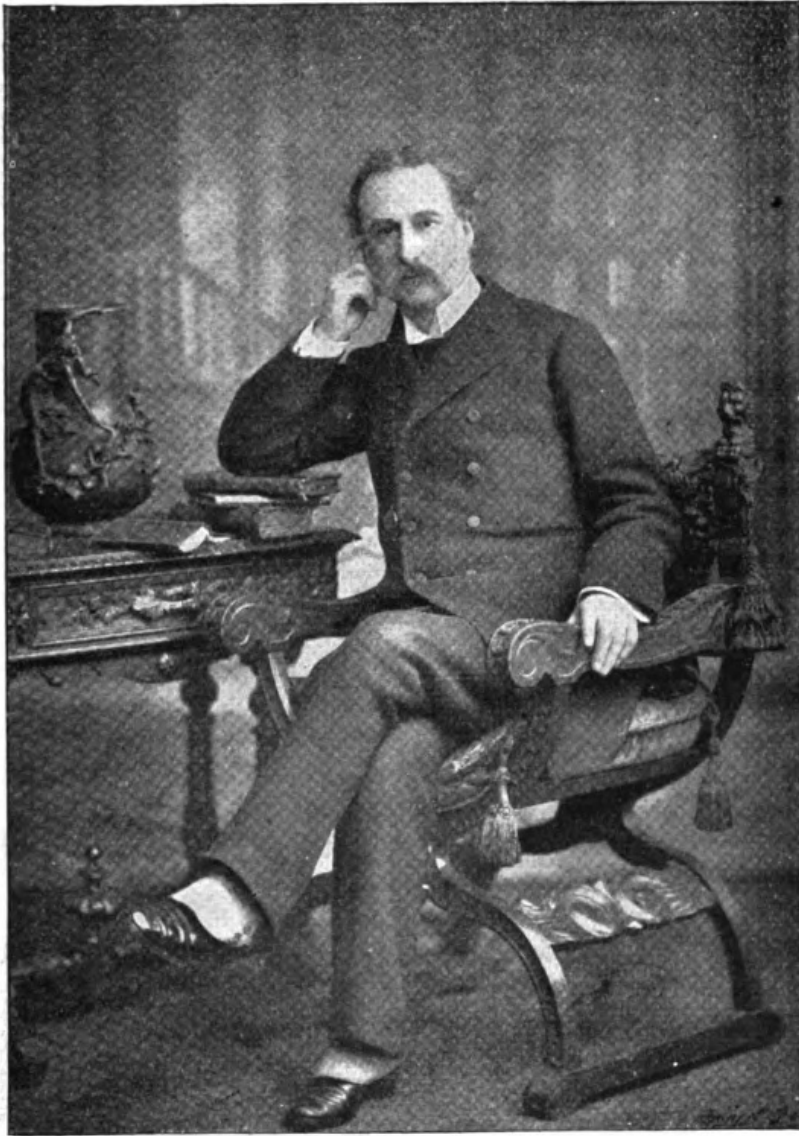
Most of his professional life has been spent at his houses in Ely-place, Holborn, where he was born on the 21st of April, 1833. His father, James Graham Lewis—known amongst those who had dealings with him as the "Poor Man's Lawyer," on account of his generosity in defending impecunious clients without expecting a fee in return for his services—lived there before him, and all his brothers and sisters were born at No. 10.

Scattered throughout the rooms of his town

residence at Portland-place are the gifts that he has received from clients. He has also a cellar packed with presents of the kind; for no lawyer—perhaps no professional man—has ever received so many tokens of appreciation from those he has served as Sir George.

His first important case was the prosecution of the directors of Overend and Gurney's Bank in 1869. He subsequently had the management of several other financial and mercantile cases, and was also engaged in the prosecution of Madame Rachel and of Slade, the medium. Of course, the most important affair in which Sir George has ever been concerned was the preparation of the case for Mr. Parnell and the Irish Party against the *Times* at the Parnell Commission.

He has by far the largest practice in criminal cases of any lawyer in London, and during his professional career has acted on behalf of practically all the chief London papers. He is a strong advocate for a Court of Appeal for criminal cases, and, concerning the powers of the Divorce Court, is of opinion that they might with advantage be extended.



SIR GEORGE H. LEWIS.

WAITING for SUMMER

With Spring departed, Summer fled
To kiss her lovers far away,
The vigorous ballad of the thrush
No longer shakes the apple-spray.
The rose, that winters in the stem,
Is waiting for the golden glow
When every bud is Juliet,
And every bee is Romeo.

She sleeps, the bloom of passion sleeps:
Upon her secret couch she lies,
Where only listens at her heart
The Great Magician of the skies.
By sweet tuition of the sun
Content the pupil is to grow;
In March she stirs, in April wakes,
In June she's here for Romeo.

The feet of Summer find their path
Across the hilltop and the main;
She comes, all blossomy her lap,
To dance along an English lane:
And all who weary for her face
Their hearts desire at last shall know
When every bud is Juliet,
And every bee is Romeo.

Victorian Gale



Anthony Fox.

FIRST ATTEMPTS AT PHOTOGRAPHY.*

No. I.



A PUZZLE PICTURE.

I HAD always avoided photography on the grounds that the work afforded such small scope for originality. It hardly seemed worth while to divide one's time between periodical entombments in a dark-room sepulchre and enshrouding one's head in the miniature pall merely to be a sort of general bottle-washer to the sun; besides one had heard so much about pencils of light that it was a legitimate ambition to see what the sun could do without extraneous assistance.

I found out afterwards, however, that my ideas of the part played by the sun in photography were exaggerated. Whatever praise or blame was due belonged to the photographer. It was evident, too, when equipped *cap-à-pie* that there was a marked individuality about my style. In some way, to be sure, it was not my doing. The camera arranged matters, and I helped.

*The author has no wish to lay claim to any particular credit for the illustrations which accompany his sketch; in fact, I believe that much worse specimens might be procured. To encourage this form of art, I will gladly pay half-a-guinea for every similar photograph deemed worthy of insertion.—C. A. P.

In the beginning there was darkness. My photographs, like the prehistoric world, were without form and void. I am not boasting about this. Other people, I believe, have succeeded in obtaining the same effects. After a time, however, I developed a charming originality of style, which has not yet deserted me.

Photography with a hand camera is a good mental training. It is so hard to remember what each picture is meant to represent. I rather think that some of these are meant to represent three or four different subjects.

The camera, in fact, is remarkable for doing one thing when appearing to do something else.



THINKING OUT A GRACEFUL POSE.

It has also no sense of its own responsibility. Benefiting by experience, it has discovered that



A NEW VIEW OF THE NELSON COLUMN,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

the beginner is always ready to expose the same plate twice. I was even inveigled into doing this myself. The result is a puzzle picture of which I am not unnaturally proud. There is some uncertainty, however, how the angelic smile with the face attached became entangled with my impres-



UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE IS HAVING
HIS PORTRAIT TAKEN.

sion of a ruin in the south of France. I must also apologise for the size of the gentleman's feet in another photograph. I am rather hurt about them. It is no good thinking out a graceful pose if the camera is going to spoil the whole thing and make fun of it. Besides, it leads to complications. I have reason to believe, moreover, that the Nelson column was never in the state of insobriety which my camera would lead one to believe. The photograph, however, was taken on the morning after the Trafalgar celebrations, which may possibly account, too



THE MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, AND A STREATHAM
DRAWING-ROOM TAKEN ON THE SAME PLATE.

for the hilarious attitude of the National Gallery.

Any self-respecting camera would have known better than to play practical jokes on a national emblem in this manner. But the camera is not tied down by ordinary restrictions. It sees things which to the eyes of the ordinary mortal are invisible. It has undoubtedly an intimate association with the phenomena of the spiritualistic world.

A. W.

Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



No. I.—A STOLEN KING.

IT is a pity," remarked the Ambassador to me, as we sat sipping his Excellency's very choice cognac after dinner, "that there is no one who can write the secret history of Europe for the last twenty or thirty years."

"Is there a secret history to write, then?" I asked, with an inflection which did not escape the keen ears of my host.

He removed the stump of his Larranaga from his lips, and laid his head back to let a cloud of grey smoke escape towards the ceiling, before he replied:—

"Without doubt. Only the other day, after more than twenty years' silence, Prince von Bismarck let the world into the secret of his telegram which precipitated the Franco-German war. Contemporary history is full of similar episodes, which never find their

way to the ears of that good Baron Reuter. Rest assured," concluded his Excellency with severity, "that the blatant dogmatism of the press on these subjects is only equalled by its truly pathetic ignorance."

"But, M. l'Ambassadeur,"—we were in Paris—"surely it is impossible for any event of real importance to remain concealed? A mere telegram is different!"

"Not in the least, my dear sir. I will give you an instance." The Ambassador gazed thoughtfully for a few moments at the thin blue smoke-line twisting and writhing itself out of the burning heart of the cigar stump between his fingers. "You remember that alleged illness of the little King of Spain?"

"Why, perfectly. But what do you mean by alleged?"

"Merely this, that his young Majesty was no more ill at that time than you or I are at

this hour. The whole of the accounts which appeared in the press were an elaborate fiction, designed to cloak a state of things which, had the truth become known, would have shaken the kingdom to its centre. Alfonso XIII. had been stolen!"

And, lighting a fresh cigar at the dying stump, the Ambassador proceeded to give me the following astonishing narrative.

"The difficulty I have in telling you this story arises from the fact that I myself happened, by the force of circumstances, to take a prominent part in the *dénouement*. I fear that this accident may impart to my account of the episode a flavour of egotism which is disagreeable to me. You shake your head, but I assure you the danger is a real one.

"It was about two years ago, as you will recollect, that the press of Europe was filled with reports of a mysterious illness from which this young monarch was said to be suffering. This malady was described as being of a highly infectious character, though not exactly dangerous.

"At the same time the world was called upon to admire the maternal solicitude of the Queen-Regent, who, it was said, in order to nurse her son, had shut herself up in his apartments, with only two attendants, refraining from all intercourse with the rest of the Palace while the critical period lasted. The only other persons who were permitted to have access to the sick room, besides the

physician in attendance, were Father Oliva, the King's tutor, and Señor Guastala, at that time Prime Minister of Spain.

"In the meantime, what had really happened was this:

"On the day before these reports began to appear—which was, I think, a Monday—a grand review of the troops forming the Madrid garrison was to come off in the city park. The review was in honour of Saint

Jago, the patron saint of Spain, and it had been publicly announced that the young King would be present, together with his mother, the Queen-Regent. It was, in effect, to be an imposing *fiête*, and all Madrid was expected to be there. On the

very morning of the review, however, a letter came to the Palace, addressed to her Majesty, and marked urgent. On being opened this letter was found to contain the alarming intelligence that there was a plot on foot to attempt the King's life. The anonymous writer

went on to add that the conspirators hoped to carry out their design during his Majesty's presence at the review.

"This letter bore the postmark of Pamplona.

"I see that that name produces the same effect on your mind as it did on the Queen's. Pamplona is, of course, the centre of the Carlist region, and the ancient stronghold of



"Father Oliva took the King into his study, and commenced to give him his lessons as usual."

the party. It is well known that the hopes of the Legitimists had greatly revived on the death of Alfonso XII. without a male heir, and, though their schemes received a check by the posthumous birth of the present King, the pretensions of Don Carlos to the throne have remained a standing menace to the modern dynasty. Nevertheless—but it is best that I should relate the facts without comment.

“Her Majesty showed this letter to Father Oliva, in whom she reposed great confidence; and, as was natural, they decided to keep the King at home, giving out as a pretext that he was unwell. The Regent accordingly set out to the review without him, taking, instead, his elder sister, the Princess of Asturias. Alfonso was greatly disappointed, but they succeeded in pacifying him by the promise of a huge box of lead soldiers, a toy which has always given him supreme delight.

“As soon as the Queen was gone, Father Oliva took the King into his study, and commenced to give him his lessons as usual. An hour passed in this way.

“At the end of this time a closed carriage drove up at a furious rate to the principal entrance of the Palace, and there alighted a person in the uniform of a general officer, attended by an aide-de-camp. This personage, who appeared to labour under considerable excitement, announced himself to the porters in waiting as General Espinosa. He stated that he had been sent by the Queen-Regent to fetch the King to the review, and demanded to be taken immediately into his Majesty’s presence.”

The Ambassador broke off his narrative at this point, to fill himself another glass of cognac. I took advantage of the opening to put a question.

“Excuse me, but was there a General Espinosa in the Spanish army?”

“There was; but he was at this time stationed in Barcelona. Command your impatience till the end, and you shall hear everything.”

His Excellency uttered these words with an air of rebuke, twisting the points of his white moustache in his fingers, as he spoke. He took a sip at his cognac before proceeding:

“Thoroughly overwhelmed by the manner

of these officers, the lackeys hastened to conduct them to the room where the tutor and pupil were at work. Here, as soon as the servants had withdrawn, the general repeated his statements, adding to Father Oliva that the troops had shown grave symptoms of dissatisfaction at the King’s absence, and that serious consequences were apprehended if he were not immediately forthcoming.

“You can well understand that in Spain, the land of *pronunciamentos*, where the army has so long been accustomed to regard itself as the master of the government, and is always seething with sedition, such intelligence was not to be trifled with. The general’s uniform and the presence of the aide lent an air of reality to the story; and, in short, the priest appears to have been completely taken off his guard.

“No doubt it would have been more prudent on his part to have insisted on accompanying his pupil. But the suddenness of these men’s arrival, and the alarming character of their statements, deprived him of his usual presence of mind. He sent for the child’s hat, and allowed him to depart with the emissaries. The King himself, it is needless to say of a boy of seven, was only too eager to go. He is a youngster daring as a lion, and to whom shyness is absolutely unknown.

“The next thing that happened was the return of the Queen-Regent, at the close of the review. She sent to the tutor to bring Alfonso to her. Confounded at such a message, he hurried into her Majesty’s presence, and at once the truth was discovered. There had been no discontent among the troops, and no sending for the King. He had become the victim of a cleverly planned abduction.

“Figure to yourself the despair of Queen Christina, a woman who, beneath her infernal



“Announced himself . . . as General Espinosa.”

Hapsburg pride, conceals the most tender affection for her children. I have had the honour, sir, to be admitted into the circle of the Royal nursery, and I have found it difficult to believe that this charming and caressing parent was the same woman who had inspired the whole diplomatic body with awe at the public levees. The distress of the unfortunate tutor was not less pronounced. But even in such moments, Royal personages are not freed from considerations of State. Before taking any steps, it was necessary to consult the Prime Minister.

"A messenger was at once despatched to fetch him to the Palace. Señor Guastala lost no time in obeying the summons, and the facts were laid before him.

"It was by his imperative advice, that it was decided to keep the affair secret as long as possible. In the unsettled state of the Spanish kingdom, with a dynasty hardly yet seated on the throne, and threatened by Republicans on one side, and Legitimists on the other, the news that the King had been spirited away, might very well be the signal, as you may imagine, for a revolution.

"It was therefore that this comedy of a pretended illness was devised. With the exception of two old, trusted servants, everyone was strictly excluded from the King's apartments, in which it was given out that he was lying ill, and Queen Christina arranged to take up her own quarters there, to escape the prying eyes of her suite. On his part, Señor Guastala undertook to bind one of the Court physicians to secrecy, and induce him to attend at regular intervals, and issue the usual bulletins.

"At the same time the police were warned that an abduction had taken place, and furnished with a general description of the carriage, and of its three occupants. The railways were watched, the frontiers guarded, in short, the usual precautions were taken. Unfortunately it was considered unsafe to describe the missing boy too plainly, for fear of his identity becoming known.

"The porters who had seen the carriage drive away were also questioned with caution, but beyond the mere statement that they had seen his Majesty enter the carriage with the

officers, no information of any value was elicited from them.

"The exertions of the police during four days were entirely fruitless. The Spaniards are a fine race, with many admirable traits, but they lack the French quickness. But for the accident of my presence in the capital, it is difficult to say what would have become of the Spanish monarchy. Luckily I chanced to be in Madrid at this time."

"But, my dear Ambassador," I interposed, thoughtlessly, "you were not then accredited to the Court of Spain!"

His Excellency put on an air of reserve.

"My friend, you are indiscreet. My presence in Madrid had no connection with politics. When I mention that a lady was concerned, you will perceive that it would be an indelicacy on my part to tell you more."

I hastened to apologise for the error of which I had been guilty. The Ambassador graciously dismissed my excuses with a wave of his hand, and resumed the tale.

"The moment I heard that the King had been taken ill, I went to call at the Palace. During the period of my connection with our Embassy in Madrid, I had become greatly attached to this delightful youngster, with his superb airs of a king; and I think I had had the honour to attract the regard of his Majesty. I went, therefore, confidently expecting that my visit would be welcomed by the little invalid. Judge of my surprise when I found myself denied admittance to the sick room. I came away, cursing the ingratitude of princes.

"But you are aware of my character. I am not easily to be baffled in a design which I have once undertaken. That very day I telegraphed to Paris, to Emile Gerault et Cie., of the Rue Luxembourg, to forward me the most splendid toy in their warehouse.

"On the fourth day it arrived. It was a marvel—a work of art. Imagine a soldier, completely accoutred in the uniform of a Chasseur d'Afrique, with everything removable, down to the very spurs, and mounted upon a fascinating camel, which drove itself by clockwork! I packed my treasure in a cab, and took it round instantly to the Palace.

"As I had anticipated, I was again refused entrance into Alfonso's presence. There-

upon I demanded an audience of the Queen-Regent. Daunted by my firmness, the attendants gave way, and consented to take in my card to her Majesty. I ventured to inscribe on it the word 'Pressing.'

"Doubtless, in her immense grief, the Queen was ready to clutch at any straw which might promise assistance. She agreed to receive me in the room adjoining the King's bedchamber.

"You know those Hapsburgs. In the midst of her terrible sufferings Christina preserved the haughtiness of her family. She omitted to accord me the privilege of being seated.

"What is it that you desire to see me about, M. le Baron?' she demanded, addressing me in the French language.

"Madame,' I replied in Spanish, of which language I am a master, 'I have come to crave permission to present myself to his Majesty. I do not in the least fear infection; and I am not without hope that my society may cheer the tedium of a sick bed.'

"I saw an embarrassed look pass over the Queen's face. She replied, however, without unbending in the least:

"I regret that what you ask is impossible. The King is too ill to receive even the most intimate of his friends. On his recovery he shall be informed of your kind attentions.'

"But, your Majesty,' I remonstrated, 'see what I have just procured from Paris!' And I unfolded the wrappings, and produced my chasseur on his adorable camel.

"Surely the King is not too ill to be amused with this toy,' I ventured to add. 'I implore you to let me offer it to my young friend.'

"Queen Christina made no reply. I turned towards her, trembling, and was astonished to see tears in her fine eyes.

"Pardon, Madame, what have I done?' I exclaimed, in consternation.

"You have done nothing, M. le Baron that is not worthy of your admirable heart,' the Queen was good enough to answer. 'It would be ungrateful to keep up this deception with you any longer. Alfonso cannot receive your touching gift, because he is not in the Palace. My son was kidnapped four days ago.'

"I was thunderstruck by this news. Her Majesty then invited me to be seated, and told me the whole of the circumstances, exactly as I have related them to you. As soon as the recital was finished I rose to my feet.

"Madame,' I said, with impressiveness, 'leave this affair in my hands. Give me five days, and I undertake to recover my young playmate from the clutches of these assassins.'

"The Queen gazed at me as if afraid to hope.

"You say so, M. le Baron? Why, have you any means of influence over the Carlists?'

"Your Majesty is mistaken in supposing this to be the work of Carlists,' I answered, with pardonable warmth. 'I know Don Carlos personally; I have had the honour of his friendship, and I can vouch for him as I would for myself. He is incapable of such a crime.'

"The Queen appeared to be puzzled.

"But the warning received that very day—the letter from Pamplona?'

"A mere ruse, Madame, to keep the King at home, in order that the conspirators might effect their purpose.'

"Then perhaps you will attach importance to this letter. Señor Guastala received it yesterday. We considered it a mere blind.'

"She produced the letter from a desk as she spoke. It was of the ordinary black-mailing type, demanding a million pesetas and an indemnity as the condition of restoring the stolen King. It was signed, 'By Order of the Black Hand.'

"There is something in this letter, doubtless,' I said, when I had considered it; 'but I do not believe that this abduction is the work of Anarchists either. It appears to me to be the work of more skilful criminals than are to be found in the ranks of those fanatics. Still, I entreat you to let me make an effort to defeat these scoundrels. It will be time enough to think of your million pesetas, when I have failed.'

"My assurances appeared to satisfy her Majesty. She then condescended to sign a paper investing me with full powers to take what steps I deemed necessary in the conduct



of the affair, and, armed with this document, I took my leave.

"My first step was to invent a disguise. After much thought I decided to assume the character of an English doctor. I procured a card, and inscribed it with the name of Doctor Harry Brown, of the Institute of Doctors, London."

"It should have been College of Physicians," I objected.

The Ambassador shrugged his shoulders, and gave me a pitying glance.

"That is so like you English, with your insular egotism," he observed sadly. "Do you suppose that any one in Madrid knew or cared whether your doctors called their building a college or an institute?"

I prudently refrained from replying to this challenge; and the Ambassador presently took another sip from his glass, and went on.

"You ask yourself why I chose to become an English doctor. I will tell you. It is well known that there is a streak of insanity running through your nation, which renders them the most eccentric people in the world. As an Englishman, it would excite no remark that I should take the extraordinary measures which I proposed to myself. I had observed this in connection with the extraordinary affair of the Ruby of Burámi, in which the late King of Holland was concerned—I will tell you about it another time. Moreover, as a doctor, I had an excuse for my presence in the Palace. I could announce that I was investigating the cause of the King's attack.

"My next step was to interview Father Oliva, the tutor, a dreary man, who concealed the most intense stupidity under an appearance of great craft. I found him in the room from which Alfonso had been carried off. He had known me formerly, and exhibited much surprise on learning of my assumed character. I made him repeat to me the details of the abduction, and then asked to see the most recent photograph of his pupil.

"The Father produced a handsome portrait, taken within the last few weeks. The King's face, as you are aware, is a very striking one. The features are noble and defiant, the eyes large and brilliant.

"Has this portrait been widely circulated?"

I asked. 'Is the man in the street familiar with it?'

"Certainly," the priest answered. 'It has figured in all the shop windows. The King's portraits are always very popular. There is scarcely a cabin in Spain where you will not see something, if it is only an almanac, with the likeness of Alfonso XIII.'

"So much the better, it makes it all the more difficult for the conspirators to carry out their plans. It is incredible that they should have been able to carry him through the streets of the capital in broad daylight without recognition. I must see the servants who were present when the carriage drove off.'

The Father hesitated.

"Are you not afraid of arousing their suspicions?' he asked. 'Remember that they suppose the King returned in safety.'

"I never permit myself to be discourteous to an ecclesiastic. As you know, I am not a Catholic. I have no religion except France and my honour. But I respect the Church. Priests, in my opinion, are like women, a class whom it is cowardly to affront. You Protestants are wise, you exclude your clergy from the political franchise."

"Pardon me, M. l'Ambassadeur, merely from sitting in the House of Commons."

"It is the same thing. I was about to say that I was not willing to be rude to the good Father. Nevertheless his remark annoyed me.

"Her Majesty the Queen-Regent has been good enough to confide fully in my discretion,' I said to him. 'I beg that you will do the same. Where are these men?'

"He murmured his excuses, and led the way down to the main entrance. On the way I remarked—

"I do not see many persons about."

"No, M. le Baron; there seldom are at this time of the day."

"A thought struck me. I consulted my watch.

"At what time was the King carried off?'

"About this time, I think,' was the answer. 'Do you consider that anything turns on that?'

"It reduces the number of witnesses to the abduction,' I replied, evasively.

"By this time we were at the entrance,

where we found a number of lackeys. The Father presented me to them.

"The Doctor is seeking for information as to the source of the King's illness," he explained. "Which of you saw his Majesty get into the carriage to go to the review?"

"Three of the men stepped forward, evidently surprised. I gave them no time to invent falsehoods.

"Did you notice how the King was looking when he went out?" I demanded.

"I saw them exchange questioning glances. At length one ventured to respond.

"I didn't see his Majesty's face, Señor. But I fancy he had a chill, for he was well wrapped up."

"So? And did none of you observe anything else unusual?"

"One of the other two looked as if he were hesitating whether to speak. I turned a penetrating look on him.

"Now you remind me, Señor," he said, respectfully. "I think there was something wrong with his Majesty. I don't think he walked quite firmly, and he didn't hold himself up in the same way as usual."

"I was satisfied, and led the way back into the palace, followed by Father Oliva. He was very curious to know what was in my mind. I began to find the good Father wearisome; however, I excused myself from saying anything then, and promised to be more explicit later on.

"As we were returning to his room an awkward incident took place. A door opened at a short distance in front of us, and a man came out, who bowed to my companion.

"That is Dr. Henarez, who is attending the palace *chef*," he whispered in my ear. "Shall I present you to him?"

"The devil, no!" I replied in consternation. "He would inquire about the faculty in London, and penetrate my disguise directly."

"True; I had forgotten that you were disguised," muttered this simple creature. And we allowed the physician to pass without speaking, though I observed him casting inquisitive looks at me.

"I asked if the cook were a fellow-countryman of my own, and was amazed to

learn that this was not the case. It was inconceivable to me that a Spaniard should understand the culinary art, and I observed as much to my companion.

"Yet I can assure you that his cookery is very much esteemed," he answered, smiling, "by no less a person than the King of Spain. If my pupil had been really ill, I should have put it down to Señor Gomez, his tarts are so much in demand in the nursery."

"He seems to have made himself ill instead," I retorted. "Has he been laid up long?"

"About a week, I believe. It is to be hoped he will recover by the time his Majesty comes back, or the King will be terribly distressed."

"I ceased to reply to the worthy Father's conversation, being absorbed in considering my next move. As soon as we were again in his room, I requested him to send for the steward of the household.

"He complied, not without several delicate attempts to elicit my motive for this step. But he was dealing with an old diplomatist. You will readily believe that he elicited exactly what I desired him to.

"On the steward's appearance, I repeated the explanation of my pretended mission. I also exhibited the powers furnished me by the Queen-Regent, so as to stifle at once any possible objection to my demands. I then gave him these instructions:

"In the first place, I require you to examine the servants stationed at the various entrances to the Palace, and to



"The Steward bowed."

draw up a full report, showing all the persons who have entered or left the building within the last ten days, with the times of their coming and going. You will make this report as accurate as possible. Secondly, you will at once station a special agent at each of these entrances, with instructions to allow no one, whatever his position or business, to enter or leave the Palace, without first communicating with me, and obtaining my sanction.'

"The steward bowed.

"Do these orders apply to the kitchen entrance, by which the supplies of the Palace are received, Señor ?'

"They apply especially to that entrance. There is no more fruitful source of contagion than food, particularly milk.'

"The steward was evidently impressed by this observation, which I flatter myself was not without ingenuity.

"And they apply equally to the servants of the Palace, I suppose, Señor ?'

"To every man, woman, and child in Spain, with the exception of the Queen-Regent and the Prime Minister.'

"The steward was a sensible man. He asked no further questions, but departed to carry out his instructions.

"During the next hour I sat in the tutor's room, receiving continual messages with respect to the various persons who sought to come in or out. In each case I gave my consent. Finally the steward returned, bringing his report, a most admirable paper, which would have done credit to any chancellery in Europe. The name and, in most cases, the business of every visitor had been noted down with scrupulous care. I read the report through, and a mist came over my eyes.

"You have done your work magnificently, Señor,' I said to the steward. 'I am now going to show this document to the Queen. Should anyone want to enter the palace while I am with her Majesty, be sure and let me know.'

"I dismissed him, and made my way with ill-suppressed agitation to the Royal apartments, where I was instantly admitted. I handed the report to her Majesty, and desired her to look through it, and see if it contained anything worthy of remark. She complied

with my request, but observed nothing. I then ventured to put a question.

"I should be grateful if your Majesty could recollect any incident, however trivial, during the last few days before the King's disappearance, which might throw light on the means of persuasion employed by his abductors.'

"Queen Christina appeared slightly puzzled.

"Persuasion? I do not follow you, M. le Baron. Surely that was not the method employed?'

"Think, Madame. The King must have very speedily discovered that his companions were not taking him to the review; he is a boy of high spirit, it is incredible that he should have made no struggle, no outcries, which would have attracted attention.'

"In other words — ?'

"In other words, wherever the King has gone to, he must, in the first instance, have gone willingly.'

"The Queen looked dismayed, and shook her head doubtfully.

"Think again, Madame. Did anything occur to excite the King during the last few days? Children sometimes have strange ideas, they desire to leave their homes, to imitate Robinson Crusoe, to become bandits—'

"The Queen suddenly looked up.

"There is one thing which perhaps I ought to mention to you, though the recollection is painful at this time. My son was very much put out with me shortly before this terrible event. It was on account of the dismissal of the chief cook, whom the steward had detected in gross dishonesty. This man, it appears, had a nephew, a child of about the King's own age, who had contrived to ingratiate himself with Alfonso, and through this nephew Gomez had got a petition into the King's hands, praying that his fault might be overlooked. Of course I had to refuse the petition, and Alfonso was bitterly aggrieved.'

"Enough, Madame! I had begun when we were interrupted by the arrival of the steward. I begged the Queen to admit him.

"You asked me to let you know, Señor, if anyone desired to enter the Palace, and I therefore thought it my duty to come to you, though it is only the case of a child.'



"Sit down, Señor Gomez if you please, or I will shoot you like a dog."

"What child?' I asked as calmly as I could.

"Pedrillo Gomez, the cook's nephew, who has come to visit his uncle."

"He cannot be admitted for the present," I said sternly. "Detain him in your room till you hear from me."

"The steward was plainly confounded. But he discreetly refrained from any reply, and withdrew to fulfil my directions.

"Surely that is a rather harsh step," remonstrated Queen Christina.

"Madame," I replied, with the utmost

good humour, 'the child who has just come to the Palace is some impostor. He is not Pedrillo Gomez at all.'

"The Queen looked at me as if I had just claimed omniscience.

"How can you say that, M. le Baron?"

"Simply by referring to the report in your Majesty's hand. You will see from it that the cook's nephew entered the Palace last Monday morning at eight o'clock, and that he has never left it since. Consequently, the child at the door must be some one else."

"I could see her begin to tremble.

"‘Speak! What do you mean?’"

"‘I mean this, Madame, that whereas I formerly asked for five days in which to bring your son to you, I now ask for five minutes. I am going to interview the true Pedrillo, the Pedrillo who has been concealed in the cook’s apartment for the last four days.’"

"I darted from her presence, and made my way straight through the building to the door from which I had seen Dr. Henarez emerge. I rapped, and a man’s voice inquired:

"‘Is that you, Pedrillo?’"

"At the same time a bolt was withdrawn from inside, and the door partly opened. I slipped through, and walked into the middle of the chamber. The cook, a huge man with as villainous a face as I have ever seen, eyed me like a tiger as I coolly took possession of his sitting-room. No Pedrillo was anywhere to be seen.

"‘Who are you, Señor?’ the man stammered out.

"‘I am a doctor,’ I responded, with the most friendly air in the world, feeling at the same time in the hip pocket, where doctors usually carry their medicine cases. ‘I have been called in by another patient, and, hearing that you were ill, the Queen-Regent graciously desired me to place my skill at your disposal.’"

"‘But, Señor Doctor, I do not need your services,’ he muttered, terribly embarrassed, as he well might be, for the fellow was in perfect health. ‘I have my own doctor.’"

"‘Nonsense,’ I replied, ‘an extra opinion can do you no harm. Besides, her Majesty’s commands must be obeyed. Let me feel your pulse.’"

"I took it in my hand before he could object. It was beating at a tremendous rate.

"‘I see clearly what is the matter with you,’ I said. ‘You are suffering from want of fresh air. Instead of being shut up in these two rooms—I suppose that is the door of your bedroom?—you ought to be out in the grounds. Let me advise you to put on your hat at once, and come out. I will give you my arm.’"

"The wretch sank into a chair.

"‘Indeed, Señor, I am too ill to be moved. To-morrow, perhaps’"

"‘You make a mistake,’ I retorted, interrupting him. ‘I assure you these rooms are unhealthy. Let me see your bedroom.’"

"While I spoke I went up and turned the handle of the door. As I had anticipated, it was locked. Gomez sprang towards me with flashing eyes. I did not hesitate a moment.

"‘Sit down, Señor Gomez, if you please, or I will shoot you like a dog.’ And I snatched out my revolver, and levelled it at his breast.

"He sank back, shuddering. I turned the key, and opened the bedroom door."

The Ambassador stopped deliberately, struck a match, and carefully relit his cigar, which had gone out. I did not dare to speak.

"There," he said, sending out a great puff of smoke, "there, seated on the floor, amid a disorganised army of leaden troops, his hands black with dirt, his hair rough like a dog’s, and his charming lips all smeared with jam, I beheld his Majesty the King of Spain, calmly devouring one of his favourite tarts."

"And after?" I said, as the Ambassador again came to a full stop.

"And after? Why, is there anything more? I caught up the young rascal in my arms, King or no King, and made two steps of it to where his mother was waiting. Do not ask me to describe that scene. Such emotions are sacred."

I firmly believe that the Ambassador was actually moved. I was silent for a moment.

"I am not quite sure that I have followed all the steps by which you arrived at your discovery," I said presently.

"My friend, you cannot have been listening. Did I not tell you at the outset that the boy left his tutor’s room with only a hat on? The moment I heard of the wraps I perceived that something must have taken place during the passage through those deserted corridors. When I found that no one had seen the face of the boy who entered the carriage, and that his walk and bearing were different from the King’s, the whole plot was clear. The conspirators, afraid to risk carrying the young monarch through the streets of his own capital, had disposed of

him in the Palace on the way out, and carried away another boy to create a false scent."

"The scheme was clever enough. The moment I had realised the character of the plot, it only remained to discover whether the King had been taken out of the building since, and, if not, with whom he was likely to be concealed. At the same time I took precautions against his slipping through my fingers while I was engaged in the search."

"The cook, I suppose, made a full confession?"

"I had left him very little to confess. It appeared that he had been the chief contriver of the plot, in revenge for his own dismissal. He had got two accomplices from outside, one of them that doctor, who was as great an impostor as I was myself."

"They elaborated their plans with a good deal of ingenuity. Gomez began feigning illness several days before the review, and made his nephew come to and fro continually, so that his appearance ceased to excite remark. Then they despatched the warning through Pamplona, and laid in wait."

"The King was, of course, brought straight from the tutor's presence into the cook's apartment, and exchanged for Pedrillo, and all that remained was for Gomez to keep the child prisoner, by force or persuasion, till they could contrive to smuggle him out of the way unobserved. The idea of obtaining the ransom while the captive was still in his own Palace was a brilliant afterthought."

"They were not punished?"

"No, it would have been unwise. They were informed that if they ever referred to their exploit they would be put on trial for high treason, and they seem to have held their tongues. Of course, the fiction of the illness was kept up to the end, and the King's convalescence duly announced."

"What pleased me most in the affair was the vindication of my friend, Don Carlos. Queen Christina was good

enough to express regret to me for having allowed her suspicions to rest on his followers. She also expressed herself very handsomely about the trifling part I had been able to play in the affair—very handsomely indeed. Queen Christina is a very fine woman."

The Ambassador paused, and appeared to be hesitating whether to say anything more. At last he added of his own accord:

"When I finally took my leave she drew a magnificent ring from her own finger, and presented it to me."

"For the service you have rendered to the Queen Regent of Spain my Prime Minister will thank you," she said. "For that which you have rendered to the mother of Alfonso, she begs you to accept this souvenir."

He glanced at a very fine diamond on his hand, and, I thought, sighed.

"Have you the ring there?" I asked.

His Excellency shook his head.

"That ring is no longer in my possession. I parted with it under certain delicate circumstances which I must beg that you will not ask me to explain."

I saw that I was on the verge of another indiscretion, and prudently changed the subject.

My host accompanied me to the outer gate of his *hôtel*. The night air was heavy with the perfume of orange trees, standing in green tubs around the courtyard.

"You will respect what I have told you tonight in the most sacred confidence," he said, as he pressed my hand at parting.

"Of what do you think me capable?" I returned in my best manner.

"A journalist is capable of everything. Swear to me that if you repeat this story my name shall not transpire?"

"M. l'Ambassadeur?"

"Good. I shall judge of your discretion by the time you come again."





WHAT IT COSTS.

No. I.—TO WORK A RAILWAY.

Some marvellous facts and figures regarding "The Greatest Corporation on Earth"—the London and North-Western Line.

By W. J. GORDON.

IN December, 1894, according to the Board of Trade, the united capital of the railways of these islands actually issued, was 985 millions of pounds, and as it increases at the rate of 15 millions per annum it will, when the year 1896 opens, amount to £1,000,000,000, which is more than half as much again as our National Debt. This vast capital returns 3·77, say $3\frac{3}{4}$, per cent.; but as the railstocks now at a premium are far in excess of those at a discount, the money invested is very much more than the nominal capital, and the dividend consequently less. These two facts will be appreciated by those who would nationalise our railways, and those who delight in girding at the greedy shareholder.

It is not easy to realise what a thousand millions means. Let a man start counting it, sovereign by sovereign, at noon on the 1st of January next, and if he were to count fifty a minute, which he would find quite fast enough after a time, and keep on at his task day and night without a pause, it would be twenty minutes past nine in the morning of the 11th January, 1934, before he would finish. The fact of its being necessary to have a capital which it would take nearly forty years to count, seems to show that neither

railway-making nor railway-working is as easy as it might be in the British Islands.

But then we are an old-established race, not willing to budge without being paid for it. Our immediate forefathers looked upon railways as the "evil communications" of the copy book, which "corrupt good manners," and there is much of the same spirit left among us when compensation looms in view.

This thousand millions of money has been spent on only 21,000 miles of lines, but on these lines there are 666,000 vehicles, of which over 18,000 are engines; and of these 18,000 engines each runs on an average a little over 18,000 miles a year. Every year the mileage run increases by three per cent., so that we are approaching the period when it can be said that each engine runs as many miles a year as there are miles of track in these islands.

Every day our engines drag after them more people than the whole population of Paris, besides nine million tons of minerals and merchandise; and for every mile they run they earn four-and-ninepence-halfpenny. In other words, the passengers on our railways, without counting the season-ticket-holders, number over 911 millions a year,

the goods traffic exceeds 324 million tons, and the revenue is about £80,000,000.

This enormous business is shared amongst some hundred and fifty companies, of which the four chief are the North-Western, the Midland, the Great Western, and the North-Eastern. The Great Western, with 2,495 miles, has the longest road, the North-Western coming second with 1,896, the North-Eastern third with 1,620; the Midland has 1,432, and if we add the Great Eastern with 1,104, we shall have named all the railways in the country which have a track of over a thousand miles.

As far as the world's lines go, these are but small in extent—the Canadian Pacific has a mileage of 7,103, the Grand Trunk of Canada one of 3,512—but as far as capital is concerned they are the largest industrial enterprises in the world.

The North-Western has the largest capital, the Midland ranking second, the Great Western third;

and the North-Western has the largest revenue, it being about two millions more than that of the Midland, which has a few thousands more than the Great Western. If, then, we want an example of a British railway, we cannot do better than take that which has its offices at Euston and its head-quarters at Crewe.

The London and North-Western Railway has a capital of £119,000,000 and a revenue of over £1,300 an hour; its 2,770 engines travel over 41 million miles in the year; it employs over 60,000 men, and carries over 156,000 passengers a day.

It makes everything it can for its own use, not only building its own bridges, engines, and rolling its own rails, but making

the carriages, and waggons, coal scuttles for its stations and the wooden limbs for the injured of its staff.

All this means money. What does it cost, and how is the outlay divided?

First of all the line has to be always in a proper state of repair, and to do this takes £2,500 a day. The approach roads, the bridges and signals, and other necessities require £140,000 a year to keep them in working order, and about £100,000 a year goes in painting and repairing, besides £30,000 in rebuilding. Even the wages bill for the permanent

way alone amounts to £26,000 a month.

Rails last longer than they used to do before steel was introduced, although steel rusts more readily than iron, and in tunnels and other stretches where the air is charged with sulphurous gases the rail is soon eaten away. Curves and gradients, too, mean much wear and tear.

Every day each foot of the line is inspected; there is a platelayer to every mile of single line. Workmen working in gangs are generally absent from home from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon, many of them living in the company's own cottages, on building which forty thousand a year is spent.

The great matter of drainage has to be seen to, for a railway embankment soon goes wrong, and there is a continued sinkage and consolidation to make good, for which over six thousand pounds' worth of new ballast is required every month.

As every foot of the line requires inspection every day, every signal cabin on the line requires inspection every fortnight. To keep the signals in order there are eleven inspectors,



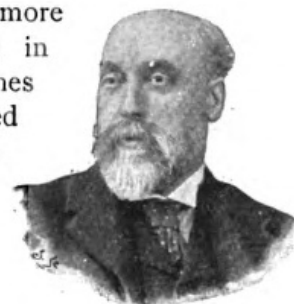
LORD STALBRIDGE,
Chairman.

From a photograph by the London
Stereoscopic Co.



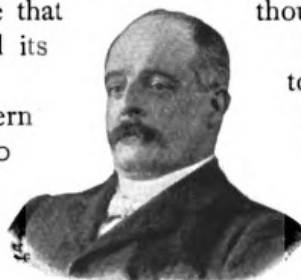
MR. T. HOUGHTON,
Secretary.

From a photograph by Barraud.



MR. F. W. WEBB,
Mechanical Engineer.

From a photograph by Barraud.



MR. FREDERICK HARRISON,
General Manager.

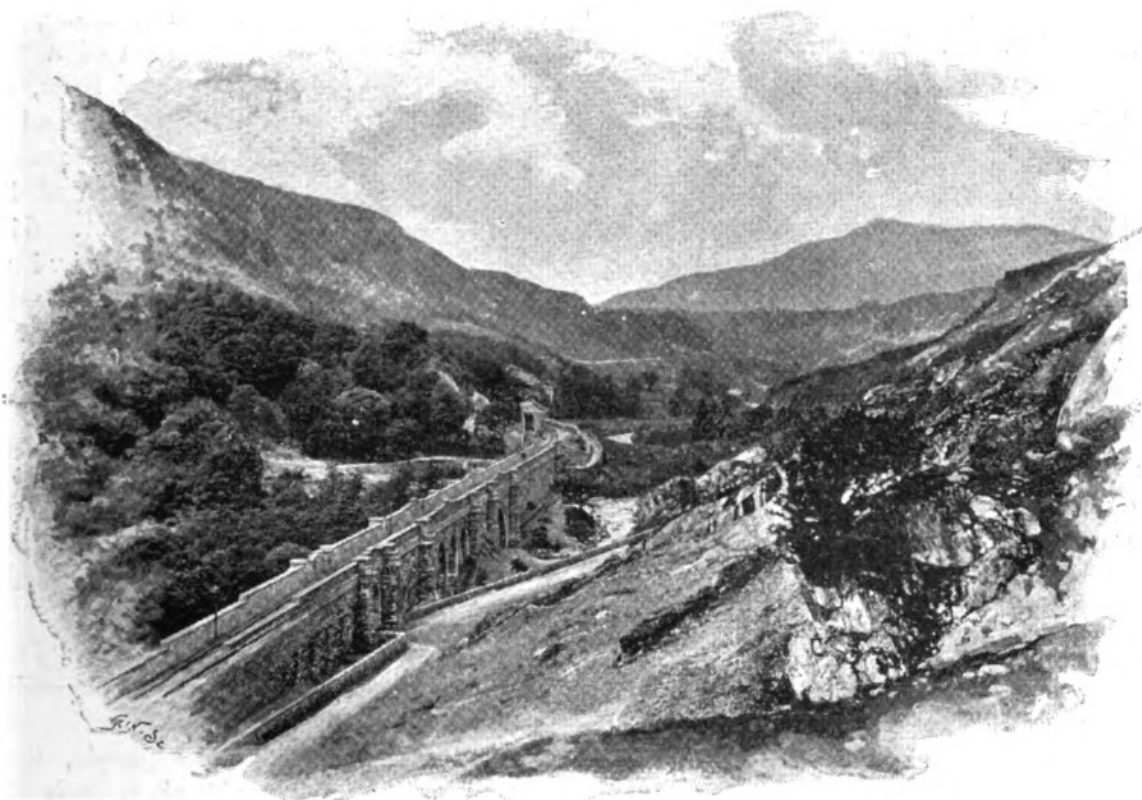
From a photograph by Barraud.

with a staff under them of 500 foremen, chargemen, and artisans. The inspector has his "district," the chargeman has his "length," and in every signal box you will find the name of the chargeman responsible for it. The steel rodding these gangs deal with would extend from the Land's End to John O'Groats, and the wires would more than span the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York.

The cabins number over 1,500, and the signalmen have to work some 18,000 signals,

senger coaches, besides 35 post-office tenders, 660 horse boxes, 886 carriage trucks, and about 1040 breaks and parcel vans, including a few dog saloons for dog shows and the invasion of Scotland in August. To keep all these up to the mark takes about £300,000 a year, of which £110,000 goes in wages.

Railway carriages are not built for nothing, a third class one—and the North-Western has over 2,800 of them—is worth £600, and a first-class composite is worth £200 more,



LEEDS VALLEY VIADUCT.

and about twice as many levers. Signals are constantly being replaced and increased; every week nine complete new ones are turned out at Crewe, some of them with as many as twenty-four arms. Besides the signals themselves, there are the sidings and junctions to be seen to, with their innumerable points and cross-over roads, including the roughly treated sections by the side of docks and canals.

The repairs to the rolling stock form another serious item. The North-Western owns considerably over five thousand pas-

of which half is spent below the floor. The labour item in these days of machinery is very small, for it averages barely £20 a vehicle, notwithstanding that a first-class carriage takes sixteen coats of paint before it is fit for service.

At the carriage works at Wolverton there are 3,500 men; at Earlestown, between Liverpool and Manchester, where the goods trucks are built, there are another 2,000. Earlestown is responsible for 62,000 trucks, including 2,300 cattle waggon. To keep these in running order costs over £120,000 a year, of

which about £50,000 goes in wages and the rest in material.

This gives us over £420,000 a year for the upkeep of rolling stock alone. And besides the trucks there are the red-lined tarpaulin sheets, over 41,000 of them, worth about £2 each, and needing repair after every other journey.

If we add all the foregoing together we are faced with a yearly expenditure of a million and a third, or over £25,000 a week before we have begun to move.

To keep the maintenance departments supplied, immense quantities of material have to be kept in store. The carriage department stores value out at £138,000, the waggon department

requires

£114,000,

the perma-

nent way

£330,000;

and besides

these, there

are the gene-

ral stores,

the engi-

neering

stores, the

steamboat

stores, the

telegraph

stores, and, largest

of all, the locomotive

department stores, which are of themselves worth £467,000.

Altogether, the stock in the stores is worth £1,172,000. This is not, of course, a revenue item, but it is worth alluding to as showing what a large amount of capital has to be kept locked up behind the scenes.

But now we must get under way, and to begin with we want over a million and a half for "power." Power on the North-Western comes from Crewe. There are the company's foundries and engineering works; the centre of a town of some 30,000 people, which, since 1843, it has made from one of the smallest of villages.

Within the works there are five miles and more of the pigmy track of 18in. gauge, which covers the floor of its shops like a

spider web, on which run the miniature engines that once replaced the horses on the Shropshire Union Canal.

Anything in the metal way used in railway practice you can get at Crewe from start to finish. You can see the steel made in the converters with all their roaring pyrotechny, and you can follow it from point to point until it moves off by itself on the rails made from the same converter, and flies north or south on its trial trip at fifty, sixty, seventy, aye, eighty miles an hour.

The North-Western has five millions' worth of engines, all of them born at Crewe, and most of them with expectation of a very long life; one of them, the

old *Cornwall*, proud in

the posses-

sion of her

8ft. 6in.

driving

wheel—the

largest now

running—is

about to be

withdrawn

from the

track and

erected as a

monument

after fifty

years of ser-

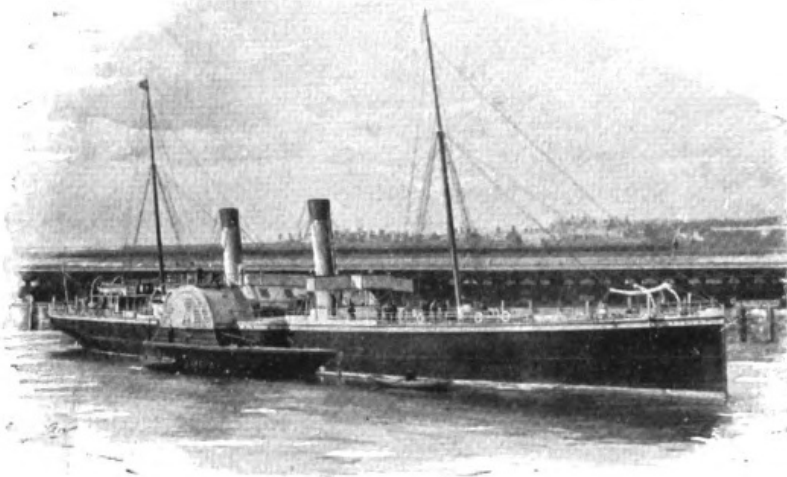
vice. In the Jubilee

year, when the park

at Crewe was given to its people, there was an engine on a pedestal at each side of the entrance gateway; one of these engines was No. 1, the other was No. 3,000, but the numbers have gone far higher than 3,000 now, for every five days a new engine comes out in replacement of an old one.

Those interested in engines should go to Crewe, where 2,000 come in for repair in the course of a year, and there are generally 330 in hand at the same time, in addition to the new ones building.

To build an engine in the ordinary way takes four weeks; Crewe has done it under pressure in 25½ hours, though Stratford holds the record with 10. Of course, the builders find all their materials ready made for them



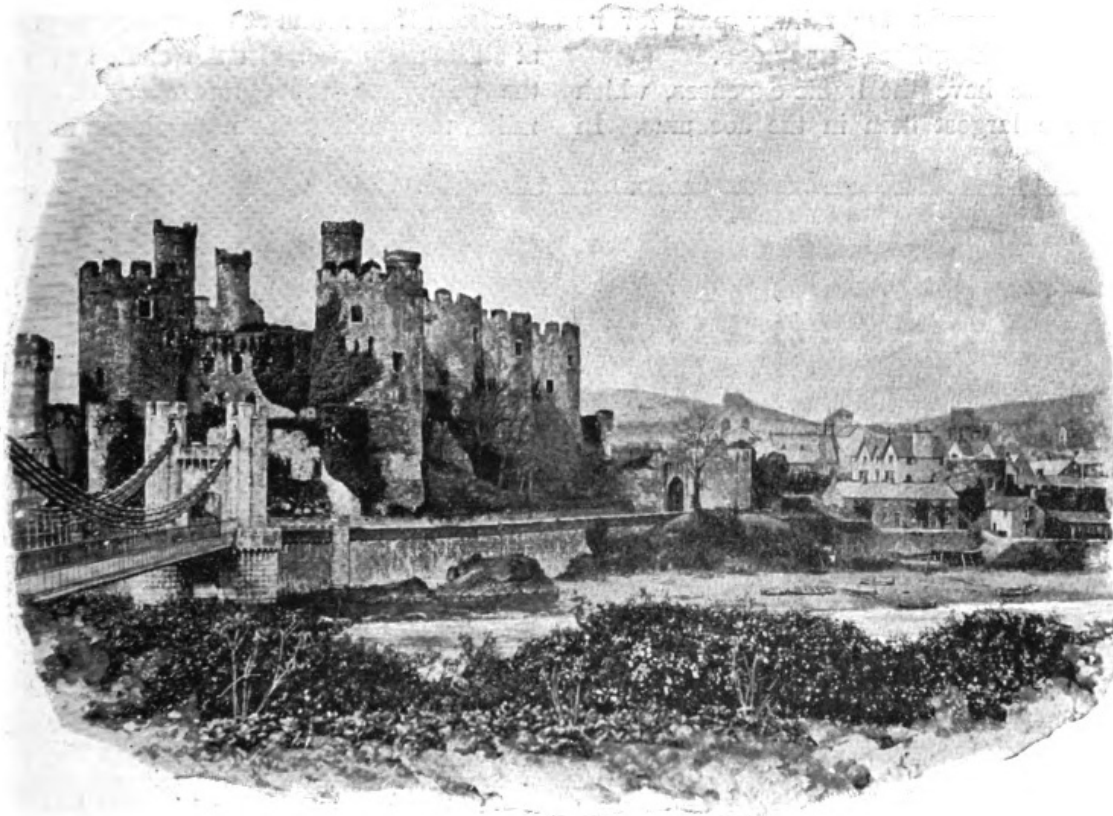
THE L. AND N.W. STEAMSHIP "VIOLET."

sent from the various shops, and all they have to do is to fit them together as if they were dealing with a puzzle.

First the frame-plates are fixed in position by temporary bars, then the cylinders and foot-plate and other essential parts of the skeleton are added; then the boiler, which has already been tested, is lowered to its bed; then the incomplete monster is lifted by a crane, and the wheels, fitted with their axles and axle-boxes, are run under it; next the connecting rods and valve motion and

fewer than most, and was one of the first to introduce the system of interchangeable parts, by which the cost of repairs is reduced to a minimum, but even it cannot get on without some thirty patterns, if we include the survivals.

Crewe prides itself on its compounds. They may not be brilliant, but they are certainly economical, and they are sure, for it does not seem to matter what weight is put behind them. To work these two thousand odd engines, many of which are worth



CONWAY CASTLE.

other minor details are put in, and the boiler covered with its thick felt lagging and its outside casing; and then the engine, in all its ugliness, a patchwork of bright and dull and rusty metal, daubed and smeared with lead and pink and white, is lifted high like a baby and gently placed on the pair of rails on which it is to begin its life, for not until its trials are over is it properly painted.

Every big railway in this country has several sorts of engines both for passenger and goods traffic; the North-Western has

over £3,000 apiece, nearly £50,000 a month has to be spent on wages. The fuel, nearly 4,000 tons of which is used a day, costs £37,000 a month; the water, over 25,000 tons of which are evaporated by the North-Western every day—for an engine will evaporate eight million gallons in a year—costs £1,100 a month, and is generally fairly free from lime, for the North-Western, owing to its Ramsbottom troughs, of which it has eleven groups, can not only take its water where it pleases, but feed its engines without stopping

between London and Holyhead, and London and Carlisle. A great advantage this over the old system. On the Great Northern there are no troughs, and the tender of the East Coast Scotsman has to carry 3,300 gallons; on the West Coast, owing to the troughs, the tender has only to carry 1,800 gallons.

But besides the fuel and water, there are the lubricants, oil and grease, and so on—an engine will use up a gallon of oil a day—and these amount to £4,600 a month. These three items make up more than a million, and if we add the cost of superintendence and odds and ends, we shall find that during the twelve months the railway pays for its power something like £1,527,000.

Next we have the traffic expenses, which form the largest item in the accounts. In

them, all built by the company), harness (all made on the premises), provender, and, in short, the whole of the horse department, will take over £200,000 during the current year.

Then there are those useful but apparently insignificant waggon covers and ropes costing over £25,000 a year, and the hoists and hydraulic cranes which cost double as much to keep going. The miscellaneous—but we can do without them; we are near enough to the traffic department's total of the £2,391,000 it spent in 1894.

We are mounting up; we are already over five millions and a quarter. Let us, by way of a rest, look round at the work that is done at all this expense. In the course of a year the passenger trains run over 21 million miles, the goods trains not quite as many, so

that they make up the 41 million miles between them, and this mileage increases at the rate of about 3 per cent. a year.

Taking our railways together this is about the average, just as passengers increase in number 4 per cent. per year, and goods

5 per cent. in value and 10 per cent. in weight.

In 1894 the North - Western carried 1,891,000 first-class passengers, 2,928,000 second-class, and 63,231,000 third-class, and its season-ticket holders, whose numerous journeys it is impossible to estimate, numbered 227,000.

Here are 68 million people on the move; no wonder the revenue comes in at the rate of £26 a minute! But the passenger traffic is the least profitable; a British railway makes most of its money out of goods, and runs many of its goods trains faster than the Continentals do their mails. Last year the North - Western passengers yielded £3,848,000, to which we may add £800,000 for parcels, horses and dogs, and £189,000



THE CORRIDOR TRAIN.

round figures they amount to £200,000 a month, of which nearly seventy-five per cent. goes to station-masters, booking clerks, guards, porters, and so on, in salaries and wages.

But let us be a little more detailed. The wages bill of this department is £1,691,000 a year. Over £200,000 goes in fuel for the waiting-rooms, for lighting the carriages and stations and for sundries. The uniforms for the men cost £30,000 a year, a nice little tailor's bill. Printing, stationery, and tickets cost over £60,000 a year, but then tickets must necessarily run to long numbers when every booking-clerk at Euston takes over £50,000 a year.

Horses (there are 3,900 of them, irrespective of those owned by the company's agents), vans, carts, and lorries (there are 4,000 of

for mails, making altogether £4,837,000; while goods realised £3,926,000, live stock £235,000, and minerals £2,414,000, totaling up to over six millions and a half.

If we take the passengers as weighing 370,000 tons, and the goods and minerals a hundred times as much, we have thirty-eight million tons to move about in sixty-eight thousand vehicles, over a network of rails, the far ends of which reach Holyhead and Swansea, London, Cambridge, and Carlisle.

But there is a North-Western afloat as well as a North-Western ashore; the company is not only a railroad owner, but a canal owner and a steamboat owner. It pays over £11,500 a year in light and harbour dues, its steamboat repairs cost over £15,000 a year, its marine coal bill is over £18,000 a year, and the manning of its fleet costs £43,000 a year.

Altogether it spends a trifle under a hundred thousand a year on its steamers, in addition to £35,000 a year for their insurance and allowance for depreciation. And its canals at Lancaster and Huddersfield cost over £7,000 a year.

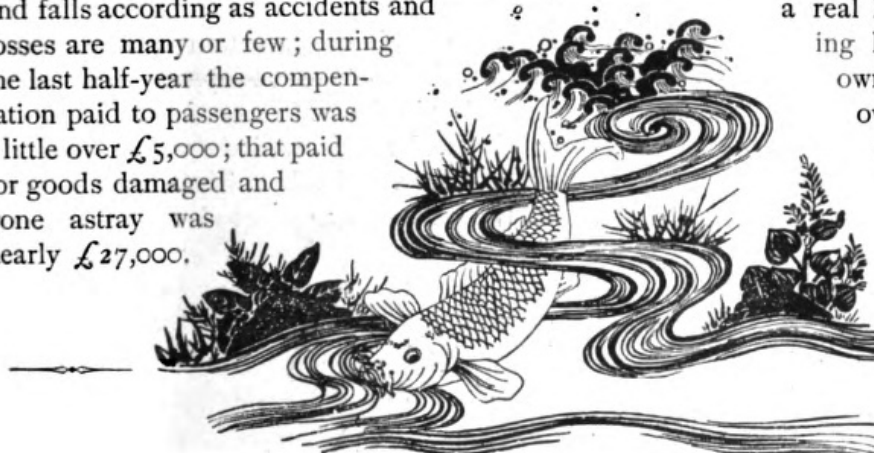
We are now among the small items, comparatively small, that is. Its lawyer's bill is £33,000 a year, and the Parliamentary expenses another £6,000. Compensation rises and falls according as accidents and losses are many or few; during the last half-year the compensation paid to passengers was a little over £5,000; that paid for goods damaged and gone astray was nearly £27,000.

During the same period it paid the Government £15,000 as passenger duty, and its rates and taxes reached the enormous total of over £150,000, or more than £820 every day of the week. Its telegraphing costs £57,000 a year. Its fire insurance costs about £13,000 a year, its clearing-house expenses run to nearly £30,000, and to its superannuation fund, insurance, provident and pension societies and schools it gives £45,000 a year.

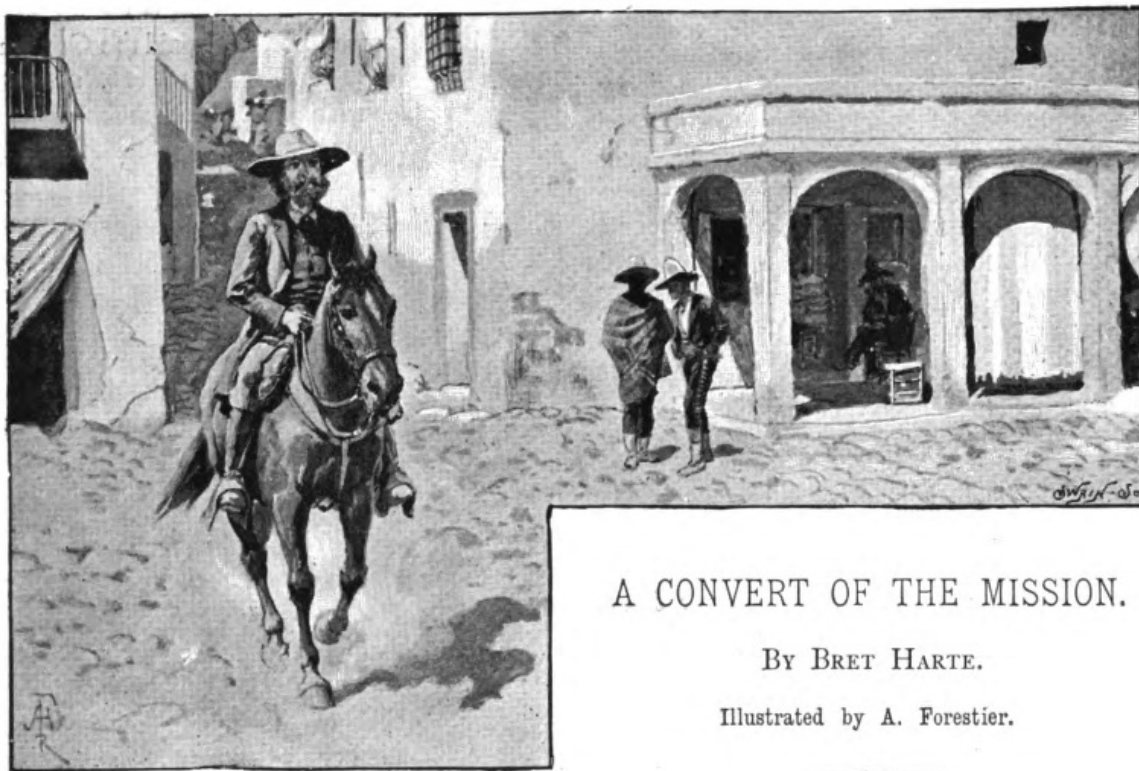
The yearly salaries and expenses of the central office which controls this vast undertaking, that costs £6,430,000 a year, amount to about £100,000, and the directors, who are responsible for it all, share amongst them £12,000, or, say, a tenth per cent. of its revenue.

Curiously enough, it has among its directors one that is hereditary, as the Great Western has one in Sir Watkin Wynn. This is the Duke of Sutherland, whose father is still known in railway circles as "the real live duke," from an incident worth mentioning as having occurred on a line contrasting very decidedly with the North-Western, being that in Sutherlandshire, in the Dunrobin and Helmsdale country, which his Grace practically paid for out of his own pocket.

One day he was driving the express on this line as the train passed two navvies. "There, Bill," said one of them, "that's what I call a real live dook; he's a-driving his own engine on his own line, and burning his own blessed coals!" He would be a rich man of whom that could be said on the North-Western.



The second article of this series, dealing with the Cost of Running a Great Line of Steamships, will appear in No. 3.



A CONVERT OF THE MISSION.

BY BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by A. Forestier.



THE largest tent of the Tasajasa Camp meeting was crowded to its utmost extent. The excitement of that dense mass was at its highest pitch. The Reverend Stephen Masterton, the single erect, passionate figure of that confused medley of kneeling worshippers, had reached the culminating pitch of his irresistible exhortatory power. Sighs and groans were beginning to respond to his appeals, when the reverend brother was seen to lurch heavily forward and fall to the ground.

At first the effect was that of a part of his performance; the groans redoubled, and twenty or thirty brethren threw themselves prostrate in humble imitation of the preacher. But Sister Deborah Stokes, perhaps through some special revelation of feminine intuition, grasped the fallen man, tore loose his black silk necktie, and dragged him free of the struggling, frantic crowd, whose paroxysms he had just evoked. Howbeit he was pale and unconscious and unable to continue

the service. Even the next day, when he had slightly recovered, it was found that any attempt to renew his fervid exhortations produced the same disastrous result.

A council was hurriedly held by the elders. In spite of the energetic protests of Sister Stokes, it was held that the Lord "was wrestlin' with his sperrit," and he was subjected to the same extraordinary treatment from the whole congregation that he himself had applied to *them*. Propped up pale and trembling in the "Mourners' Bench" by two Brethren, he was "striven with," exhorted, prayed over, and admonished, until insensibility mercifully succeeded convulsions. Spiritual therapeutics having failed, he was turned over to the weak and carnal nursing of "women folk." But after a month of incapacity he was obliged to yield to "the flesh," and, in the local dialect, "to use a doctor."

It so chanced that the medical practitioner of the district was a man of large experience, of military training, and plain speech. When, therefore, he one day found in his surgery a man of rude Western type, strong limbed and sunburned, but trembling, hesitating and neurotic in movement, after listening to his

symptoms gravely, he asked, abruptly: "And how much are you drinking now?"

"I am a life-long abstainer," stammered his patient in quivering indignation. But this was followed by another question so frankly appalling to the hearer that he staggered to his feet.

"I'm Stephen Masterton—known of men as a circuit preacher, of the Northern California district," he thundered—"and an enemy of the flesh in all its forms."

"I beg your pardon," responded Dr. Duchesne, grimly, "but as you are suffering from excessive and repeated excitation of the nervous system, and the depression following prolonged artificial exaltation—it makes little difference whether the cause be spiritual, as long as there is a certain physical effect upon your *body*—which I believe you have brought to me to cure. Now—as to diet? you look all wrong there."

"My food is of the simplest—I have no hankering for flesh-pots," responded the patient.

"I suppose you call Saleratus 'bread and salt pork and flap jacks *simple*?' " said the doctor, coolly; "they are *common* enough, and if you were working with your muscles instead of your nerves in that frame of yours they might not hurt you; but you are suffering as much from eating more than you can digest as the veriest gourmand. You must stop all that. Go down to a quiet watering place for two months. . . ."

"I go to a watering place?" interrupted Masterton; "to the haunt of the idle, the frivolous and wanton—never!"

"Well, I'm not particular about a 'watering place,' said the doctor, with a shrug, "although a little idleness and frivolity with different food wouldn't hurt you—but you must go somewhere and change your habits and mode of life *completely*. I will find you some sleepy old Spanish town in the Southern county where you can rest and diet. If this is distasteful to you," he continued, grimly, "you can always call it 'a trial.'"

Stephen Masterton may have thought it so when, a week later, he found himself issuing from a rocky gorge into a rough, badly paved, hilly street, which seemed to be only a continuation of the mountain road itself. It

broadened suddenly into a square or *plaza*, flanked on each side by an irregular row of yellowing *adobe* houses, with the inevitable verandah-ed *tienda* in each corner, and the solitary, galleried *fonda*, with a half Moorish archway leading into an inner *patio* or courtyard in the centre.

The whole street stopped as usual at the very door of the Mission church, a few hundred yards further on, and under the shadow of the two belfry towers at each angle of the façade, as if this were the *ultima thule* of every traveller. But all that the eye rested on was ruined, worn, and crumbling. The *adobe* houses were cracked by the incessant sunshine of the half-year long summer, or the more intermittent earthquake shock; the paved courtyard of the *fonda* was so uneven and sunken in the centre that the lumbering waggon and faded *diligencia* stood on an incline, and the mules with difficulty kept their footing while being unladen; the whitened plaster had fallen from the feet of the two pillars that flanked the Mission doorway, like bandages from a gouty limb, leaving the reddish core of *adobe* visible; there were apparently as many broken tiles in the streets and alleys as there were on the heavy red roofs that everywhere asserted themselves—and even seemed to slide down the crumbling walls to the ground. There were hopeless gaps in *grille* and grating of doorways and windows, where the iron bars had dropped helplessly out, or were bent at different angles. The walls of the peaceful Mission garden and the warlike *presidio* were alike lost in the escalading vines or levelled by the pushing boughs of gnarled pear and olive trees that now surmounted them. The dust lay thick and impalpable in hollow and gutter, and rose in little vapoury clouds with a soft detonation at every stroke of his horse's hoofs. Over all this dust and ruin idleness seemed to reign supreme. From the velvet jacketed figures lounging motionless in the shadows of the open doorways—so motionless that only the lazy drift of cigarette smoke betokened their breathing—to the reclining *peons* in the shade of a catalpa, or the squatting Indians in the *arroyo*—all was sloth and dirt.

The Rev. Stephen Masterton felt his throat swell with his old exhortative indignation. A

gaudy yellow fan waved languidly in front of a black rose-crested head at a white curtained window. He knew he was stifling with righteous wrath, and clapped his spurs to his horse.

Nevertheless in a few days, by the aid of a letter to the innkeeper, he was installed in a dilapidated *adobe* house, not unlike those he had seen, but situated in the outskirts, and overlooking the garden and part of the refectory of the old Mission. It had even a small garden of its own—if a strip of hot wall, overburdened with yellow and white roses, a dozen straggling callas, a bank of heliotrope, and an almond tree, could be called a garden. It had an open doorway, but so heavily recessed in the thick walls that it preserved seclusion, a sitting-room, and an alcoved bedroom with deep embrasured windows, that, however, excluded the unwinking sunlight and kept an even monotone of shade.

Strange to say, he found it cool, restful, and, in spite of the dust, absolutely clean, and but for the scent of heliotrope, entirely inodorous. The dry air seemed to dissipate all noxious emanations and decay—the very dust itself in its fine impalpability was volatile with a spice-like piquancy, and left no stain.

A wrinkled Indian woman, brown and veined like a tobacco leaf, ministered to his simple wants. But these wants had also been regulated by Dr. Duchesne. He found himself, with some grave doubts of his

effeminacy, breakfasting on a single cup of chocolate instead of his usual bowl of molasses sweetened coffee; crumbling a crisp *tortilla* instead of the heavy *Saleratus* bread, greasy flap jack, or the lard fried steak, and, more wonderful still, completing his repast with purple grapes from the Mission wall. He could not deny that it was simple—that it was even refreshing and consistent with the climate and his surroundings. On the other hand, it was the frugal diet of



" . . . Completing his repast with purple grapes from the Mission wall."

the commonest peasant—and were not those *peons* slothful idolators?

At the end of the week—his correspondence being also restricted by his doctor to a few lines to himself regarding his progress—he wrote to that adviser:

The trembling and unquiet has almost ceased; I have less nightly turmoil and visions; my carnal appetite seems to be amply mollified and soothed by these viands, whatever may be their ultimate

effect upon the weakness of our common sinful nature. But I should not be truthful to you if I did not warn you that I am viewing with the deepest spiritual concern a decided tendency towards sloth, and a folding of the hands over matters that often, I fear, are spiritual as well as temporal. I would ask you to consider, in a spirit of love, if it be not wise to rouse my apathetic flesh, so as to strive, even with the feeblest exhortations—against this sloth in others—if only to keep oneself from falling in the pit of easy indulgence.

What answer he received is not known, but it is to be presumed that he kept loyal faith with his physician, and gave himself up to simple walks and rides and occasional meditation. His solitude was not broken upon; curiosity was too active a vice, and induced too much exertion for his indolent neighbours, and the *Americano's* basking seclusion, though unlike the habits of his countrymen, did not affect them. The shop-keeper and innkeeper saluted him always with a profound courtesy which awakened his slight resentment, partly because he was conscious that it was grateful to him, and partly that he felt he ought to have provoked in them a less satisfied condition.

Once, when he had unwittingly passed the confines of his own garden, through a gap in the Mission orchard, a lissome, black-coated shadow slipped past him with an obeisance so profound and gentle that he was startled at first into an awkward imitation of it himself, and then into an angry self-examination. He knew that he loathed that long-skirted, woman-like garment, that dangling, ostentatious symbol, that air of secrecy and mystery, and he inflated his chest above his loosely tied cravat and unbuttoned waistcoat with a contrasted sense of freedom. But he was conscious the next day of weakly avoiding a recurrence of this meeting, and in his self-examination put it down to his self-disciplined observance of his doctor's orders. But when he was strong again and fitted for his Master's work, how strenuously he should improve the occasion this gave him of attacking the Scarlet Woman among her slaves and worshippers!

His afternoon meditations and the perusal of his only book—the Bible—were regularly broken in upon at about sunset by two or three strokes from the cracked bell that hung

in the open belfry which reared itself beyond the gnarled pear trees. He could not say that it was aggressive or persistent like his own church bells, nor that it even expressed to him any religious sentiment. Moreover, it was not a "Sabbath" bell but a *daily* one, and even then seemed to be only a *signal* to ears easily responsive, rather than a stern *reminder*. And the hour was always a singularly witching one.

It was when the sun had slipped from the glaring red roofs, and the yellowing *adobe* of the Mission walls and the tall ranks of wild oats on the hillside were all of the one colour of old gold. It was when the quivering heat of the *arroyo* and dusty expanse of *plaza* was blending with the soft breath of the sea fog that crept through the clefts of the coast range, until a refreshing balm seemed to fall like a benediction on all nature. It was when the trade-wind-swept and irritated surfaces of the rocky gorge beyond were soothed with clinging vapours; when the pines above no longer rocked monotonously, and the great undulating sea of the wild oat plains had gone down and was at rest. It was at this hour, one afternoon that, with the released scents of the garden, there came to him a strange and subtle perfume that was new to his senses. He laid aside his book, went into the garden, and half-unconscious of his trespass, passed through the Mission orchard and thence into the little churchyard beside the church.

Looking at the strange inscriptions in an unfamiliar tongue, he was singularly touched with the few cheap memorials lying upon the graves—like childish toys—and for the moment overlooked the papistic emblems that accompanied them. It struck him vaguely that Death, the common leveller, had made even those symbols of a faith eternal inferior to these simple records of undying memory and affection, and he was for a moment startled into doubt.

He walked to the door of the church: to his surprise it was open. Standing upon the threshold he glanced inside and stood for a moment utterly bewildered. In a man of refined taste and education, that bizarre and highly coloured interior would have only provoked a smile or shrug; to Stephen

Masterton's highly emotional nature, but artistic inexperience, strangely enough, it was profoundly impressive. The heavily timbered roughly hewn roof, barred with alternate bands of blue and Indian red, the crimson hangings, the gold and black draperies, affected this religious backwoodsman exactly as they were designed to affect the heathen and acolytes, for whose conversion the temple had been reared. He could scarcely take his eyes from the tinsel crowned Mother of Heaven, resplendent in white and gold and glittering with jewels; the radiant shield before the Host, illuminated by tall spectral candles in the mysterious obscurity of the altar, dazzled him like the rayed disc of the setting sun.

A gentle murmur as of the distant sea came from the altar. In his naive bewilderment he had not seen the few kneeling figures in the shadow of column and aisle; it was not until a man, whom he recognised as a muleteer he had seen that afternoon gambling and drinking in the *fonda*, slipped by him like a shadow and sank upon his knees in the centre of the aisle, that he realised the overpowering truth.

He, Stephen Masterton, was looking upon some rite of Popish idolatry! He was turning quickly away when the keeper of the Tienda—a man of sloth and sin—gently approached him from the shadow of a column, with a mute gesture, which he took to be one of invitation. A fierce protest of scorn and indignation swelled to his throat, but died upon his lips. Yet he had strength enough to erect his gaunt emaciated figure, throwing out his long arms and extended palms in the attitude of defiant exorcism and then rush swiftly from the church. As he did so he thought he saw a faint smile cross the shopkeeper's face, and a whispered exchange of words with a neighbouring worshipper of more exalted appearance came to his ears. But it was not intelligible to his comprehension.

The next day he wrote to his doctor in that quaint grandiloquence of written speech with which the half-educated man balances the slips of his colloquial phrasing:

Do not let the purgation of my flesh be unduly protracted. What with the sloth and idolatries of

Baal and Ashteroth, which I see daily around me, I feel that without a protest not only the flesh but the spirit is mortified. But my bodily strength is mercifully returning, and I found myself yesterday able to take a long ride at that hour which they here keep sacred for an idolatrous rite, under the beautiful name of "The Angelus." Thus do they bear false witness to Him! Can you tell me the meaning of the Spanish words, "Don Keyhotter"? I am ignorant of these sensuous Southern languages, and am aware that this is not the correct spelling, but I have striven to give the phonetic equivalent. It was used, I am inclined to think, in reference to *myself*, by an idolater.

P.S.—You need not trouble yourself. I have just ascertained that the words in question were simply the title of an idle novel, and, of course, could not possibly refer to *me*.

Howbeit it was as "Don Quixote"—i.e., the common Spaniard's conception of the Knight of La Mancha, merely the simple fanatic and madman—that Mr. Stephen Masterton ever after rode all unconsciously through the streets of the Mission, amid the half-pitying, half-smiling glances of the people.

In spite of his meditations, his single volume, and his habit of retiring early, he found his evenings were growing lonely and tedious. He missed the prayer meeting, and, above all, the hymns. He had a fine baritone voice, sympathetic as may be imagined, but not cultivated. One night, in the seclusion of his garden, and secure in his distance from other dwellings, he raised his voice in a familiar camp meeting hymn with a strong Covenanter's ring in the chorus. Growing bolder as he went on, he at last filled the quiet night with the strenuous sweep of his chant. Surprised at his own fervour, he paused for a moment, listening, half frightened, half ashamed of his outbreak. But there was only the trilling of the night wind in the leaves, or the far-off yelp of a *coyote*.

For a moment he thought he heard the metallic twang of a stringed instrument in the Mission garden beyond his own, and remembered his contiguity to the Church with a stir of defiance. But he was relieved nevertheless. His pent up emotion had found vent, and without the nervous excitement that had followed his old exaltation. That night he slept better. He had found the Lord again—with Psalmody!

The next evening he chanced upon a softer hymn of the same simplicity, but with a vein of human tenderness in its aspirations which his more hopeful mood gently rendered. At the conclusion of the first verse he was, however, distinctly conscious of being followed by the same twanging sound he had heard on the previous night, and which even his untutored ear could recognise as an attempt to accompany him. But before he had finished the second verse the unknown player, after an ingenious but ineffectual essay to grasp the right chord, abandoned it with an impatient and almost pettish flourish, and a loud bang upon the sounding board of the unseen instrument. Masterton finished it alone.

With his curiosity excited, however, he tried to discover the locality of the hidden player. The sound evidently came from the Mission garden; but in his ignorance of the language he could not even interrogate his Indian housekeeper. On the third night, however, his hymn was uninterrupted by any sound from the former musician. A sense of disappointment, he knew not why, came over him. The kindly overture of the unseen player had been a relief to his loneliness. Yet he had barely concluded the hymn when the familiar sound again struck his ears. But this time the musician played boldly, confidently, and with a singular skill on the instrument.

The brilliant prelude over, to his entire surprise and some confusion, a soprano voice, high, childish, but infinitely quaint and fascinating, was mischievously uplifted. But alas! even to his ears, ignorant of the language, it was very clearly a song of levity and wantonness, of freedom and license, of coquetry and incitement! Yet such was its fascination that he fancied it was reclaimed by the delightful childlike and innocent expression of the singer.

Enough that this tall, gaunt, broad-shouldered man arose, and overcome by a curiosity almost as childlike, slipped into the garden and glided with an Indian softness of tread towards the voice. The moon shone full upon the ruined Mission wall tipped with clusters of dark foliage, Half hiding, half mingling with one of them—an indistinct bulk

of light-coloured huddled fleeces like an extravagant bird's nest—hung the unknown musician. So intent was the performer's preoccupation, that Masterton actually reached the base of the wall immediately below the figure, without attracting its attention. But his foot slipped on the crumbling *débris* with a snapping of dry twigs. There was a quick little cry from above. He had barely time to recover his position before the singer, impulsively leaning over the parapet, had lost hers, and fell outwards. But Masterton was tall, alert, and self-possessed, and threw out his long arms. The next moment they were full of soft flounces, a struggling figure was against his breast, and a woman's frightened little hands around his neck. But he had broken her fall and almost instantly, yet with infinite gentleness he released her unharmed, with hardly her crisp flounces crumpled, in an upright position against the wall. Even her guitar, still hanging from her shoulder by a yellow ribbon, had bounded elastic and resounding against the wall but lay intact at her satin slippared feet. She caught it up with another quick little cry, but this time more of sauciness than fear, and drew her little hand across its strings, half defiantly.

"I hope you are not hurt?" said the Circuit Preacher, gravely.

She broke into a laugh so silvery, that he thought it no extravagance to liken it to the moonbeams that played over her, made audible. She was lithe, yet plump; barred with black and yellow, and small waisted like a pretty wasp. Her complexion in that light was a sheen of pearl satin that made her eyes blacker and her little mouth redder than any other colour could. She was small, but remembering the fourteen-year-old wife of the shopkeeper, he felt that for all her childish voice and features, she was a grown woman, and a sudden shyness took hold of him.

But she looked pertly in his face, stood her guitar upright before her, and put her hands behind her back as she leaned saucily against the wall and shrugged her shoulders.

"It was the fault of you," she said, in a broken English that seemed as much infantine as foreign. "What for you not remain to yourself in your own *casa*? So



"The next moment they were full of soft flounces, a struggling figure was against his breast, and a woman's frightened little hands around his neck."

it come. You creep so—in the dark and shake my wall, and I fall. And she," pointing to the guitar, "it's a'most broke! And for all thees, I have only make to you a serenade. Ingrate!"

"I beg your pardon," said Masterton quickly, "but I was curious. I thought I might help you, and——"

"Make yourself another cat on the wall, eh? No; one is enough, thank you!"

A frown lowered on Masterton's brow. "You don't understand me," he said, bluntly. "I did not know *who* was here."

"Ah, *bueno*! Then it is Pepita Ramirez, you see," she said, tapping her bodice with one little finger, "all the same; the niece from Manuel Garcia, who keeps the Mission garden and lif there." And you?"

"My name is Masterton."

"How mooch?"

"Masterton," he repeated.

She tried to pronounce it once or twice desperately, and then shook her little head so violently that a yellow rose fastened over her ear fell to the ground. But she did not heed it, nor the fact that Masterton had picked it up.

"Ah, I cannot!" she said, poutingly. "It is as deefecult to make go as my guitar with your serenade."

"Can you not say 'Stephen Masterton'?" he asked, more gently, with a returning and forgiving sense of her childishness.

"Es-stefen? Ah, *Esteban*! Yes; Don Esteban! *Bueno*! Then, Don Esteban, what for you sink so melank-olly one night, and one night so fierce? The melank-olly, he ees not so bad; but the fierce—ah! he is weeked! Ess it how the *Americano* make always his serenade?"

Masterton's brow again darkened. And his hymn of exaltation had been mistaken by these people—by this—this wanton child!

"It was no serenade," he replied, curtly; "it was in praise of the Lord!"

"Of how mooch?"

"Of the Lord of Hosts—of the Almighty in Heaven." He lifted his long arms reverently on high.

"Oh!" she said, with a frightened look, slightly edging away from the wall. At a secure distance she stopped. "Then you are a soldier, Don Esteban?"

"No!"

"Then what for you sink 'I am a soldier of the Lord,' and you will make die 'in His army.' Oh, yes; you have said." She gathered up her guitar tightly under her arm, shook her small finger at him gravely, and said, "You are a hooombog, Don Esteban; good a' night," and began to glide away.

"One moment, Miss—Miss Ramirez," called Masterton. "I—that is you—you have—forgotten your rose," he added, feebly, holding up the flower. She halted.

"Ah, yes; he have drop, you have pick him up, he is yours. *I* have drop, you have pick *me* up, but I am *not* yours. Good a' night, *Comandante* Don Esteban!"

With a light laugh she ran along beside the wall for a little distance, suddenly leaped up and disappeared in one of the largest gaps in its ruined and helpless structure. Stephen Masterton gazed after her stupidly, still holding the rose in his hand. Then he threw it away and re-entered his home.

Lighting his candle, he undressed himself, prayed fervently—so fervently that all remembrance of the idle, foolish incident was wiped from his mind, and went to bed. He slept well and dreamlessly. The next morning when his thoughts recurred to the previous night this seemed to him a token that he had not deviated from his spiritual integrity; it did not occur to him that the thought itself was a tacit suspicion.

So his feet quite easily sought the garden again in the early sunshine, even to the wall where she had stood. But he had not taken into account the vivifying freshness of the morning, the renewed promise of life and resurrection in the pulsing air and potent sunlight, and as he stood there he seemed to see the figure of the young girl again leaning against the wall in all the charm of her irrepressible and innocent youth. More than that he found the whole scene re-enacting itself before him; the nebulous drapery half hidden in the foliage, the cry and the fall; the momentary soft contact of the girl's figure against his own, the clinging arms around his neck, the brush and fragrance of her flounces—all this came back to him with a strength he had *not* felt when it occurred.

He was turning hurriedly away when his

eyes fell upon the yellow rose still lying in the *débris* where he had thrown it—but still pure, fresh and unfaded. He picked it up again with a singular fancy that it was the girl herself, and carried it into the house.

As he placed it half shyly in a glass on his table, a wonderful thought occurred to him. Was not the episode of last night a special providence? Was not that young girl, wayward and childlike, a mere neophyte in her idolatrous religion, as yet unsteeped in sloth and ignorance, presented to him as a brand to be snatched from the burning? Was not this the opportunity of conversion he had longed for? The chance of exercising his gifts of exhortation, that he had been hiding in the napkin of solitude and seclusion? Nay, was not all this *predestined*? His illness, his consequent exile to this land of false gods—this contiguity to the Mission—was not all this part of a supremely ordered plan for the girl's salvation—and was *he* not elected and ordained for that service? Nay, more, was not the girl herself a mere unconscious instrument in the hands of a higher power; was not her voluntary attempt to accompany him in his devotional exercise a vague stirring of that predestined force within her? Was not even that wantonness and frivolity contrasted with her childishness—which he had at first misunderstood—the stirrings of the flesh and the spirit, and was he to abandon her in that struggle of good and evil?

He lifted his bowed head that had been resting on his arm before the little flower on the table—as if it were a shrine—with a flash of resolve in his blue eyes. The wrinkled Concepcion coming to her duties in the morning scarcely recognised her gloomily abstracted Master in this transfigured man. He looked ten years younger.

She met his greeting, and the few direct

inquiries that his new resolve enabled him to make more freely, with some information—which a later talk with the shopkeeper, who



"She looked taller, older, and he fancied even prettier than before."

had a fuller English vocabulary, confirmed in detail.

"Yes! truly this was a niece of the

Mission gardener, who lived with her uncle in the ruined wing of the old Presido. She had taken her first communion four years ago. Ah, yes, she was a great musician and could play on the organ. And the guitar, ah, yes—of a certainty. She was gay and flirted with the Caballeros, young and old, but she cared not for any."

Whatever satisfaction this latter statement gave Masterton, he believed it was because the absence of any disturbing worldly affection would make her an easier convert.

But how continue this chance acquaintance and effect her conversion? For the first time Masterton realised the value of expediency; while his whole nature impelled him to frankly and publicly seek her society and openly exhort her, he knew that this was impossible; still more he remembered her unmistakable fright at his first expression of faith; he must "be wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove." He must work upon her soul alone, and secretly. He, who would have shrunk from any clandestine association with a girl from mere human affection, saw no wrong in a covert intimacy for the purpose of religious salvation. Ignorant as he was of the ways of the world, and inexperienced in the usages of society, he began to plan methods of secretly meeting her with all the intrigue of a gallant. The perspicacity, as well as the intuition of a true lover, had descended upon him in this effort of mere spiritual conquest.

Armed with his information and a few Spanish words, he took the yellow Concepcion aside and gravely suborned her to carry a note to be delivered secretly to Miss Ramirez. To his great relief and some surprise the old woman grinned with intelligence, and her withered hand closed with a certain familiar dexterity over the epistle and the accompanying gratuity. To a man, less naively one-ideal, it might have awakened some suspicion; but to the more sanguine hopefulness of Masterton it only suggested the fancy that Concepcion herself might prove to be open to conversion, and that he should in due season attempt *her* salvation also. But that would be later. For Concepcion was always with him and accessible; the girl was not.

The note, which had cost him some labour of composition, simple and almost business-like as was the result, ran as follows:

I wish to see you upon some matter of grave concern to yourself. Will you oblige me by coming again to the wall of the Mission to-night, at early candle light? It would avert worldly suspicion if you brought also your guitar.

The afternoon dragged slowly on; Concepcion returned; she had, with great difficulty, managed to see the Senorita, but not alone; she had, however, slipped the note into her hand, not daring to wait for an answer.

In his first hopefulness Masterton did not doubt what the answer would be, but as evening approached he grew concerned as to the girl's opportunities of coming, and regretted that he had not given her a choice of time.

Before his evening meal was finished he began to fear for her willingness, and doubt the potency of his note. He was accustomed to exhort *orally*—perhaps he ought to have waited for the chance of *speaking* to her directly without writing.

When the moon rose, he was already in the garden. Lingered at first in the shadow of an olive tree, he waited until the moonbeams fell on the wall and its crests of foliage. But nothing moved among that ebony tracery; his ear was strained for the familiar tinkle of the guitar—all was silent. As the moon rose higher he at last boldly walked to the wall, and listened for any movement on the other side of it. But nothing stirred. She was evidently *not* coming—his note had failed.

He was turning away sadly, but as he faced his home again he heard a light laugh beside him. He stopped. A black shadow stepped out from beneath his own almond tree. He started, when with a gesture that seemed familiar to him, the upper part of the shadow seemed to fall away with a long black mantilla and the face of the young girl was revealed.

He could see now that she was clad in black lace from head to foot. She looked taller, older, and he fancied even prettier than before. A sudden doubt of his ability to impress her, a swift realisation of all the difficulties of the attempt, and, for the first time, perhaps, a dim perception of the

incongruity of the situation came over him.

"I was looking for you on the wall," he stammered.

"*Madre de Dios!*" she retorted, with a laugh and her old audacity, "you would that I shall *always* hang there, and drop upon you like a pear, when you shake the tree? No!"

"You haven't brought your guitar," he continued, still more awkwardly, as he noticed that she held only a long black fan in her hand.

"For why? You would that I *play* it, and when my uncle say 'Where go Pepita? She is loss,' some one shall say, 'Oh! I have hear her tink-a-tink in the garden of the *Americano*, who lif alone.' And then—it ess finish!"

Masterton began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. There was something in this situation that he had not dreamed of. But with the persistency of an awkward man he went on:

"But you played on the wall the other night, and tried to accompany me."

"But that was *lass night* and on *the wall*. I had not speak to you, you had not speak to me. You had not sent me the leetle note by your *peon*." She stopped, and suddenly opening her fan before her face, so that only her mischievous eyes were visible, added: "You had not ask me then to come to hear you make lof to me, Don Esteban. *That* is the difference."

The Circuit Preacher felt the blood rush to his face. Anger, shame, mortification, remorse, and fear alternately strove with him, but above all and through all he was conscious of a sharp exquisite pleasure—that frightened him still more. Yet he managed to exclaim:

"No! no! You cannot think me capable of such a cowardly trick?"

The girl started, more at the unmistakable sincerity of his utterance than at the words, whose full meaning she may have only imperfectly caught.

"A treek? A treek?" she slowly and wonderingly repeated. Then suddenly, as if comprehending him, she turned her round black eyes full upon him and dropped her fan from her face."

"And *what* for you ask me to come here then?"

"I wanted to talk with you," he began, "on far more serious matters. I wished to——" but he stopped. He could not address this quaint child-woman, staring at him in black-eyed wonder, in either the measured or the impetuous terms with which he would have exhorted a maturer responsible being. He made a step towards her; she drew back, striking at his extended hand half impatiently, half mischievously with her fan.

He flushed—and then burst out bluntly, "I want to talk with you about your soul."

"My what?"

"Your immortal soul, unhappy girl."

"What have *you* to make with that? Are you a devil?" Her eyes grew rounder though she faced him boldly.

"I am a Minister of the Gospel," he said, in hurried entreaty. "You must hear me for a moment. I would save your soul."

"My immortal *soul* lif with the Padre at the Mission—you moost seek her *there*! My mortal *body*," she added, with a mischievous smile, "say to you, 'good a' night,' Don Esteban." She dropped him a little curtsy and—ran away.

"One moment, Miss Ramirez," said Masterton, eagerly; but she had already slipped beyond his reach. He saw her little black figure passing swiftly beside the moonlit wall, saw it suddenly slide into a shadowy fissure, and vanish.

In his blank disappointment he could not bear to re-enter the house he had left so sanguinely a few moments before, but walked moodily in the garden. His discomfiture was the more complete since he felt that his defeat was owing to some mistake in his methods, and not the incorrigibility of his subject.

Was it not a spiritual weakness in him to have resented so sharply the girl's imputation that he wished to make love to her? He should have borne it as Christians had even before now borne slander and false testimony for their faith. He might even have *accepted it*, and let the triumph of her conversion in the end prove his innocence. Or was his purpose incompatible with that sisterly

affection he had so often preached to the women of his flock? He might have taken her hand, and called her "Sister Pepita," even as he had called Deborah "Sister." He recalled the fact that he had for an instant held her straggling in his arms: he remembered the thrill that the recollection had caused him, and somehow it now sent a burning blush across his face. He hurried back into the house.

The next day a thousand wild ideas took the place of his former settled resolution. He would seek the Padre, this custodian of the young girl's soul; he would convince *him* of *his* error, or beseech him to give him an equal access to her spirit! He would seek the uncle of the girl, and work upon his feelings.

Then for three or four days he resolved to put the young girl from his mind, trusting after the fashion of his kind for some special revelation from a supreme source as an indication for his conduct. This revelation presently occurred, as it is apt to occur when wanted.

One evening his heart leaped at the familiar sound of Pepita's guitar in the distance. Whatever his ultimate intention now he hurriedly ran into the garden. The sound came from the former direction, but as he unhesitatingly approached the Mission wall he could see that she was not upon it, and as the notes of her guitar were struck again, he knew that they came from the other side. But the chords were a prelude to one of his own hymns, and he stood entranced as her sweet child-like voice rose with the very words that he had sung. The few defects were those of purely oral imitation, the accents, even the slight reiteration of the "s," were Pepita's own:

Cheeldren oof the Heavenly King,
As ye journey esssweetly ssing;
Essing your great Redeemer's praise,
Glorioos is Hees works and ways.

He was astounded. Her recollection of the air and words was the more wonderful, for he remembered now that he had only sung that particular hymn once. But to his still greater delight and surprise her voice rose again in the second verse, with

a touch of plaintiveness that swelled his throat:

We are travelling home to God,
In the way our farzers trod,
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The simple, almost childish words—so childish that they might have been the fitting creation of her own childish lips—here died away with a sweep and crash of the whole strings. Breathless silence followed in which Stephen Masterton could feel the beatings of his own heart.

"Miss Ramirez," he called, in a voice that scarcely seemed his own. There was no reply. "Pepita!" he repeated; it was strangely like the accent of a lover, but he no longer cared. Still the singer's voice was silent.

Then he ran swiftly beside the wall, as he had seen her run, until he came to the fissure. It was overgrown with vines and brambles almost as impenetrable as an abattis, but if she had pierced it in her delicate crape dress, so would he! He brushed roughly through, and found himself in a glimmering aisle of pear trees close by the white wall of the Mission church.

For a moment in that intricate tracery of ebony and ivory made by the rising moon, he was dazzled, but evidently his irruption into the orchard had not been as lithe and silent as her own, for a figure in a parti-coloured dress suddenly started into activity, and running from the wall, began to course through the trees until it became apparently a part of that involved pattern. Nothing daunted, however, Stephen Masterton pursued, his speed increased as he recognised the flounces of Pepita's barred dress, but the young girl had the advantage of knowing the locality, and could evade her pursuer by unsuspected turns and doubles.

For some moments this fanciful sylvan chase was kept up in perfect silence; it might have been a woodland nymph pursued by a wandering shepherd. Masterton presently saw that she was making towards a tiled roof that was now visible as projecting over the *presido* wall, and was evidently her goal of refuge. He redoubled his speed; with skilful audacity and sheer strength of his broad shoulders he broke through a dense *Ceanothus* hedge which Pepita was

swiftly skirting, and suddenly appeared between her and her house.

With her first cry, the young girl turned and tried to bury herself in the hedge; but in another stride the Circuit preacher was at her side, and caught her panting figure in his arms.

While he had been running he had swiftly formulated what he should do and what he should say to her. To his simple appeal for her companionship and willing ear he would add a brotherly tenderness, that should invite her trustfulness in him; he would confess his wrong, and ask her forgiveness of his abrupt solicitations; he would propose to teach her more hymns, they would practise psalmody together; even this priest, the custodian of her soul, could not object to that; but chiefly he would thank her: he would tell her how she had pleased him, and this would lead to more serious and thoughtful converse. All this was in his mind while he ran, was upon his lips as he caught her, and for an instant she lapsed, exhausted, in his arms. But, alas! even in that moment he suddenly drew her towards him, and kissed her as only a lover could.

* * *

The wire grass was already yellowing on the Tasajasa plains with the dusty decay of the long dry summer, when Dr. Duchesne returned to Tasajasa. He came to see the wife of Deacon Sanderson, who, having for the twelfth time added to the population of the settlement was not "doing as well" as everybody—except, possibly, Dr. Duchesne—expected. After he had made this hollow-eyed, over-burdened, under-nourished woman as comfortable as he could in her rude,

neglected surroundings, to change the dreary chronicle of suffering, he turned to the husband, and said, "And what has become of Mr. Masterton, who used to be in your—vocation?" A long groan came from the deacon.

"Hallo! I hope he has not had a relapse," said the Doctor, earnestly. "I thought I'd knocked all that nonsense out of him—I beg your pardon—I mean," he added, hurriedly, "he wrote to me only a few weeks ago that he was picking up his strength again and doing well!"

"In his weak, gross, sinful flesh—yes, no doubt," returned the Deacon, scornfully, "and, perhaps, even in a worldly sense, for those who value the vanities of life; but he is lost to us, for all time, and lost to eternal



" . . . A figure in a parti-coloured dress suddenly started into activity, and running from the wall, began to course through the trees."

life for ever. Not," he continued in sanctimonious vindictiveness, "but that I often had my doubts of Brother Masterton's steadfastness. He was too much given to imagery and song."

"But *what* has he done?" persisted Doctor Duchesne.

"Done! He has embraced the Scarlet Woman!"

"Dear me!" said the Doctor, "so soon? Is it anybody you knew here?—not anybody's wife? Eh?"

"He has entered the Church of Rome," said the Deacon, indignantly, "he has forsaken the Gods of his fathers for the tents of the

"didn't Brother Bulkley, on account of warning reports made by a God-fearing and soul-seeking teamster, make a special pilgrimage to this land of Sodom to enquire and spy out its wickedness. Didn't he find Stephen Masterton steeped in the iniquity of practising on an organ—he that scorned even a violin or harmonium in the tents of the Lord—in an idolatrous chapel, with a foreign female Papist for a teacher? Didn't he find him a guest at the board of a Jesuit priest, visiting the schools of the Mission where this young Jezebel of a singer teaches the children to chant in unknown tongues? Didn't he find him living with a wrinkled Indian witch who called him "Padrone," and speaking her gibberish. Didn't they find him, who left here a man mortified in flesh and spirit and pale with striving with sinners, fat and rosy from native wines and flesh pots, and even vain and gaudy in coloured apparel? And last of all, didn't Brother Bulkley hear that a rumour was spread far and wide that this miserable backslider was to take to himself a wife—in one of these strange women



"Didn't he find Stephen Masterton steeped in the iniquity of practising on an organ."

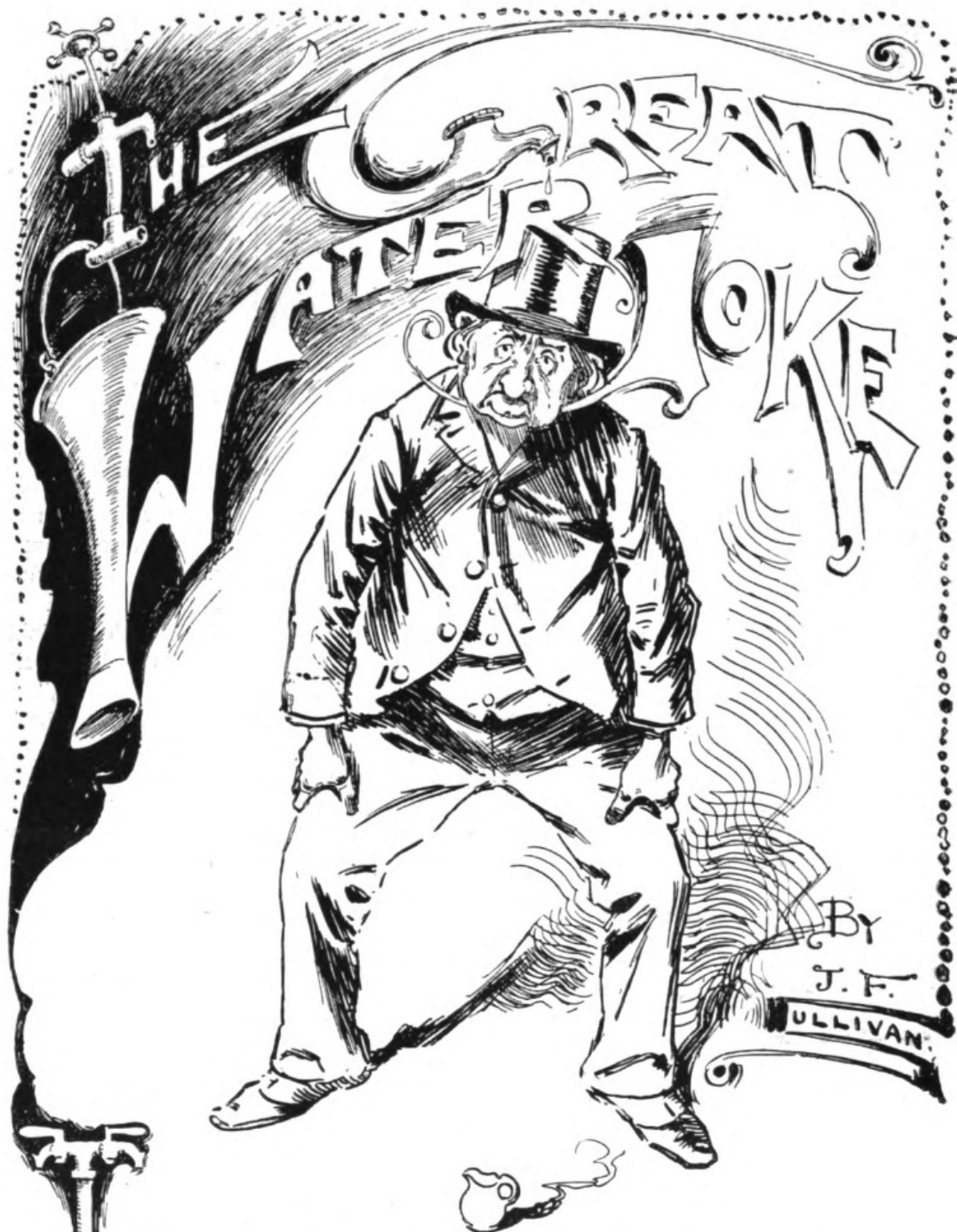
idolaters; he is the consort of Papists and the slave of the Pope!"

"But are you *sure*?" said Doctor Duchesne, with perhaps less concern than before.

"Sure," returned the Deacon angrily,

—that very Jezebel who seduced him? What do you call that?"

"It looks a good deal like human nature," said the Doctor, musingly, "but *I* call it a cure!"

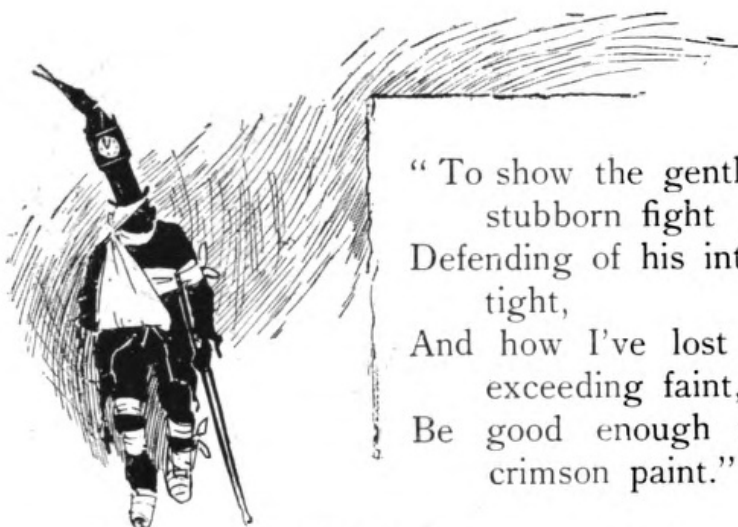


THE simple LONDON PUBLIC said, a longish time ago,
"I *should* so like a little drop, a drop of H_2O ;
I wouldn't waste the precious stuff, or treat it as a drug;
I only want a little drop to fill my little jug."



Two listeners of knowing mien thereat were seen to slink
 Together round a corner, and to tip the artful wink;
 And one was named the GOVERNMENT, PROTECTOR of the CITS;
 The other was a gentleman a-living by his wits.

"I fancy," said the GOVERNMENT, "the thing is rather snug—
 You form a water company to fill his little jug:
 I shut my eye and gaily pass the bill that you prepare:
 I hold my hand behind me thus; and in you pop a share.



"To show the gentle PUBLIC that I've had a
stubborn fight
Defending of his interests and binding of you
tight,
And how I've lost a lot of blood and feel
exceeding faint,
Be good enough to dabble me with vivid
crimson paint."

The COMPANY bedabbled him: there didn't seem to be
A single unassaulted spot on his anatomee:
The COMPANY was pinioned so with ligature and link
He couldn't even roll his eyes, or scratch himself, or wink.

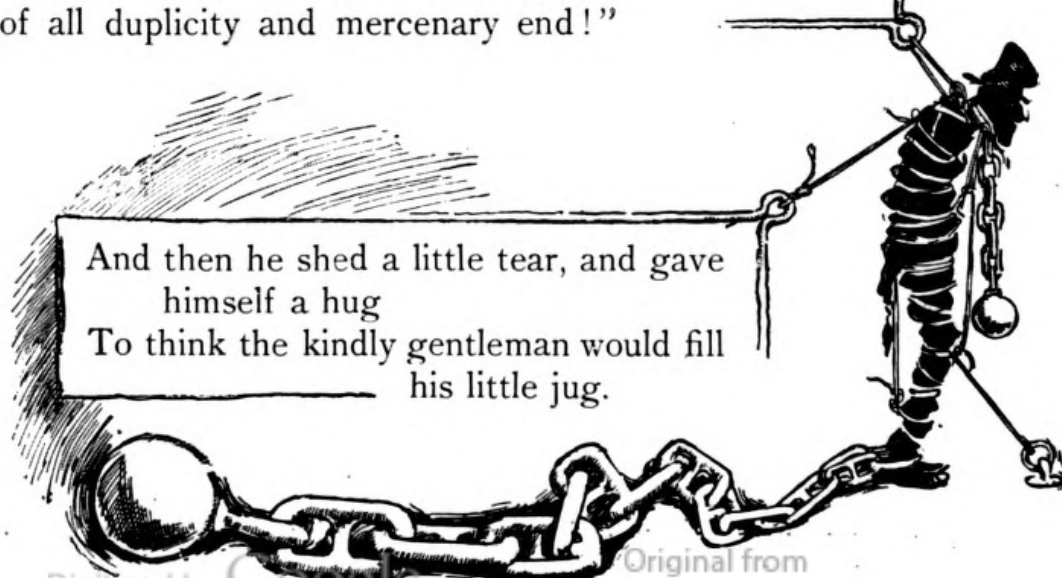
A single little crumb of joy was all he had to cheer;
He kept it cuddled to his breast and wetted with a tear—
A tiny, microscopic thing, and difficult to see,
Yet very, very dear to him—his poor MONOPOLEE.

It was so singularly small, intangible, and shy,
And perfectly transparent to the ordinary eye:
(And this is good for Enterprise, which never need despair—
The PUBLIC, seeing through a thing, believes it isn't there!)

"O, GOVERNMENT," the PUBLIC said, "you are indeed a
friend
Devoid of all duplicity and mercenary end!"



THE
MONOPOLY



And then he shed a little tear, and gave
himself a hug
To think the kindly gentleman would fill
his little jug.

And now the WATER COMPANY, arrangements being ripe,
 Scratched lightly with its finger-nail and laid a little pipe;
 I wonder how he'd possibly unearth it at a pinch—
 It lay beneath the surface quite a quarter of an inch!



"O, PUBLIC," said the COMPANY, "the time has come to pay;
 I'll jot you down a little bill in quite a friendly way;
 You hand me firstly fifty pounds to pay for your 'supply'"—
 But still the gentle PUBLIC found his little jug was dry.



"Supply," exclaimed the COMPANY, "is simply an occult

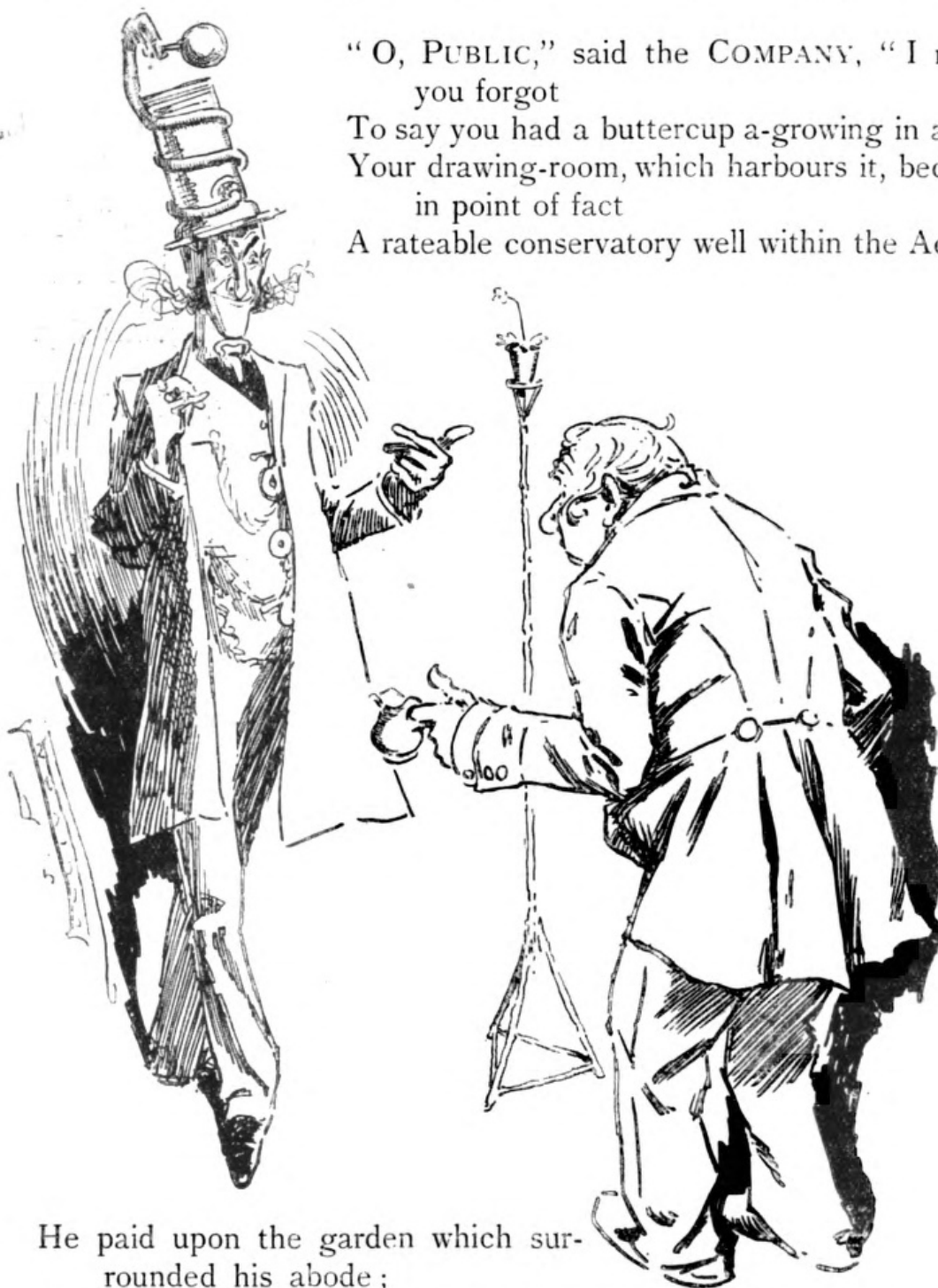
And purely esoteric term involving no result.

It simply means 'domestic use'; and, if you come to think,

It's not domestic use, you know, to wash yourself and drink."

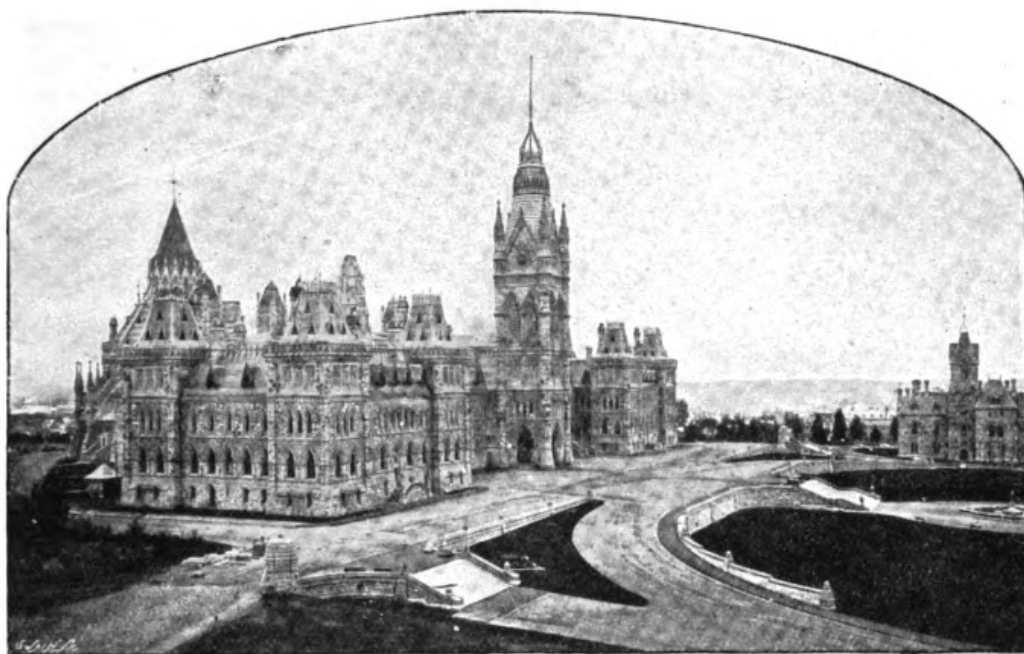


That PUBLIC paid an extra rate—(he *was* a simple chap!)—
 For ev'ry cistern, gully, sink, and service-pipe, and tap:
 And when he'd duly paid on them, the COMPANY arose
 And counted all his pots and pails, and made him pay on those.



"O, PUBLIC," said the COMPANY, "I notice
 you forgot
 To say you had a buttercup a-growing in a pot:
 Your drawing-room, which harbours it, becomes
 in point of fact
 A rateable conservatory well within the Act."

He paid upon the garden which sur-
 rounded his abode;
 The COMPANY assessed him on the puddles in the road;
 They made him pay an extra on the tear within his eye—
 Yet, after all he'd gone and paid, his little jug was dry!



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA.

A COLONIAL KING.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada: His Duties and His Pleasures at Ottawa.



THE passing of "the British North American Act, 1867," providing for the voluntary union of the whole of British North America into one legislative con-

federation, made the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion of Canada one of the most important posts in the British Empire.

The conditions are unique in history. This confederation of self-governing provinces which we call Canada, has a central government, with its own cabinet, senate, parliament, and supreme courts of law. Not a shilling of British money finds its way to Canada, and the home government does not interfere in its domestic affairs. Yet the dominion is an integral part of the British Empire, acknowledging the sovereignty of the Queen, and nominally ruled by her Majesty's Viceroy.

How much of the success of this novel

experiment in the history of colonization is due to Lord Dufferin, the first Governor-General, it would be difficult to say. A man of such striking personality, such tact and genius, while he overcomes the difficulties inevitable in the experimental stages of such an enterprise, raises a standard to which it is difficult for all but the most brilliant of his successors to conform.

Lord Dufferin's immediate successor was the Marquis of Lorne, who has been followed by some of the ablest statesmen of the day. Without reflecting on their ability it may be said at once that Lord Aberdeen's *régime* at Ottawa has already proved the most popular since the Marquis of Dufferin quitted Rideau Hall.

The Earl of Aberdeen began political life a Conservative, but "the spirited foreign policy" of Lord Beaconsfield's last administration offended him, and he became a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, with whom he has ever since been on terms of intimate friendship.

I would not presume to guess how far this conversion was due to the influence of his wife.

The Countess of Aberdeen may, however, reasonably be suspected of a share in the work.

The daughter of the first Lord Tweed-

of Lord - Lieutenant of Ireland, and showed, under circumstances of extreme difficulty, an amount of tact and ability



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

From a Photograph by Bassano.



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

mouth, Lady Aberdeen can claim, through her mother, to be of Irish as well as of Scotch extraction. Her childhood was spent

in a wild, lonely part of Scotland, where she

lived a life that

was boyish

in its

healthy

freedom.

At the age

of four-

teen she

first made

the ac-

quaint-

ance of

her future

hero, Mr.

Gladstone, and

she has remained

faithful to this hero-

worship ever since.

Under the short-lived Liberal Ministry of 1886 Lord Aberdeen held the post

for which many had scarcely given him credit. When Mr. Gladstone's Govern-

ment fell, Lord Aberdeen left

Ireland amid general regret,

but he was from

that time

marked out

as a man to

be safely

trusted

with high

office, and

it excited

no sur-

prise when

he was chosen

to follow Lord

Stanley of Preston

in the vice-regal

duties at Ottawa.

It was not his first connection with Canada.

He had been actively inte-

rested in the Colony since 1891, when he bought a ranch of nearly seventeen thousand



A DISTANT VIEW OF OTTAWA.



RIDEAU HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

acres in British Columbia. Here he embarked in farming and stock raising, exercising on a very large scale the sound business principles that have made his extensive estates at home famous as the best managed lands in Scotland.

These things, added to his Scottish birth—for Canada is almost more Scotch than Scotland itself—prejudiced the Canadians greatly in favour of the new Governor-General, and he and his wife have done much since to strengthen the attachment.

Ottawa is not the town in Canada one would naturally select as the capital. True it occupies a beautiful site on a series of bluffs overlooking the Ottawa River, but until the magnificent government buildings were placed there, the town consisted of little more than a collection of somewhat mean houses scattered along the river.

The great cities were, however, so jealous of each other that it was thought better to pass them over, and the unpretentious citizens of Ottawa were roused from their semi-somnambule existence to sustain the dignity of the seat of Government. The benefits that accrued to them were neither tardy nor trivial. Men who had been common labourers found themselves rich men, as their rocky fields were transformed into valuable plots by the building of a capital.

The character of Ottawa society is what one would expect it to be under the circumstances, and as it is by personal influence and tact, rather than by assertion of authority, that the Governor-General must attain his

ends—the ablest man will fail if he lacks ready adaptability.

Lord Aberdeen has not failed. He has learned the Canadians' love of flattery, and they will be the last to find fault with him if he uses it. The fact that he has thoroughly identified himself with the Canadians as a people, and that his large investments in the



LORD HADDO, LADY MARJORIE GORDON, AND HONS. DUDLEY AND ARCHIBALD GORDON.

country give him and them a common interest in its welfare, makes them trust him. But the Canadians are fond of social festivity, and the more entertaining there is at the Residence, the better the Canadians like the Governor-General.

Lord and Lady Dufferin were quick to discover this: they added a ball-room to the Residence. Lord Aberdeen has built a chapel to it.

Rideau Hall, the vice-regal residence, and the hub of the Canadian social universe, is about two miles from the city proper, an unpretentious building straggling in a small park. Here Lord and Lady Aberdeen dispense their hospitalities with something of the dignity of the Court at home.

At the beginning of the season an *aide-de-camp* draws up a list of persons who are to be honoured with season invitations to the toboggan and skating parties. These are given at stated intervals, and for the European especially no more delightful entertainment could be provided.

Innumerable torches and huge bonfires line the toboggan slide and cast a weird light over the lake; handsome sleighs drive up one after the other bringing guests whose identity is almost lost in the profusion of splendid fur; servants in the gorgeous vice-regal liveries are in attendance with coffee and bouillon, and Nature provides the rest with splendid ice for skating and curling, snow packed deep and hard for the toboggan, and a clear, still air that acts like champagne on the system.

The opening of Parliament is always a great function in Ottawa, for it is performed with much of the pomp and circumstance attending the ceremony at home, when the Queen goes in person to Westminster. Americans and democratic Canadians are apt to sneer at the "Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod," and other emblems of Old World pageantry, but they are never tired of crowding to the galleries to witness the sight.

On the floor of the house, immediately facing the Governor-General's throne, the ladies of the vice-regal court appear in full

dress, and hold a sort of reception pending the arrival of the Governor-General. The hour having arrived, the great gates, which are for the Queen's representative alone, swing open to the Viceroy's state carriage, and with his military staff in brilliant uniforms, his servants in liveries and powdered wigs, he drives through amid the cheers of admiring crowds.

The speech from the throne is delivered first in English and then in French, as many representatives from Lower Canada speak only the latter language. This circumstance may at first sight seem to indicate a sharp division among Canadians; but as Lord Aberdeen told the French people when opening the Board of Trade offices at Montreal, "what we need more than unity of language is unity of purpose."

That there is any great divergence of aim among Canadians I do not believe. They are loyal to their own country and believe in its future greatness, but they realise the benefits that accrue to them from union with the Empire, and are not inclined to throw in their lot with the United States at the bidding of a clique.

Lord Aberdeen is not the hero of popular stories, as Lord Dufferin was, but there is one characteristic anecdote that is not likely to be forgotten. He was present at a Patti concert given in Montreal, and at the close of the performance, there was no sign of "God Save the Queen." The large audience began to disperse, when suddenly Lord Aberdeen sprang to his feet, and in a clear, musical voice started the National Anthem. Instantly every male head was uncovered, and all present stayed to sing the verse to the end.

J. BRAND.





"He plunged forward on his face and died without a struggle."

A DRAMATIC POINT.

BY ROBERT BARR.

IN the bad days of Balmeceada, when Chili was rent in twain, and its capital was practically a besieged city, two actors walked together along the chief street of the place towards the one theatre that was then open. They belonged to a French dramatic company that would gladly have left Chili if it could, but, being compelled by stress of war to remain, the company did the next best thing, and gave performances at the principal theatre on such nights as a paying audience came.

A stranger would hardly have suspected, by the look of the streets, that a deadly war was going on, and that the rebels—so called—were almost at the city gates. Although business was ruined, credit dead, and no man's life or liberty safe, the streets were filled with a crowd that seemed bent on enjoyment and making the best of things.

As Jacques Dupré and Carlos Lemoine walked together they conversed earnestly, not of the real war so close to their doors, but of the mimic conflicts of the stage. M. Dupré was the leading man of the company, and he listened with the amused tolerance of an elder man to the energetic vehemence of the younger.

"You are all wrong, Dupré," cried Lemoine, "all wrong. I have studied the subject. Remember I am saying nothing against your acting in general. You know you have no greater admirer than I am, and that is something to say when the members of a dramatic company are usually at loggerheads through jealousy."

"Speak for yourself, Lemoine. You know I am green with jealousy of you. You are the rising star and I am setting. You can't teach an old dog new tricks, Carl, my boy."

"That's nonsense, Dupré. I wish you would consider this seriously. It is because you are so good on the stage that I can't bear to see you false to your art, just to please the gallery. You should be above all that."

"How can a man be above his gallery—the highest spot in the house? Talk sense, Carlos, and then I'll listen."

"Yes, you're flippant, simply because you know you're wrong, and dare not argue this matter soberly. Now she stabs you through the heart——"

"No. False promises entirely. She says something about my wicked heart, and evidently *intends* to pierce that depraved

organ, but a woman never hits what she aims at, and I deny that I'm ever stabbed through the heart. Say in the region or the neighbourhood of the heart, and go on with your talk."

"Very well. She stabs you in a spot so vital that you die in a few minutes. You throw up your hands, you stagger against the mantle-shelf, you tear open your collar and then grope at nothing, you press your hands on your wound and take two reeling steps forward, you call feebly for help and stumble against the sofa, which you fall upon, and, finally, still groping wildly, you roll off on the floor, where you kick out once or twice, your clinched hand comes down with a thud on the boards, and all is over."

"Admirably described, Carlos. Lord! I wish my audience paid such attention to my efforts as you do. Now you claim this is all wrong, do you?"

"All wrong."

"Suppose she stabbed you, what would you do?"

"I would plunge forward on my face—dead."

"Great Heavens! What would become of your curtain?"

"Oh, hang the curtain!"

"It's all very well for you to maledict the curtain, Carl, but you must work up to it. Your curtain would come down, and your friends in the gallery wouldn't know what had happened. Now I go through the evolutions you so graphically describe, and the audience gets time to take in the situation. They say, chuckling to themselves, 'that villain's got his dose at last, and serve him right, too.' They want to enjoy his struggles, while the heroine stands grimly at the door taking care that he doesn't get away. Then when my fist comes down flop on the stage and they realize that I am indeed done for, the yell of triumph that goes up is something delicious to hear."

"That's just the point, Dupré. I claim the actor has no right to hear applause—that he should not know there is such a thing as an audience. His business is to portray life exactly as it is."

"You can't portray life in a death scene, Carl."

"Dupré, I lose all patience with you, or rather I would did I not know that you are much deeper than you would have us suppose. You apparently won't see that I am very much in earnest about this."

"Of course you are, my boy; and that is one reason why you will become a very great actor. I was ambitious myself once, but as we grow older"—Dupré shrugged his shoulders—"well, we begin to have an eye on box office receipts. I think you sometimes forget that I am a good deal older than you are."

"You mean that I am a fool, and that I may learn wisdom with age. I quite admit that you are a better actor than I am; in fact I said so only a moment ago, but——"

"You wrong me, Brutus; I said an older soldier, not a better. But I will take you on your own ground. Have you ever seen a man stabbed or shot through the heart?"

"I never have, but I know mighty well he wouldn't undo his necktie afterwards."

Dupré threw back his head and laughed.

"Who is flippant now?" he asked. "I don't undo my necktie, I merely tear off my collar, which a dying man may surely be permitted to do. But until you have seen a man die from such a stab as I receive every night, I don't understand how you can justly find fault with my rendition of the tragedy. I imagine, you know, that the truth lies between the two extremes. The man done to death would likely not make such a fuss as I make, nor would he depart so quickly as you say he would, without giving the gallery gods a show for their money. But here we are at the theatre Carlos, and this acrimonious debate is closed—until we take our next walk together."

In front of the theatre, soldiers were on duty, marching up and down with muskets on their shoulders, to show that the state was mighty and could take charge of a theatre as well as conduct a war. There were many loungers about, which might have indicated to a person who did not know, that there would be a good house when the play began. The two actors met the manager in the throng near the door.

"How are prospects to-night?" asked Dupré.

"Very poor," replied the manager. "Not half-a-dozen seats have been sold."

"Then it isn't worth while beginning?"

"We must begin," said the manager, lowering his voice, "the President has ordered me not to close the theatre."

"Oh, hang the President!" cried Lemoine impatiently. "Why doesn't he put a stop to the war, and then the theatre would remain open of its own accord."

"He is doing his best to put a stop to the war, only his army does not carry out his orders as implicitly as our manager does," said Dupré, smiling at the other's vehemence.

"Balmececa is a fool," retorted the younger actor. "If he were out of the way, the war would not last another day. I believe he is playing a losing game anyhow. It's a pity he hasn't to go to the front himself, and then a stray bullet might find him and put an end to the war, which would save the lives of many better men."

"I say, Lemoine, I wish you wouldn't talk like that," expostulated the manager gently, "especially when there are so many listeners."

"Oh! the larger my audience, the better I like it," rejoined Lemoine.

"I have all an actor's vanity in that respect. I say what I think, and I don't care who hears me."

"Yes, but you forget that we are, in a measure, guests of this country, and we should not abuse our hosts, or the man who represents them."

"Ah, does he represent them? It seems to me that begs the whole question; that's just what the war is about. The general opinion is that Balmececa misrepresents them, and that the country would be glad to be rid of him."

"That may all be," said the manager almost in a whisper, for he was a man evidently inclined towards peace; "but it does not rest with us to say so. We are

French, and I think, therefore, it is better not to express an opinion."

"I'm not French," cried Lemoine. "I'm a native Chilian, and I have a right to abuse my own country if I choose to do so."

"All the more reason, then," said the manager, looking timorously over his shoulder—"all the more reason that you should be careful what you say."

"I suppose," said Dupré, by way of putting an end to the discussion, "it is time for us to get our war paint on. Come along, Lemoine, and lecture me on our common art, and stop talking politics, if the nonsense you utter about Chili and its president is politics."

The two actors entered the theatre; they occupied the same dressing-room, and the volatile Lemoine talked incessantly.

Although there were but few people in the stalls the gallery was well filled, as was usually the case.

When going on for the last act in the final scene, Dupré whispered a word to the man who controlled the falling of the curtain, and when the actor, as the villain of the piece, received the fatal knife thrust from the ill-used heroine, he plunged forward on his face and died without a struggle, to the amazement of the manager, who was watching the play from the front of the house, and to the evident bewilderment of the gallery, who had counted on an exciting struggle with death.

Much as they desired the cutting off of the villain, they were not pleased to see him so suddenly shift his worlds

without an agonising realisation of the fact that he was quitting an existence in which he had done nothing but evil. The curtain came down upon the climax, but there was no applause, and the audience silently filtered out into the street.

"There," said Dupré, when he returned to his dressing-room; "I hope you are satis-



"The heroine stands grimly at the door."

fied now, Lemoine, and if you are, you are the only satisfied person in the house. I fell perfectly flat, as you suggested, and you must have seen that the climax of the play fell flat also."

"Nevertheless," persisted Lemoine, stoutly, "it was the true rendition of the part."

As they were talking the manager came into their dressing-room. "Good Heavens, Dupré!" he said, "why did you end the piece in that idiotic way? What on earth got into you?"

"The knife," said Dupré, flippantly. "It went directly through the heart, and Lemoine here, insists that when that happens a man should fall dead instantly. I did it to please Lemoine."

"But you spoiled your curtain," protested the manager.

"Yes, I knew that would happen, and I told Lemoine so; but he insists on art for art's sake. You must expostulate with Lemoine, although I don't mind telling you both frankly that I don't intend to die in that way again."

"Well, I hope not," replied the manager. "I don't want you to kill the play as well as yourself, you know, Dupré."

Lemoine, whose face had by this time become restored to its normal appearance, retorted hotly:—

"It all goes to show how we are surrounded and hampered by the traditions of the stage. The gallery wants to see a man lie all over the place, and so the victim has to scatter the furniture about and make a fool of himself generally, when he should quietly succumb to a well deserved blow. You ask any physician and he will tell you that a man stabbed or shot through the heart collapses at once. There is no jumping back business in such a case. He doesn't play at leap-frog with the chairs and sofas, but sinks instantly to the floor and is done for."

"Come along, Lemoine," cried Dupré, putting on his coat, "and stop talking nonsense. True art consists in a judicious blending of the preconceived ideas of the gallery with the actual facts of the case. An instantaneous photograph of a trotting-horse is doubtless technically and absolutely correct, yet it is not a true picture of the animal in motion."

"Then you admit," said Lemoine, quickly, "that I am technically correct in what I state about the result of such a wound."

"I admit nothing," said Dupré. "I don't believe you are correct in anything you say about the matter. I suppose the truth is that no two men die alike under the same circumstances."

"They do when the heart is touched."

"What absurd nonsense you talk. No two men act alike when the heart is touched in love, why then should they when it is touched in death? Come along to the hotel, and let us stop this idiotic discussion."

"Ah!" sighed Lemoine, "you will throw your chances away. You are too careless, Dupré, you do not study enough. This kind of thing is all well enough in Chili, but it will wreck your chances when you go to Paris. If you studied more deeply, Dupré, you would take Paris by storm."

"Thanks," said Dupré, lightly, "but unless the rebels take this city by storm, and that shortly, we may never see Paris again. To tell the truth, I have no heart for anything but the heroine's knife. I am sick and tired of the situation here."

As Dupré spoke they met a small squad of soldiers coming briskly towards the theatre. The man in charge evidently recognised them, for saying a word to his men, they instantly surrounded the two actors. The sergeant touched Lemoine on the shoulder, and said:

"It is my duty to arrest you, Sir."

"In Heaven's name, why?" asked Lemoine.

The man did not answer, but a soldier stepped to either side of Lemoine.

"Am I under arrest also?" asked Dupré.

"No."

"By what authority do you arrest my friend?" inquired Dupré.

"By the President's order."

"But where is your authority? Where are your papers? Why is this arrest made?"

The sergeant shook his head and said:

"We have the orders of the President, and that is sufficient for us. Stand back, please?"

The next instant Dupré found himself alone, with the squad and their prisoner

disappearing down a back street. For a moment he stood there as if dazed, then he turned and ran as fast as he could, back to the theatre again, hoping to meet a carriage for hire on the way. Arriving at the theatre, he found the lights out, and the manager on the point of leaving.

"Lemoine has been arrested," he cried; "arrested by a squad of soldiers whom we met, and they said they acted by order of the President."

The manager seemed thunder-struck by the intelligence, and gazed helplessly at Dupré.

"What is the charge?" he said at last.

"That I do not know," answered the actor. "They simply said they were acting under the President's orders."

"This is bad, as bad as can be," said the manager, looking over his shoulder, and speaking as if in fear. "Lemoine has been talking recklessly. I never could get him to realise that he was in Chili, and that he must not be so free in his speech. He always insisted that this was the nineteenth century, and a man could say what he liked; as if the nineteenth

century had anything to do with a South American Republic."

"You don't imagine," said Dupré, with a touch of pallor coming into his cheeks,



"The sergeant touched Lemoine on the shoulder, and said: 'It is my duty to arrest you, Sir.'"

"that this is anything serious. It will mean nothing more than a day or two in prison at the worst?"

The manager shook his head and said :—

"We had better get a carriage and see the President as soon as possible. I'll undertake to send Lemoine back to Paris, or to put him on board one of the French ironclads. But there is no time to be lost. We can probably get a carriage in the square."

They found a carriage and drove as quickly as they could to the residence of the President. At first they were refused admittance, but, finally, they were allowed to wait in a small room while their message was taken to Balmeceida. An hour passed, but still no invitation came to them from the President. The manager sat silent in a corner, while Dupré paced up and down the small room, torn with anxiety about his friend. At last an officer entered, and presented them with the compliments of the President, who regretted that it was impossible for him to see them that night. The officer added, for their information, by order of the President, that Lemoine was to be shot at daybreak. He had been tried by court-martial and condemned to death for sedition. The President regretted having kept them waiting so long, but the court-martial had been sitting when they had arrived, and the President thought that perhaps they would be interested in knowing the verdict. With that the officer escorted the two dumb-founded men to the door, where they got into their carriage without a word. The moment they were out of ear-shot the manager said to the coachman :—

"Drive as quickly as you can to the residence of the French Minister."

Everyone at the French Legation had retired when these two panic-stricken men reached there, but after a time the secretary consented to see them, and, on learning the seriousness of the case, he undertook to arouse his Excellency, and learn if anything could be done.

The Minister entered the room shortly after, and listened with interest to what they had to say.

"You have your carriage at the door?" he asked, when they had finished their recital.

"Yes."

"Then I will take it and see the President

at once. Perhaps you will wait here until I return."

Another hour dragged its slow length along, and they were well into the second hour before the rattle of wheels was heard in the silent street. The Minister came in, and the two anxious men saw by his face that he had failed in his mission.

"I am sorry to say," said his Excellency, "that I have been unable even to get the execution postponed. I did not understand when I undertook the mission, that M. Lemoine was a citizen of Chili. You see that fact puts the matter entirely out of my hands. I am powerless. I could only advise the President not to carry out his intentions; but he is to-night in a most unreasonable and excited mood, and I fear nothing can be done to save your friend. If he had been a citizen of France, of course, this execution would not have been permitted to take place, but, as it is, it is not our affair. M. Lemoine seems to have been talking with some indiscretion. He does not deny it himself, nor does he deny his citizenship. If he had taken a conciliatory attitude at the court-martial, the result might not have been so disastrous; but it seems that he insulted the President to his face, and predicted that he would, within two weeks, meet him in Hades. The utmost I could do, was to get the President to sign a permit for you to see your friend, if you present it at the prison before the execution takes place. I fear you have no time to lose. Here is the paper."

Dupré took the document, and thanked his Excellency for his exertions on their behalf. He realised that Lemoine had sealed his own fate by his independence and lack of tact.

The two dejected men drove from the Legation and through the deserted streets to the prison. They were shown through several stone-paved rooms to a stone-paved courtyard, and there they waited for some time until the prisoner was brought in between two soldiers. Lemoine had thrown off his coat, and appeared in his shirt sleeves. He was not manacled or bound in any way, there being too many prisoners for each one to be allowed the luxury of fetters.

"Ah," cried Lemoine when he saw them,



"I knew you would come if that old scoundrel of a President would allow you in, of which I had my doubts. How did you manage it?"

"The French Minister got us a permit," said Dupré.

"Oh, you went to him, did you? Of course he could do nothing, for, as I told you, I have the misfortune to be a citizen of this country. How comically life is made up of trivialities. I remember once, in Paris, going with a friend to take the oath of allegiance to the French Republic."

"And did you take it?" cried Dupré eagerly.

"Alas, no! We met two other friends and we all adjourned to a café and had something to drink. I little thought that bottle of champagne was going to cost me my life, for, of course, if I had taken the oath of allegiance, my friend, the French Minister, would have bombarded the city before he would have allowed the execution to go on."

"Then you know to what you are condemned," said the manager, with tears in his eyes.

"Oh, I know that Balmececa thinks he is going to have me shot, but then he always was a fool, and never knew what he was talking about. I told him if he would allow you two in at the execution, and instead of having a whole squad to fire at me, order one expert marksman, if he had such a thing in his whole army, to shoot me through the heart, that I would show you, Dupré, how a man dies under such circumstances, but the villain refused. The usurper has no soul for art, or for anything else, for that matter. I hope you two won't mind my death. I

assure you I don't mind it myself. I would much rather be shot than live in this confounded country any longer. But I have made up my mind to cheat old Balmececa if I can, and I want you, Dupré, to pay particular attention, and not to interfere."

As Lemoine said this he quickly snatched from the sheath at the soldier's side the bayonet which hung at his hip. The soldiers were standing one to the right, and one to the left of him, with their hands interlaced over the muzzles of their guns, whose butts rested on the stone floor. They apparently paid no attention to the conversation that was going on, if they understood it, which was unlikely. Lemoine had the bayonet in his hands before either of the four men present knew what he was doing.

Grasping both hands over the butt of the bayonet, with the point towards his breast, he thrust the blade with desperate energy nearly through his body. The whole action was done so quickly that no one realised what had happened until Lemoine threw his hands up and they saw the bayonet sticking in his breast. A look of agony came in the wounded man's eyes, and his lips whitened. He staggered against the soldier at his right, who gave way with the impact, and then he tottered against the whitewashed stone wall, his right arm sweeping automatically up and down the wall as if he were brushing something from the stones. A groan escaped him, and he dropped on one knee. His eyes turned helplessly towards Dupré, and he gasped out the words:

"My God! — You were right — after all."

Then he fell forward on his face and the tragedy ended.



TWO FIVE ACT TRAGEDIES BY BARRY PAIN

ACT I:
THERE ONCE WAS A CHILD WITH A DRUM



ACT 2: WHICH BURST AND HENCEFORWARD WAS DUMB;

ACT 3: SHE'D AN AUNT, A PROBATIONER,
ACT 4: IN LOVE WITH A STATIONER



ACT 5: WHO MENDED THE PARCHMENT GUM. WITH

SECOND TRAGEDY

ACT I: THERE ONCE WAS A PRIZE-TAK-
ING OX



ACT II: WAS SEIZED
WITH A PASSION FOR
SOCKS:

ACT III: HE PURCHASED
TWO PAIRS,

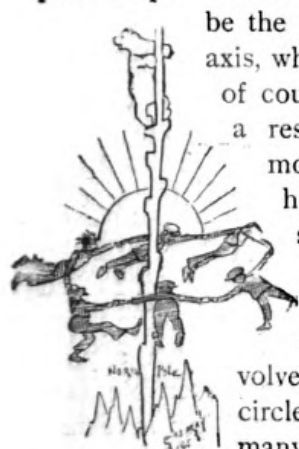


ACT V: TILL HE FOUND THEY'D GOT HOLES
IN THE HOCKS.



THERE is no more deserving pole than the South Pole, though it has been treated with inexcusable neglect, while gross favouritism has been shown to the North Pole. Now that the British Association has tardily recommended that justice should be done to the South Pole by means of an Antarctic expedition, there is a possibility that it will be discovered before any explorer succeeds in reaching its northern rival.

Nobody seems to have thought of the curious experiences which will happen to the successful captain who reaches the pole. Naturally he will be eager to stand on the precise spot which his observations prove to



be the extremity of the earth's axis, while his subordinates will, of course, stand round him at a respectful distance. The moment the captain places himself at the pole, his personal axis will coincide with the axis of the earth, and he will immediately begin to revolve. His attendants will circle around him like so many satellites, and will have their days and nights, their phases, and other astronomical characteristics. The commander will be liable at almost any moment to be eclipsed by an ordinary seaman, or to be forced into occultation with a midshipman.

Whether this sort of thing will please a captain who is a strict disciplinarian may be doubted. At any rate, an irascible first lieutenant, who finds himself only in his first

quarter, while a junior lieutenant is far advanced in his second quarter, and has waxed nearly full, will be disposed to think that the service is in a very bad way. But what will especially trouble the navigating officer will be the fact that he will find himself in no longitude whatever, for at the pole all the meridians coalesce, and, so to speak, vanish. When he takes his observations he will be compelled to report to the captain that the expedition is in latitude 90° , but that he has failed to find the smallest particle of longitude. Perhaps he will be able to induce a modern, scientifically educated officer to believe that this is the correct position, but any captain of fifty years ago to whom such a report had been made, would at once have put the navigating officer under arrest for want of respect to his superior.

It is all very well for an ambitious naval officer to desire to discover the pole, but when he does discover it he will probably be moved to speak of it in language such as the boldest blasphemer has never yet ventured to apply to the equator. Though, on the other hand, if he is like the average officer of the French navy, a learned mathematician and mechanical engineer, sprinkled with a little salt water, he may joyfully revel in the scientific sports which he will find at the pole.

I DO not mean to speak disrespectfully of science, which, when indulged in with moderation, is in many cases quite harmless. I have, however, seen so many scientific theories upset by facts that I have not a very profound respect for the scientific theorist, especially the theorist of the class of

Lombroso and Nordau. For example, scientific people demonstrated that no man can throw a ball so as to compel it to make a horizontal curve; but in point of fact this is done every day by the American baseball pitcher.

Also it was proved scientifically that no boat propelled by sails could possibly sail faster than the wind, but every winter the American ice-boats sail at the rate of, say, thirty miles an hour, with a beam wind blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Only a few years ago scientific theorists told us that no man could ride ten miles on a bicycle without expending as much force as he would expend in walking the same distance, but millions of bicyclists have demolished this theory.

In the light of facts like these the wise man cannot but distrust the theories of science. Some of them may be true, but who can say which are true and which are destined to be overthrown. I have my doubts as to the theory of gravitation. As everyone has been told *ad nauseam*, it was invented by Sir Isaac Newton, to account for the fact that while he was lying on the ground an apple fell and hit him on the head.

Suppose that he had lived in the days when crinoline was worn, and that he had trodden on a discarded crinoline, which had flown up and hit him on the nose. I have little doubt that he would at once have invented a theory of the existence of a force of levitation, in accordance with which things fly up and hit scientific persons in the face.

I see from the cycling papers that someone has just invented a pair of braces by which a cyclist can pull himself up hill. This is the first step towards the demolition of the theory that no man can lift himself by the waistband of his trousers.

* * * * *

THERE are various theories to account for the existence of crime. According to one of these, all crime is the result of the consumption of beer, wine, and

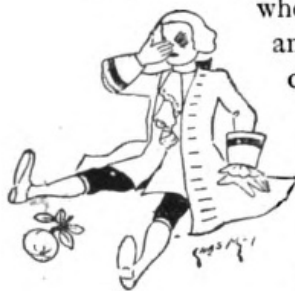
spirits. According to another, it is the result of reading "penny dreadfuls." The small boy in a state of innocence reads a penny dreadful, and instantly goes out and steals something, or lies in wait for his school-teacher and tomahawks him.

This theory will not bear a moment's examination. The penny dreadful does not corrupt our boys, for the reason that long before they learn to read, they have been hopelessly and utterly corrupted by the atrocious literature of the nursery.

Our infants are hardly out of their cradles when they are taught by "Tom Thumb" to delight in cutting off the heads of persons who are taller than the average infant. "Bluebeard" develops in them a love of wife-murder. They listen to the story of "Little Red Riding Hood," and a longing for the joys of cannibalism comes over them every time they glance at their aged grandmothers; and the adventures of "Sinbad the Sailor" inspire them with a determination to run away to sea the moment their legs grow strong enough.

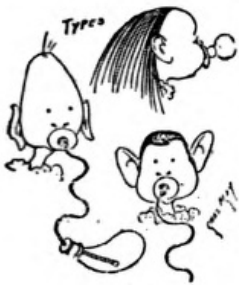
No doubt all that is said of the "buggy" character of the penny dreadful is true, but it is not half so "buggy" as the nursery tale. If the penny dreadful would make a thief and a murderer of an innocent boy of twelve years old—granting the existence of such a phenomenon—how much more terrible and certain must be the demoralising influence of the nursery tale on infants of five and six!

If the truth were known we should probably find that our nurseries are full of desperate and criminal infants, ready for anything which promises the shedding of blood, whether it be the blood of the poodle or the parent. In presence of such a giant evil as this, it seems to be a waste of time to talk about the influence of the penny dreadful.



PROFESSOR LOMBROSO has apparently never heard of the penny dreadful. At any rate, he explains the existence of criminals by asserting that they are born, not made. He claims to have discovered that there are two distinct species of men, the virtuous and the vicious, and these are distinguished one from the other by certain physical characteristics. The two species have intermingled, but there is a constant tendency to revert to the original type.

According to this theory, education and environment have nothing to do with the making of criminals. If a child is born with



the physical characteristics of the criminal species, a criminal he will be, in spite of Board Schools and birches. If a man has a dishonest nose he is irresistibly impelled to steal. If he has homicidal back teeth he is certain to be a murderer. If he has pre-

varicating hair he will tell lies, and if he has the requisite sort and quantity of ears he will doubtless become an eminent criminologist.

Professor Lombroso's theory is attracting a good deal of attention, but in the opinion of many sensible persons it deserves to rank with palmistry and phrenology. Personally, I should look with suspicion upon any scientific theory propounded by Lombroso, for the reason that he is a socialist of the school which believes that, in all matters of government and political economy, two and two make three, and that it is the mission of socialism to compel two and two to make five. If a man can neither observe nor interpret facts that are patent to every intelligent man, I doubt his capacity to observe correctly, and interpret intelligently, the facts of criminology, granting that such a science exists.

There is really less to be said in support of Lombroso's theory of the origin of crime than there is in support of the theory that crime is a matter of hair. Has Lombroso never observed that the Whitechapel "rough" invariably cuts his hair close to his head, and that when a woman becomes a professional reformer, she never fails to abandon long hair? Do not these facts conclusively show

the close connection between short hair and crime?

And has not Lombroso noticed that long hair is universal among his fellow socialists and anarchists? What better proof could he wish to have that Socialism and Anarchism are the result of wearing long hair. These arguments are quite as powerful as many of those brought forward by Lombroso in support of his own theory that in addition to minor poets, criminals of all sorts are born and not made. Let him test my theory by cutting his hair short, and I will undertake to prophesy that he will find his socialistic views rapidly slipping away from him.

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THERE is a strange lack of originality among publishers. While they insist that it is the

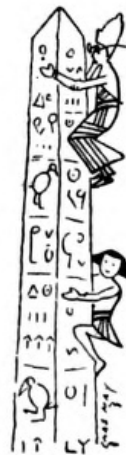
business of the author to have new and original ideas, they never by any chance originate a new idea of their own. For example, there has not been the slightest change in the pattern



of books for hundreds of years. A book, according to the publisher's conception, must invariably consist of folded sheets of paper, protected by a cover of cloth, boards, or leather. It may be a small book or a large book, but it must always be of the same stereotyped form.

The publishers in ancient days, before the invention of printing, were men of bolder character. The Egyptians published their more important works in obelisk form. When an Egyptian wrote the life of Rameses the Great, or some other eminent man of the times, he issued it in one or two obelisks of a hundred or so feet in height.

Doubtless this practice was regarded unfavourably by the Smiths and Mudies of Memphis and Heliopolis, but it had its manifest advantages. The economical Egyptian who wished to read the life of Rameses, was not



compelled to buy it or borrow it. All he had to do was to go to Heliopolis, and spend a few hours each day reading the four sides of the two obelisks. A score of readers could enjoy the work at the same time without interfering with one another, and there was not the least danger that the obelisk would become dog-eared, or be soiled by the thumbs of careless readers. However, I do not recommend our publishers to issue granite obelisks, for they would not be suited to the climate. Neither can the time-honoured Chinese custom, of publishing novels in tea-chest form, be adopted by a civilized nation. The distinguishing characteristic of civilised man is his possession of pockets, and he insists upon having his literature in such a shape that he can carry it in his pocket.

THERE is, however, no reason why we should not return to the old Greek and Roman custom of publishing books in the shape of rolls. A roll would be easier to hold than a book, the pages of which must be held apart with both hands, unless one wishes to break the binding by holding the book with one hand. Then, too, the roll would be smaller, and lighter than a book, for it would have no cover, and very little margin, and there would be no room for the impertinent advertisements which the publisher usually adds as a rider to every book published by him.

The roll would be admirably adapted for the pocket, and by simply putting a little paste on the end of it, and making it temporarily into a solid cylinder, it could be used by the housewife for the purpose of rolling pastry. Furthermore, if the roll were printed on only one side, it could be converted into wall-paper, and the enthusiastic admirer of Kipling or Meredith could paper his library with the works of his favourite author.

And then what a sense of the fitness of things there would be in reading a classic author in the shape of a roll! No man will ever thoroughly appreciate Horace by reading him in the anachronistic form of a bound

book; whereas, to read Horace in the shape of a roll, especially if one should put on sandals and a toga at the same time, would be sure to reveal beauties which have hitherto escaped our notice.

IT is all very well for the Advanced Woman to write novels, the theme of which is the infinite superiority of woman to man. But why, if her creed is true, does she not write novels from which the masculine element is strictly excluded?

Men have written novels in which there is not the slightest rustle of a skirt, and have made them absorbingly interesting, but man's worst feminine foe cannot write a readable novel without at least one man with whom her heroine has love passages.

Nobody, not even Defoe, could have interested us in the adventures of a Miss Robinson Crusoe, and if Stevenson had asked us to accompany Miss Balfour in a flight over the Scottish moors, in company with the spinster aunt of Alan Breck, we should unanimously have declined the invitation.

The truth undoubtedly is that the lives of women apart from men are too colourless to attract even the most easily satisfied novel reader. This must be apparent to the Advanced Woman novelist, for otherwise she would surely exclude the monster man from her stories. She must feel somewhat humiliated by the fact that she finds this impracticable.

Perhaps, however, she can be induced to try the experiment. A manless novel written, let us say, by the author of "The Heavenly Yellow Discords," would certainly be looked at as a matter of curiosity; and if a reward were offered to the successful reader who should be the first to read the whole of it, at least one reader would be secured.

THERE is a peculiarity of the type-writing machine which everyone who uses it has noticed, but which no one has yet explained. This is the fondness of the machine for spelling backwards. It invariably tries to spell "glad" "gald;"



"advise" "davise;" "this" "tihs;" and "that" "taht." Of course many operators make mistakes in spelling, either through ignorance or carelessness; but this tendency of the machine to spell backwards is a different matter, and one which the most careful operator can never fully control.

A distinguished scientific person tells me that nature intended that all men should write from right to left after the manner of Oriental nations, and that the type-writing machine, not being subject to our inherited prejudice for writing from left to right, spells backward in the effort to write in the natural way.

I doubt this explanation, and prefer to believe that the peculiar spelling to which the type writing machine is addicted is due to a desire on its part to indulge in original composition. I find that if I allow my machine to write to please itself, while I act simply as its amanuensis, it spells correctly,

though the writing which it produces is somewhat obscure. Recently I allowed it to write a sentence, and this is what it wrote: "The intrinsic pig hastens with yellow cries to the thick inlet of the milky brick."

I did not feel sure whether the sentence was prose or poetry, but I showed it to a friend who is a leading Theosophist, and he assured me that it was evidently a fragment of Sanskrit philosophy, and that its esoteric meaning made it unspeakably precious. I have since learned that an eminent poet—that is to say, he is eminent in his own family circle—does all his work with a type-writing machine, and I feel reasonably sure that it is the machine which really writes his verses, while he merely assists it by touching the keyboard.





"SHE IS AWAKENED."

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

A DRAWING-ROOM COMEDY, BY WALTER BESANT AND WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

PAUL PERIGAL.
CLAUDE FORRESTER.

LILIAN TRAVERS.
JANE (*Servant*).

Morning Room. Table with breakfast laid—newspapers—playbills—over a chair hangs a great poster with red letters. LILIAN discovered with a book. While she speaks she walks about the room—sits down—walks about again—always studying the words of the book between her own words.

LILIAN. I cannot get the words. They dance before my eyes. I ought to have been word-perfect long ago, too. And if I do get them, some of them seem such

The six plays which are to be published month by month in these pages are designed especially for private theatricals; they will require no other scenery than can be arranged in a room; in fact, the scene will always be laid in a room. The authors are firmly persuaded that in a drama the situations—the story and its development—should be the first and most important care; the dialogue should come next. It should be natural, simple for the most part, and strong. When that most prolific of dramatists, Alexander Hardy, prepared a play, he arranged the situations, tableaux, scenes, and acts, and gave them to the players, who filled in the dialogue for themselves. A play without action, which depends wholly on the dialogue, is not a play: it is a written dialogue. The "words," subject to the necessary exaggeration of the stage, must be such as suit at every stage the characters and the scenes. There must be no straining after epigram; if there should be fun or humour, or a rippling vein of laughter, it must be such as to seem suggested by the situation, and entirely suitable to the characters on the stage.

These plays, then, are offered as essentially comedies of the drawing-room; they may be studied by an impromptu company, resolved upon and learned one day, rehearsed the next, and played the day after. One or two are versions of stories already published, which may or not be known to the audience. It is hardly necessary to explain their origin in the play bill; but it will be acknowledged when the play is not original in these pages.—W. B.—W. H. P.

dreadful nonsense. Why, oh why, did the Professor choose such a part as Juliet for my first appearance? (*Repeating woodenly.*)

"Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die
Take him and cut him out in little stars.
(*Repeats absurdly* "Cut him out in little stars.")
And he shall make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

Now how is a poor girl to say those words seriously? The Professor is always telling me that it's the voice of love. If it is, the voice of love says very odd things. "Remember, child," dear old Daddy continually tells me, "remember, do remember, that you are Juliet, and that you love Romeo." Well, what of that? I love the dear old Daddy, but goodness knows I don't want to cut him out in little stars! Oh, dear, what curious constellations he would make! He ought to be down to his breakfast by now, dear old Daddy! I suppose he was late last night. Now that he no longer acts himself there is nothing he loves so much as seeing other people act, which is the more curious because he says that nobody *can* act nowadays. I wish he had carried his theory into practice with regard to Juliet and poor me. But he wouldn't—he was as determined as he could be. His old friend Mr. Conyers, the manager of the Parnassus, wanted a Juliet, and that Juliet I was to be. "My dear child," he said, "you have every qualification for the part," and then he added rather in an Irish fashion, "and those qualifications you have not got, my dear, I will give you." Well, if he can make me speak those lines and not seem a fool he will do wonders. (*Looking at book again.*) No, they puzzle me completely. Suppose I looked at the paper for a change. (*Looking through paper.*) Last Night in Parliament—The Jericho Mission—Theatre Royal Parnassus. Oh, dear, shall I never get away from that? "On Wednesday, the 16th of June, this theatre will re-open with a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. The merits of Mr. Godfrey's Romeo are already known and are sure to command attraction. The interest of the occasion will be enhanced by the appearance of a new actress as Juliet. Miss Lilian Travers is a pupil of Mr. Paul Perigal, who has been her guardian since the death of her parents a few years ago. We hear great things of the *débutante's* powers. Her master's name alone will ensure for her an indulgent audience." Indulgent! Yes, I daresay—especially if I stumble over my train in the ball-room scene. I wish I could forget it. Let me look at something else. This poster with the red letters. (*Holds it up.*) JULIET. MISS LILIAN TRAVERS. That's a cheerful sort of thing to look at, isn't it? Here's the morning paper. The War in the Soudan. Why, that is where



"My dear child, you have every qualification for the part."

dear old Claude has gone. When was it he came to say good-bye to me? Four years ago in this very month of May—in the orchard at my dear father's parsonage—the apple blossoms were out. Four years ago! I was fourteen—the very age of Juliet—he had just got his commission, and his regiment was going abroad. I wonder if he has remembered me—I wonder. Well, it is no use thinking or wondering about the old days. (*Throws down paper unread.*) I have my way to make, and my part to learn. Let me try if I cannot please Daddy this morning. (*Takes book and walks about, repeating lines to herself.*)

(PERIGAL, a retired actor, old-fashioned, courtly; got up with wig and dressing-gown and juvenile air—but evidently an old man, etc., enters as she recites.)

"Good father, I beseech you on my knees
Hear me with patience but to speak a word!"

(*Seeing him.*)

I needn't go on my knees to you, Daddy, need I, to say Good morning?

PERIGAL (*kissing her*). No, no—my dear—no. Hard at work already, I see—good child—good child. We'll have our little rehearsal directly—if, my dear, you are equal to the exertion. It is but three weeks now to the eventful night—and that is not a bit too much.

LILIAN. No, dear, indeed. I only wish it was further off still—out of sight altogether.

PERIGAL. My child, my child! we must not lose courage. Remember we have our duties to Art—yes, and to the British Public too. We must do our very best to fulfil them.

LILIAN. Yes, dear, and indeed I will do my best, though I feel my duty to you much more than I do to Art and the British Public put together.

PERIGAL. There are some who will tell you that the two are not always allied; but take an old actor's word for it that the Public is the best critic when all's done.

LILIAN. Then I hope, Daddy, they'll be kind to me. What did you do with yourself yesterday?

PERIGAL. I attended two rehearsals in the morning; I assisted at a *matinée*, so called because it was given in the afternoon; I had my modest little dinner at the club, and then, of course, I went on to the new play at the Haymarket.

LILIAN. Was it good?

PERIGAL. Good? Yes; from some points of view. The new school of actors possess purpose, ambition, youth, fire, talent—but——

LILIAN. What does that ominous *but* mean, Daddy?

PERIGAL. It means, my dear, that they are wanting in—that they have not precisely caught—that they fail to acquire—that, in short, they are——

LILIAN. Not of the old school, eh, Daddy? Isn't that about it?

PERIGAL. Well, well, my dear—I daresay you are right. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*—I cannot forget their predecessors. Ah—there are few of the *vieille garde* left now. And if I were put up in Richard the Third to-morrow——

LILIAN. All the town would flock to see you.

PERIGAL. No—child—no. (*Sorrowfully.*) Once, perhaps, they might. Once—long ago. But it's no use dwelling on old memories.



"The apple blossoms were out."

LILIAN (*Half aside*). No, Daddy, it's no use.

PERIGAL. We must deal with the present—we must welcome genius and talent, even if they take a shape new and strange to us. And that, my child, is what I hope from you.

LILIAN. Yes, I am to blend the old and the new, am I not? To join your experience to my inspiration. (*PERIGAL nods.*) Only in this part at least I don't see where to find the inspiration.

PERIGAL. Perhaps that will come—meanwhile let us have breakfast. (*Takes poster off the chair and holds it up.*) What do you think of it, fair Juliet?

LILIAN. I hate it. Put it out of my sight.

(*LILIAN rings—servant brings in dishes, etc.*)

LILIAN. Oh, Daddy, I was nearly forgetting. What do you think Jane tells me? A young gentleman called this morning soon after nine, and asked to see me, and when he was told I was engaged, said he would come back and it didn't matter about his name.

PERIGAL. A young gentleman—you have made your success such impertinent calls from themselves gentlemen, and pared for that. you have even

LILIAN. I suppose graph I have (*Gives him news-*

PERIGAL (*Reads paragraph* pose it may be so not forgotten yet! to at once. young gentleman calls again, show my study—you

JANE (*who has entered to*

PERIGAL. I'll soon settle I never heard. If it shall be over through oceans of



"What do you think of it, fair Juliet?"

already? My dear, when you will have plenty of people who dare to call you may as well be pre-But, already! Before appeared!

it is that dreadful paragraph just been reading. (*paper.*)

out with delight). I suppose—Paul Perigal's name is But this must be put a stop (*Ring.*) Jane! If the who was here this morning him in to me in understand.

bell). Yes, sir. (*Exit JANE.*) him. Greater impudence he gets to you, my dear, my prostrate corpse, gore. Don't be alarmed.

LILIAN. I'm not a bit. But who can it be? I don't know any young gentlemen.

PERIGAL. No, my dear; and when the time comes for more such young gentleman to call, you will have the bulwark of my experience, which has been in such matters peculiar and extensive. Well, well; now to look at the papers. What have we here? *Matinée*—*matinée* again—at the Palladium. What paper's this?—the *Daily Intelligence*. Ha! his own play reviewed by himself! Not usual, I am glad to say, in the English Press. They say Garrick used to write about his own performances. I have never believed it. Garrick was an Actor! An Actor *could* not do such a thing. Ha! Here's something that may interest you. Haven't you a cousin in the army—Claude Forrester?

LILIAN. Not really a cousin, Daddy—only a connection. But he was my playfellow in my childhood, and we always called each other cousins.

PERIGAL. By gad, child, if he were your cousin you might be proud of him!

LILIAN. Ah, dear old Claude! What is it, Daddy?

PERIGAL (*Reading*). "In my last letter but one I was unable to give you the name of the

young officer who performed the brilliant deed of rescuing, single-handed, a wounded man from a party of five Arab assailants under a heavy fire from the Arab lines. I now learn that it was Mr. Claude Forrester, of the Life Guards. It is a marvel that Mr. Forrester was not killed instead of being, as I believe he is, invalided home for the present. No doubt in such a matter as this valour will find its just recompense."

LILIAN. Dear old Claude! Fancy his doing that! But, of course, can we fancy his doing anything else?

PERIGAL. Yes—yes—a fine fellow—a very fine fellow—I should like to know him. But now, child, to business. Everything is arranged for a rehearsal for you two days hence. And I have ordered this poster—that you don't like. It will be stuck up all over London.

LILIAN. Oh, Daddy, don't!

PERIGAL. My child, I don't like it any more than you do—in my days one line in the bills was enough—Shylock, by Mr. Paul Perigal—but we must move with the times—we must move with the times. And talking of moving, let us see how we are getting on with our steps for the ball-room scene. Now, then, I am Capulet—

You are welcome, gentlemen.

A hall! A hall!

(He takes a fiddle and goes through a few steps with her. She dances correctly but without animation.)

PERIGAL. Yes, child, that will do very nicely. moment, take and we will

(As she sits down and takes up book again PERIGAL continues aside)

Poor child, what are we to do! I am dreadfully afraid about her success, and it means her! Why didn't I in comedy instead of — because she has that the part wants little thing — the want did not foresee—passionless Juliet!



He takes a fiddle and goes through a few steps with her.

One might as well have a benevolent Mephistopheles—perhaps the new school will give us one some day. Well, we must do what we can. *(Aloud)* Now, Lilian, let us to business, and remember how much depends on the business. Fame, fortune, boundless adulation will be yours if you will only play this part as I want you to.

LILIAN. I will do my very best indeed, Daddy. I will try all I can to imitate exactly what you show me how to do in the passages that puzzle me.

PERIGAL. Yes, that's just it, my darling. Imitation is not acting. Acting must come from a blending of nature and art.

LILIAN. I am very sorry I am so dull, Daddy.

PERIGAL. You are not dull, you are cold. An actress must not be cold. Think what it is to be an actress!

LILIAN. It is to have your name on posters five feet long.

PERIGAL. That's nothing.

LILIAN. To have a photograph in all the shop windows.

PERIGAL. That's nothing. I'll tell you child, what an actress is. An actress is a woman who knows all the wakings of the heart and can call them up at will to delight, to dazzle, to enthrall, to terrify the audience on whose inmost feelings she plays as a violinist plays on his magic strings. She is a lovely picture, but a picture that is always changing, because there is no pause in the tide of human passion. She is a mirror in which her audience see their own images or the images of what they would like to be. She inspires men to great deeds; she holds them back from what is mean and vile. She makes them weep and laugh at will; she is greater than the greatest, because, while others may command men's actions, she alone can sway their inmost thoughts and emotions responsive to every tone of her voice. And do not you believe them, child, when they tell you that the player's career is but a brilliant bubble, forgotten as soon as its short time is done. No, child, the great player's memory is imperishable—it is preserved in material *ære perennius*—more lasting than any metal—for it is written in the human heart. And that, Lilian, is what it is to be an actress.

LILIAN. Oh, Daddy, it frightens me—I shall never be able to do all that.

PERIGAL. Nonsense, child, you have it all in you, I know. The difficulty is to get at it, and that is what I have got to do if I can. Now, let us take Act II., Scene V. This chair is the window—I am Romeo—and remember what the situation is. Juliet is in love—nay, more, she *is* loved, and she cannot bear to be parted from her lover—there must be passion in every breath. Now try. Wilt thou be gone?

LILIAN. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day
It was the nightingale and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nightly she sings in the pomegranate tree—
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale—

PERIGAL (*Starting with impatience*). No — no — no! That'll never do. It's not at all like it. *Juliet is in love!* Shall I never make you understand what that means? Try again, see if you cannot get a little tremor of emotion into your speech—

(*Lilian repeats first two lines again.*)

PERIGAL (*Fumps about*). No — no — worse and worse. There's no love in a wobbling voice—

LILIAN (*Sits down in despair*). I wish there was no such thing as the love you talk so much about in the world!

PERIGAL. Poor child—poor child—forgive me for being impatient. After all, how should you know what the voice of Love means?

LILIAN. Well, Daddy, it's only too clear that I don't. How am I to learn?

PERIGAL. How, indeed?—How can you be taught? Love, my dear, is extravagant in its words, just because words are too poor to express it—a spendthrift of base coinage. What can I tell you of love? Love turns a woman into a goddess—how I remember thirty or, by 'r lady, thirty-



"Oh, Daddy, it frightens me—I shall never be able to do all that."



"Pray forgive this intrusion, sir."

five years ago, when love turned a woman into a goddess for me—and the transportation had its ready reason. Who would care for a mere woman when he can worship a goddess? What a time it was—when one was young enough for the divine exaltation of love! That is it—only the young who still feel it can explain it.—There must be plenty of young fellows who would be glad to expound the mystery to you! If one could but find one of the right stamp! If a kindly chance would but drop one from the clouds! One from the clouds!

LILIAN. Dear old Daddy! You are actually crying for the moon!

(JANE'S and FORRESTER'S voices heard outside.)

(FORRESTER'S voice outside.) Of course you are quite right—always obey orders—rule of the service; but there are exceptions—this is one—Mr. Perigal will forgive you—

LILIAN. What is all this?

JANE (*opening door*). If you please, sir, the young gentleman—he would come in.

PERIGAL (*running to door*). He shall come in through my body, then. My sword, Lilian—or the poker!

CLAUDE (*entering*). Pray forgive this intrusion, sir; I am sure you will when— Lilian!

LILIAN (*seeing him*). Claude! You dear old boy! Daddy, it's Claude!

PERIGAL. So I gathered from your first remark. May I ask, sir—

CLAUDE. Certainly, sir. I am Claude Forrester. I am—or rather was—Miss Travers' kind of a cousin, and I am only just back from foreign service. I discovered from a paragraph in a newspaper that Miss Travers was your ward and pupil. So I ventured to come here.

LILIAN. Oh, Claude, of course you did!

PERIGAL. Yes, yes—of course he did. (*Aside while L. and C. talk.*) Of course he did. Now let us see. What if this should be the answer to my wish? The young fellow dropped from the clouds! A cousin—and yet no cousin—the very thing. He looks as if he wouldn't make a bad Romeo. The situation is desperate; suppose I put it to the touch. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Forrester, I am delighted; I am proud to make your acquaintance. I told Lily just now I should like to make it. I have heard of your exploit. It made me proud of you and proud of my country.

CLAUDE. Oh! Sir, that was nothing; I just did my duty—

PERIGAL. Oh! Then I wish people as a rule did their duty one quarter as well. But modesty is a virtue, and not too common a one. (*Aside.*) I like his looks more and more. I will try it. I can see her eyes softening now just as some other eyes once softened. Well—well—that's gone. (*Aloud.*) Lilian! (*She starts and turns round.*) We must not neglect our little rehearsal too much—but I have no doubt you and your cousin have much to say to each other?

LILIAN. Oh, yes, Daddy!

PERIGAL. Very well. I will give some directions about the printing and rejoin you shortly. Mr. Forrester, let me once again shake you by the hand. (*Does so.*)

- CLAUDE. Oh, Sir, you make too much of it.
- PERIGAL No, no, I don't. I know what to make much of. Trust an old actor for that. (*At door, aside.*) An experiment—an experiment. But I'll wager it will succeed, and then so will my pupil! (*Exit.*)
- CLAUDE. Lily! Is it possible that four years should make such a difference?
- LILIAN. What difference, Claude? You knew me directly?
- CLAUDE. Of course I did. But four years ago you were a little fairy of a child. And now what are you, Lily?
- LILIAN. Just what I was then, Claude.
- CLAUDE. No, you are glorified—you have grown into a woman, and a beautiful one——
- LILIAN. Don't flatter, Claude, you never used to.
- CLAUDE. There is no flattery in——
- LILIAN. Now, no nonsense, Claude. Were you badly wounded in that dreadful—that splendid fight?
- CLAUDE. No, Lily, not badly—That is, the doctors wouldn't let me stay there, and certainly the voyage has made a new man of me.
- LILIAN. Poor Claude! To be so brave and to suffer so much, for I know you did, I can see the traces of it still. But you are well now?
- CLAUDE. Yes, Lily, better than I have ever been before. But tell me about yourself?
- LILIAN. Well! you know Mr. Perigal, one of my father's oldest friends, is my guardian and tutor. Poor papa could leave me but very little money, and Mr. Perigal is not rich. So I had to decide on making my own way somehow, and Mr. Perigal is teaching me to act.
- CLAUDE. To act!
- LILIAN. Why you must have know that from the paper!
- CLAUDE. Yes, but it still seems so strange! My little cousin turning into a great actress!
- LILIAN. No, Claude, I don't think I shall ever be that. I know I have some turn for it, but—but I don't like the idea. The notion of that sea of faces looking at me, criticising one's every word, one's every posture, one's face, one's voice becoming public property—it frightens me and hurts me—but I don't like to tell Daddy so. And, oh! Look at this horrid poster. (*Holds it up.*)
- CLAUDE. Poor little Lily! Do you remember when we parted?
- LILIAN. Yes, Claude—I remember.
- CLAUDE. The apple blossoms were out. We stood beneath the great tree in the orchard. Your hair was flying in the breeze. Your eyes were soft—they were always the softest, sweetest eyes in the world. I kissed you good-bye, and you promised you would not forget me. Lily, have you kept that promise?
- LILIAN. Yes, Claude, I have.
- CLAUDE. And I vowed—do you remember, Lily, what I vowed?
- LILIAN. I don't know, Claude.
- CLAUDE. Lily, you must remember. I vowed—I vowed that I should think of you ever and aye, whatever befell me. I vowed that I would come back to you as soon as fate would let me, and that when I came back, I should ask you if you cared for me still.
- LILIAN. Ah! As if I had forgotten!
- CLAUDE. Let me bring it back to your memory again. Lily, since then I have been in many strange places of the world, seen many strange and beautiful and dreadful sights—been many a time at close touch with death.



"Look at this horrid poster."

But in all that time, not a day has passed that I have not thought of you, thought of our parting, looked forward to our meeting. See, here are the photograph and the lock of hair you gave me. Every day in all that time I have kissed them both. Lily, by the memory of the weary hours that have been solaced by the thought of you, by the memory of the child I loved who has blossomed into a woman, whom I love with a newer, deeper love, tell me if—if—

LILIAN. If what, Claude?

CLAUDE. If you love me as I love you. No, you cannot do that. For to me, this love is as a sudden brightness that lights up all the past, and may make the future all splendour. Lily! For four years I have dreamed of this meeting, but only now do I know how much it seems to me, how much depends upon your answer. Do you understand me, Lily?

LILIAN. Yes—I understand—I see it all now!

CLAUDE. You see, then, other woman in that you are my that? (*Kneels and*

LILIAN. I see one thing proached me often heart. I have me. It is because had given it all to knew it till

CLAUDE. My

LILIAN. My hero! believe I

CLAUDE. Is there (*Takes up poster.*)

LILIAN. No, no. hurt his feel-

CLAUDE. But you

LILIAN. To act as a revela- Claude! I Daddy has is, a great and uses her an actress

assume to others what she feels only for one. And I could not do it.

CLAUDE. My darling, do not do it. You will not mind sharing a soldier's life, Lily?

LILIAN. I should not mind sharing any life with you. But I must think of poor Daddy; he will be so disappointed at losing his pet pupil. How can I soften the blow to him?

CLAUDE. How, indeed? H'm—stop—I have an idea. Soldier officers are expected to have ideas in these days of examinations. Didn't you say just now that you felt as if you understood Juliet at last?

LILIAN. Yes, Claude, I did.

CLAUDE. Then—stop! here comes Mr. Perigal—follow my notion.

(*Enter PERIGAL.*)

PERIGAL. Young people, you have had your talk and I hope it has been a pleasant one.

CLAUDE. Very pleasant, thank you, Sir.



(*Kneels and kisses her hand.*)

that I love you, that there is no the world for me but you— heart—my life—do you see kisses her hand.)

clearly. Daddy has re- in his lessons with having no none! Do not shrink from I have given it all to you— you long ago, and never now.

darling!

my love! Ah! I could act Juliet now. any need now? Shall I tear it up?

Fold it up. Don't ings too much.

will not act now?

what has come to me tion? Oh! no, no, should hate to do it. told me what an actress a good woman if she divine gift rightly. But must be ready to

PERIGAL. Well, talk is talk and business is business, we must get to business again (*Aside.*) The experiment *has* succeeded, the girl looks transformed. (*Aloud.*) Don't go, Mr. Forrester, you may help us with your advice (*aside*) and—ahem!—example.

CLAUDE. Miss Travers was telling me, Sir, that she felt very nervous about the part—I have ventured to give her some encouragement—I think you will find she is less nervous now.

PERIGAL. Ah! just as I hoped, just as I hoped! Now, Lilian, we will take, if you please the speech that always puzzled you so much, "Give me my Romeo,"—eh?

LILIAN (*looking at Claude*).

"Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

PERIGAL. Brava—brava—the true touch at last. I always said the girl was an actress. Mr. Forrester, I am greatly obliged to you. Lilian, what a triumph your appearance will be on the 16th!

LILIAN. Daddy—that triumph can never be—you must find another Juliet. There are plenty of them.

PERIGAL. Why—what?

LILIAN. You see, Daddy, Claude taught me. And now that I have learnt it, I have learnt something else too——

PERIGAL. What's that? what's that?

CLAUDE. I return you the poster, Sir. It will not be wanted.

LILIAN (*takes Claude's hand*).

PERIGAL. And I've spoiled it all! Oh! Lilian—Juliet—Juliet—Lilian! She is awakened. She knows the voice of love! and she is lost. (*Sinks into a chair, and buries his face in his hands.*)



THE EDITORIAL MIND.

NO LARGE SUMS have been spent in heralding the advent of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE by advertisement. The money which might have been spent in this way has gone into the Magazine itself.

At the same time, we have caused statements to be circulated to the effect that the Magazine was to be of unusual excellence.

It is for you, who hold this copy in your hand, to decide whether in saying this we have gone beyond the mark, and to show your condemnation or appreciation by your future action, both as regards subscribing to the Magazine and commending it to the attention of your friends.

IF IT IS NOT the best sixpennyworth that has been hitherto produced, it will be a failure, for unless it immediately attains, and succeeds in keeping, a colossal circulation, the enormous sum spent in producing each issue cannot possibly be justified.

Writing this with the proofs of No. 1 before us, we have to confess that we are not, by any means, satisfied that the highest point has been reached. There seem to us to be several ways in which future issues can be made of considerably more literary and artistic merit, and these will not be neglected.

Succeeding numbers will, we can safely assert, surpass this first essay in both interest and appearance. Below are given brief particulars regarding the literary and artistic contents of some of the early succeeding issues.

A WORD NOW as to the price of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. It is sixpence, and the possession of a copy must imply the disbursement of the little silver coin with this name—not of four pennies and a halfpenny. No penny paper can be obtained for three farthings. No sixpenny illustrated weekly journal is sold to the public for 4½d. Why, then, should a sixpenny publication be issued with this disadvantage simply because it is published at intervals of a month? And why should the reader in a large town be able to buy for 4½d. an article for which the reader in the country must pay sixpence?

The discount system is bad for both publisher and news vendor. It remains to be proved whether it has taken so firm a hold that this attempt to combat it proves unsuccessful. We may say at once that if it does, PEARSON'S MAGAZINE will cease to exist, for it cannot be produced to sell at 4½d.

At the same time, the trader who disposes of a copy for 6d. is making more money out of it than he is when he sells a copy of any other magazine for 4½d.

Our remarks upon this point may seem of undue prolixity, but the discount system has obtained so general a vogue that it is thought advisable to dwell at some length upon it.

IN CONCLUSION, we beg all those who are in any way interested in the appearance of this Magazine to let us hear from them as to the opinion they have formed of its merits. Suggestions will be most carefully considered, for it is only by pleasing our supporters that we can hope to make PEARSON'S MAGAZINE a permanent success.

"The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw," in No. 2, will be Lieut.-General Sir Evelyn Wood's account of Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell's heroism in Africa.

To the same number Mr. S. R. Crockett will contribute a long story, and there will be another very strong story from the pen of Mr. Blountelle-Burton.

The second story, under the heading, "Secrets of the Courts of Europe," will attract a great deal of attention, dealing as it does with the most mysterious occurrence of the century in Royal circles. Another play from the pens of Sir Walter Besant and Mr. W. H. Pollock will be published, and there will be further instalments of "Wisdom Let Loose" and Mr. J. F. Sullivan's "Great Water Joke."

The series, "Artists and their Work," will contain some strikingly beautiful pictures.

Another very attractive feature will be "Glimpses of Paradise," which we hoped to have published in the first number, but which was unavoidably delayed. An article of rather unusual interest will be "How a Battleship Goes into Action," and there will be some very interesting personal matter under the heading "In The Public Eye."

These Articles and Stories by no means complete the attractions of No. 2, which we have no hesitation in saying will be in every respect an improvement upon this initial issue.

For future numbers of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE we have secured a long story from Miss Marie Corelli, another from Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, and another from Mr. Rudyard Kipling, not to mention "Ian Maclaren," Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. Robert Barr, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. George Griffith; and, in fact, all the most prominent writers of fiction of the day. Next month we shall have a good deal more to say about our arrangements for the future.

C. A. P.



A GIPSY TEAM.

From the Painting by Ludwig Knaus. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.



ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Brief notes on prominent painters, with representative examples of their work—Pictures and their prices—Some Royal Artists.

Mr. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

A Dutchman by birth and education, and still speaking English with a foreign accent, Mr. Laurens Alma-Tadema settled in this country many years ago, became a naturalised Englishman in 1873, and a master in the English school of painting soon after. He had studied in the Antwerp Academy, and under the austere mediævalist Baron Leys, but his art belongs neither to the country of his birth, the country of his early training, nor to the land of his adoption. When a boy he devoured the classics, and the gay brilliance of classic Rome lives again beneath his brush. We spoke of him as a master in the English school, but he is so not by the adaptation of his genius to English tastes and methods, but by the conversion of those tastes to his

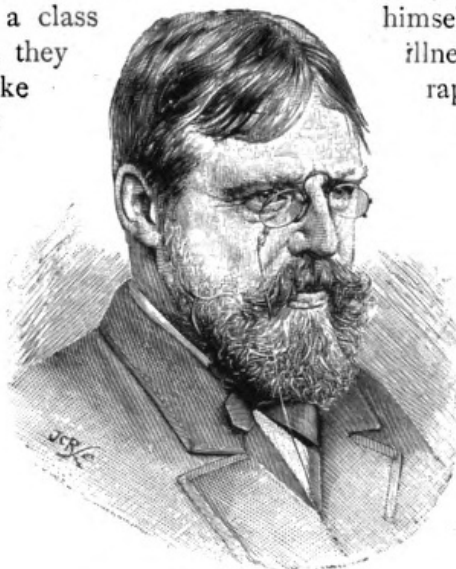
own peculiar manner. He cares nothing for the things of to-day—tragedy, comedy, morals and religion, the pictorial story, the familiar historical incident, or the emotions of domesticity—these subjects, that are supposed to be indispensable to the ordinary type of Royal Academy visitors, have no place in his art. Yet, in spite of his refusal to humour the public in his choice of theme, there is scarcely a painter to-day whose reputation is more solidly established in the popular mind.

Young Tadema (the name Alma was added by the artist as a concession to musical ears) had from his earliest years a perfect passion for art. "As a child," he says, "my favourite

toy was a pencil, and my mother used to be very fond of relating a story about my having, at the age of five, detected and corrected an error of drawing in the work of a master who was teaching a class of elder boys." However, they did not encourage him to take up art. Owing to money difficulties, it was thought necessary that he should embark upon a sure bread-winning profession, and he was sent to the parish school at Leeuwarden. It was not much good. While the lessons were going on, he was usually employed in making drawings of the classic gods, or of the masters and boys around him. The only lesson that attracted him was the history of Rome. That suggested subjects for artistic work. He made serious efforts to give himself some sort of artistic education, and at one time his mother used to wake him at

the doctors said he had not many months to live, it was decided to let him have his own way for the short time that remained to him.

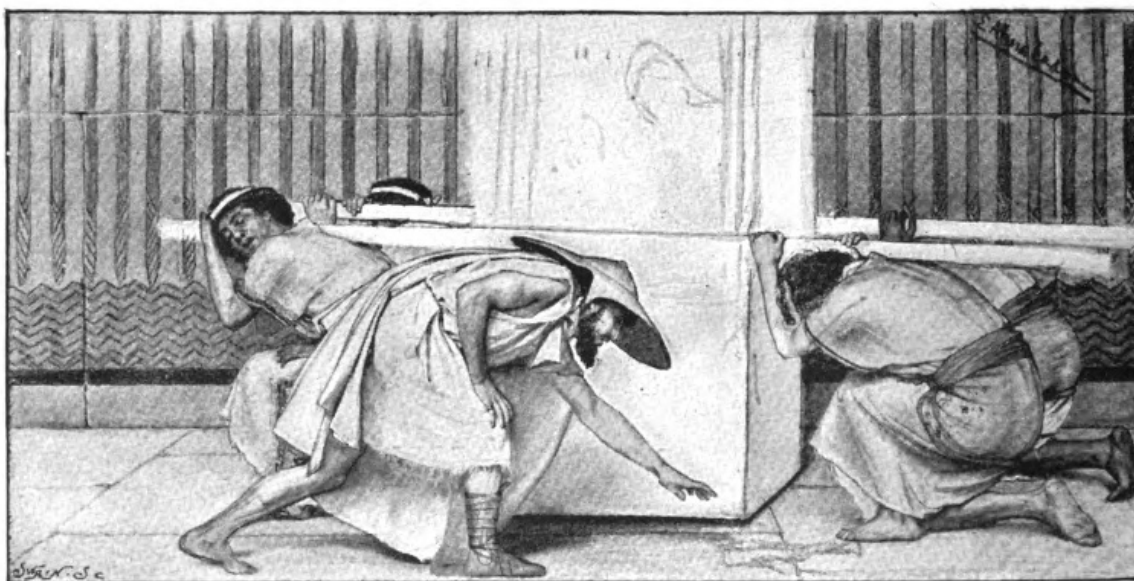
Directly he was allowed to devote himself to art, the cause of his illness was removed, and he rapidly recovered. His pictures began to attract attention thirty years ago, and he has been flattered and petted, as he deserved to be, ever since. He has built for himself, probably the most beautiful house that even a painter ever imagined, on the outskirts of Regent's Park. Old and new, the East and the West, have been laid under contribution, and the result is a dream of light and colour and exquisite form.



MR. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.,

To adequately describe it would require the brush of the master himself.

Mr. Tadema is a man of remarkable energy and industry. There is about him none of the pride that apes humility. He



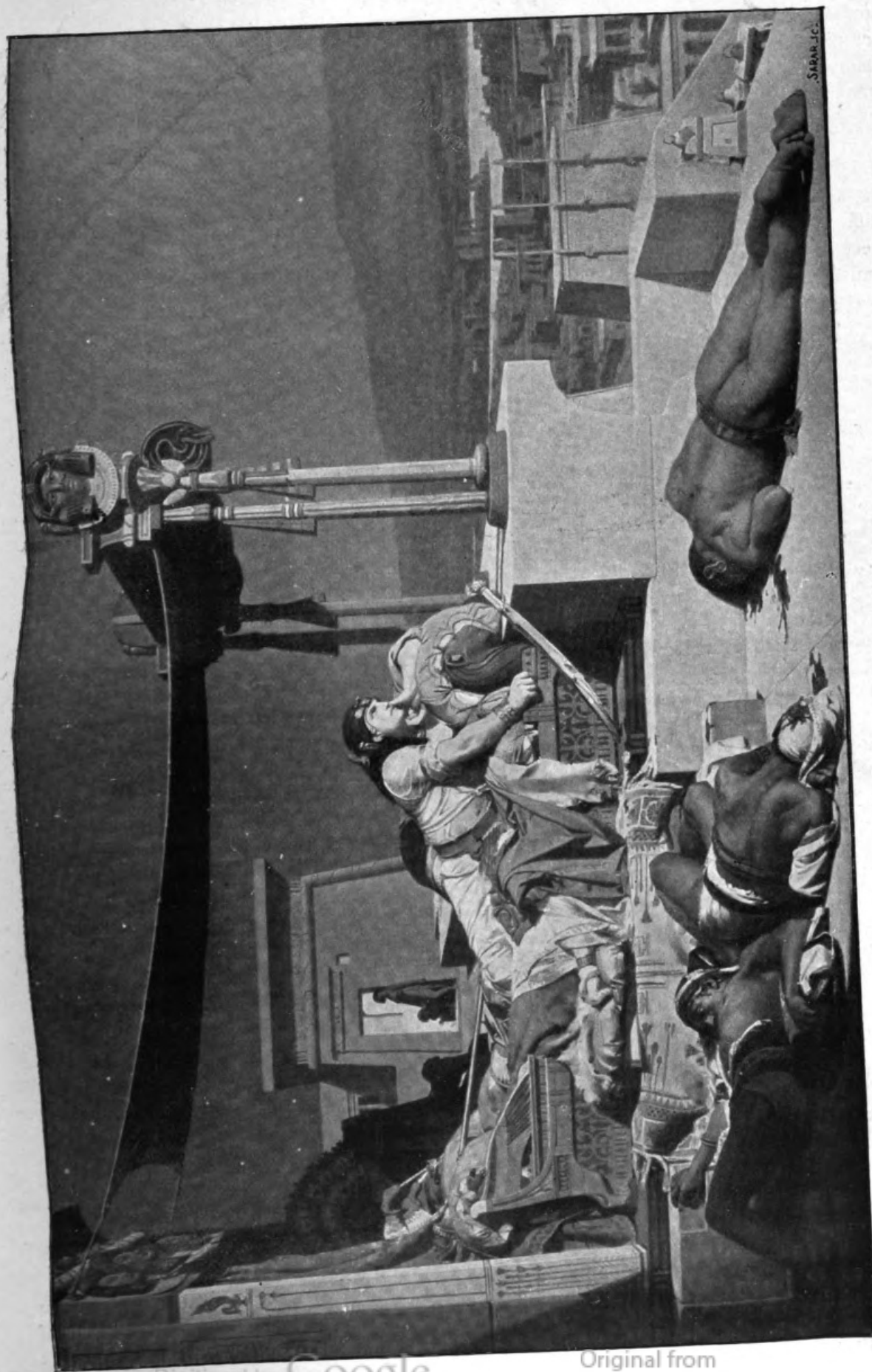
MR. ALMA-TADEMA'S SKETCH FOR AN ILLUSTRATION TO THE "EGYPTIAN PRINCESS."

From the original lent by Dr. Washington Epps.

daybreak by means of a string tied to his foot, so that he might devote the early hours of the morning to sketching.

At length his health broke down, and as

believes in himself and his pictures—it were difficult to remain sceptical in the face of an admiring world standing purse in hand at his studio door. He holds strong



THE BEARERS OF BAD TIDINGS.

From the Painting by J. J. A. Lecomte-du-Nouv, in the Luxembourg.

opinions, and expresses them with blunt emphasis; but his outspoken ways are tempered by a generous disposition that makes him many friends. He is an optimist



MISS L. ALMA-TADEMA.

From an original sketch by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

still at the age of fifty-nine (he looks much younger), and over the door of his studio are written the words of his creed, "As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life."

Our portraits of Mr. Tadema's daughters are from sketches made by the artist as a souvenir of a fancy dress ball at a friend's house, and were kindly lent by Dr. Washington Epps. Miss Tadema devotes herself to literature, but Miss Anna Tadema has followed her father's art, and with distinction.

Pictures and their Prices.

We have heard a great deal during the last few years of the hard times that have overtaken artists, and although no leading painter, probably, has found his income seriously reduced, financial depression has certainly been felt in many quarters of the artistic world. With a view to ascertain what foundation there may be for the outcry, we have been making inquiries among those men whose business it is to know the picture market, and watch the fluctuations of public taste. One authority—the one perhaps best qualified to speak on the subject—admits the hard times, and attributes the troubles to over-production. The number of pictures painted increases every year, and although

the taste for art is also growing, it does not necessarily mean more buyers; the average Englishman, with an income of two or three thousand a year, does not buy pictures as he used to do, and "the market is overstocked," to use our correspondent's commercial phrase. He complains, moreover, that with this plethora of pictures the really good ones are few and far between.

The largest sum paid for a picture during the past season is the 10,000 guineas given for Gainsborough's "Lady Mulgrave," a small canvas measuring only 29 inches by 24. This is the largest sum ever given for a picture of this class, and is especially high when the condition of the picture is taken into account, the colour of the lips, for instance, being considerably faded. The buyer was Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has added this picture to the fine canvases of the English school that hang in his New York gallery.

The largest sum ever paid for a picture in a London auction-room is the 11,000 guineas paid in 1894 for Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Lady Betty Delme. Until that time the record had been held by Gainsborough's famous "Duchess of Devonshire," which was sold for 10,000 guineas just before its mysterious disappearance in 1881.



MISS A. ALMA-TADEMA.

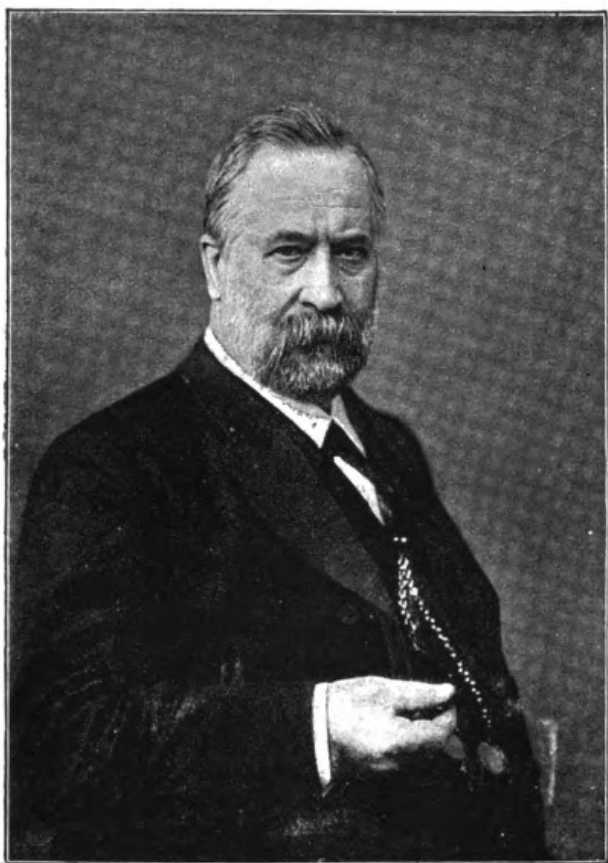
From an original sketch by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

Among American and South African millionaires there is just now a great deal of competition for old masters, as there was fifteen or twenty years ago among the old



IN GREAT DISTRESS.

From the Painting by Ludwig Knaus. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.



HERR LUDWIG KNAUS.

Liverpool and Manchester merchants. Mr. J. B. Robinson is a large buyer, and his collection now includes some of the most valuable pictures in Europe. In the case of modern artists, says our informant, wealthy collectors reverse their system of collecting, and are tempted more by a subject that pleases them than by the fact that the picture bears a particular name. One swallow does not make summer, however, and the purchases of a handful of millionaires do not make prosperity for the hundreds of painters who depend on their art.

Another prominent authority says: "In spite of the prosperous times that have fallen on many branches of commerce during the past year, there has been little improvement for artists over the poor season of 1894. The rush is for the classics, and modern painters are little sought after, probably because their ultimate position is more or less doubtful. London picture dealers can look for buyers only among a few millionaire speculators, some of whom have artistic taste and judgment, while others have absolutely none.

In Paris, on the other hand, pictures are bought by a large number of small collectors, but here money seems to be getting into the hands of a few men, and the person of moderate means devotes less and less to the purchase of pictures."

Herr Knaus, one of the
Ludwig Knaus. most famous *genre*
painters of our time,

was born in 1829 at Wiesbaden, and studied at the Royal Academy, Dusseldorf, from 1846 to 1852 as a pupil of Karl Sohn and Schadow. In 1860 he went to Paris, where he studied the technique of the French painters. After some years he returned to Dusseldorf, and in 1874 he took up his abode in Berlin. He is a professor at the Royal Academy of that city, and the only German artist who is an honorary member of our own Royal Academy. His pictures generally represent a humorous scene from peasant life, and excel in fine schemes of colour and correct drawing.

"In Great Distress," which we reproduce in this number of the Magazine, is a characteristic example of his work; "The Gipsy Team" is characteristic in technique but the subject is a novel one for Herr Knaus. He has a wide reputation, many of his paintings having been purchased by picture lovers in England and America, while some of his best work is to be found in the public galleries of Germany.

Almost all the English
Royal Artists. princesses can draw and
paint a little, and some of

them are tolerable musicians, though not so gifted as their brother the Duke of Coburg. The most serious attainments of any of the family are those of the Princess Louise, the Queen's fourth daughter, in the rarer art of sculpture. She studied modelling for several years with the late Sir Joseph Edgar Boehm, and has produced some really excellent work. Her instructor was probably the cleverest English sculptor of his day. He was English by adoption only, having been born in



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SÉRAPHINE.

From the Painting by Edouard Bissot. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

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Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Vienna of Hungarian parents. He came to London in search of fortune, and the patronage he received from royalty insured him plenty of commissions from elsewhere.



MR. FRED ROE.

Mr. Rudolf Lehmann tells an amusing anecdote of the Empress Frederick as an artist. Mr. Lehmann was painting a portrait of the Prince of Wales, "who lent his features very kindly and patiently — smoking." Presently his sister, the Crown Princess of Prussia, walked in with a portfolio. "You don't object to my drawing together with you?" she asked, and of course Mr. Lehmann was highly flattered. She knelt on an arm-chair, making the back a support, and in five minutes had finished her portrait of the Prince. "Will you correct my drawing?" she asked. Mr. Lehmann ventured to suggest that a little more time might with advantage have been bestowed on the work, when she replied that she had been trained to do everything as quickly as possible on account of her multifarious duties. Her son, Emperor William, also dabbles in art. We have seen two water-colour drawings of ships by him, and he has lately given to the world a very ambitious allegorical picture. There is, however, some doubt as to how far he is responsible for the execution of his cryptic conception. A loyal world received it, of course, with reverential admiration, and wondered, under its breath, what the imperial artist could possibly mean.

The Princess of Wales is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, but photography is not yet recognised as an art—except by photographers.

The author of "The Traitor's Wife," which we reproduce on page 124, is

Mr. Fred Roe.

one of the cleverest of the young painters whose work we now expect to find annually at Burlington House, almost as a matter of course. He was an old "Heatherley" student, and afterwards became a pupil of Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., to whom he was articled for two years, following in this respect the Continental system rather than the English. It may be interesting to point out that the great difference between our method and that followed abroad lies in the

fact that with us a student works in a school under a number of first-rate artists; the foreign art student, after passing through the class of an academy, places himself under some leading artist whose ambition is not merely to be known as the painter of a few great pictures, but to found a school, or at any rate to perpetuate his name by passing on his traditions and methods to younger talents whose future triumphs may add lustre to his renown. Mr. Roe first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1887, when a small picture by him was hung on the line. Since then he has been represented by pictures that have made his work familiar to the general public. "Barnaby Rudge Meeting Mr. Chester at the Maypole



A STUDY BY FRED ROE.

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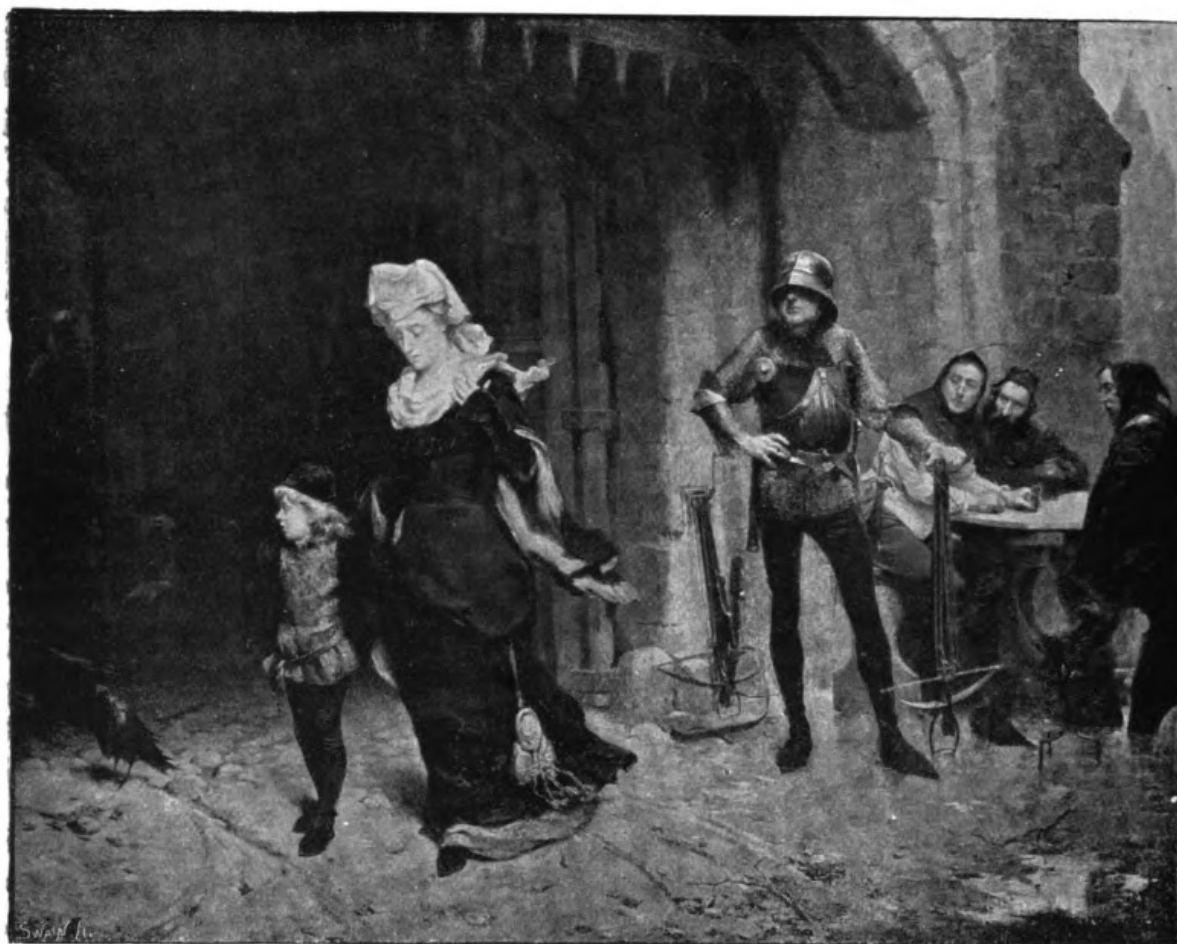


A TIGHT FIT.

From the Painting by Arthur J. Elsley. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Thomas Forman & Sons, Nottingham.

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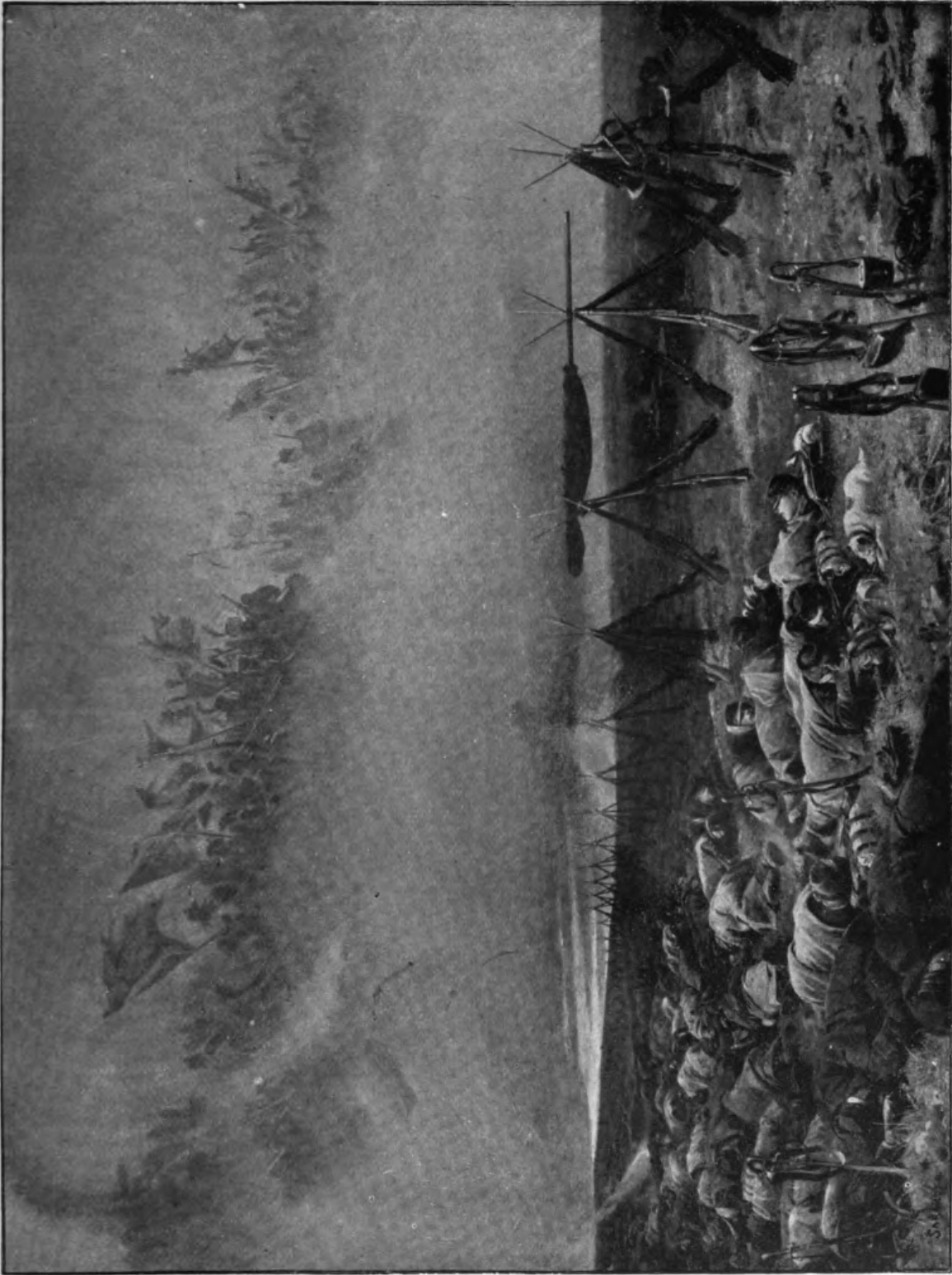
THE TRAITOR'S WIFE.

From the Painting by Fred Roe.

Inn," "Consulting the Witch," "The Trial of Joan of Arc," and the two subjects in last year's Academy, "The Traitor's Wife" and "Nelson Leaving Portsmouth for the Victory," are perhaps his best known works. He is punctilious over his details, and as his favourite subjects are those of mediæval times, they generally involve careful research. For "The Trial of Joan of Arc," which attracted so much notice both here and in France, he made two journeys to Rouen for materials. He is an ardent and expert collector of old oak of the Gothic period, and an active member of a select club of collectors, who call themselves "The Kernoozers." His fine, stalwart figure would make an admirable model for one of the brave armoured knights that he likes to paint.

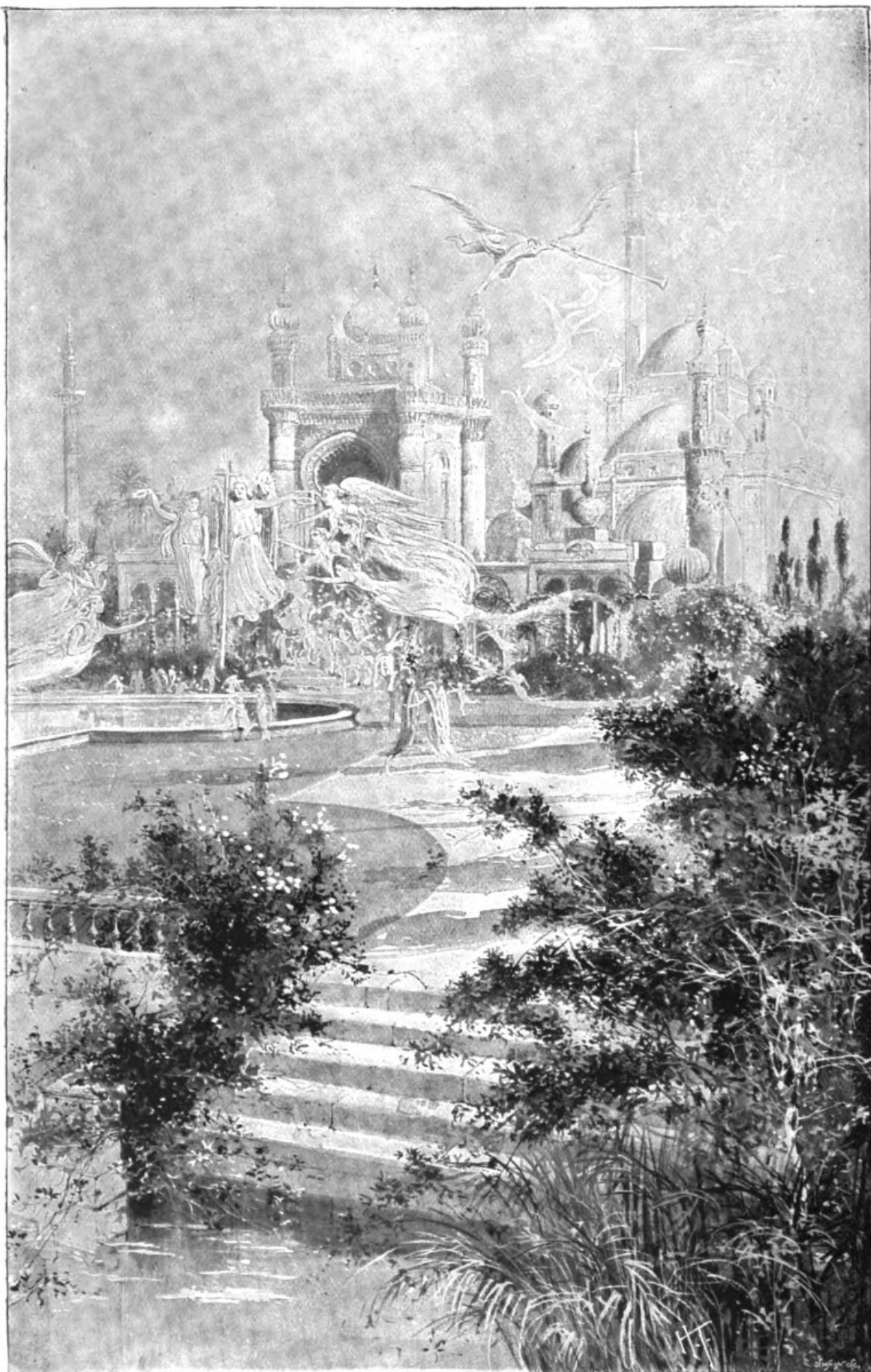
The military painter whose picture, "Le Rêve," is reproduced on the opposite page, is almost as well-known in England as he is in France. He was a pupil of Meissonier, and the first picture he exhibited (in 1867) was an interior of that master's studio. He had just returned from a tour in Spain and Algeria when the war broke out, and as a simple private he took part in the struggle for the defence of Paris. The events of the war created a profound impression on the young artist, and the effect was at once apparent in his pictures. His handling had gained breadth and feeling, and he and his friend de Neuville have since done much to raise the spirits of their countrymen by the splendid series of patriotic pictures they have given to France.

M. E. Detaille.



THE DREAM.

From the Painting, by Edouard Detaille, in the Luxembourg.

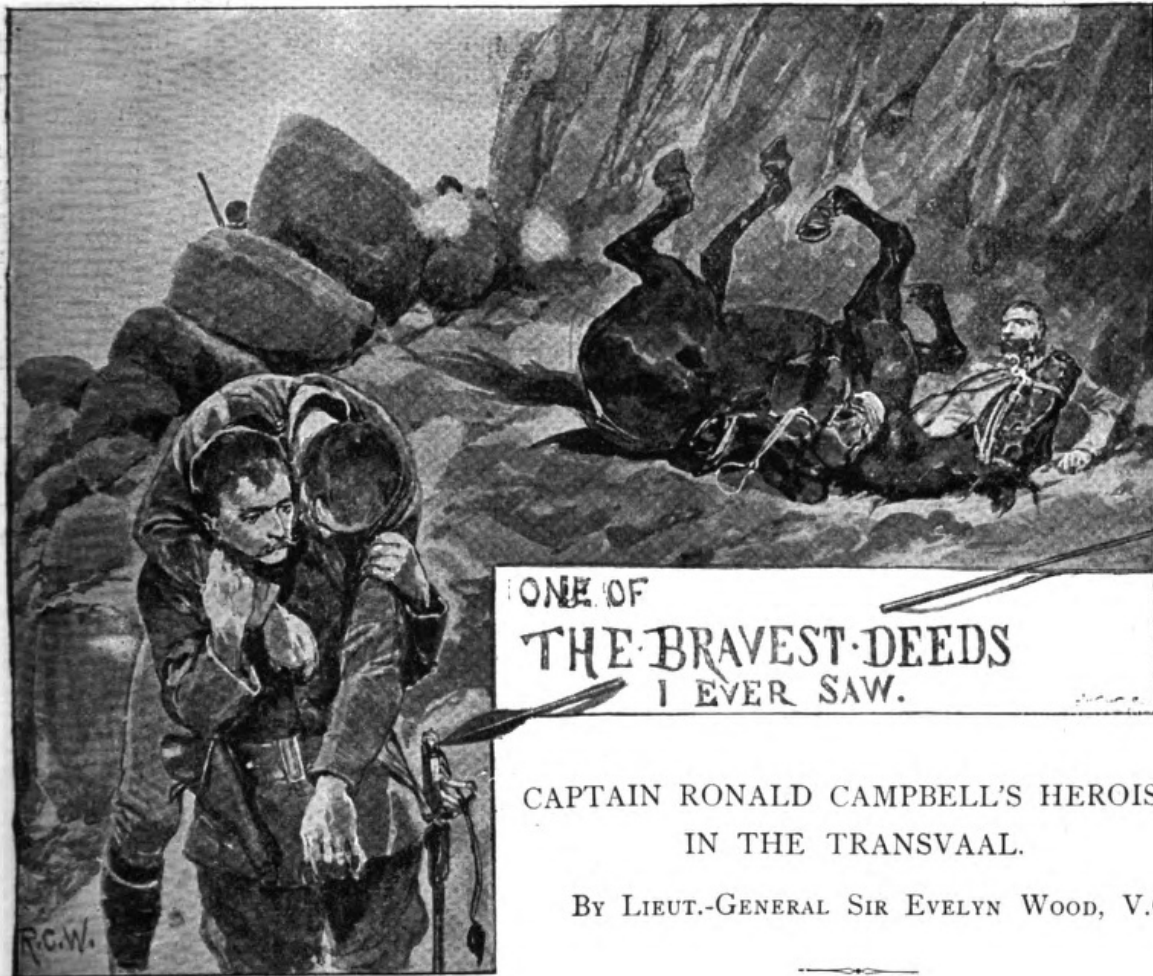


GLIMPSES OF PARADISE—THE OUTER GATES.



GLIMPSES OF PARADISE—THE INNER COURTS.





ONE OF
THE BRAVEST DEEDS
I EVER SAW.

CAPTAIN RONALD CAMPBELL'S HEROISM IN THE TRANSVAAL.

BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.

IT having been decided to invade Zululand, three main columns, right, centre, and left, moved across the border; but the incident with which I am now concerned took place in the operations of the left or northern column, which was under my command.

On the 22nd of January, 1879, the centre column was overwhelmed at a place called Isandlwana, *i.e.*, the Little Hand, nearly every man, in all some 1,500, being destroyed.

The news of the disaster, carried by a mounted native, reached us on the 24th January, just as we were driving before us the Amáqulisi tribe, which we had surprised between the Zungi range and the northern side of the Inhlobane mountain. We pursued the enemy for a mile or two, and I then moved the column back over the Umvelosi river, and proceeded to one of the lower features of the Nagaba-ka-Hawane mountains,

where water, and firewood which covered the southern slopes of that range of hills, were plentiful. The infantry remained in this position, called Kambula, till the final advance on Ulundi, the mounted men, under Colonel Redvers Buller, C.B., being constantly employed in making raids, which were carried far into the enemy's country.

Ronald Campbell, second son of Lord Cawdor, born at Stackpool Court, Pembroke, in December, 1848, was educated at Eton, and joined the Coldstream Guards in 1866. He was adjutant of the 1st battalion from 1872 to 1878, when, having been nominated as a "Special Service Officer" for duty in South Africa, he reported himself to me, as the officer commanding the troops at Utrecht in the Transvaal, shortly before Christmas.

I gave Captain Campbell charge of the Adjutant-General's duties, and as he messed with me, I saw a great deal of him and became greatly attached to him. A tall, powerful,



"He . . . shouted, 'Then I will do it myself,' and, jumping over a low wall, he ran up the entrance of the cave."

under the southern face of the mountain, hoping to arrive in time to see Colonel Buller ascend its eastern point.

We failed to overtake him, for he had left his bivouac, ten miles further to the eastward, at 3.30 a.m., and ascending a steep path, hardly passable for single men when mounted, he led his force up a gulley at the break of day, under cover of the morning mist, surprising the Zulus, a few of whom only could fire before he, at the head of his men, gained the summit.

When we came in sight of the eastern angle of the mountain, the rear of Buller's column was just gaining the summit, and at this time we met a party of mounted Irregulars who had got off the track, and were marching westward.

Hearing the firing, I directed them to turn round and follow Colonel Buller, and, moving faster myself, passed on to the front with my escort, accompanied by half a dozen of the Irregulars: we soon came under a shower of bullets from the front and both flanks, poured in by men behind huge rocks. Turning towards the foe, we wandered still further from Colonel Buller's track, which we had in the first instance followed, but which we had lost on getting to a place where there was only bare rock, without even enough soil to take the imprint of horses' feet. We continued to advance towards the fire directed on us, and presently arrived at a part of the mountain where further progress on horseback was impossible.

Dismounting the men, we left the horses in the charge of two or three soldiers and the natives, and proceeded to climb the steep face of the mountain. I had retained my horse, endeavouring to make it follow me, while Captain Campbell, walking behind, drove it on. While thus engaged, Mr. Lloyd, who was climbing alongside on my left, touched me with his elbow, saying, "That man won't hit us in the face, anyhow," and raising my eyes I saw, about thirty yards above us, a Zulu who was looking down the sights of his gun, which was apparently directed at the lower part of my body. While Lloyd and I were getting out our revolvers the man fired, and pulling the muzzle of his gun off to the right, shot my friend through the stomach and backbone.

He fell, saying, "I'm hit," and to my inquiry, "Badly?" replied, "Yes, I fear very badly."

Letting go my horse I lifted him from the ground, when Captain Campbell, a much stronger man, relieved me and carried him down the hill to where we had left the horses, while I ascended to the rock whence the Zulu had fired. He had, however, disappeared, and almost immediately afterwards another Zulu fired from underneath some large boulders of granite, killing my horse stone dead, the animal's head striking me as he fell and knocking me down.

Captain Campbell now rejoined me, still some seventy feet from the summit, and agreeing that it was impossible to get much further up the precipitous rock in our front, we retraced our steps to the little ledge where we had left the horses.

Some thousands of years before the date of which I am writing, irregular masses of rock must have fallen from the precipitous sides of the Inhlobane, and these lie piled in confusion about the base of the cliffs, forming caves, some of which are big enough to hold several men. As all the effective fire seemed to come from one of these caves, I directed the Irregulars who had now arrived to advance and storm it. The order was taken by Captain Campbell, who returned saying that the officer in command thought it was impossible to force the passage through the rocks. This view the officer endeavoured to impress on me, but I realised that while the Zulus held their position it would be difficult, if not impossible, to remove some wounded who were lying near the ledge, and I repeated the order for an attempt to be made. Captain Campbell had seen the entrance of the Zulu stronghold, and fully recognised the risk to the leading man who should try to enter it. He took the second order, and being again met by objections, shouted "Then I will do it myself," and, jumping over a low wall, he ran up the entrance of the cave, being followed by Lieutenant Lysons and three goth Light Infantry, men of my mounted escort. One of these, Bugler Walkinshaw, I called back, as I wanted him to attend to Mr. Lloyd, who was now dying.

The small party disappeared, passing up a narrow passage 4ft. wide, the sides of

which were about 8ft. or 10ft. high, and moving over great boulders of rock. No one was seen in the passage, but the north side of the mountain above them was lined with Zulus with firearms. Their bullets, however, all passed over the little band, which was protected by the walls of the passage, and Captain Campbell, climbing over the rocks in the most determined manner, led it on for thirty yards to where the passage came to an end.

He and those following him all knew that though no Zulus were in sight, yet their guns were covering the party, and, as all officers of experience are aware, the unseen is the most appalling form of danger. Captain Campbell, determined to secure the safe removal of the wounded, never hesitated a moment, and, while peering down into a cave at his feet, he was shot in the head. Lieutenant Lysons and Private Fowler passed his body, and firing into the cave killed one of its occupants, the others creeping away by a subterranean passage, to reappear higher up the mountain. The resistance, however, at this point terminated, and the Irregular Horse, regaining Colonel Buller's track, reached the top of the mountain without further casualty.

Ronald Campbell gave his life indeed, but attained the object, for he cleared the cave of some good Zulu marksmen who, secure under cover in their apparently impregnable position, made advance or retreat or the removal of the wounded almost impossible.

How Colonel Redvers Buller cleared the summit of the mountain, seizing all the Amáqulisi cattle, and eventually, on the main Zulu army coming into sight, had to retire down the nearly precipitous face of the mountain, belongs to another story. He covered the retreat, and after bringing three men out of a crowd of Zulus, returned again into the fight to keep back the oncoming wave of black men, and thus allow the footmen to escape. Buller, in holding the ridge, the only avenue

of escape, indeed emulated "Horatius who kept the bridge in the brave days of old."

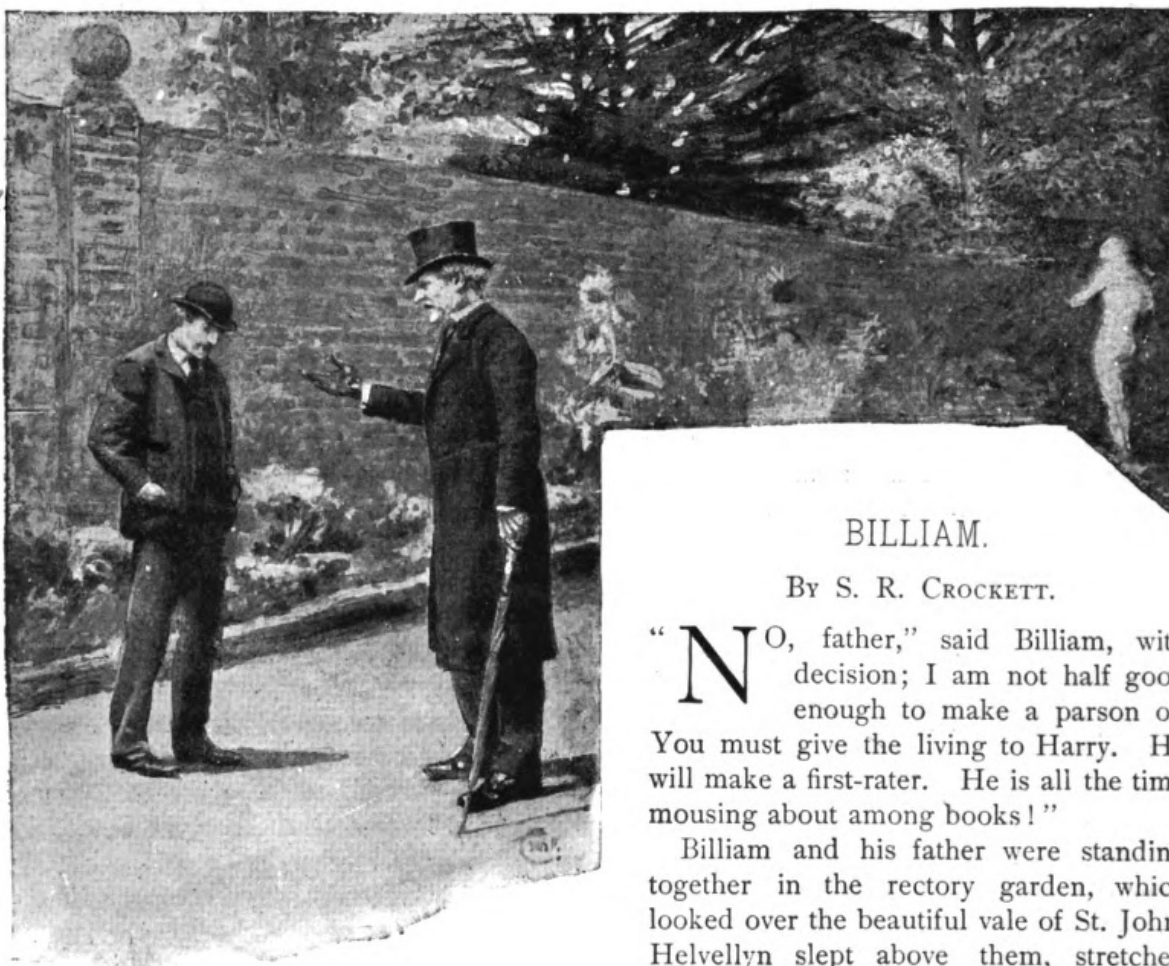
While the cave was being cleared by Captain Campbell's party, seeing that Mr. Lloyd was dying, I remembered that I had a prayer-book in the wallet of the saddle on my horse lying dead some sixty or seventy feet above me, and, calling Bugler Walkinshaw, desired him to climb up the mountain, and at any risk to bring back the prayer-book, which had been lent to me by Captain Campbell, it being the property of his wife. I told Walkinshaw that if he was not fired on heavily he might also bring the saddle, which was underneath the horse as it lay dead with all four feet in the air. The bugler, although he was under heavy fire, succeeded in bringing away the saddle without being touched.

I now attempted to put the dead bodies of our friends on one of the ponies, but the Zulu bullets striking around on the rocks, made the animal so unsteady that it was impossible for me to arrange the bodies on the pack-saddle.

The men were taking cover, for though the Zulu fire was indifferent, it had already hit fourteen out of the twenty-six horses left on the ledge. Bugler Walkinshaw, coming forward, asked me to hold the pony, when he soon adjusted the mournful loads, and then we moved down the hill to where we could obtain soil enough to bury the bodies, and I read the burial service from the prayer-book over my two friends. If Ronald Campbell had lived he would have received the Victoria Cross, as Lieutenant Lysons and Private Fowler did; Bugler Walkinshaw received the distinguished service medal.

Fourteen months later, Captain Campbell's widow visited the spot with me in order to place a head-stone over her late husband's grave. This memorial was carried up the mountain by some of the tribe engaged in the fight.





BILLIAM.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

"**N**O, father," said Billiam, with decision; I am not half good enough to make a parson of. You must give the living to Harry. He will make a first-rater. He is all the time mousing about among books!"

Billiam and his father were standing together in the rectory garden, which looked over the beautiful vale of St. John. Helvellyn slept above them, stretched out like a lion with his head low between

his paws. The lake glimmered beneath all, dreamy in the light midsummer haze. Bees hummed in the old garden, and the flowers on which they made themselves drunken reeled and shook with the press of the revellers.

The old rector of Applethwaite was dead. This day of midsummer had been his funeral day. An old man full to the brim of years and dignities, he had lived all his life under the wing of his brother the squire, rooted safely in the family living, dining every Sunday and Thursday at the Hall, and reading his hundred sermons in a rotation as settled and regular as that of the crops. But now the old order was changed, and, according to the squire's providential arrangement, the new order was to be—Billiam.

His real name was William, with something very distinguished after it. Yet nobody thought of calling him anything but Billiam—except only the squire when, as at present, Billiam and he differed in opinion. Then he said, "William Reginald Setoun Ormithwaite, will you dare to disobey your father?" And Billiam hung his head, for he knew that a day was coming when he would.

At school he had been called Billiam, for the reason that a "Yorker" is called a "Yorker," because it was obvious that he could be called nothing else. The boy whose Latin verses he did said to him, "Now go on, old Billiam, hurry up! I want to go out to the playing fields to smite that young toad, Scott minor, for making faces at me and making me laugh in chapel!" So to save time, Billiam gave him his own copy of verses, and saw the plagiarist pass to the head of the form next day, on the strength of Billiam's iambics. Yet that boy never even thought of thanking the author and origin of his distinction. Why should he? It was "only old Billiam."

Billiam failed also in gaining the love and respect of his masters, to the extent which,

upon his merits, was his due. For one thing, he was for ever bringing all manner of broken-down sparrows, maimed rabbits, and three-legged dogs into the school—and, if possible, even into the dormitory. Then smells of diverse kinds arose, and bred quarrelsome dissension of a very positive kind. The house-master came up one night to find Billiam with an open knife in his hand, driving fiercely into a throng of boys armed with cricket bats and wickets. Whereupon he promptly dashed at the young desperado, and wrested the knife out of his hands.

"Do you wish to murder somebody?" cried the house master, shaking him.

"Yes," said Billiam, stoutly, "if Lowther throws my white mice out of the window."

No further proceedings were taken, because, upon examination, Billiam proved to be scored black and blue with the wickets of his adversaries. He was, however, from this time forth given a bedroom upon the ground floor, with a little court in front which looked upon the laundry. And here Billiam, still unrepentant, was allowed to tend his menagerie in peace, provided always that it did not entirely destroy the sanitation of the school. But when the governing committee came to inspect the premises, the head master carefully piloted them past the entrance of the court wherein dwelt Billiam, keeping well to windward of it.

Anybody else would have been promptly expelled, but Billiam's father was a very important person indeed, and the head-master had known him intimately at college. Besides, no one could possibly have expelled Billiam. The very ruffians who whacked him with cricket bats would straightway have risen in mutiny.

By-and-bye Billiam's father tried him at Oxford, but, though Billiam stayed his terms, he would have none of it. So when the Rectory fell vacant, it seemed all that could be done to make arrangements by which Billiam would succeed his uncle. The Right Honourable Reginald Setoun Ormithwaite, Billiam's "pater," saw no difficulty in the matter. He had been at Eton and Christchurch with the Bishop of Lakeland, and the matter lent itself naturally to this arrangement. Everyone felt this to be the final solution of a most difficult problem. Every-

body even remotely connected with the family was consulted, and all expressed their several delights with relief and alacrity. But in the meantime nothing was said to Billiam, who had a setter with a broken leg upon his mind, and so lived mostly about the kennels, and smelled of liniment.

But when his father told the proximate rector that he must begin to prepare for the Bishop's examination, and go into residence for some months at St. Abbs' famous theological college (called in clerical circles "The Back Door"), Billiam most unexpectedly refused point blank to have anything to do with the plan. He would be no parson; he was not good enough, he asserted. Harry could have it. The Right Honourable Reginald Setoun Ormithwaite, ex-Cabinet Minister and P.C., broke into a rage almost as violent as when his party leader proclaimed a new policy without consulting him. He informed Billiam (under the designation of William Reginald Setoun) how many different kinds of fool he was, and told him as an ultimatum that if he refused this last chance to establish himself in life, he need expect no further help or consideration from him.

Billiam listened uneasily, and with a deep-seated regret obvious upon his downcast face. It was pitiful, he thought privately, to see so dignified and respectable a man as his father thus losing control of himself. So Billiam fidgeted, hoping that the painful scene would soon be over so that he might get back again to the lame setter at the kennels.

When Billiam's father had at once concisely and completely expressed his opinions as to Billiam's sanity, Billiam's ingratitude, Billiam's disgraceful present conduct and unparalleled future career, and when he had concluded with a vivid picture of Billiam's ultimate fate (which was obviously not to be drowned) he paused, partly in order to recover his breath and partly to invite suggestions from the culprit. Not that he expected Billiam to answer. Indeed he held it almost an insult for one of his children to attempt to answer one of his questions at such a moment.

"What have you to say to that, sir? What excuse have you to make? Answer me that, sir. Silence, sir, I will not listen to a single word. You may well stand abashed and

silent. Have I brought a son into the world for this—kept you, given you an expensive education only for this ? ”

So Billiam kept silence and thought hard of the setter down at the kennels. Those bandages ought to be wet again. It was an hour past the time. He kept changing from one foot to the other upon the gravel walk.

“Don’t insult me by jumping about like a hen on a hot girdle,” cried his father, “tell me what you think of doing with yourself, for I will no longer support you in idleness and debauchery.”

“I should like to be a veterinary surgeon, sir,” said Billiam, scraping with his toe.

“Let that gravel alone, will you — a veterinary devil—an Ormithwaite a damned cow doctor. Get out of my sight, sir, before I strike you.”

And accordingly Billiam went—down to the kennels to visit the setter, wondering all the way whether, as the skin was not broken, he ought to use an embrocation or stick to the cold water bandages.

* * * * *

And this is briefly why Billiam found himself in Edinburgh, and established in a nest of unfurnished garret rooms which he had discovered by chance at the end of Montgomery-street in the Latin quarter of the city. Billiam had a hundred and thirty pounds—a hundred of which had been given him by his father with the information that it must see him through a year, and thirty which his elder brother Herbert (captain in the 110th Hussars) had sent him.

“Young fool, Billiam—always was !” said Captain Herbert, “guess he’s pretty tightly off.” And with that he stuffed into the envelope the thirty pounds which he had set apart as a sedative for his tailor.

“The young blackguard will need the money more than old Moses !” said the Hussar.

Billiam had, to save appearances, compromised on the question of the veterinary surgeon. He was to study hard in order to become an ordinary surgeon and physician of humans. He was only to be allowed to come home once a year. He had agreed not to pester his father with requests for more money. In every way Billiam was made to

feel, that he was the prodigal son and a disgrace to the stock of the Ormithwaites of Ormithwaite. “One of the families, sir,” said his father, “which have constituted for three hundred years the governing classes of these islands.”

So it was in this manner that Billiam took the very modest portion of goods which pertained to him, and departed to the far country of Montgomery-street, South Side, just where that notable thoroughfare gives upon the greasy gloom of the Pleasance. How Billiam spent his living and upon whom, this history is intended to tell.

Day by day the student of medicine scorned delights. Day and night were to him alike laborious. For Billiam, all unknown to his father, was also taking classes at the Veterinary College upon a most ingenious system of alternative truancy. He attended his medical professors upon such days as it was likely that cards would be called for. And in addition to this he procured a certain interim continuity in his studies by “getting a look at another fellow’s notes.”

Billiam’s “piggery” in Montgomery-street, as it was called by the few of his comrades who had ever seen its secrets, was something to wonder at. Instead of taking a comfortable sitting-room and bedroom in a well-frequented and sanitary neighbourhood, Billiam entered into the tenancy of an entire suite of rooms upon the garret floor of one of the high “lands” which are a distinctive feature of the old quarter of St. Leonards.

Within this tumbledown dwelling, Billiam found himself in possession of five large rooms, with wide windows and in some instances with skylights also. He was to pay at the modest rate of eight pounds in the half-year for the lot. Billiam counted down his first quarter’s rent, and went out to order a brass plate. This cost him thirty shillings, and he had to pay separately for the lettering, which said, somewhat vaguely :

CONSULTATION FREE.

EVERY MORNING BEFORE NINE,

AND

EVERY EVENING AFTER SIX.

This Billiam burnished up daily with the

tail of his dress coat, which he had torn off for the purpose. "I don't think I shall need it any more," he said, "so I may as well use it."

So he used it. It did very well, being lined with silk.

Then Billiam double-bolted the plate to the door, for he understood the ways of Montgomery-street, and sat down to study the monograph of Herr Doctor Pumpenstock of Vienna, upon headaches.

Billiam had three chairs to start with—two stiff-backed chairs for clients and an easy chair, which cost 2s. 11½d. at a cheap sale of furniture in Nicholson-street.

Billiam felt that he might go that length in luxury.

Billiam had once possessed more furniture than this. He had a wooden bed which he had bought in the Cowgate for 4s. and carried up the Pleasance himself, post by post and plank by plank. He only slept upon it one night. The next day he began to cut it up for firewood. It was a good bed though, he said, but not for sleeping on. After the first five minutes it began to bite you all over.

So Billiam burned the 4s. bed, and it turned out all right that way. It crackled like green wood as it burned. Presently the fame of Billiam's brass plate waxed great in the land. Dr. Macfarlane, a short-winded and short-tempered man, came upon the announcement quite unexpectedly as he was puffing his way up the weary, grimy, stone stairs, to visit the sister of the seamstress who lived upon the other side of the landing from Billiam.

To say simply that Dr. Macfarlane was astonished, does considerable injustice to his state of mind. He stood regarding the brightly polished, clearly lettered announcement for fully ten minutes. Then he rang the bell, and an answering peal came from just the other side of the panel. But no one arrived to open, for it was the middle of the day and Billiam was at his classes. Dr. Macfarlane could learn little from the seamstress or her sister, beyond the

general suspicion that their neighbour upon the other side of the landing was "maybes no verra richt in his mind."

It was not the seamstress, but the seamstress's sister who volunteered this information.

"But he sent us in these," added the seamstress, who was a pale and exceedingly



He stood regarding the brightly polished, clearly-lettered announcement for fully ten minutes.

pretty girl, pointing to some nobly plumped purple grapes which lay on a plate on the little cracked table by the bedside.

"He'll be a kind o' young doctor seekin' a job, nae doot!" said the seamstress's sister, sinking back on her pillows. For gratitude was not her strong point.

The suggestion excited the doctor. For

he was a man who had worked hard at his most uncertain and unremunerative practice. Besides which, he had a young family growing up about him. If therefore he was to have a young interloper settling in the centre of his sphere of influence, it was as well to know with whom he had to contend.

So he called upon Billiam.

It was six o'clock in the evening when Dr. Macfarlane came stumbling up Billiam's stairs. The door stood slightly ajar, and there came from the other side a confused murmur of voices, a yelping of dogs, with sundry other sounds which even the doctor's trained ear could not distinguish. But, above all, there rose fitfully the shrill cry of an infant. Upon hearing this last the doctor pushed the door with the brass plate open, and entered unceremoniously. He found himself in a large unfurnished room, which, when he stepped within, seemed at first nearly full of people. It was brightly enough lighted, for the broad flame of a No. 6 gas-burner hissed with excess of pressure above the bare mantelpiece. A fire burned in the grate, which shone cheerfully enough, being heaped high with small lumps of coal.

Most of the people were ranged along the walls of the room, sitting with their backs against the wall-paper, upon which their shoulders had made a glossy brown stripe all round—young lads with dogs between their knees, girls holding cats in baskets, middle-aged women nursing birds in cages.

They talked to each other in subdued tones, or to their pets in whispers. Sometimes a dog would become excited by the voice of a cat complaining of bonds and imprisonments near him, but he would be promptly cuffed into submission by his master; or a canary would suddenly flutter against the bars, warned by instinct of the proximity of so many enemies.

The doctor stood awhile rooted in amazement, and did not even take any notice when several of his former patients nodded affably across to him.

Presently, from an inner room, there came forth a hard-featured man, carrying a large book under his arm. Billiam followed behind him, his shock of dark hair tossed and ruffled. He was stooping forward, and

eagerly explaining something to the man. So intent was he upon the matter in hand, that he passed the doctor without so much as noticing him.

"And I'll look in and see how the pair of you have got on to-morrow," Billiam said, shaking the hard-featured man warmly by the hand at the door.

Billiam turned, and, for the first time, looked the doctor fairly in the face.

"My name is Dr. Macfarlane. I have a practice in this neighbourhood," said the physician, "and I should like the favour of a few words with you."

"Certainly. By all means—with pleasure," replied Billiam. "Come this way."

And they went together into the second of the Montgomery-street garrets. It was nearly as bare of furniture as the first. There was no more than a table, some bottles, and an instrument case, while round the room, arranged so as to make the most of themselves, stood Billiam's three chairs.

"Take one," said the student politely. But Dr. Macfarlane preferred to stand till he knew exactly where he was.

"I have the honour of addressing——" he said, and paused.

"William Reginald Setoun Ormithwaite," said Billiam quietly.

"You are a doctor?" queried his visitor.

"By no means, I am only a student," said Billiam quickly. "But I give these people a hand with anything they bring along."

"Do you possess any qualification?" persisted Dr. Macfarlane.

"Qualification!" said Billiam, a little perplexed. "Well, I've been patching up dogs' legs and things all my life."

"But, sir," cried the doctor, indignantly, "this is no better than an equivocation. I heard you with my own ears prescribing for the man who went out just now—an old patient of my own, if I mistake not. And I saw you with these eyes taking a fee from him as he passed through the door. Are you aware, sir, that the latter is an indictable offence?"

Billiam smiled with his usual quietly infinite tolerance.

"Dr. Macfarlane," he said, "it may sound



He took animal after animal into his hands, set it upon the table

strange to you, but the fact is that man came to consult me about a separation from his wife. And he brought his family Bible out of the pawnshop to show me the dates of his marriage and birth of his children. I gave him something when he went away, so that he would not need to take the Bible back into pawn, at least not immediately. Do you think I need any qualification for that?"

"And those people outside?" said the doctor, not yet entirely convinced.

"Will you go round the wards with me?" said Billiam, smiling brightly and irresistibly.

Without another word he led the way to the door of the next room. It seemed to the doctor fuller than ever.

"Lame dogs this way!" said Billiam, in a matter-of-fact manner, and half-a-dozen men

slouched after him. Very deftly Billiam laid out a row of small shining instruments upon the table, with salve, lint, and bandages arranged behind them.

Then he took animal after animal into his hands, set it upon the table, passed his fingers lightly to and fro over its head and ears a time or two, listened to the owner's voluble explanations without appearing to notice them, and forthwith proceeded to deliver a little clinical lecture. His deft fingers snipped away the matted hair from a neglected and festering sore. He cleaned the wound tenderly, the dog often instinctively turning to snap. Yet all the time Billiam never once flinched, but talked steadily, impartially, and sympathetically to the animal and his master till the sore was dressed and the patient, redelivered, with all due directions, to his owner.

Before long Dr. Macfarlane became so interested that he waited while case after case was disposed of with the unerring accuracy of an hospital expert. Sometimes he would instinctively have the lint or the bandage ready in his hand, just as if he had still been dresser at the old infirmary and waiting for Lister to work off his batch.

At the end of half an hour he had no more remembrance of Billiam's want of qualifications. He asked him to come round to supper and smoke a pipe. But Billiam only smiled and said, "Thank you a hundred times, doctor, but I have some private cases in the back room to attend to yet, and then I must read up my stuff for to-morrow."

After a while there came to visit Billiam a minister or two familiar with the district, the young resident missionary from the Students' Hall, a stray lawyer's clerk or two—and the superintendent of police. They all came to cavil, but, one and all, they remained to hold bandages and be handy with the vaseline.



On one occasion the minister of St. Margaret's offered Billiam the use of a pew in his church. But Billiam said, "Sunday is my day for out-patients, or I should be glad." For Billiam was a gentleman, and always answered even a dissenting clergyman politely.

"You should think of your immortal soul!" said the minister.

"Who knoweth," said Billiam, "the spirit of the beast, that goeth downward into the earth?"

And Billiam could never find out why the minister went away so suddenly, or why he shook his head ever afterwards when they met in the street. It never crossed his mind that Mr. Gregson of St. Margaret's, had taken him for an infidel and a dangerous subverter of the system of religion as by law established. Yet so it was.

In due time Billiam's nest of garrets became known as the "Lame Dogs' Home," and grew famous throughout the entire city—that is, the southern city of high lands, steep streets, winding stairs and odorous closes, with their Arab population of boys and dogs.

"You let that long lanky chap alone," cried one brawny burglar to another, "or I'll smash your dirty face like a rotten turnip. Now mind me! Don't you know the Dog Missionary?"

Every policeman befriended Billiam, and the greater number of the policeman's ordinary clients. He could often be seen walking along the Pleasance or past the breweries in the Laigh Calton attended by a dozen dogs, which had followed Billiam far from their wonted haunts, on the chance of a word from him, and which departed obediently, if unwillingly, when he bade them return to their own places in peace.

Year by year Billiam studied and practised, never a penny the richer, but more and more loving and beloved. His garret, however, grew somewhat better furnished. Through the mediation of his soldier brother, his father became so far reconciled to him that he increased his allowance. But Billiam lived in no greater comfort than before. He bought a cheap bedstead, it is true, and for a month or two dwelt in luxury, sleeping upon

a real mattress with a clean sheet and folding his overcoat for a pillow. But even that came to an end.

The circumstances were these:

Billiam had been down at Ormithwaite seeing his father, and his brother (of the 110th Hussars) insisted upon returning to Edinburgh with him.

"You'll have to rough it, mind you," said Billiam, warning him.

"I'm a soldier," said his brother stoutly, "and I guess your hole can't be worse than some places I've put up in."

"All right," said Billiam, "mind, I've warned you. Don't grumble when you get there."

So at their journey's end, Billiam opened the door of the garret and invited his brother to step in. A curious damp smell met them on the threshold.

"That's all right," said Billiam, reassuringly. "I washed out the whole blooming shop with chlorate of lime the night before I came away. It's healthy no end, if it does stink a bit."

"Maybe," said his brother the Captain, "but it certainly does smell like stables."

"Well, I'll have the fire lighted, and we'll have some supper before the people begin to come," said Billiam, calmly, "you'll be picking these old rags for lint, and laying out the bandages."

The Captain and Billiam dined upon a rasher of bacon and eggs which Billiam fried in the pan, along with sliced potatoes and butter. The Hussar, being exceedingly

hungry, thought he had never tasted anything more delicious.

"They don't do anything like this at the club. It is such a jolly flavour too, quite unique," he said with enthusiasm; "seems as if it were seasoned with anchovy or some French sauce—quite Parisian, in fact!"

"Yes," Billiam answered simply, "that is the red herrings I had in the pan last week. With us coming in so quick, I hadn't time to clean him out properly."

The outer room was filling up all this time, and the yelping, whistling, and mew-ing grew louder than even the cawing of the rooks in the old trees above Ormithwaite.

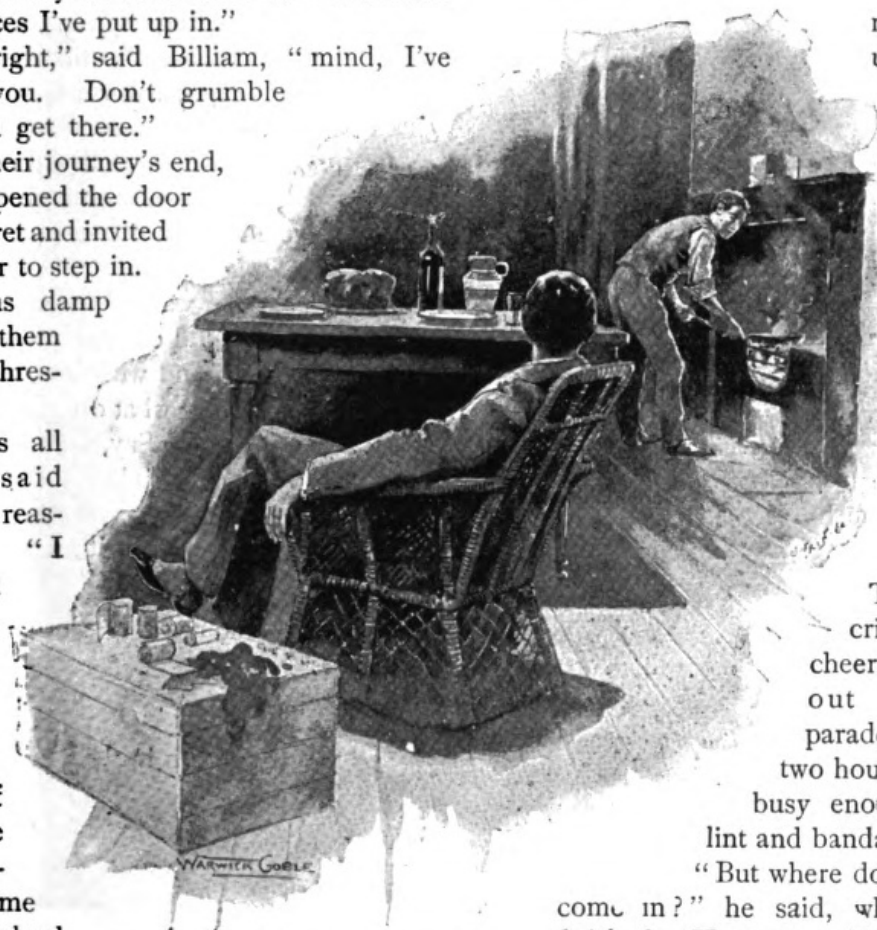
"Tarantara! Tarantara!" cried the Hussar, cheerfully. "Turn out for kennel parade." And for two hours he was kept busy enough with his lint and bandages.

"But where does the money come in?" he said, when it was all finished. He was smoking a cigarette, and Billiam was polishing up his instruments.

"Do it for nothing—don't they even pay for all that vaseline and plaster. You are a blamed young fool, Billiam, and will die in the workhouse."

Then the Captain yawned a little. "It's too late for the theatre," he said, "even if you knew where one was, which I don't believe. I'm deuced tired, let us go to bed."

Billiam looked about him doubtfully, and then suddenly threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.



A rasher of bacon and eggs, which Billiam fried in the pan.

"I forgot, old chap; on my life and honour, I quite forgot. I lent my bed to Peter Wilkins, the water-colour man. He had pawned his to pay his rent, but he thought he could get it out again before I came back."

"You bet he couldn't," said the Hussar, twirling his handsome moustache; "I've seen that kind of man; there are several in my regiment."

"Let's go and look Peter up, anyway," said Billiam; "perhaps we can get the bed after all."

So the Hussar accompanied Billiam through the dimly lighted streets, under gloomy archways, past great black chasms yawning between lofty houses, till they arrived at the dwelling of Wilkins, "the water-colour man," as Billiam said. It was a room upon the ground floor with a sunk area in front.

"It does not look promising," said Billiam; "the beast isn't lighted up. I guess old Wilkins is either drunk or has gone to the country."

"Perhaps he has pawned your bed, too," said the Hussar bitterly.

Billiam was hurt at the suggestion.

"Wilkins is a gentleman," he said, "and it was only last week he sent me his Skye terrier, for me to doctor up and have all right for him when he came back. Peter isn't the chap to sell my bed and then bilk."

They tried Wilkins' door in vain, and rang the bell repeatedly without producing the least effect. Apparently others had done the same, for at the first tug the bell-pull slid out about six inches in a silent, uncanny, unattached manner.

"That's no use," said Billiam, "let's climb up on the railings."

"Ah!" he cried, as soon as he had mounted himself upon the area railings, whence he could look into the room of Wilkins, "there is my bed standing against the wall, and the mattress beside it. You see, good old Wilkins is all right. It is a first-rate bed; better take a look at it, for it is all you will see of it this night."

"Come doon oot o' that!" commanded a stern voice. "What for are ye loitering wi' intent there for. I'll hae to tak' ye up."

A portly policeman was standing behind

them with much suspicion on his face. Billiam turned himself about quietly.

"John," he said, "I wish you could get me my bed. I lent it to Peter Wilkins, and his door is locked."

"Guid save us!" cried the policeman, "it's the Dog Missionary. Is that your bed?" he added, climbing up beside Billiam and looking critically at the object. The rays of a gas lamp upon the pavement shone upon it so that it glowed with a kind of radiance not its own.

"It looks a guid bed eneuch!" the policeman said as he climbed down.

"Can you not get it for us, John?" repeated Billiam.

"Dod, sir, I canna do that without hoose-breakin', an' I've been thirty years in the force," answered John; "but there's nae doot that the bed's a guid bed."

And with that he walked heavily away.

The Hussar stood on the pavement with his legs very wide, and whistled fitfully.

"Well," he said, "what do you propose to do about it, Billiam? Say, let's both go to a hotel and get supper. Then we can stop the night there."

Billiam looked at him with a kind of sad reproach in his eyes.

"You forget," he answered, "that the new collie's bandages must be changed, and the little Yorkshire will need looking to twice or thrice during the night. But you can go, and I'll call round for you in the morning on my way to college."

"Get out, you raving young idiot! On my word, I've heard of all sorts of lunatics, but I'm hanged if I ever heard of anybody before gone dotty on beastly stray dogs."

"And there's the bull with the bad tear on his jaw. I must see that the stitches are keeping and give him some water," continued Billiam, meditatively.

"Of all the fools!" cried the Captain. "Well, come on, Billiam, I'll be your keeper to-night, and see that you get a neat thing in straightjackets right away."

And the Hussar strode on with the air of a man who determines to see a desperate venture through to the bitter end.

They came in time to the corner of Montgomery-street, and again mounted up the

crazy stairs. The fire had died down, and when Captain Ormithwaite went to the coal box, it was empty.

"Hello, Billiam," he said, "how do you propose to keep us warm all night. Has somebody taken out your coals on loan as well as your bed?"

Billiam threw up his hands again with the same pathetic little gesture of despair.

"I don't know what you'll think of me, Herbert," he said, "but when I went away, I gave all I had to the seamstress next door."

"Well," said the Captain, "go and see if she can give you any back." But at the suggestion, Billiam's pale cheek flushed.

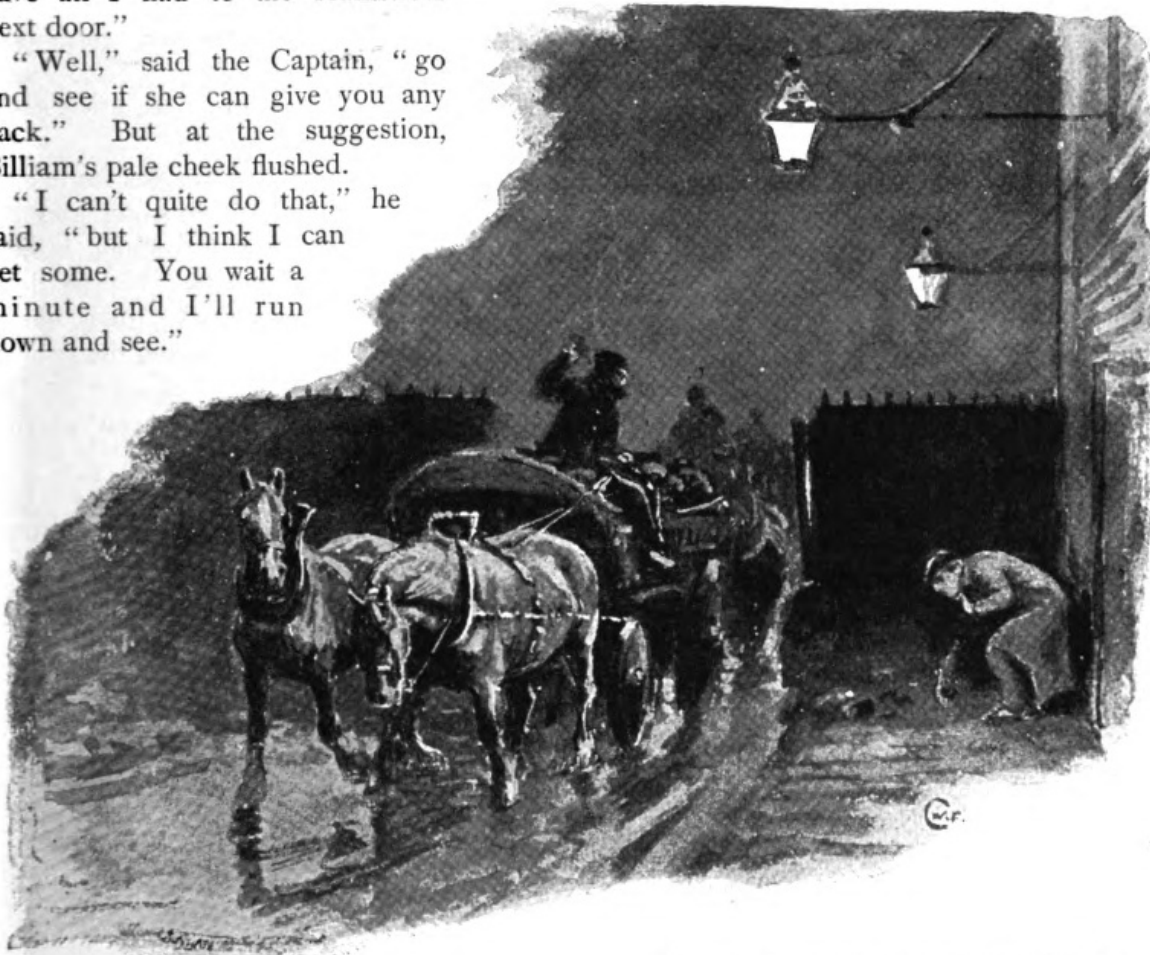
"I can't quite do that," he said, "but I think I can get some. You wait a minute and I'll run down and see."

"Pick them and steal them," said Captain Ormithwaite. "You young beggar, what would the governor say if he knew?"

Billiam looked up a little wearily, as if the subject had suddenly grown too large for discussion.

"I shan't be very long," he said, and went on buttoning the ulster about his slim young body.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," said the



The rain of coal cobs which fell about Billiam was astonishing and deadly.

Then Billiam proceeded to array himself in an old ulster, remarkably wide and baggy about the skirts. He opened it and showed the Hussar how ingeniously he had sewn two large pockets of strong canvas to each side.

"I bring home the coals in these," he said, "isn't it a prime idea?"

"Where do you buy them?" asked the Captain.

"I don't usually buy them," answered Billiam, simply, "I pick them."

soldier. "I'll come and help you to steal coals, if I'm cashiered for it."

Billiam pointed to an old overcoat which hung upon a nail behind the door.

"That's got pockets for coals and things, too. If you really want to come along," he said, not very hopefully, "but I think you had better look to the collie till I come back."

"I'm on it," said the Hussar; "it's my night out. Come on!" he cried, pulling at the

coat, which threatened to turn out too small across the shoulders for him. "What a rum smell it has, though," he added, lifting up one of the lapels and sniffing at it.

"Oh!" said Billiam, "that's only the dogs. Sometimes I wrap the worst cases up in it. But its all right, old chap," he added hastily, "I always disinfect it carefully."

They went down the dimly lighted, greasy stairs without meeting a soul. When they arrived at the foot, Billiam turned sharp to the left, and the Hussar found himself in a darkish wide lane, in which were no gas lamps. At the end of the lane was a great coal station, full of wagons and stacks of coal, black and shining, dimly seen between two tall gate posts. The latest delivery wagons of the day were just leaving the yard on the way to the city coal stores, there to be ready for the morning demand. They rumbled out in a long procession, manned by men as rough and grim and black as the coal they worked among.

The coal carters kept up a brisk interchange of compliments with one another, varying this by an occasional lump of coal. Great wedges and nuts of it were also being jolted continually off the carts as they jostled and lurched through the dark and deeply rutted lane.

"Come on," said Billiam.

And he ran off among the grinding wheels, nipping up every piece of coal which lay on the road, and pushing it into his ulster pockets with trained alacrity. His brother endeavoured to imitate him, but he was unaccustomed and clumsy, and got but few pieces, and those small. It was interesting work, however, for the wagons surged and roared like a maelstrom between the high walls and the tall houses. The Hussar found that it needed much quickness to seize the prey and bag it, evading, meanwhile, the succeeding carts, which came on at a pace which was almost a brisk trot.

Presently a huge coal carter, standing up on his wagon, caught sight of the Captain lifting a piece of coal from the side of the road. He sent a missile after him, which took effect just between his shoulder blades.

"Get oot o' that, ye — skulker ye!" he shouted.

Captain Ormithwaite of the 110th Hussars sprang towards his assailant to take him by the throat; but the watchful Billiam had his brother promptly by the arm.

"Mind what you are about!" he said. "See; stand in there, and we'll soon get enough to last us three or four days."

The brothers took shelter in a cellar doorway, both of them grimed to the eyes. Billiam produced a hideous mask out of his side pocket, and put it on. Then he slid off the doorstep and took up his position on a little mound of hard trodden earth and engine ash.

"Ho! Ha!" he cried. "Ye are a set o' dirty, lazy Gilmerton cairters!"

Every coalman on the wagons leaped up at the word as if he had been stung, and the rain of coal cobs which fell about Billiam was astonishing and deadly; but by long practice he evaded every one of them, letting some slip past him, and catching the straight ones as cleverly as ever he had done the ball when he kept wicket on the green playing fields.

Presently the Captain found Billiam, now a very swollen and bulky Billiam, once more beside him.

"You go and fill up at the back of the mound where I was guying 'em," he said; "there's quite half a ton there."

And very obediently the Hussar went, with a grim delight in his heart to think of the fit his C.O. would have, if he could only have seen him. Presently he had filled up, and, leaving the roar of the coal avenue for the quiet of the house, Billiam and his brother slunk laboriously upstairs to their garret.

"Lord, shall I ever be clean again?" groaned the Captain, looking at his hands. "To think what you have led an officer of the Queen into—you blessed young gallows bird, Billiam!"

"Empty the coals here," commanded Billiam; and his brother poured out his hoard into a large compartment built beside the window. How Billiam could have carried so great a load was a puzzle, but certainly there could not have been less than a hundred-weight of coal in his canvas pockets alone. He hastened to fill a pot with water, and in a little while he had a shallow bath full of

warm water. This he set out in the corner, behind a screen made of a grey sheet which hung upon a cord.

"Go in there," he said, "and get yourself clean, you horrible Sybarite!"

When he came back to take his turn at the bath, a fresh pot full of water was ready, and the room was bright and warm. The Hussar had attended to the fire and had swept the floor. The brothers were in the inner room in which Billiam usually camped. There was a sofa in it now.

"I'll toss you for the sofa, young 'un," said the Captain.

"Right," said Billiam, promptly. "Tails!"

"Heads it is!" cried the Hussar with some relief.

"Glad of that," quoth cheerful Billiam, "I prefer the floor anyway. You can make quite a decent thing out of rugs and overcoats. And besides, sleeping on the floor makes you so jolly glad to get up in the morning."

So they turned in and slept the sleep of the just. Billiam was up by daylight and had a cheerful fire burning when his brother awoke. He brought him a cup of tea and told him to roll over again. But the captain was now wide awake and eager for talk.

"Why do you keep on at this kind of thing?" he said, "and why don't you buy your coals like an ordinary being?"

"Well," said Billiam, "this is the sort of thing I take to, you see. It's interesting all the time. I suck in oceans of learning all day till I'm tight, and then I practise it all the evening. And as for coals—well, sometimes I do buy them. But £150 a year doesn't spread far in rent, classes, and victuals—not to speak of dressings and lint."

"See here," said the captain, "I think I could get over the governor to double your allowance. I've been pretty light on him lately and he thinks me a good little man. If I do, will you leave off pigging up here and live decent?"

Billiam seized his hand.

"You are a good chap, sure," he said. "Try it on the dad, Heb! I could get proper cubicles for the beasts then, an

operating table, and perhaps I might even afford to hire a yard."

The Captain leaped from his sofa and began to pace up and down in his pyjamas.

"Of all the fools God ever made, Billiam, you are the most confounded! Why in creation didn't you settle down and be a proper parson, if you wanted to do all this kind of thing. It makes me sick!"

Billiam looked at him a while as if for once he would try to explain. But the hopelessness of the task made him turn away sadly. Nobody ever would understand. He must just go on and on, till they put him in a lunatic asylum.

"See here," he said, "better put on your clothes, Herbert. You'll be sure to catch cold, prancing about there in your night things. And you don't look pretty," he added, looking at him critically.

"But why wouldn't you be a parson, Billiam? That beats me dead. You're just the sort of soft chap for a parson."

"Stuff!" said Billiam, "who ever heard of a parson just for splicing up dogs and cats and things? There's enough of the other kind to go round, surely. And there's only one of Billiam for this sort of parsoning."

"Well, Billiam," said Captain Ormithwaite a little later, "I'm off up to town. This is all very well for a night, but a little more of it would kill me. I declare I shall smell doggy and chloratey for a month. Here's some sinews for you, Billiam. It's all I can spare."

"Thank you," said Billiam, pocketing the notes without demur. "I may be the prodigal chap in the parable, but I'm blowed if you are the old kind of elder brother, the fellow who would not go in."

"That's all right," said the captain. "Let us hear that you keep ribald. I guess you'll slip into heaven ahead of some of the parsons yet, Billiam."

"It'll be when Peter's not looking, then," said Billiam, shaking his head, "but if they do nick me at the gate, why I guess there'll always be plenty for a fellow like me to turn his hand to in the Other Place."

[This is not, however, the end of Billiam. For there was a seamstress across the landing who seriously interfered with his plans.]

A MORNING ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

BY W. ARTHUR WOODWARD.

It was upon the distinct understanding that I did so at my own risk that my visit to the Stock Exchange was undertaken. To provide me with book and pencil; to post me until I was not to be outdone in superciliousness; to pilot me through the labyrinths of the rambling building, were promised by a friendly member on the stipulation that the moment my intrusion was suspected

his connection with me ended. Where my dissimulation broke down, there his friendship was to finish.

To suppose that there is any particular difficulty connected with an illicit visit to the Stock Exchange is to put far too much faith in the exaggerated stories of the summary eviction of strangers that are occasionally related. It is, in fact, singularly difficult to understand why the place should be enshrouded with so much mystery, since the Paris Bourse, the New York Stock Exchange, and I believe every other money market, is accessible to the general public.

Yet, as if to symbolise the mythical arcana of Capel Court, the house itself occupies by no means a prominent position, and although covering practically the whole of the triangular block of buildings to the east of the Bank of England, it is protected from the vulgar gaze by a series of unpretentious edifices that roughly encompass the pile of white brick and stone within. Nothing except the electric life of Throgmorton-street, the ceaseless ebb and flow of the financial tide, money expressed in people, the leisurely activity which characterises nearly all Stock Exchange men, reveals to the passer-by the exact location of the heart of what Rothschild, in epigrammatic phrase, called the bank for the whole world.

Even the main entrance at the end of the narrow alley known as Capel Court is not of sufficient significance to attract attention, and whichever of the seven doorways into the building the visitor may select it is equally unassuming, equally gloomy, and equally unsuggestive of the crater of human emotions that is smouldering within.

Through the outer swing doors a stone-paved lobby, unprepossessingly bare, gives

access to the House itself. In these lobbies strangers who have any business to conduct with members are compelled to wait. They are in keeping with the inhospitable spirit of the Stock Exchange.

Entering from the north, a short chain of passages couple the diminutive halls and lead to the various offices of the building, which now appears more imposing and far larger than glimpses of the exterior had in any way suggested. Staircases descend to the basement and mount to the spacious rooms above. It is here that the managing committee of the Stock Exchange conducts its business.

Inside the building is a private telegraph office, which is believed to be the busiest in London—and no small share of the daily business is conducted over the wires.

Each entrance to the House itself is zealously guarded by porters in uniforms of dark blue with brass buttons and scarlet collars and gold braided hats. Although there are some 4,000 brokers and jobbers, and thousands more of authorised and unauthorised clerks who have the *entrée* to the building, these lynx-eyed officials appear to know them each by sight; they seem, in fact, to recognise a subscriber, or divine the presence of a stranger by instinct.

Once past these officials and the visitor may breathe in safety for a short space of time. To evade their vigilance, however, is no easy task; nor does the prospect of being discovered and ignominiously expelled amidst the jeers of the small knots of clerks congregated on the steps serve in any way to enliven the situation. If the man who hesitates is ever lost, however, he is in this case. I therefore tilted my hat a little on one side, wedged a pencil knowingly between my teeth, and, pocket-book in hand, ran up the steps, and rather to my surprise found myself entering the sacred portals unchallenged.

The Stock Exchange itself is an enormous oblong hall, which, but for the disillusion of the surging crowd and deafening clamour, reminded me of the gaming rooms at Monte Carlo. The vicissitudes of the Stock Exchange are, in fact, like those of the *roulette* or *trente et quarante* table.

In shape the Stock Exchange is too irregular to convey an accurate impression of its appearance. It is a vast, lofty chamber, 16,000 square feet, or more, in area, and



SHORTER'S COURT (ONE OF THE ENTRANCES).

narrower in the centre than at the ends, where it widens out into large rounded transepts. The gilt dome and vaulted roof of glass is supported by huge columns of red-brown granite, while the bare marble walls, which gave rise to the slang term of Gorgonzola Hall, glimmer like polished mirrors under the rays of the electric arc lights suspended from the dome.

Partly round the building runs a fragile gallery so high up that it almost escapes observation. This gallery is ignored by members of the House, and is as inaccessible to the general public as any other portion of the building. When wider views come to be entertained, however, as to the right which the public undoubtedly have to watch the money of the world in the hands of the financial jugglers, it may yet come into use or perhaps give place to a more serviceable structure.

A few feet from the ground a hat-rack about an eighth of a mile in length, and thus distinguished as the longest in the world, encircles the entire hall, and beneath this a long line of unfurnished wooden seats affords convenient standing ground when the House so far forgets its dignity as to indulge, as it

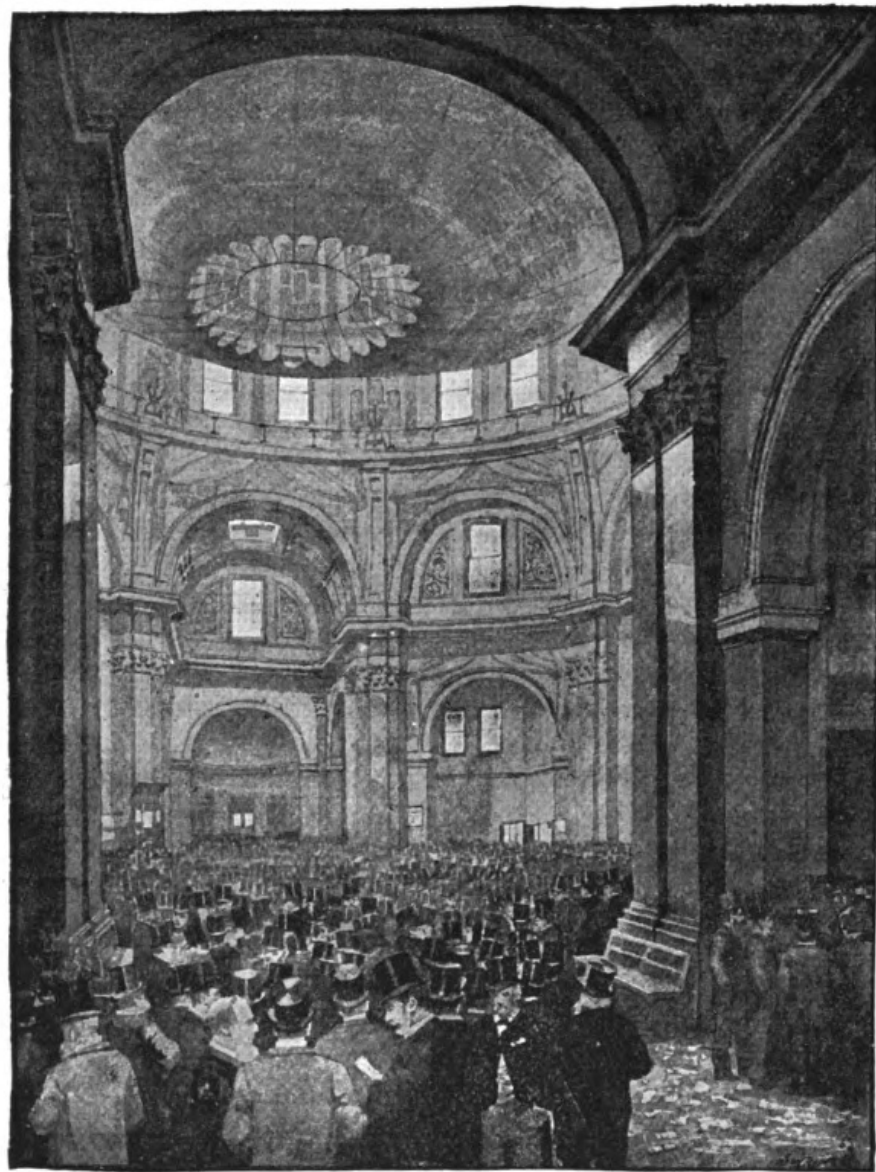
does by fits and starts, in the relaxation of twenty minutes' horseplay.

I took a dislike to those seats. I fancy I must have regarded them with much the same feeling of hostility as a bull would regard the auditorium when turned into the arena of the *Plaza de Toros*. For sooner or

prepared as anyone else to deal in stocks and shares. A moment before, the head waiter had sprung a rattle in notification of the fact that the regular business of the Stock Exchange had commenced. For an hour or more, however, men had been coming and going and posting themselves in the closing prices of the previous afternoon.

Outside the swing doors which give entrance to the various markets, the porters in their leathern chairs were shouting through the tangled skein of speaking-tubes which hung beside them the names of various members of the Stock Exchange who had been called for by friends unable to obtain admission to the House. As I crossed the rubicon I heard the names taken up by corresponding porters seated on corresponding perches within. Above this rose a dull monotonous roar of voices, which filled the huge hall and echoed down the corridors as the glass doors swung backwards and forwards on their hinges.

Having effected an entrance and mingled with some trepidation among the jostling close-packed crowd within, I found myself



THE INTERIOR OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

later, I did not doubt, I should be affording sport for the gentlemen with whom I had presumed to mix.

There are other seats, too, round the central pillars of the buildings, while a sort of rostrum occupies the middle of the floor.

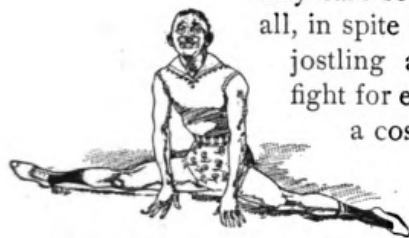
It was eleven o'clock when I first entered the precincts of the House, apparently as fully

at once faced with a new difficulty. To observe without the appearance of observing; to walk into an absolutely new world without betraying surprise or expressing a certain feeling of unrestfulness; to be asked questions that you cannot answer, and accosted in language which defies intelligible construction, is a bewildering task.

At every yard the crowd became denser,

and the indescribable babel of voices grew louder.

It was an orderly, good-natured, devil-may-care sort of crowd after all, in spite of the continual jostling and the constant fight for exit and entrance; a cosmopolite assemblage in the midst of which Jews and Gentiles waived differences of creed in unanimity of religion, where Hebrew millionaires and ghosts of Capel Court haunting the scenes of their departed triumphs stood arm in arm, and grey-haired speculators, with humped backs and wrinkled brows, rubbed shoulders with beardless boys.



MR. BARNEY BARNATO YESTERDAY.

Standing there in the busiest hour of the day, the absolute solidity and outward levity of the members fills one with natural wonder. In spite of everything, in the face of panics, in the hour of momentous crises, there is no appearance of haste nor even excitement. Nothing, indeed, is more surprising than the calm demeanour of the individual members, their *sang froid* and apparent unconcern in the midst of the fever and ferment of the House.

The continual roar of voices, the shouts of buyers and sellers, the occasional rattle of the waiters preceding some official announcement, afford just those circumstances under which a man might be expected to lose his head. Millions of pounds are changing hands hour by hour, fortunes are being made and fortunes lost, but everyone is calm and alert, and, to outward seeming, unconscious that anything untoward is afoot. The complaisancy of the individual, in fact, appears to increase in inverse ratio to the extent of his dealing, and the critical nature of the transactions in which he is concerned.

Although there are more than a dozen markets carried on simultaneously upon the Stock Exchange, access to each of the principal of which is obtained through a special entrance, they are all conducted beneath the

same roof, and are only to be distinguished by the members who form the various groups making denser corners in an already densely crowded room.

Every member of the Stock Exchange is either a broker or a jobber, the latter occupying the exact position of a middleman, and whereas the broker has the general public for a client, the jobber acts as a go-between in the transactions of one broker with another. The jobber is, in fact, a convenient and almost indispensable functionary, as he supplies at all times and under every circumstance a ready market. He is always ready to buy or sell, and he will make a buying and a selling price at a moment's notice, while still in the dark as to the intentions of his client.

It does not require a large amount of observation to discover that, from eleven in the morning until four in the afternoon, one gigantic game of bluff is being played upon the Stock Exchange. To be a physiognomist, to read the eyes and voice, to penetrate each other's policy — this is the art that every successful member of the House must master.

Here and there I noticed that men surrounded by small groups of buyers and sellers were offering stocks and shares, or bidding at the top of their voices, with that peculiar accent and phraseology that one associates with the paddock or the auction room. Yet by far the major portion of the business is conducted in a confidential manner, and often on the steps of the Stock Exchange or in

Throgmorton-street, after the House is closed.

In active times the business transacted daily in Capel Court amounts to millions upon millions of pounds. Yet no written



A DROP IN ALLSOPPS.



MR. BARNEY BARNATO TO-DAY.

contracts or notes pass between broker and jobber. Each makes a hasty pencil entry in his pocket-book, and there the matter ends until settling day, except for the formality of calling the bargains over the following morning, which is done by clerks representing the firms upon the Stock Exchange. Notwithstanding the stupendous amounts at stake, however, it is the boast of Capel Court that in all its chequered career there is hardly a single case of repudiation on record.

In a few hours property to the amount of £15,000,000 has been known to change hands, and Rothschild himself has made in one day purchases to the extent of £4,000,000. Yet the whole transactions were done verbally, and without a single line of writing.

There are many curious characters upon the Stock Exchange; but although the names of a large number of the members are tolerably well known, it is in connection with some sphere outside Throgmorton-street. Neither the Rothschilds, nor Mr. Barnato—erstwhile acrobat and still juggler—nor any of the famous bankers and large speculators whose names are most familiar with the public, are actual members of the House, and, enormous as their influence is upon the money market, their entire transactions are conducted through the medium of the firms who represent them upon the Stock Exchange.

In Capel Court the prophet has more honour in his own country than anywhere else. There are poets and M.P.'s, and famous athletes, and well-known sportsmen on the Stock Exchange, but many of them receive less respect than Hebrew millionaires and plodding Germans who are the incarnation of the art of making money.

There are half a dozen men or more who are looked upon as pillars of the House, and whose figures are, as it were, distinctive landmarks in Capel Court. Each of them has

his special following, who swear by him and take his tips, although tips are things generally avoided in Throgmorton-street.

Modesty is a virtue that appears ill-assorted on the Stock Exchange, where Self, Selfishness, and Self-importance are cynically accepted as the three senses. Yet if you buttonhole one of these leviathans of the money market, he immediately grows restless and attempts to wriggle off.

Mr. Yellowly Watson for one, however, cannot escape observation. For is he not known as the Gulliver of the Kerbstone, and do not men meet under him when they have an appointment to keep in the House?

Mr. Watson is the hope of all small members, who realise that his broad shoulders and long legs will make a way for them through the densest crowd, while his good-natured willingness to deal in anything that comes along makes him a good fairy to the weary "miner." He is a man who invites confidence—and he stands in the street surrounded by his Lilliputian admirers, while he listens to their woes with the benevolence of a Brahmin and the severity of a judge. Mr. Watson is one of the most powerful members of the House, and wiry as becomes the whilom champion long



WAITING FOR THE RISE.

jumper of the world.

Another familiar figure on the Stock Exchange is that of Mr. Sydney Bristowe, the staid, respectable, quietly dressed, middle-aged man, who goes by the nickname of John Bull. Mr. Bristowe is a typical representative of the old school, and from the time that the Stock Exchange opens until the closing hour he occupies one particular spot in the House, where those who wish to find him may look with certainty. At four o'clock he departs, never delaying to transact any hasty business in the street. In spite of his slightly pompous manner, Sydney Bristowe is by no means old. There is, in fact, this characteristic about the Stock Exchange that,

in spite of the high pressure at which business is conducted, nothing is more striking than the youthful appearance and buoyant spirits of the members.



There is Mr. Richard Pfungst, for instance, with the cheery "First of all, how are you?" with which he always accosts a friend—in spite of the chaff which this little peculiarity brings down. No one would suppose that he, with his youthful figure and beaming face, has been for twenty-three years a member of the House. He is a man on whom the cares and worries of life rest lightly, and who lives down all trouble with a smile. Yet his appetite for business is voracious, and he is usually the last member of the Stock Exchange to leave Throgmorton-street.

Then there is "Our Tommy"—five feet or less in height, and every inch one of the biggest men in the market. For Mr. Tommy Marks has made and lost more than one large fortune in his time. He is the most energetic and one of the most popular members of the House, where his kindness of heart and unselfish disposition earn for him well-deserved admiration and respect.

And just as each market has its master, each market has its butt. In every lull of business the unfortunate man is called upon to enliven the house, as I was unpleasantly conscious I should be myself the moment my dissimulation fell through, or my intrusion was resented. To be sung to, to be danced round, to be bonneted and hustled until such time that he does not know whether he is standing upon his head or his heels—this, and a great deal more besides, is the fate of any man who has made himself unpopular within the Stock Exchange.

The fun of the House as I found it was more boisterous than humorous. A great deal that went on was simply that form of practical joking which is known in school-boy parlance as bullyragging. But even this relieves the tension of continual gambling, and it may be that its very boisterousness is the safest and best form of relaxation from the harassing strain of business in the money markets. To roughness, it must be admitted, the members of the Stock Exchange have little scruple about adding cruelty—and such wanton cruelty that has been known to drive an unfortunate boy to suicide.

It was an old trick that was replayed—perhaps with unusual design and forethought. The name of a bogus stock was invented on the spur of the moment, and whispered round the market. The new comer, totally unsuspecting of the trap that had been laid, was soon buying and selling it again at an ever enlarging profit. As the news spread through the building the demand increased by leaps and bounds; the price rose steadily, until every minute added to the fabulous sums that the dealer had already gained.

By the end of the afternoon his book showed a profit of several thousand pounds. For three or four days the delusion was kept up with admirable gravity. The boy found himself an embryo millionaire, and then in the midst of his elation, he was left to discover that he had been the victim of a stupendous hoax, that the shares in which he had dealt had no existence, while he himself had become the laughing stock of the place.

Even old hands are occasionally caught in the same snare—a fact more readily understood when it is known that enormous dealings are done every day in shares of various companies, the objects of which are unknown



to those through whose hands the shares pass.

Some time before the Derby of 1895 was run, a sporting dealer in African Mines used to spend the best part of his day in buying Potchefstroom shares, technically known as "Potts," and his spare time in backing the famous Raconteur for the Derby. Why he was investing so largely in these shares nobody knew, until a broker who shrewdly guessed that the jobber was investing in shares about which he knew nothing, put the question to him point blank.

"Well," drawled the dealer, "I'm told that they find gold, silver, copper, coal, and various other minerals in the mine, and besides that," he added confidentially, "I hear on the best authority that Raconteur is being trained there for the Derby."

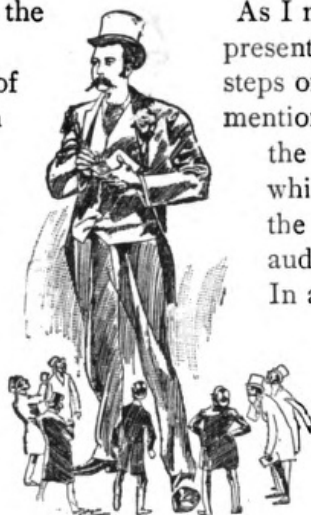


MR. R. PFUNGST.

It was the same jobber who was afterwards the hero of an amusing incident in the House. In an idle moment an argument had arisen on the distance which it was possible for a man to cover at one hop, and the assertion was made that no one could cross the Stock Exchange in less than forty—a declaration which was immediately disputed by the backer of Raconteur. At this,

someone offered to bet five pounds that he would fail to cover the distance in thirty hops. And long odds were offered against twenty-five, twenty, and all the way down to fifteen.

The jobber accepted them all—and when at four o'clock a line was formed, he to the amazement of everyone, won the day in eleven gigantic leaps—a feat which made him the richer by nearly £50. No one quite knows how much money is lost and won upon the Stock Exchange in this irresponsible kind of betting—but many thousands thus change hands every year. It is part of the life. They could not exist without it.



MR. "GULLIVER" WATSON.

As I moved about the Stock Exchange I presently observed a waiter mount the steps of the rostrum that I have already mentioned as occupying the centre of the floor. Above the perpetual din to which I was by this time accustomed, the rap of a hammer was distinctly audible in every part of the building. In a moment the crowd, palpitating, was petrified. A second and a third time the hammer dropped, and that moment a pin falling on the floor could have been heard, where a moment before all the noises of the animal world in unison would have been drowned. The waiter bared his

head. I did so too. No one else followed my example, however, and I made speed to rectify the error with as much unconcern as I could muster. In the meantime the waiter, in the midst of this inconceivable silence, had cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "Mr. X. begs to inform the House that he cannot comply with his bargains."

The announcement ended, a waiter at the other end of the building bobbed up in his perch, rapped his hammer, repeated the phrase word for word, and bobbed down again. Then the babel broke out afresh, the momentary interest was extinguished, there was no demonstration, no apparent concern, nothing to make it known that these three little raps of the hammer were the death knell of some speculator's fortune. The names of all defaulters are posted on the "black board," and, having no longer admission to the House, their accounts are adjusted by the official assignee appointed by the Committee for the purpose. Although the Stock Exchange, except on Saturdays and settling

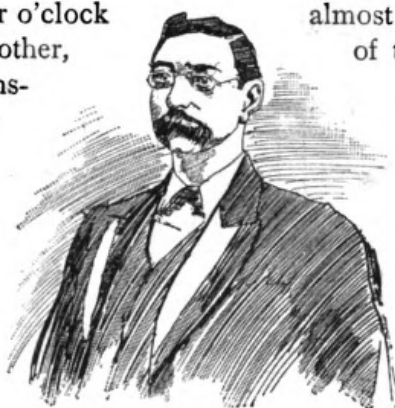


MR. SIDNEY BRISTOWE.



MR. "TOMMY" MARKS.

days, closes punctually at four o'clock from one year's end to the other, a great deal of business is transacted in the street. The principal entrance to the American market is through Shorter's Court, a small cobble-paved court-yard, that seems to have been overlooked by the architect of the Stock Exchange, and here almost every evening a scene of the liveliest excitement ensues.



MR. HARRY WEBER.

From the intense heat of the House it is a trying change to emerge into the outer air and to stand about very often bareheaded for the best part of an hour. There are many men who might boast better health to-day if they had not taken part in these overflow meetings, which, however, are too important to be neglected. Here, between four and five, one may see many of the most prominent members of the Stock Exchange. Every few minutes the cable prices from New York, which have arrived too late for admission to the Stock Exchange, are called out, and an eager crowd awaits any bids or offers that may fall from the lips of Mr. Pailthorpe, who, as the representative of the firm who are the biggest "shunters" with New York, receives cablegrams at the rate of one every few minutes.

In the African ring, struggling and surging in the street, the enormous figure of Mr. Harry Paxton looms aggressively. He is

almost a giant, this popular member of the House, and can afford to dress untidily, thereby making himself conspicuous among the well-groomed men who are elbowing each other on the pavement. Mr. Paxton's secession from the American market is a matter of recent history. He was followed almost immediately by Mr. Tom Nickalls—the father of Guy and Vivian, the

oarsmen—whose broad shoulders and flowing beard were at one time a conspicuous feature of the crowd in Shorter's Court.

The boom in the Kaffir market, which played so conspicuous a part in the last financial year, was, undoubtedly, the most unparalleled that the chronicles of Capel Court record. Yet strangely enough the fortunes that were made existed for the most part on paper only. But few men foresaw the collapse, and still fewer succeeded in "clearing out" at the critical moment when the climax was reached. Mr. Harry Weber, who is thoroughly acquainted with the weaknesses of the Stock Exchange and the fickle nature of

the goddess who presides over its varied fortunes, is one of the singularly small number who secured their fortunes. Long before the "slump" came he was safely on his way to India.

Our illustration of the interior of the Stock Exchange is from a drawing kindly lent by Mr. Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press.



THE AMERICAN MARKET IN SHORTER'S COURT.



"BISHKA"

Written and Illustrated from Photographs by
GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

AMONGST the thousands of British and foreign visitors each year to Windsor Castle, comparatively few ever wend their way across the park to Frogmore, where the Queen's private kennels, the poultry yards, dairy, and farm are situated. True, a special permit has to be obtained before these places can be inspected, but the sights to be seen there, especially to any lover of animals, will well repay the little extra trouble necessary before permission to view them is obtained, and once there we can fully realise the devoted attachment of their Royal mistress to every one of her pets, an attachment that in many cases survives the death of the favoured creature.

Just opposite the front gate of the kennel-man's house, is a plot of smooth green turf, which is kept neat and trim throughout the year. Its surface is dotted with stone slabs of different sizes, and underneath each one reposes some dead and gone canine favourite, the name, age, and sometimes the name of the donor being graven on the stone. Although a large number of dogs are born in the kennels annually, the Queen is constantly receiving presents of rare and valuable dogs from those at home and abroad who know her fondness for them. The shivering little Italian greyhound, "Bishka," whose portrait we give, is an illustration of this, for he was at one time the pet of that great and

beloved monarch the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, and after his death his little favourite was sent to Windsor by the widowed Empress, so that he may end his days in peace; and rarely does the Queen pass his kennel without stopping to inquire after him, and speak a kindly word in answer to his demonstrations of affection.

The beautiful Scotch collie, "Darnley," was presented to her Majesty by the Rev. Hans Hamilton, one of our greatest collie breeders and President of the Collie Club; whilst the parents of the very rare and valuable white Scotch collie, "Squire," were presented by the Messrs. Charles, of Wellesbourne, some years ago, and the breed is being preserved with most excellent results, "Squire" being a very typical specimen of the Windsor white collies.

The Norwegian sledge-dog "Rolfe" was presented to the Queen by the late Colonel Maude, Crown Equerry. Rolfe's great strength and massive shoulders doubtless proved of the greatest use to him in the days when he was compelled to assist in dragging heavy sledges across the snows and ice of Norway, but he has grown stout and somewhat indolent since his arrival at Windsor.

The little white Spitz or toy Pomeranian "Gina," who weighs seven pounds only, was brought from abroad by the Queen herself, and is consequently among the most favoured of the pets in the Castle. But of all the

dogs, either at the Castle or in the kennels, the handsome brown Spitz or Pomeranian. "Marco" is the special favourite. He travels with the Queen in all her journeys, and a Scotch "gillie" or manservant is in close attendance upon him whenever he takes his walks abroad. He is a deep rich chesnut brown, a beauti-



Lion Cub
"VICTOR"

ful shape, and as good and even tempered as any dog in the world, so that we need not be surprised at special honours being thickly showered on him as the Queen's "favourite of favourites."

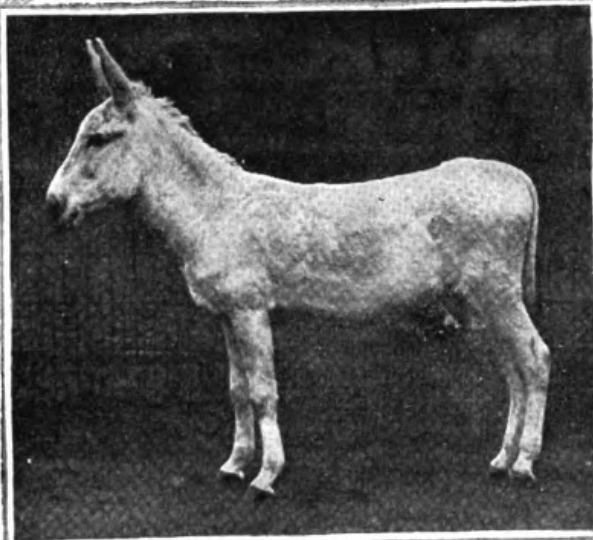
In the kennel-man's house is a comfortable room hung with red curtains and having a carpet to match, and this is reserved for the use of the Queen, who will often rest here when visiting her pets. The fact that the walls are covered with paintings of past favourites, each bearing the dog's name and that of the artist who painted the portrait, makes it a most interesting room to anyone fortunate enough to obtain admission there, through the kindness of Mr. Joseph Hill, the kennel-man. Nothing in the whole of the Frogmore establishments more plainly shows the Queen's genuine affection for her pets than this oak-panelled room, hung round with

so many really beautiful paintings by celebrated artists, and in more than one instance a lock of hair from some special favourite is let into the frame itself.

Another very interesting sight is to see the dogs at exercise in the home park. Every one of them is taken out twice a day, the big dogs taking their constitutional only when the little ones are safely in their kennels. It is a pleasant sight to meet Mr. Hill with about thirty Pomeranians, dachshunds, pugs, and other small dogs, who race about under the

trees on a bright afternoon, perfectly happy and contented, as rolling over each other in play or chasing each other in a mad gallop, they spend a good hour in healthy exercise.

The Frogmore kennels, by the way, must not be confounded with the



Egyptian
Ass
"JACK"



Norwegian Sledge Dog
"ROLFE"

Royal kennels for the buckhounds at Ascot, for they are entirely different. The former are the private ones built by the Queen in 1841, just four years after her accession to the throne, and they contain on an average about sixty dogs and puppies of different

breeds, many of them not only good enough to show, but actually prize winners at the larger British exhibitions.

The kennels are well built, and not only



White Scotch Collie
"SQUIRE"

do the fortunate inmates enjoy their liberty in large grass runs, each containing a spacious swimming tank, but the sleeping compartments are fitted with hot water pipes and plenty of clean straw on their wooden benches, and mothers and puppies are accommodated in a roomy hospital apart from the main building. The visitor is at once struck by the entire absence of what can best be described as "fashionable barbarities," none of the dogs having their ears cropped or tails cut, anything like unnecessary cruelty being absolutely forbidden.

And what is true of the kennels is true also of the poultry yards and dairy farm, perfect cleanliness, order and comfort are everywhere; whilst the needs of each individual animal are carefully looked after by some responsible person. The natural result is that such magnificent specimens of the bovine race as the champion "New Year's Gift" and "Empress" have been born and reared on the farm, doing the greatest possible credit to the Queen and her indefatigable manager, Mr. Tait, whose name is a household word

amongst cattle breeders in all parts of the world.

At one time, strolling leisurely up and down the cow-houses, amongst the Jersey and other dairy cows, one was every now and then startled by hearing a vicious snort or roar from a pen in the far corner, with an occasional crash against the wooden partitions. Expecting to see some unusually savage specimen of the domesticated cow, it was a considerable surprise to find oneself within a few inches of a huge American bison bull, who prodded viciously with his short but business-like horns whenever a visitor approached his loose box. He was a present to the Queen from the Marquis of Lorne at the time that he was Governor-General of Canada, but as we were in sore need of

a bison bull in our collection in Regent's Park, and this fact having become known to the Queen, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, the huge bull was shortly afterwards transported in a strong



Collie
"DARNLEY"



Toy Pomeranian
"GINA"

cage by road from Windsor to the Zoo, where he still lives, and affords the greatest pleasure and interest to many thousands of visitors.

Soon after his arrival the Zoo received another gift from her Majesty in the shape of the handsome lion cub, "Victor," who was sent as a present to the Queen by the Sultan of Sokoto, a territory on the north-west coast of Africa, and his thickly spotted coat proved to be a continual source of wonder to the visitors, many of whom never before realised that all lions when young are more or less spotted, the spots fading away at each change of coat until full age, when they disappear altogether.

"Victor," now a full grown lion, has unfortunately not fulfilled the promise of his youth, as, although

a good bodied lion, he has a light eye and mane, and his head has thickened out to such an extent that he has lost that beautiful leonine expression for which, as a cub, he was so celebrated.

We cannot conclude these notes on her Majesty's pets without a word of reference

to the white Egyptian donkey "Jack," who was presented to the Queen by Lord Wolseley after one of his successful campaigns in Egypt. He is an unusually fine specimen, standing about thirteen hands high, and when

he arrived at Windsor he was covered with most intricate designs, clipped out on his white coat by some clever native of Egypt. His hard-working days are over now, and here he will end his life in peace and comfort, carefully tended, and with all his wants ministered to, until the last.

No one can leave the Frogmore kennels, poultry

yards, or dairy farm, without feeling that the animals are fortunate indeed whose lines have fallen in such pleasant places. Everything possible is done to make them happy, and all is carried out under the watchful supervision of their Royal mistress and her devoted servants.



The Queen's favorite,
"MARCO"

FLEETING.

*Fleeting on, for ever fleeting,
Like the spirit of the wind;
Still the years roll on repeating
Echoes of the year behind—
Nought the mystic chain may sever,
Present now and future ever.*

*On, for ever, onward speeding
Down the long-drawn vale of tears;
Still the fading past receding,
Beckons to the future years—
Flitting onward, resting never,
Present now and future ever.*

CLARENCE HOPE.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Lieut.-General Sir
Evelyn Wood, V.C.

When we wish to be complimentary to our country we describe Sir Evelyn Wood as "a typical British soldier." When we wished to learn something of his career we went and asked him. That was a mistake. The Quartermaster-General told us many thrilling stories of other soldiers, but if one might judge from his own account he has never done anything remarkable himself. Yet the stories of his pluck and daring would nearly fill this magazine.

If, in the course of a fight or a dangerous manœuvre, you wanted Evelyn Wood, you might be certain of finding him in the tightest place; when, in the last Ashanti War, our men had to advance through forests, unable to see ten yards ahead, while they were shot down by blacks hidden in the thick underwood, Sir Evelyn himself led the column, and was among the first wounded.

Sir Evelyn was schooled in the art of war in the Royal Navy, which he entered in 1852, at the age of fourteen, taking action for the first time as a member of the Naval Brigade, under the command of Captain Sir William Peel, during the Crimean War. At the unsuccessful assault on the Redan he was severely wounded while carrying a scaling ladder; for his gallantry he was mentioned in Lord Raglan's despatches.

He next entered the army as cornet in the 13th Light Dragoons, and left this regiment as a lieutenant in 1856 to fill a captaincy in

the 17th Lancers. He served through the Indian campaign of 1858 as a brigade-major; while, a year later he took command of Beatson's Irregular Horse, distinguishing himself in his pursuit of the rebels in the Seronge jungle, and receiving the Victoria Cross for valour.

When the Ashanti War broke out in 1873 Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, then of the 90th Infantry, assisted Sir Garnet Wolseley by organising a native force, and following the retreat of the Ashanti army from the coast.

During the Zulu war of five years later he gave further evidence of his dash and brilliancy in the field.

Subsequently he served in the Transvaal and the Egyptian wars; was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army in 1882; commanded the Eastern District of England for three years, and the Western District for nearly five. He is now Quartermaster-General, and not even his habit of plain speaking has spoiled his popularity

with his colleagues. Sir Evelyn is a hard worker. He rises at six every morning, and works till late in the evening as a rule. He says he might manage by rising at a civilised hour if he were content to give up hunting and shooting and take a demure constitutional or a spin on his bicycle. He likes riding a bicycle, but he prefers a horse. In Essex, his native county, they know him well as a rare man with the hounds.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, G.C.B., V.C.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.



The Empress of
Russia.

To occupy one of the most conspicuous positions in the world, and yet to be unknown; to share the cares of a colossal empire, the joys and the

perils of the most powerful European monarch, while her individuality is lost beneath the lustre of the title which she, with unassuming dignity, wears; to influence the destiny of Europe while still on the very verge of womanhood—all this is the fate, or the good fortune perhaps, of the present Empress of Russia.

It is with difficulty that we can grasp the change which a few months have wrought in this gentle woman's life. Before she was called to her new and fateful task, Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt had led only the quiet and uneventful existence of many other German girls of her age. The

comely girl of Royal lineage, however, who has now shared for a whole year the cares

and dangers which form the conspicuous heritage of the young Czar, has shown herself well fitted for the dazzling rôle which, so unexpectedly, she was called upon to assume. The

tact, the courage, the power of sympathetic intuition which she inherited

from her mother, our beloved Princess Alice, have equipped her well for the anxious responsibilities of her exalted station. Yet her nature is, withal, so gentle that it disarms criticism; her views are liberal, her opinions well balanced, and amidst the semi-barbaric splendour of her position, simplicity, piety, and conscientiousness are as much the



EMPERESS ALIX OF RUSSIA.

Photo by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, I. of W.

characteristics of the Russian Empress as they were of the German Princess. The

Czarina is deeply studious in her habits, an omnivorous reader, and a clever linguist. Yet she is fond of out-door life, and enjoys nothing more than a long country ramble, accompanied by no one but her husband. Devoted to England herself, she has always been a special favourite with our own Royal family, and is the pet granddaughter of the Queen, who has not failed to notice the striking resemblance which she bears to the late Prince Consort.

So great is the Empress's natural fondness for the country of her mother's birth, that

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

she has often declared that she never enjoys herself more than when on a visit to "Grand-mamma." Speaking English with scarcely a foreign accent, she has insisted on making this in some measure the language of the Court at St. Petersburg. The Empress has struggled valiantly to master the tongue of her adopted country; but the task is one over which even an accomplished linguist may well grow disheartened.

Day by day the Empress exercises an unostentatious influence in favour of peace; and the very fact of her birth has served to allay, as it was hoped it might, the envious

and distrustful feeling which Russia sometimes displayed under the late Czar towards both Germany and England.

* * *

Sir George Newnes.

It seems fitting that the youngest of British magazines should pay tribute to the

ability of the maker of the magazine which has for some five years held the first place in the affections of the public. Sir George Newnes has often been described as the luckiest of

publishers of popular literature. But more than luck is needed to make two such colossal successes as *Tit-Bits* and the *Strand Magazine*.

Aside from newspapers, *Tit-Bits* has un-



SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.

Photo by Russell & Sons.

deniably proved more successful in a pecuniary sense than any other publication in this country, and it is, I know, a source of supreme satisfaction to the guiding spirit of the popular little green paper, to feel that the huge circulation has been gained, and the colossal fortune made, without the publication of a single line that could have a bad influence upon the purest-minded.

The most curious thing about *Tit-Bits* is that in its very earliest days no one believed in it except Sir George himself. It is, I



believe, a fairly well-known fact that his endeavours to induce his friends and business acquaintances to embark in the venture, were quite fruitless. Though fortune smiled upon *Tit-Bits* from the first number, nobody believed in it as a permanent success. A well-known Manchester news vendor has told me since, that his firm, though in as good a position to judge as any one in the trade, never thought that its popularity would continue for more than six months; and yet

Tit-Bits, after the lapse of fourteen years, is more firmly established than ever it was.

The *Strand Magazine* has been in its way quite as colossal a success as *Tit-Bits*, and the striking ability with which it has been conducted has conclusively proved that Sir George Newnes is second to none as a judge of what the reading public really want.

Sir George's baronetcy was the well-deserved reward of his pluck in starting the *Westminster Gazette* when the *Pall Mall* changed its politics. Though the *Westminster* does not rival *Tit-Bits* or the *Strand* in success, it has always been a most admirably conducted evening paper, and its influence upon the political feeling of the time is unquestionably very marked.

Sir George has the reputation of being the best chess player in the House of Commons, and is president of the British Chess Club, to which he has been a very munificent donor. He is a keen golfer, and is, indeed, fond of most out-door sports. For cycling he conceived a distaste as the result of a tricycle accident some years ago. Sir George is a married man with one son, who promises to prove himself no unworthy follower in his father's footsteps.

* * * * *

Among the young poets **Mr. Norman Gale**, who have obtained a hearing of late, Norman Gale, the author of "Waiting for Summer," in our last issue, "A Country Muse," "Orchard Songs," and several other books, one or two of which will be referred to before this brief notice comes to a conclusion, has a recognised position.

Let who will indulge in verbal contortions, or Latinisms in abundance, or fluent violence, or courtly gravity, Mr. Gale keeps to the text of simplicity with determination. A love of nature is the mainspring of his songs, and to

him sunshine serves as an unfailing stimulant. In this connection it should be remarked that Mr. Gale occasionally misuses his facility, a fact which has got him into trouble with such critics as find more pleasure in hunting for blemishes than for beauties.

According to Mr. Grant Allen, "this is an urban age," and it is remarkable, therefore, that a poet who sings of birds and woodlands, of the loves of country folk, and of such pleasures as are called Arcadian, should have established himself in the poetic ranks, and once more brought rustic themes to the front amid applause. Mr. Gale would not desert

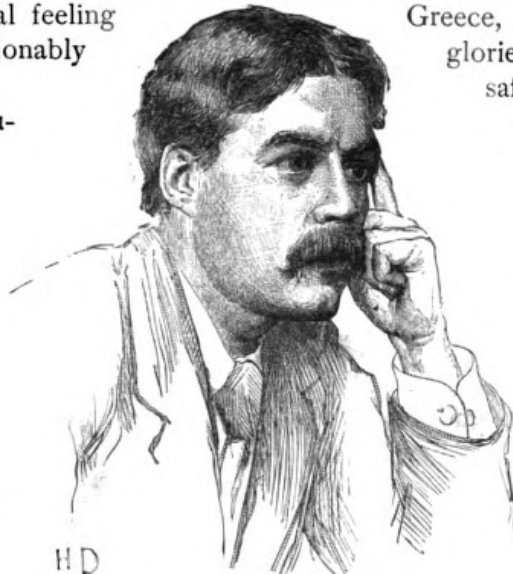
Warwickshire meadows for the isles of Greece, and whatever may be the glories of the Ganges, it may safely be averred that they could never tempt him to leave Shakespeare's Avon for long.

All that need be said of the poet's personal history can be written down in a few words. He was born in 1862. As soon as he left Oxford he occupied himself in school-mastering, and continued so to do until three years ago, when he published "A Country Muse," a book

which was, to its author's great surprise, the recipient of unanimous praise.

His one venture in prose, "A June Romance," has brought him many friends, and it has again gone out of print. As to his love of sport, is it not proved by his "Cricket Songs"? The fact is, Mr. Gale is an adept in nearly all games, whether those that are played in the house or those of the open air. Of young men who desert the national pastime for golf and tennis he has some vigorous remarks to make.

All sports that involve the suffering of dumb animals Mr. Gale shuns as he would shun the plague, and he is never tired of trying to implant the creed of mercy in both old and young listeners. Children he adores, and he does not yield to Mrs. Marriott



MR. NORMAN GALE.

Watson in his love for cats. The former have inspired him to write a book of songs,



AS CAPTAIN SWIFT.
Photo by Stereoscopic Co.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

A tall, clever-looking, clean-shaven man, with light hair, blue eyes, and clear-cut features, Mr. Tree gives one the impression of being younger than he really is. He is the most versatile of actors, and whether as Macari, the Italian adventurer, or Hamlet, the sorrow-stricken Prince of Denmark, the pessimistic Duke of Guisebury, in "The Dancing Girl," the harassed cleric of comedy — the Rev. Robert Spalding — as Captain Swift, or the repulsive Svengali of Du Maurier's



AS THE DUKE OF GUISEBURY.
Photo by Barraud.

He takes his art seriously, and talks well on that or any other subject that interests him

keenly. He thinks "it would be a pity if the generations to come are to be weaned upon the mental p a b u l u m known as the 'variety entertainment;'" but the leaning towards the lighter forms of entertainment shown by the public at the moment does not sour his blood.

An actor-manager who plays to crowded



AS HAMLET.
Photo by W. & D. Downey.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE.
Photo by Bassano.

houses night after night from one season to another may regard hopefully the outlook for legitimate drama. Not that there is about Mr. Tree anything of the well-fed optimism of the prosperous Philistine. Quite the contrary. He has worked hard for the realisation of his artistic ideals; he is justified in accepting the applause of his

audience, not only as proof that he has succeeded in his object, but as evidence of public taste for dramatic art. When public taste in literature is quite reasonably gauged by the number of editions into which a great poet runs, an actor-manager who refuses the evidence of his own box office must be obstinately obtuse.



AS SVENGALI.
Photo by Alfred Ellis.



MR. HIRAM S. MAXIM, MRS. MAXIM, AND THE INFANT MAXIM.

Mr. H. S. Maxim. It was a bad day for the untutored savage when Mr. Hiram S. Maxim first saw the light. No single weapon has contributed in a given space of time towards their destruction more than the fearful, death-dealing machine which bears his name.

Judging from external appearances one would never associate the grey-haired, genial, cheery-voiced Mr. Maxim with the invention of such a fearful engine of destruction; but he can easily convince you that, after a fashion, it is certain to prove the most effective of peacemakers.

The idea of the gun suggested itself to him in a curious way. Shortly after the American civil war he had a shot with a musket belonging to a soldier. The shock nearly knocked him down. This at once brought forcibly to his mind the question: Why should the recoil not be utilised to fire the next shot?

The outcome of this initial thought is the present gun, with its capacity for firing 670 shots a minute. If the spring is pressed for one-tenth of a second, one shot is fired; if the pressure is continued, the force of the

recoil throws out the empty cartridge and puts another in its place, and continues to do this until the spring is released.

The next most important invention for which Mr. Maxim is responsible is "an apparatus for making experiments in aerial flight."

Quite recently he has devised an entirely new method of gun-casting, which may ere long revolutionise the whole of our ordnance manufacture.

In directions other than those in which war machines are concerned, Mr. Maxim has been equally prolific as an inventor. One of the chief results is an automatic regulator for controlling the intensity of the current by electro-motive power. In appreciation of this invention, President Grévy bestowed upon him the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

The deposit of carbon on the filament of incandescent light was originally an idea of his conception; he did not protect it, however, and someone else reaped the credit and the profit.

Mr. Maxim's machine-shop at Erith contains the largest collection of high-class

tools in the world, some of the lathes in use being valued at £2,000 each. Besides the guns, explosive shells are turned out to the number of 4,000 a week, and fuses at the rate of several millions a year. Fearless and outspoken himself, Mr. Maxim abominates fraud of any description; and of this trait in his character he gave emphatic demonstration during the visit to England of Herr Dowe and his so-called bullet-proof cuirass some time ago, when Mr. Maxim offered, through the Press, to produce a steel breast-plate of equal weight and equal bullet-resisting power for the modest sum of seven-and-sixpence. The offer, needless to say, was not accepted, and the German retired.

Mr. Maxim is married, and his wife, a Boston lady, lends him invaluable assistance in his correspondence, and also does a considerable amount of reading for him.

* * *

Baron Hirsch.

No one man has done more towards bettering the condition of the Hebrew throughout the world than Baron Hirsch. As many as four hundred begging letters a day are frequently received by him, and every letter is carefully considered. Those which are penned by obvious frauds—and there are no small number of these—are thrown aside; the remainder are thoroughly investigated, and Jews and Gentiles alike impartially dealt with.

In all the capitals of Europe are found establishments known as Hirsch Committees, for relieving the poor in an unostentatious yet thoroughly efficient manner. A year or two ago the Baron spent the colossal sum of £3,000,000 in twelve months on charity.

The most important philanthropic affair in which he has been concerned is the emigration scheme for transplanting his unfortunate Russian co-religionists to a tract of

country which he has purchased in the Argentine Republic. When the colony was in course of formation the Baron, realising that it could not become self-supporting for some time, resolved to devote the sum of two millions sterling towards its maintenance until it was in a position to stand alone.

The powerful machine with which he has been enabled to carry out his noble work has been built up solely by his own extraordinary financial acumen, although he will tell you that his present position is due chiefly to the gentle and high-minded woman who is his wife.

In common with most millionaires who have gathered their wealth by dint of toil,

Baron Hirsch is a prodigious worker. Every morning, summer and winter, he rises at

five, and, long before his secretaries are awake, indulges in gymnastic exercise. After a cup of black coffee and a piece of dry bread, he receives his chief private secretary and commences the day's work.

Method marks his every action. He instils tidiness into those around him by precept and example.

At his mediæval castle of Eichorn, in Moravia, the Baron

entertains his English friends during the month of August in each year; and, no matter what personage he is entertaining, he spends the first eight hours of the day in getting through allotted tasks. In spite of this, he is an excellent host, and personally arranges with his head keeper the programme for each day's sport.

Immediately on his return from the hunt he invariably sleeps for a couple of hours. To this fact and to his frugal method of living, to his total abstention from tobacco, and to his regular physical exercise, he attributes the wonderful health which he enjoys.



BARON HIRSCH.

Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

Keen business instinct and hard common-sense are the predominant characteristics of Mr. Joseph Benjamin Robinson, and they have raised him from modest origin to the giddy heights of financial greatness that he occupies at the present moment.

Fifty years ago Mr. Robinson was born at Cradock, in the Eastern province, and was educated in South Africa until the age of fifteen, when he started on his own account, a wool-buying concern, and embarked in farming on an extensive scale.

In 1867 the whole of South Africa was thrown into a state of excitement by the discovery of the enormous diamond, the "Star of South Africa," which the Countess of Dudley bought for £30,000. Young Robinson immediately threw up wool-farming, and hurried to the Vaal River, taking 1,500 head of cattle with him, and procuring afterwards a number of waggons.

The natives refused to work for money, but they agreed to search the surface for stones for payment in the shape of an ox or a cow or a waggon, according to the size of the diamond found. In about six weeks they had found thirty diamonds worth £10,000. Mr. Robinson was by a long time the first white man on these particular mines, which are considerably older than the Kimberley diggings.

After the lapse of some years Mr. Robinson heard that at a place near Pretoria there

existed a peculiar kind of conglomerate—a mixture of earth, stone, and gold dust—which was shedding gold freely. He immediately hurried up-country, examined the reef, began bargaining at once, and purchased Langlaagte for £7,000. It is now worth £3,000,000.

Shortly afterwards he bought the Robinson Mines for £2,300. To-day they are worth £5,000,000.

He also bought the Randfontein Estate of about 40,000 acres for £20,000. This estate is worth to-day about £8,000,000.

And so he has gone on operating all along the line, buying all the properties he could get, although quidnuncs laughed at his apparent madness in wasting money on diggings that were believed to be at the best only surface. But he had his own ideas on the subject, and, luckily for himself, they turned out correct.

He is to-day in a position to advance the Transvaal Government any sum up to several millions sterling; he is the moving spirit of eight large mining and banking companies; and, before long, no doubt he will superintend the formation of others.

He is the owner of a magnificent estate at Cape Peninsula, near Cape Town, whither he sails in his own yacht to spend three months in every year away from the English winter. He also makes a tour of his mines and estates once a year.



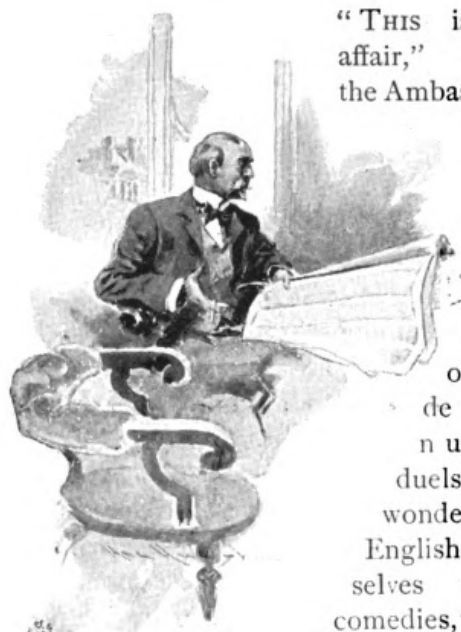
MR. J. B. ROBINSON.



SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE

THE CONFIDENCES OF AN EX-AMBASSADOR
ELICITED BY
ALLEN UPWARD.

No. II.—THE HONOUR OF AN EMPRESS.



"THIS is a trivial affair," commented the Ambassador, as he laid down the newspaper in which he had been reading an account of one of M. de Rochefort's numerous duels. "I do not wonder that you English amuse yourselves with these comedies, which reflect little honour on France. Nevertheless, let me tell you that, when we please, we can make of the duel something very different; that is to say, an affair of life and death."

"Without doubt," I answered, tossing aside my own copy of the *Matin*—we were in the smoking-room of the "Cercle des Etrangers"—"but your press should not give such importance to these farces."

The Ambassador brushed this observation aside with a wave of his hand.

"It is the too great facility with which these affairs are arranged that has involved them in ridicule," he said, pursuing his own line of thought. "It is when a crime has been

committed which is truly worthy of death, and yet which, from its nature, is beyond the reach of laws, that the duel becomes a sacred resource, indispensable in the interests of mankind."

"And are there such occasions, then?" I responded, in order to see what was in his Excellency's mind.

"I have, at all events, known of one," he returned gravely, as he began to roll a cigarette. "It was the case of an infernal plot directed against one of the most illustrious personages in Europe, a plot to which innocent lives were sacrificed, and yet one which could never be dealt with by the coarse machinery of jurisprudence."

"You arouse my interest, my dear Ambassador. Is it forbidden to ask for the history of this strange case?"

"I will tell it to you, my friend. But since the personage I have referred to is still alive, and is a woman for whom I have the most distinguished respect, we will, if you please, allude to her simply as the Empress. You will, of course, have no difficulty in recognising this lady before I have gone very far."

I hastened to accept this condition; and the Ambassador, having lit his cigarette with a match which I handed to him, leant back in his chair and began.

"I cannot recall the exact date at which I was accredited to the Court of St. James's, but it must have been at least twelve years ago. I had come to Great Britain with a sincere desire to win the confidence of the brave English people; and knowing that in

your country even politics receive less consideration than what you call "sport," I resolved to prove myself a huntsman. Accordingly I bought myself horses, and went out to hunt the fox.

"The hunt of which I became a member was at that time the most aristocratic in the world. It was rendered so by the patronage of the illustrious personage I have mentioned. Her Imperial Majesty had formed the habit of coming over to England during the season of the chase, under a strict *incognito*, and attended by only a small suite, in order to take part in this sport. It was in this way that I obtained the privilege of an acquaintance which I shall always look back upon as my most cherished remembrance.

"Among the members of her Majesty's suite at this time was a certain Baron Magratz, who filled the post of private secretary and comptroller of the household. You will understand, of course, that my intercourse with the Empress was on the most respectful footing; but it was not long before I discovered that this Baron, of whom I saw a good deal, was a dangerous, insolent man, quite unworthy of the confidence reposed in him by his august mistress.

"So acutely did I realise this that it became a question with me whether the favour extended to me by that noble and unsuspecting lady did not cast upon me the obligation of warning her against this man's presumption. While I was still in doubt, an incident occurred which rendered it unnecessary for me to speak.

"One morning, when we were engaged in waiting outside a small covert for the fox to appear, I observed Magratz ride up to the Empress and point with his hand, as if persuading her that the beast was about to emerge from a point further on. She turned her horse, and they rode off together round a corner of the wood. Troubled by some vague presentiment of mischief, I at once gave rein to my horse and followed.

"I got round the corner just in time to perceive what took place. The Baron had stooped forward, with an air of undue confidence, and was apparently addressing some remark to the Empress, when all at once I

saw her Majesty rein in her horse, lift up the riding whip she held in her hand, and draw it swiftly across his face.

"Magratz started with a violence which caused his horse to rear. What he would have done next I cannot say, but luckily at that moment he caught sight of me. The Empress had already turned, and she rode back past me, the angry gleam in her eyes relaxing into a gracious smile as she acknowledged my respectful salute.

"The Baron followed at a walk, and as he came up to me I observed on his face a narrow streak of red, crossing from the right ear to the mouth.

"Stung, doubtless, by my indignant look, he checked his horse, and addressed me with bitter emphasis:

"'I congratulate you, M. l'Ambassadeur, on your good fortune.' (The scoundrel spoke in French—no doubt for the sake of the double meaning.) 'You have seen how a member of a family which is six hundred years old is treated by one of these royalties. We others are not of the same clay, you perceive. A Magratz is no more to them than the ground beneath their feet. But perhaps this chapter will have a sequel.'

"I disdained to make any answer, and he passed on, with a wicked smile, and rode away out of sight.

"The next day I heard that he had quitted England under the displeasure of the Empress, and some years passed before I was again reminded of his existence."

The Ambassador stopped, and flicked his cigarette ash into the fireplace before us with much dexterity.

"It was in Vienna that I next met with my Baron." His Excellency checked himself abruptly, and appeared to be overwhelmed with confusion at having allowed this name to escape him. I was careful to show that I had not heard it.

"You met him, where, did you say?" I asked languidly.

"In the dominions of the Emperor whose illustrious consort I have spoken of," replied the Ambassador, swiftly recovering himself. "I had just been appointed to the charge of our Embassy in the Imperial capital, and it was at a State ball given in honour of the

Crown Prince's birthday that I recognised Magratz again.

"He was moving about among the guests with the assured manner of one who held a recognised position at Court. He wore on his breast the cross of the Order of Saint Luke, the second order in the Empire, and everyone appeared to treat him with marked distinction. But what attracted my notice particularly was a young girl of extraordinary beauty, whom he was escorting through the ballroom, and who clung to his arm with a delicious shyness. You know that I am not easily moved by the sex; picture the fascination of this damsel, therefore, when I tell you that I had hard work to refrain from going up to the Baron and soliciting an introduction.

"While I was wondering who she could be, and how Magratz had contrived to regain the Imperial favour, I observed a movement in the crowd through which the pair were straying. The bystanders fell back, and a young man suddenly came through, a young man with heavy features and hectic, rolling eyes, who was dressed in a rich uniform blazing with the stars of a dozen royal orders. It was the Crown Prince.

"The Prince, whose leaden face flushed with pleasure on catching sight of the couple, greeted Magratz in a style of much intimacy, and eagerly took possession of his exquisite partner, whom he led off through the apartments out of my sight.

"Magratz stood looking after them with an expression of dark and furtive satisfaction. Then he turned round, and, for the first time, caught my eye. He bowed with a polite, almost cordial, air, and advanced towards me through the throng.

"'Permit me to welcome you to my country, M. l'Ambassadeur,' he said, extending his hand, which I accepted with reluctance. 'What little influence I may possess here, and especially with his Imperial Highness, is entirely at your service. I trust you will allow me, within the next few days, the pleasure of paying my respects to you at the Embassy.'

"While I murmured my formal acknowledgments, I could not take my eyes off his face. It was, doubtless, an illusion, but I thought I could distinctly perceive a faint

purple mark where I had seen the whip of the Empress descend.

"M. de Magratz no doubt divined my thoughts, or rather they were conveyed to him without words, by that subtle process for which science has not yet invented a suitable name. He bit his lip, and permitted himself an ill-bred remark:—

"'To a man of your Excellency's well-known discretion it would be an impertinence to recommend silence with regard to certain incidents in the past.'

"I bowed, but with coldness, and changed the subject by complimenting him on the beauty of the young girl whose arm he had just relinquished.

"'Ah! that is my niece,' he observed, with affected carelessness. 'She is an orphan whom I have brought up. The Crown Prince is good enough to interest himself in her, but of course the difference in their ranks is too great for it to be any more than a passing fancy.'

"He pronounced these last words with a fatherly air which did not impose upon me. I even fancied I detected in them a veiled allusion to the circumstances of our last meeting.

"I turned on my heel, feeling strangely disturbed, and passed on through the rooms. The Crown Prince and his charming partner were nowhere to be seen."

The Ambassador paused. His cigarette was smoked out, and he proceeded to roll himself a fresh one.

"Catching sight in the crowd of my friend the little Count Messana, of the Italian Legation, I resolved to question him. The Count is a most remarkable man. He is the greatest repository of scandal in the whole of Europe, and, as his tongue never spares man or woman, he is immensely popular and goes everywhere."

"I think I have heard of the Count," I remarked. "Was he not mixed up in that scandal in the Quirinal, in which Prince——"

The Ambassador frowned rebukingly.

"Yes, yes; we will speak of that some other time. Do not let us distract ourselves now, I beg of you."

I excused myself for my interruption, and his Excellency went on:



"I saw her Majesty rein in her horse, lift up the riding whip she held in her hand, and draw it swiftly across his face."



"From Messina I gathered enough to confirm my uneasiness. It appeared that Magratz, after being in disgrace for some years, had recently been allowed to present himself again at Court. Fatal magnanimity! Unpardonable forgiveness! He had come up from his estates, bringing with him this niece, who had immediately cast a spell over the Crown Prince, a young man unfortunately not without a reputation of a certain kind. Her uncle conducted himself in this affair with great prudence, so managing matters that his niece's reputation was not compromised, while the Prince became every day more desperately enamoured; and all kinds of conjectures were afloat as to what would be the ultimate issue of this strange situation.

"Although I was still far from suspecting the real object which Magratz had in view, I could not help seeing in all this some machination which boded no good to the peace of the Imperial House. I was hardly surprised, therefore, to receive on the following day a summons to a private conference with the Empress herself, and at once divined the

"A young girl of extraordinary beauty . . . clinging to his arm with a delicious shyness.

subject on which she desired to consult me.

"Her Majesty received me in her own apartments, without anyone else being present, a mark of confidence which touched me profoundly. We had not met for six years, and I was distressed to perceive the change which had taken place in this exalted lady. Her finely-cut features bore the marks of suffering, and the exquisite gaiety which had formerly distinguished her had become overcast. Doubtless the sad fate of her relative, the King of Bavaria, had done something to effect this alteration, but the chief cause, I more than suspected, was the anxiety given to her by the conduct of her son.

"It is needless for me to repeat to you the kind expressions which the Empress was pleased to make use of on thus meeting me again. It was her first words on the subject of the Crown Prince which roused my alarm.

"I have hoped, M. l'Ambassadeur, that an old friend like yourself might be able to advise me with regard to my son,' she said, 'And I look especially to you, because you alone are in the secret of the past history of M. de Magratz.'

"Madam,' I replied with fervour, 'the only thing that can prevent my advising you is the confusion with which your condescension overwhelms me.'

"Her Majesty heard me with a mournful smile.

"You have heard, no doubt, of the Prince's infatuation for this man's niece?' she proceeded.

"I have, Madam. I have even seen the young girl herself, who appeared to me to be quite incapable of knowingly taking part in any treacherous design.'

"You may be right, but unfortunately she is under the control of a man who has no

such scruples. To come to what I was about to say, this entanglement is by far the most serious of any in which my son has been involved. So serious is it that the Emperor and myself live in actual dread of hearing that the Prince has privately married this young woman.

"I started, realising at once the full consequences of such a situation. The Crown Prince was the only child of the Imperial couple. By the well known family statutes of his house, his marriage with a lady not of Royal blood would be legitimate only in a social sense. Politically it would be treated as a nullity, and the offspring of the union would be incapable of succeeding to the throne. It is well known that the husband of one of your Queen's daughters is illegitimate in this sense.

"But since such a marriage would, at the same time, have sufficient force to render any other alliance impossible, the consequence would be, in effect, that the line of the Emperor would become extinct in the next generation, and the crown would pass to some collateral branch of the Imperial House.

"Well might Magratz triumph in such a possibility. I could see only one thing to advise, and even now I do not see how I could have taken any different view.

"You must arrange a marriage for his Imperial Highness without delay,' I said with firmness. 'Let him be despatched at once to some Court where there is a Princess of suitable age, and ordered not to return till the betrothal is an accomplished fact.'

"Ah, how profound is the instinct of a woman! Her Majesty immediately replied:

"But I dread the effect of a loveless marriage on my son. I know too well——"

The Ambassador broke off short at this interesting point, and began coughing with



"Her Majesty received me in her own apartments."

violence. The cigarette smoke seemed to have got into his Excellency's throat.

"But I weary you with this long conversation," he observed, as soon as the coughing had subsided. "Enough that this venerated personage placed entire confidence in me.

"Within a week of our conversation the Crown Prince had set out for the capital of a small kingdom in the west of Europe under stringent instructions to offer his hand, to the monarch's daughter.



"He bluntly approached this young princess in a ballroom, and . . . asked her if she would become his wife."

"The manner in which he did so is well known. Harshly ignoring the conventions of love-making, he bluntly approached this young princess in a ballroom, and, in bare words, asked her if she would become his wife. The girl, no doubt under equally strict compulsion, gave her assent, adding a profession of fidelity and submission. The Crown Prince instantly turned away, and that

was all that ever passed between them in the nature of courtship.

"The next day the betrothal was officially announced to me by the Imperial Chancellor, and the news speedily spread through the capital, where it created an immense sensation. It was immediately after this that I received the promised visit of Baron Magratz.

"I had given orders that he was to be admitted; for though I am, as you are aware, the least curious person in the world, my high regard for the Empress made me anxious to fathom the intentions of this villain.

"He appeared to take his defeat with philosophy.

"I sincerely trust this marriage may end happily," he said, when I introduced the topic. "It is, of course, absurd to suppose that there is any attachment, at all events on the side of the Crown Prince. Unhappily, the preference His Highness has shown for my niece has turned out to be more serious than I believed, and I am afraid the poor child has allowed herself to cherish unreasonable ideas. I shall make it my business to obtain a husband for her, if possible, before the Prince returns."

"I saw nothing to take hold of in this announcement. If true, it seemed that the Baron was taking the most prudent course, both in the interests of the Imperial dynasty and of his niece. I did not yet appreciate the subtlety of his

combinations, far less did I foresee the terrible end he had in view, and which you perhaps already perceive?"

I evaded this question.

"Proceed, my dear Ambassador, if you please," I said. "Your story interests me greatly."

His Excellency blew a wreath of smoke from his lips and complied with this request.

For a moment I thought of immolating myself on the altar of the Imperial House by offering myself as a match for the charming Baroness. But a secret attachment—of which I am forbidden to speak—restrained me. I allowed Magratz to depart; and before many days had passed I learnt that he had found a husband for his unfortunate niece in the person of Count Schwartzenfeldt, an immensely wealthy nobleman of fifty, but possessing no single attraction which could recommend him to the eyes of a young girl.

“The ceremony was hurried on, and Paula von Magratz became the bride of this ogre on the very day on which the Crown Prince returned to the capital.

“I happened to meet the Prince next day, and for the first time I was seized with a presentiment of the coming tragedy. If ever I read anguish and despair on a human face, I read it on that of this miserable young man. So violent was his grief that he openly threatened to put an end to his life, and his unhappy parents were reduced to the extremity of distress.

“It was, of course, impossible that a scandal of such a kind should be long in reaching the ears of the bridegroom. Naturally alarmed and annoyed, Count Schwartzenfeldt left the capital with his wife. He carried her away to his estates, some hundreds of miles off, and buried her in one of those frightful feudal castles which this nobility continue to inhabit.

“In the meantime the only resource which occurred to the troubled Emperor and Empress was to press forward the marriage already arranged for their son, in the hope that he might thus be distracted from dwelling on his fatal passion for the young Countess Schwartzenfeldt.

“I was present in the Diplomatic Gallery when the Royal nuptials were celebrated in the national cathedral, before an immense concourse of the nobility and citizens. It was the most melancholy pageant at which I have ever assisted. The demeanour of the wretched bridegroom created universal dismay. It was impossible to escape noticing the reluctance with which he uttered the responses, and the sullen coldness with which he gave his arm to the trembling bride.

“Among the most interested spectators of it all, I caught sight of Magratz. I had but to glance from him to the pale face and drooping eye-lids of the illustrious object of his hatred to see how far his scheme of vengeance had already succeeded.

“Some months passed before he made his next open move. He waited with prudent calculation, for the Crown Prince to begin to feel the chafing of his new fetters. It was with alarm that I discovered he was beginning to renew his intimacy with the Prince.

“I had the opportunity once or twice of observing them together, and I noticed that his Imperial Highness, when with this man, shook off the listless apathy which had become his habitual mood, and listened with feverish interest to the Baron's conversation. It was not difficult to guess the subject of their discussions.

“Finally, Magratz came one day to the Embassy to take leave of me before departing on a visit to his niece at her husband's residence. There was an ill-suppressed ring of triumph in his voice, which warned me that he was on the eve of some new stroke. Perhaps even then, if I had comprehended the nature of his designs, I might have interfered. But as it was, I could do nothing except to express in delicate and guarded terms my hope that his visit would contribute to the peace and happiness of the Schwartzenfeldt household.

“On rising to go he lifted the mask for one instant.

“‘I have been greatly distressed by the unfortunate result of this marriage of the Crown Prince's,’ he said, ‘and especially when I reflect on the grief it must cause to her Majesty my late mistress.’

“As he spoke I positively saw the faded scar of the whip leap into sight upon his dark skin. I drew back, and clenched my teeth firmly to prevent myself from making the reply that rose to my lips. But you will realise the difficulty of my position. As the representative of a great Government, I could not afford to enter into a quarrel with a private nobleman at the Court to which I was accredited.

“I suppressed my indignation, and allowed him to depart on his fatal errand. The event

which followed has become the property of the world."

His Excellency turned his eyes upon me as if to ascertain whether I desired to hear more. I entreated him to complete the narrative.



"He . . . buried her in one of those frightful feudal castles."

"The public press," he observed, "always misinformed in these matters, put forth a thousand different explanations of what had taken place, all of them sufficiently incorrect. I will tell you the actual sequence of events, as I learnt it soon afterwards from the confession of Magratz himself.

"It appears, then, that this monster commenced by insinuating his sympathy with the poor young Prince in his unhappy union. From that he passed to lamenting his own action in having given his niece's hand to Count Schwartzenfeldt.

"Having excited the Prince's mind sufficiently by hints of this sort, he at length went on, with pretended reluctance, to depict the young Countess as a victim of intolerable persecutions on the part of a jealous and tyrannical husband, and to bitterly accuse himself for being unable to devise a means for her deliverance.

"It is needless to say how the agitated lover received these tidings. His own sufferings he might have schooled himself to bear, but as soon as it became a question of the life-long wretchedness of the woman he loved more than life itself, all thoughts of submission were thrown to the winds. In a frenzy of passion he swore to put an end to this state of things, and implored Magratz to assist him.

"After some well-acted hesitation the tempter professed himself won over. He furnished the Prince with the direction of a certain hunting lodge

in an out-of-the-way corner of his own estates.

"The Prince was to travel secretly to the spot at a certain date, by which time the Baron undertook that his niece should be there to meet him. Then the two lovers were to lie concealed until Magratz had

succeeded in pacifying the outraged husband, and bringing about an accommodation with the Emperor's sanction.

"This understanding arrived at, the worthy

Baron's secret assistance, and the lovers were speedily united.

"Now Magratz proceeded to execute his real design. He had stayed on at the castle after his niece's flight, pacifying the furious Count, not in the way he had pretended, but by undertaking to discover the fugitive's retreat. As soon as he knew that the pair had met, he boldly announced to Count Schwartzenfeldt that he had received private intelligence of his niece's whereabouts, and offered to conduct the other to the spot. They set out together.

"But it would not have suited the Baron's purpose to bring the rivals face to face. The Crown

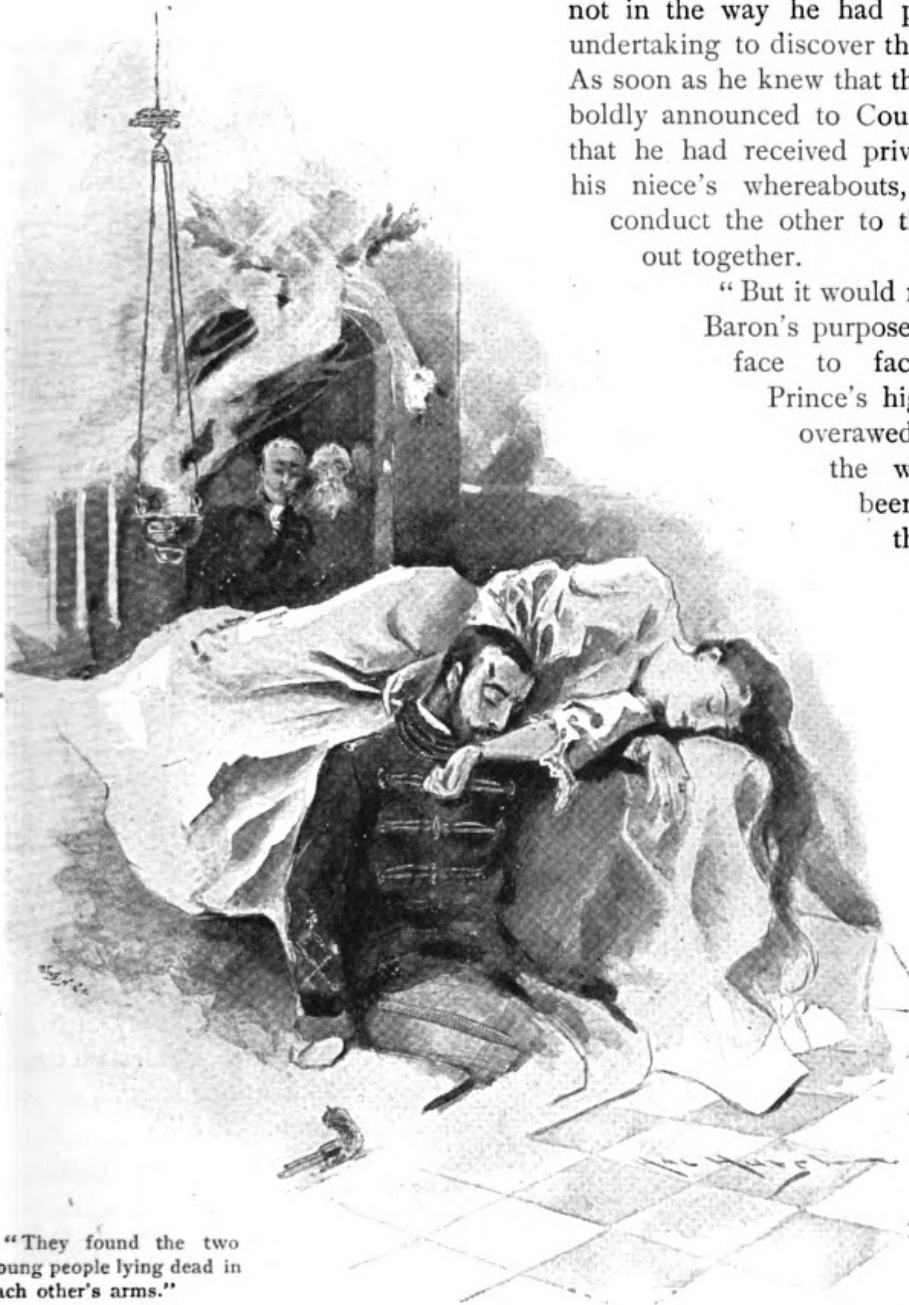
Prince's high rank might have overawed the husband, and the whole affair have been hushed up. He therefore sent on a

secret warning to his victim, managing so that it should reach him too late to afford any chance of escape. In this warning he pretended to the Prince that the elopement was known publicly, and that the Count was coming to take signal vengeance on both.

"The resolution thereupon taken by the unhappy lovers is a matter of history. When the deceived Count and his

conductor entered the lodge, they found the two young people lying dead in each other's arms."

The Ambassador again interrupted himself, under the pretence of loosening his cravat. He went on presently, in a firm voice,



"They found the two young people lying dead in each other's arms."

uncle departed to the Schwartzenfeldt castle. The first part of the arrangement he carried out in the manner agreed upon. The love of the poor young Countess for the Prince was no less intense than his for her, her married life had not been happy, and, in fine, she was persuaded to accept the part assigned to her. She fled from her home with the

"When all was over the author of this dreadful catastrophe had the assurance to return to the capital, and to pose as the disconsolate uncle whose efforts to save his niece from the consequences of a fatal passion had unhappily miscarried.

"Two persons knew or suspected something of the truth. One was the stricken Empress, who sat in her palace, tearless, beside the corpse of her only son. The other was myself.

"I do not doubt that this man had been tortured in his wicked heart all these years by the recollection that I had been a witness of his well-merited chastisement. The moment he had, as he conceived, wiped out the stain in blood, he came to me to boast openly of what he had done.

"It may be that long brooding on his vengeance had so warped his mind that he could not realise in what light his conduct would present itself to another.

"When I sat and heard this terrible creature unrolling the awful story of his crimes, in the perfect confidence that he was beyond the reach of human justice, and then thought of that Imperial mother whose life had been rendered desolate for ever, I realised that there are occasions when the duel becomes the most holy of sacraments."

The Ambassador closed his lips, and leant back in his seat with the air of one who had no more to say.

I waited a few moments to see whether he was going to resume of his own accord. Then I inquired:

"And what did you do, then?"

His Excellency transfixed me with a gaze of fine scorn.

"Ask yourself, as a man of honour, what I could do. I waited merely till that carrion was gone, to telegraph to Paris for a week's leave of absence. It was granted. I crossed

the frontier as his Excellency the French Ambassador, and returned the next morning as plain M. le Baron. Then I sought out Magratz.

"I found him in a club to which we both belonged. I offered him a game of piquet, and he accepted with a smile, and at the first card he played I said:

"'Monsieur, you cheated. I saw you mark that queen.'

"That was all. You see there was no scandal. There could be no suspicion of any other cause for our quarrel.

"And the result?"

A faint flush came on his Excellency's face.

"Our encounter was not prolonged. Within ten seconds after our swords had crossed I had passed my blade through his heart—and I have never wiped off the blood to this day."

* * * * *

As we were coming down the steps of the club, I put a question over which I had felt some hesitation.

"Is it permitted to ask whether the high personage you have referred to is aware of the motives which prompted your action?"

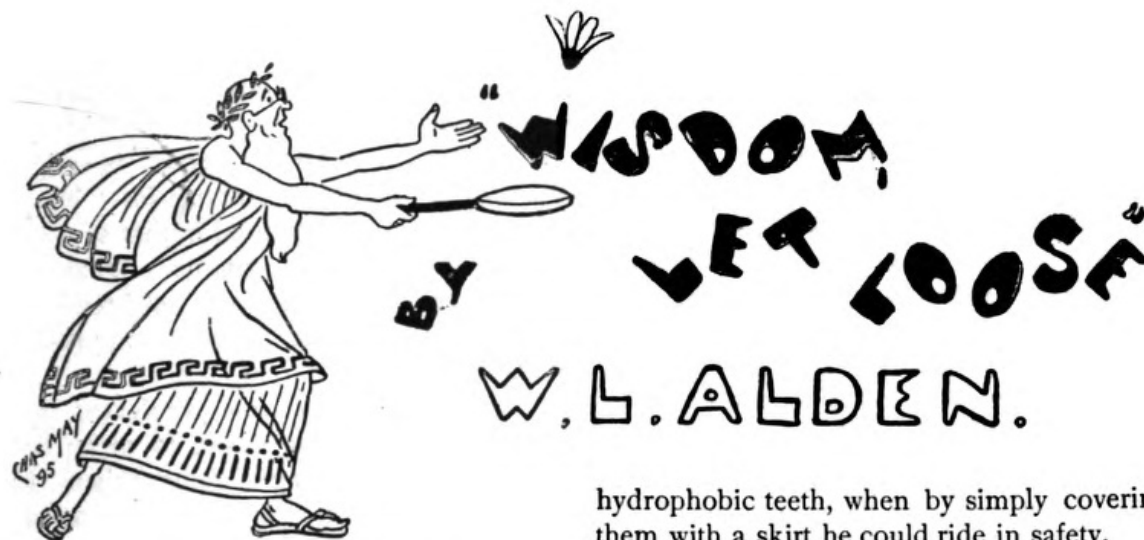
The Ambassador drew himself up with a severe air.

"My friend, I regret that you should have asked me that. From whom was her Majesty likely to learn the secret? You do not suspect that I should have so far violated the delicacy of the sentiment which I entertain towards that illustrious lady as to allude to the matter?"

But as we were parting he added:

"It is true that when I was recalled some time after, I received an autograph letter from the Empress, in which her Majesty deigns to bid farewell, not to the Ambassador, but to the personal friend whose devotion will never pass from her mind."





IT IS time that the British public should abandon its absurd prejudice against the wearing of skirts by the male cyclist. Because it is unusual for a man to wear a skirt in public, the British public has decided that it is improper, and the British "rough" indulges himself in hooting the male wearer of "rational dress." But it seems clear to me that if I have a right to ride a bicycle, I have a right to ride it in the dress best suited to the exigencies of cycling.

Now it is undeniable that knickerbockers and stockings are not comfortable on cold and wet days. The thickness of the stocking does not make up for the absence of the accustomed trousers' leg, and the consequence is that the wearer of knickerbockers takes cold, and falls ill of pneumonia, bronchitis, or rheumatism. Then again, in case of rain knickerbockers and stockings cannot possibly be kept dry, and the cyclist must ride home, perhaps in a piercing wind, with wet legs.

On the other hand the wearer of a skirt has his legs warmly clothed, and when he is caught in a shower his skirt keeps his legs perfectly dry. Moreover the skirt is far safer than knickerbockers. The latter expose the calves of the legs as a target for small boys who throw stones at cyclists, and for strange dogs with a passion for tasting new legs. The man who wears skirts is exposed to none of these dangers, and it is nothing less than brutal to demand that a man should subject his defenceless legs to juvenile stones and

hydrophobic teeth, when by simply covering them with a skirt he could ride in safety.

In opposition to this weight of argument in favour of "rational dress" for men, what can those who condemn it urge? They tell us that it is indecent for any man to wear a dress that conceals the shape of his legs; and that the skirt is a distinctly feminine garment, and for that reason must not be worn by men.

The truth happens to be that taking the world all over, the great majority of men wear petticoats of one sort or another, just as the great majority of women wear trousers. Granted that in England the skirt has hitherto been worn only by women; that is no reason why men should not wear it now that the introduction of the bicycle has made it a necessity for all careful riders.



The conviction that morality is inseparably wrapped up in clothes is terribly strong among Anglo-Saxons, and our missionaries invariably assure the heathen that no converted cannibal woman can possibly go to heaven except in a sort of black bombazine bathing gown. Still, if all advanced men stand firmly by their right to wear skirts when riding the bicycle, nothing is more certain than that in the end the cause of truth and justice will prevail.

IT IS all very well to ridicule the New Woman, but at Christmas time and as birthdays draw near at least one of the uses of the New Woman becomes obvious. She is admirably fitted for receiving presents from her male relatives. There



is nothing more difficult than to select a present for the usual kind of woman. Jewellery, and perhaps gloves are the only things that a man can safely give to his wife or his feminine friends. If he launches upon the unknown sea of feminine clothing he is lost, and if he ventures upon work-baskets or dressing cases, his efforts awaken pity rather than gratitude.



But in the case of a New Woman the whole matter becomes delightfully simplified. Cigarettes, cigarette holders, and cigarette lighters cannot fail to please her, and they are just the sort of things that a man can wisely select. Then there are bootjacks and walking sticks, and brandy flasks, and pocket revolvers, all of which can appropriately be given to the New Woman. She would also receive with gratitude the same sort of neckties that a man would wear, and the present of a man's scarf pin would kindle warm gratitude in her manly breast. As to books, a man could give her any book that he might happen to like, instead of being, as at present, restricted to the works of Miss Edna Lyall and Miss Yonge.

We may cheerfully admit that during the greater part of the year the final cause, as philosophers would say, of the New Woman is not apparent, but during the week preceding Christmas and birthday festivities, when men are scowlingly grappling with the problem what shall they give to their woman-kind, the ease with which the New Woman can be satisfied will go far to reconcile us to her existence.

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A PROFESSOR in an American university has recently tried to imitate the experiment of King Psammetichus, who caused two children to be brought up by a deaf and dumb man, in order to learn what language they would speak if left to the unassisted instruction of Nature. It is to be hoped that the Professor is a better comparative philologist than the King, for the latter, when his two experimental children

loudly called for "beccos," decided that Persian was the original language of mankind, for the reason that "beccos" in Persian meant bread.

Now, in point of fact, "beccos" is early—that is to say, infantile—English for "breakfast," and is commonly used in that sense by all our most learned infants. What the Egyptian children wanted was not bread, but breakfast, with all that the name implied at that period.

Probably the American Professor was actuated by a patriotic desire to prove that the American language, rather than the English language, is what an intelligent and patriotic American infant would naturally speak. Doubtless he hoped that the first remark made by his carefully isolated infant would be, "I guess I'm pretty consid'able darned hungry," thus showing that American is the natural tongue of all unsophisticated children. Whereas, had the infant said "Please, mummy, I'm hungry," it would have gone far to establish the superiority of the English language.



Although the name of this American imitator of Psammetichus is given, it is impossible not to suspect that he is merely an agent in the affair, and that the real instigator of this effort to show that the American language is the mother tongue of all good infants, is Mr. W. D. Howells, who not only insists that English story writers, including Scott, Dickens, and Stevenson, are vastly inferior to American authors, but that the American language is much richer and nobler than the English language.

We are not told what was the final result of the American Professor's experiment, further than that the stern supporters of law and order in America were, at the last advices, discussing the advisability of lynching him for cruelty to children. It seems rather gratuitous to assume that the Professor's infant was treated with cruelty merely because it was placed in charge of a deaf and dumb person. Would its condition have been any more tolerable if it had been

brought up in the society of the Professor, and compelled to listen to his lectures on the beauties of the American language?



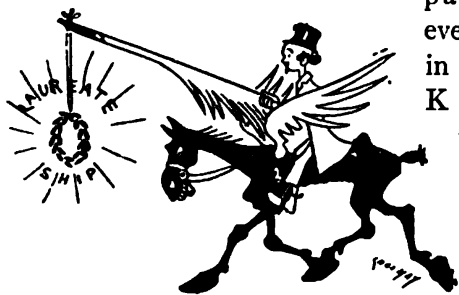
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IN view of the extreme difficulty which two successive governments have found in selecting a Poet Laureate, it is rather strange that no ardent democratic reformer has proposed that the Poet Laureate shall be elected instead of appointed. Why should a man, merely because he happens to be Prime Minister, know who, among all the verse-makers of England, is most fit to succeed Lord Tennyson? And why should the sovereign people of England be allowed no voice in the selection of their representative national poet?

It may be said that the majority of voters know nothing of poetry, but it may be said with equal truth that they know nothing of the science of government. If they are competent to select the statesmen who are to govern the British Empire, they ought to be equally competent to select the poet who is to wear the laurel.

If Tom, Dick, and Harry, who are individually ignorant, become suddenly enlightened the moment they are given the right to vote for members of Parliament, we have every reason to believe that they will instantaneously become profound and competent critics of poetry the moment we ask them to select a Poet Laureate.

A poetical campaign for the election of a Laureate would be very interesting. The



partisans of every rhymers in the United Kingdom would form committees and solicit votes. Poet Smith would promise, if elected, to write an ode in favour of total abstinence; Poet Brown would endeavour to capture the votes of the brewing interest by pledging himself to sing the praises of beer; and Poet Robinson would point to his verses in condem-

nation of vivisection as affording sufficient reason why he should triumph over all his competitors. We should have Home Rule poets, Disestablishment poets, anti-Vaccination poets, and Unification of London poets. The whole country would for weeks give itself up to the study of contemporaneous verse, and the rival versifiers would flood every constituency with free copies of their poems.

If the Poet Laureate, like the American President, were to be elected every four years, we should soon develop a class of professional poets, who would copy the methods of professional politicians. Doubtless in time the elective Laureateship would become the reward, not of the foremost poet, but of the versifier who had made the fewest enemies.

At first, however, the electors would be reasonably sure to select the man best fitted to fill the place, for such is the almost invariable rule as to the working of universal suffrage the first time it is tried.

I have sufficient confidence in a single trial of universal suffrage in connection with the Laureateship to feel certain that had the office been filled by election after the death of Lord Tennyson, our present Poet Laureate would be the man who, of all Englishmen, living or dead, has set to the noblest music the song of British empire. His name, did you say? What could it be but Rudyard Kipling?

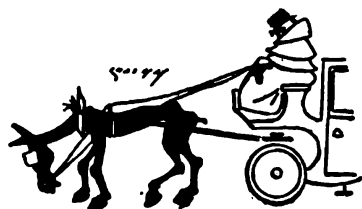


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WISH someone would explain the reason why public conveyances in Dreamland are in such a disgraceful state of dirt and decay. I frequently dream of travelling by rail, and never by any chance meet with a clean and comfortable carriage. As I am never asked to take a ticket in Dreamland I always travel first-class, but the best of the first-class carriages compare unfavourably with the suburban carriages of the London, Brighton, and South Coast line. I know this will seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true.

Furthermore, the Dreamland carriages are extremely small, and so low that it is impossible to stand upright in them. The woodwork is

rotten and crumbling to the touch, and if railways had been invented a hundred years ago I should feel sure that these wretched carriages were at least a century old.



This is not simply my own experience, for if it were I should not mention it. It is apparently the experience of all dreamers. I do not know a single person to whom I have mentioned the subject who has ever met in his dreams a new and comfortable railway carriage. Furthermore, I do not believe there is a decent cab in all Dreamland. The cabs are all of the "growler" pattern, and they are so dilapidated that my feet frequently go through the bottom unless I enter my cab with the greatest care.

There must be some reason for this disgraceful state of things. Some time ago a well-known essayist pointed out that in his dreams he seemed to be absolutely without any moral sense, and committed all sorts of crimes without the slightest remorse. This, which has since been shown to be a frequent feature of dreams, is explained by the hypothesis that a man unconsciously loosens his moral brake, just as he loosens his necktie, when he lies down to sleep. But no hypothesis that I can invent will explain why public conveyances in Dreamland are so frightfully old and dilapidated.

Can it be that Dreamland is peopled exclusively by ghosts, and that its railway carriages are, let us say, the ghosts of dead and gone L. B. S. C. carriages? This does not seem probable, but then an impossible explanation is sometimes more satisfactory than no explanation at all, as we may learn by reading the newspapers of the defeated party just after a general election.

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PEAKING of supernatural things reminds one of Professor Lombroso. Not that he is supernatural, but because he has lately expressed his belief in the supernatural character of the table-tipping tricks of Eusapia Palladino. Professor Lombroso has in-

vented the term "mattoid," meaning a person who has some of the characteristics of madness, without being positively mad. "Mattoid" is quite an imposing word when one sees it in print, and the Professor's theory that every man or woman who is not utterly commonplace is a "mattoid," has been found interesting by the sort of people who are addicted to very popular science.

I beg to suggest that the word "donkoid" would admirably indicate certain tendencies that exist in many of us. It would be as absurd as it would be impolite to call Professor Lombroso a donkey, for in many respects he is a very able man. Still, when we remember that after sitting in a dark room with Eusapia, and having his hair ruffled by invisible brushes, and the tips of his ears tickled by mysterious fingers that seemed to be floating near the ceiling, he gravely asserted that there was something clearly supernatural in Eusapia's powers, it does seem entirely appropriate to suggest that the Professor is a "donkoid."



The tricks of Eusapia were as old as "spiritualism" itself. They have been played by hundreds of "media"—if a "medium" is worthy of a grammatical plural—and have been detected and exposed times without number. Her final exposure by Mr. Maskelyne will nevertheless fail to shake the faith of the average "donkoid." Ninety-nine spiritual tricksters may be exposed, but the man or woman whose soul yearns for dancing tables and peripatetic chairs is always ready to accept the hundredth medium as genuine.

Besides, the exposure of a medium is invariably forgotten after two or three years. I remember when Slade was caught in the act of personating "materialised spirits" by means of masks and flowing robes, and was driven out of New York as an impostor. In less than three years he returned, and was as popular with the "donkoids" as ever. Eusapia found it necessary to quit London after Mr. Maskelyne had shown how she performed her tricks, but in three years she

will return, and we shall be told that her alleged exposure was unworthy of attention.

If Professor Lombroso would set himself to inquire why a "donkoid" may be sensible in all things except in regard to the upsetting of tables in the dark, he would confer at least as great a service on mankind as he has conferred by his discovery that all men of genius are "mattoids."



The life of a conductor of fifty or sixty personally conducted tourists is not an easy one. The tendency of the personally conducted tourist to straggle is ineradicable, and it tries the patience of the conductor beyond all words. When he is taking his flock through the Roman Forum, or the Palace of the Cæsars, he cannot explain the objects of interest unless the members of the flock are within hearing, and if he be a faithful and conscientious man, half his time is spent in hunting up the laggards.

A Swiss firm has hit upon a new method of keeping tourist flocks in order. A conductor who has a large party in charge is supplied with two carefully trained shepherd dogs. These intelligent animals display the same skill in the management of flocks of tourists that they have displayed from time immemorial in the management of flocks of sheep.

When the conductor marches his tourists through the boulevards of Paris, or along the Roman Corso, the dogs trot in the rear of the column, and when a tourist stops to look in a shop window the dogs sharply remind him that he must move on. While the conductor lectures in the Forum his flock forms a compact ring about him, and if an insubordinate man or a reckless woman attempts to "cut" the lecture, and to pursue independent archæological investigations, the dogs dancing around him or her, and with violent barking and frequent feints of snapping at ankles, soon convince that tourist that the lecture is worthy of respectful attention.

Now and then timid women and nervous men feebly protest against being harried and hurried by dogs, but they are reminded that

by the conditions of their contract they are to obey the rules of the Tourist Agency, and among these rules is one which prescribes that the advice of the conductor and his assistants is to be carefully followed. The use of tourist dogs promises to be a substantial benefit to the tourist as well as to the conductor. There is even a possibility that the dog will in time oust the conductor, and take his place.



AFTER reading seven and a half cubic feet by actual measurement, of stories, written in the alleged Scottish dialect, I utterly refuse to believe that any such dialect exists. I find that the people who are represented as speaking it are grossly improbable, not to say impossible. The population of the usual Scotch hamlet, as described by the story writers, consists of, say, sixty humorous peasants and artisans, profoundly learned in theology and philosophy, and forty ministers of assorted Presbyterian sects, who are invariably full of shrewd common sense and conscious or unconscious humour.

Until someone will show me one of these remarkable hamlets, with its eccentric inhabitants, I feel entirely justified in denying its existence. But if the people who speak the pretended Scottish dialect are impossible, how can we believe that there is any such dialect?

Furthermore, I have known a great many Scotchmen, and I never yet knew one who did not speak decent English. Is it credible that the Scotch, who are so exceptionally clever in the art of getting on in the world, would handicap themselves with a dialect which no man could speak without loosening his back teeth, and awaking murderous passions in the breast of the mildest listener?

Depend upon it this preposterous and exasperating dialect, which is found in what someone has called the "literature of the kail yard," is wholly the invention of the story writers. It was never yet spoken by man, nor brayed by beast.





THE first-class carriage we were in was heated by steam, we had each abundance of coats and rugs, our feet were on a fresh foot-warmer, but the draught of the hurricane crept in by a score of chinks, and the vehemence of the cold made us ache. At Doncaster we moved across to the Pullman car, and found that a trifle more endurable; but still I noted that Gerard's moustache continued to glisten with icicles.

At Grantham we had still further evidence (if such a thing were needed) of the lowness of the temperature. The express, which is timed to stop there only three minutes at the outside, made a wait that seemed interminable. The conductor, I saw, was getting uneasy. At length he buttoned his coat and went out into the freezing gale on the platform. In a minute he returned, purple-cheeked and blowing his fingers. He came to us with the tidings. Both driver and stoker of our engine were, it seemed, half perished with the exposure to that bitter cold; it was with difficulty they had brought the express to a standstill in the station; and they were utterly unfit to proceed further.

It was doubtful, the conductor said, whether one of them, but I forgot which it was, would recover; and meanwhile the railway authorities were seeking substitutes to take us on to London. He said, too, that news had been brought down of a colossal fire in Hammersmith, but could add no details.

"Nice weather this for getting married in," said I; "if we'd had warning of this blizzard

beforehand, I should either have shirked being your best man, or suggested having the affair postponed."

"If to-morrow's like this," said Gerard, "the wedding can't take place till the weather changes. It would be brutal to drag any woman out into such a nipping cold."

We saw men filling the engine with buckets from a well outside the station, because the ordinary water supply was frozen solid; and then the train began to move again, and slid out of Grantham into the open country. The south-westerly hurricane beat upon it till the flanges of the lee wheels grated upon the rails with a roar of sound; and in some of the heavier squalls I thought we should have been upset. A queer, lurid light hung in the sky. But with dogged slowness we crawled on, and drew up under the shelter of King's Cross station.

It was four o'clock, and we were three hours late. There was a bellow of life from the departure side of the station. I don't think I ever heard such a noise of trains and passengers; but where we were, the place seemed deserted. Half the roof was off, and there was not a porter to be seen. The platform was littered with dirty, trodden snow.

We got out, and I noticed that there were only two other passengers in the train. The conductor of the Pullman put out our luggage, and Gerard told him to order a hansom. There was only one on the rank—a thing that had never been known before since King's Cross station was built.

We got into that lonely cab, and told the muffled driver to take us to Queen's Gate, in Kensington. As the glass door was clattering down, a boy came out of some sheltered corner, and thrust in a paper.

"Evening paper, sir?" he cried. "There's half Chelsea on fire."

"Give him a penny, Methuen," said Gerard.

"No, sir," said the boy. "Five bob or nothing. I've only two papers left, and there's ten firemen killed. They say half London will be burnt."

I fumbled out two half-crowns, and the window closed down with a clash, and the cab drove off. Then I bent my head over the fluttering sheet and scanned the headlines: "*Disastrous fire.*" "*Fanned by the furious*

gale." "*All hydrants frozen.*" "*Every drop of water in London solid ice.*" "*Nothing to check the flames.*" "*Metropolis in terrible danger.*" "*Suicide of the Chief of the Fire Brigade.*"

The sky above us was full of driving blackness, but a strange yellow glare hung beneath it, and the print stood out clearly:

"The fire in Hammersmith, which we reported in our last edition," I read, "has since assumed gigantic proportions. The united fire brigades of London are helpless to cope with it. The unprecedented severity of the frost, and the fury of the hurricane, which is now upon us, have set at derision all our vaunted precautions.

"It is with water alone that our fire-extinguishing services have been hitherto armed to fight devouring flames; and now in this moment of our desperate need even a trickle of water is denied them. They are as helpless as the lay citizens.

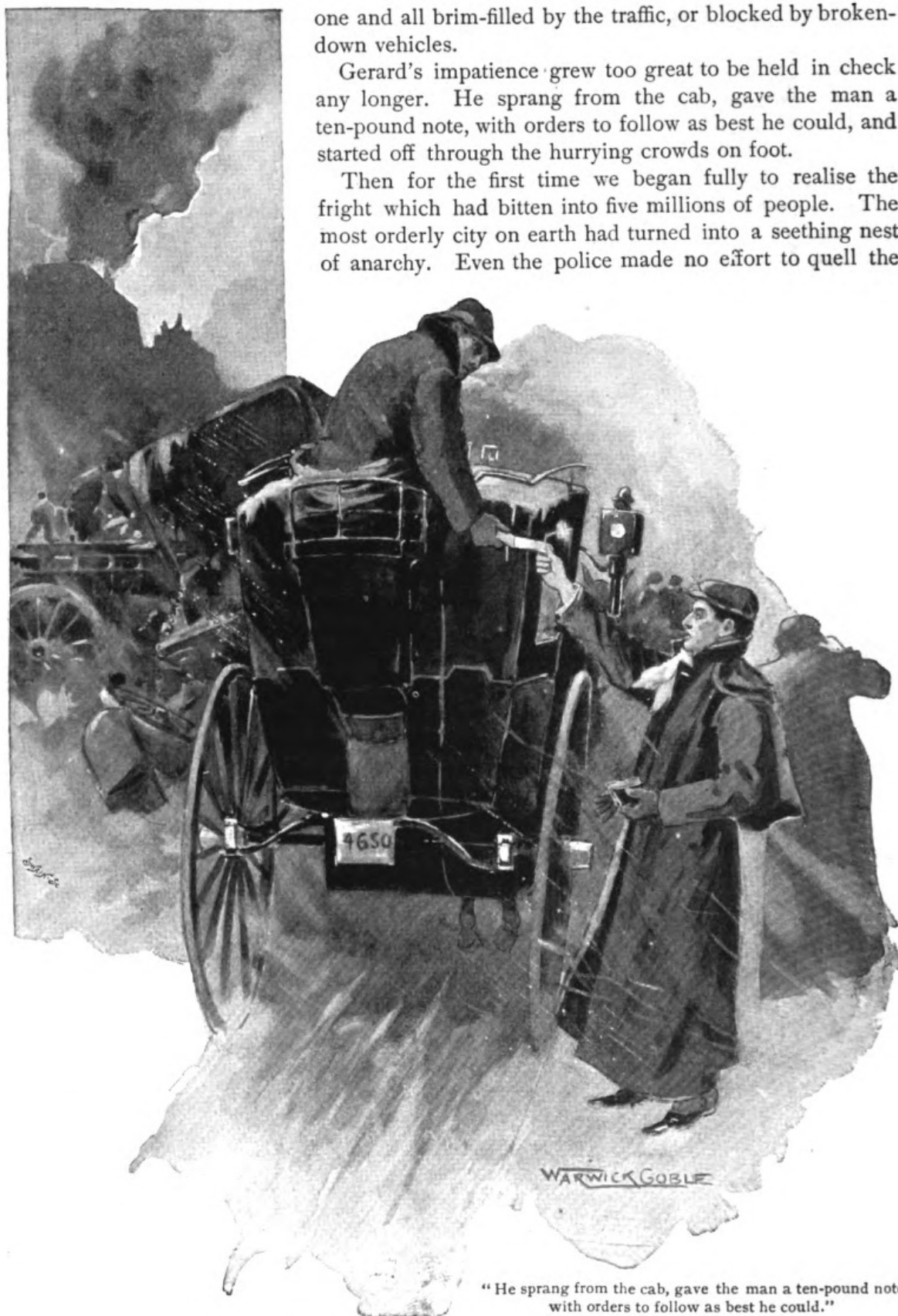
"The fire in its awful majesty has beat down all resistance. Hammersmith is a burnt-out rubbish heap. West Kensington is a furnace. Amongst the dwellers in South Kensington and Chelsea there is more panic than an invading army could produce. So far as human eye can see, nothing but a change of wind or an act of God can save the greatest city ever built by man from being in the next few hours changed to twisted, smoking ruins."

Gerard dropped the paper with a cry of horror, and thrust up the hatch. "A fiver if you keep your horse at a gallop," he shouted to the cabman. "My God, Methuen," he said to me, "what an awful thing this is."

"The newspaper has made the worst of it for the sake of the sensation," I answered. "London is not built of wood; it is an impossible thing for the whole of it to burn."

"I'm thinking of Queen's Gate, and my little girl there. She'll have expected me three hours ago, and I'm here now."

The cab stopped with a jar against the curb. I scraped the frost rime from a window, and peered out. Five great dray-loads of household goods were coming thundering past us, with the horses at a gallop. We got beyond them, and entered Piccadilly. The street was one solid block of every imaginable kind of vehicle, bearing salvage and fugitives eastwards. With infinite trouble, our cabman wormed his way across the struggling mass, and tried to take us on our road by the smaller streets to southward; but these were



"He sprang from the cab, gave the man a ten-pound note, with orders to follow as best he could."

terror or curb its lashings: they had their own houses and their own lives to think about. And as we went on, with the gale beating in our faces, we ourselves became smitten with the prevailing spirit.

We jostled and thrust at everyone that came in our way; we climbed over broken-down loads of rarities which lay in the roadways as though they had been so much coal. Three times I saw bodies lying motionless in my path, and the passers-by cursed as they stumbled against them, but no one stopped to help.

And once I saw a woman of elegant dress, who was driving a landau filled with trunks and boxes, drop the reins when a heavy dray cut off one of her wheels, and pull out a pistol and kill herself before a thousand lookers-on. But no one gave her more than a cursory glance. Each one looked ahead on his own path, and hurried away about his business, wrestling and thrusting amongst the others. And every minute the crush thickened, and every by-street vomited people.

The air grew warmer as we pressed on westwards. There was no glimpse of flame apparent yet; nothing but fat, black rolls of smoke could be seen overhead, with an underlining of yellow reflected from the distant blaze. And everywhere hung icicles, and the lines of the bursted water-mains glistened in the roadways. We were in an Arctic city more like St. Petersburg than the London we had known before.

There was the taint of burning in every breath we drew, and from the inky sky above fell a constant patter of charred embers. As we drew on, these embers grew bright, and by the time we were through Brompton (and seven had clanged out from some clock in the neighbourhood), live sparks were falling on the seething mobs in the streets, and the air grew sour with the smell of singeing cloth.

But by the time we got abreast of the South Kensington Museum, the glow of the flames was beginning to smear more lurid yellows against the amorphous black of the driving smoke clouds; and soon the thunder of the blaze and the crash of the trundling masonry came to us in a dim roar above the booming and swishing of the gale. The great warren of dwelling-houses to westward of us yielded up its thousand emigrants every minute. The fugitives had started out of home hugging their dearest possessions; but the din of that awful enemy which was sacking the city at their heels thrust terror into their hearts; and

they had it taught them that to each one naked life is dearer than all else the world contains. So the streets were paved with the cream of the household goods, and we smashed with our feet a Jew's ransom with every mile we went.

The fire was advancing whole streets by the hour. Earl's Court was already half burnt out; the houses in a line with Cornwall Gardens and Emperor's Gate were beginning to yield up trickles of fire through their windows. The bright scorix from the volcano of fire fell around and on us more thickly as we pressed on. The mob thinned as we drew towards the seat of the blaze, and when we turned up Queen's Gate, the street, though half filled by furniture and *débris*, was almost deserted by human beings. The population had fled already. The gale was sending the flames horizontally, like the jet from a blow-pipe, across the house-tops.

Gerard by this time was nearly beside himself with anxiety and foreboding. But at last we reached the house, and Gerard dashed up the steps. The girl whom that morning he had thought to make his bride within the next thirty hours stood waiting for him in the doorway.

"Oh, my love," I heard her say, as she leant on his shoulder, "I am here alone. They have all gone. But you said you would come for me; and I knew you would if you were alive; and if you were not, I did not wish to live either."

But meanwhile the heat was growing upon us, and whilst I stood and watched, I saw flames beginning to spout from the upper windows of a house near the Cromwell Road.

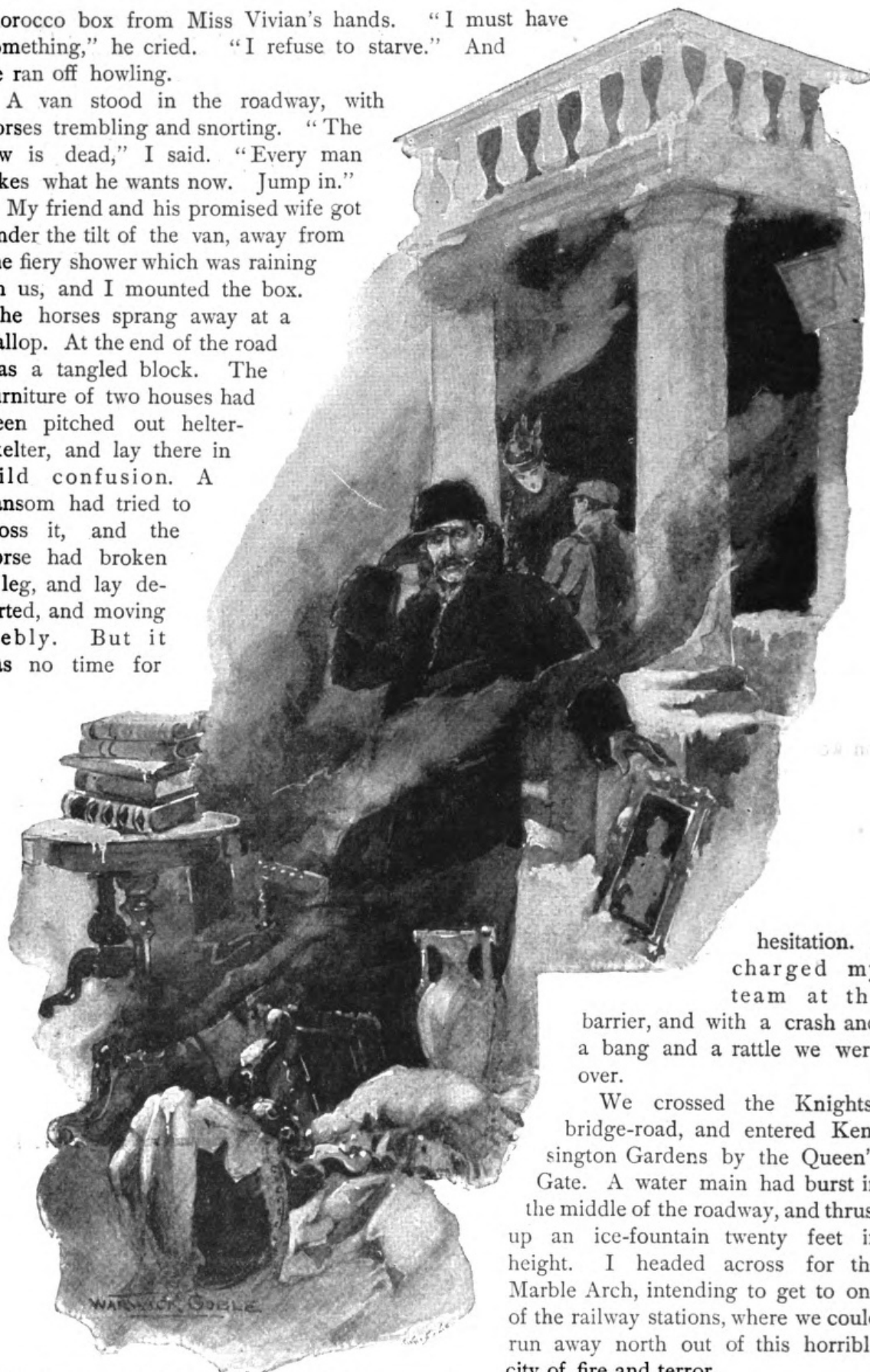
A swirl of smoke came up and stung my eyes like nettles. "Look," I said, "we must go. This house will be burning in another ten minutes"; and at the word Miss Vivian picked up a jewel-case from a table in the hall, and came with Gerard down the steps. We were walking quickly northwards, and as we were passing Queen's Gate-terrace a man joined us whom I knew. His name is an old and an honoured one, but I omit it here for the sake of others who have borne the title.

"Oh!" he cried, "I am beggared! Fifty-five and beggared! What is that you have?" said he. "Jewels?" He snatched the

morocco box from Miss Vivian's hands. "I must have something," he cried. "I refuse to starve." And he ran off howling.

A van stood in the roadway, with horses trembling and snorting. "The law is dead," I said. "Every man takes what he wants now. Jump in."

My friend and his promised wife got under the tilt of the van, away from the fiery shower which was raining on us, and I mounted the box. The horses sprang away at a gallop. At the end of the road was a tangled block. The furniture of two houses had been pitched out helter-skelter, and lay there in wild confusion. A hansom had tried to cross it, and the horse had broken a leg, and lay deserted, and moving feebly. But it was no time for



hesitation. I charged my team at the barrier, and with a crash and a bang and a rattle we were over.

We crossed the Knightsbridge-road, and entered Kensington Gardens by the Queen's Gate. A water main had burst in the middle of the roadway, and thrust up an ice-fountain twenty feet in height. I headed across for the Marble Arch, intending to get to one of the railway stations, where we could run away north out of this horrible city of fire and terror.

But before we were half-way across

"Whilst I stood and watched, I saw flames beginning to spout from the upper windows of a house near the Cromwell Road."

Original from
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the parks the scent of fire came to us anew, and the horses began to snort with fresh terror. Bayswater was blazing, Paddington was on fire, and soon the fingers of the flames would be seizing Oxford Street in their awful grip. There seemed no chance of a respite. The gale raged more furiously than ever. I turned and made for Hyde Park Corner, and as we drove I saw no fewer than ten huge trees crash down before the straining of the wind.

But past Hyde Park Corner I could get the van no farther. The roadways were piled up to the doors of the houses on either side with a mass of vehicles, and alive with madly plunging horses. Never was known such a scene since the world began. And there they were doomed to wait, in that inextricable tangle, till the flames swept up and ground them into smoke.

We deserted our van, and hand-in-hand we skirted that awful block. We rounded Buckingham Palace Gardens, and got down to Victoria Street; but that was impassable, and we were forced to make our way through unconsidered bye-paths where the crowds were less densely wedged.

Only once was our slow struggle onward interrupted. Of a sudden the air was split by a terrific roar; another followed; and another. The pavement beneath us shook, and the tall houses on either side shed dust. The gale for a moment stopped; then hit us with a fresh blast which there was no standing against; and then a tornado of dust and fragments swept down so thick that we could barely catch a breath. They were blowing up a line of houses along the forefront of the fire, in the desperate hope that the flames would not leap the gap.

The crowd realised what had happened, and began to surge onward again. We fought our way along in its eddies. The exertion was something tearful, and for long enough I struggled on like a man in a dream, with one hand dragging at Miss Vivian, and the other wrestling with the people who thronged us. By a sort of dull instinct I was heading for the eastward. Hours must have passed—though they seemed like years—and when my weariness had grown so great that it seemed I could not drag myself a yard

further, I became dimly conscious that we were in Northumberland Avenue.

By a sort of natural impulse, and without a word being said, we turned into the Metropole. The hall of the hotel was filled with a rabble which would have done credit to the Ratcliffe Highway, and I duly wondered what they were doing there. But then I caught a glimpse of my own self in a mirror. My clothes were burnt full of holes; with the smoke and the falling soot I was black as a man who had worked a week in coal; I looked a greater outcast than any of them.

It seemed useless to ask for a room; in fact, there were no officials visible; each bedroom was overflowing, and in the corridors the grimy tenants made a human carpet. At length, up in the attics (where fewer of the crowd had dared to go through dread of the fire) we found a tiny room with only half a dozen occupants. Miss Vivian shared the bed with two other women, and Gerard and I threw ourselves on the floor and huddled against the others for warmth.

Sour-mouthed from want of sleep, I woke to the tune of splintering glass. Once more the fire was upon us. The gap of blown-up houses had done nothing to check its march. We roused the sleepers, and rushed to the stairways. Gleaming ice lay everywhere in the track of the bursted water pipes. The wind shook the great building as we ran towards the entrance, and the roar of the advancing fire re-echoed in the passages. A torrent of humanity was pouring out into Northumberland Avenue.

But I had no wish that we should be driven further eastward in that frightened sheep-pack before the wolves of flame. Retreat to the north was barred; we must get to the Surrey side; we must run somehow from this horrible city, where each in his blind terror was trampling down his neighbour.

We thrust our way through the crowds into Charing Cross Station, but the press was so great that the lines were blocked with writhing humanity, and no train could get in across the bridge. Then a thought occurred to me: The river was frozen, and we could make passage across the ice. We struggled back again, getting to the Embankment by

Villiers-street, and feeling the breath of the advancing flames hot upon our faces. We went down the steps by Cleopatra's Needle, and got on the frozen surface without so much as a shoe wet. Under that intense frost even the tide of the Thames could not keep a patch of open water.

There were thousands of other people with us on the ice, and with them we made our way across to the southern bank. The buildings there had escaped the conflagration, and stood out in cold black silhouette against the windy sky. Men were standing on the white roofs to keep any flying embers from finding a lodgment. But of the other side, which we

had left, who could put in mere words the grandeur and awfulness of the sight which it presented then? It seemed as though the great city had been first gripped by a polar winter, and was now being snatched back again by the powers of hell. And against that raid, human resistance was a puny derision.

Chelsea yielded now only a thin smoke; the Houses of Parliament and Westminster were skeletons outlined in flame. The Clock Tower was a great torch, lighting heaven. Whitehall was a furnace, where yellows and reds struggled for the mastery, and no trace of building could be seen. The great hotels of Northumberland Avenue, and the National Gallery beyond, were oozing reek and fire. And the drift of burning fragments drove over the icy roofs in front of the fire, and lit two score new streets every hour.

We watched on as the blaze drove eastwards, and saw it bite the end of the Strand, and then from the great shelter of Charing Cross Station there came a stream of shrieks which made us shudder. That, too, had been ravished by the flames, and of the thousands within it, all who could not escape were being baked alive, or crushed by the falling roof.

But meanwhile the freezing gale sweeping down the reaches of the river was nipping us with a more real kind of chill, and I saw that Miss Vivian was almost fainting with the



"We made our way across to the southern shore."

exposure. Gerard said we must try and find some shelter, so we got ashore through a merchant's yard, and made our way to the Waterloo-road. This, too, was crammed with fugitives, but the terrifying scent of the fire was farther away, and the retreat was more orderly. We found a cab, and had nearly chartered it when two other men came up and bid against us. But we had the more gold, and the ride was ours. We were driven away to Dulwich, where Gerard had friends.

And that is the last I saw of the actual burning of London. We were bruised, all three of us, from face to foot; we were badly scorched in many places; we were bone-weary; and once a hospitable door closed behind us, our limbs stiffened, and we were incapable of further struggle. For five awful days the fire strode on and gutted the whole of the City and almost all North London; and the glare of it was seen on the Cheviot Hills.

It turned into crumbling ruins the Bank of England and the Tower; it blasted out of existence the slums which lie between Wapping High Street and the Mile End Road. It burnt the shipping and the warehouses, the shops, and the offices, the private dwellings, and the wooden pavement of the streets; and by one means and another it had caused the death of five hundred thousand of the population.

Yes; half a million human beings perished in that awful tornado of flame, or died of the subsequent exposure and want; three thousand thousand were changed from house-

holders into homeless outcasts; but figures will give no idea of the vast amount of property that was blotted out of existence. Not only was solid, visible wealth wafted away in smoke, but that mysterious asset, paper money, shrank from millions into nothingness. The national credit was blasted, and the bourses of the outside world were smitten to their foundations. Civilisation has received no such shock since old Atlantis sank beneath the ocean waves.

* * * * *

And now we are face to face with the result. The awe-struck outer world had recovered its self-possession; we are still paralysed. The starving hordes of London have spread over the whole face of the fair land, and our towns bristle with riot. The other nations, forgetting their momentary pity, remember only their old hate. Shameful treaties are thrust upon us. Our colonies are being invaded. Trade has been reft from us. We are a nation with a glorious history, but no future.

New Chicago arose like a phoenix from the ashes of the old. But our London was no flimsy place of wooden joists and weatherboarding. It was a monument of centuries, and the nation is too heart-sick to begin again to build it on the old scale. The Government sits at Manchester, and the world mocks at it.

In the hour of our pride we boasted that no nation on earth could lay us low. But the elements were set to war against our might, and they have humbled the British Empire even unto the ground.



Pictures in the Fire

"The brief day darkens to the end: "I see two sullen birds that fly,
The night is bleak. With pinions slow,
Now in the failing fire, my friend, Far off against a gleaming sky,
Our fortunes seek." As bearing woe."



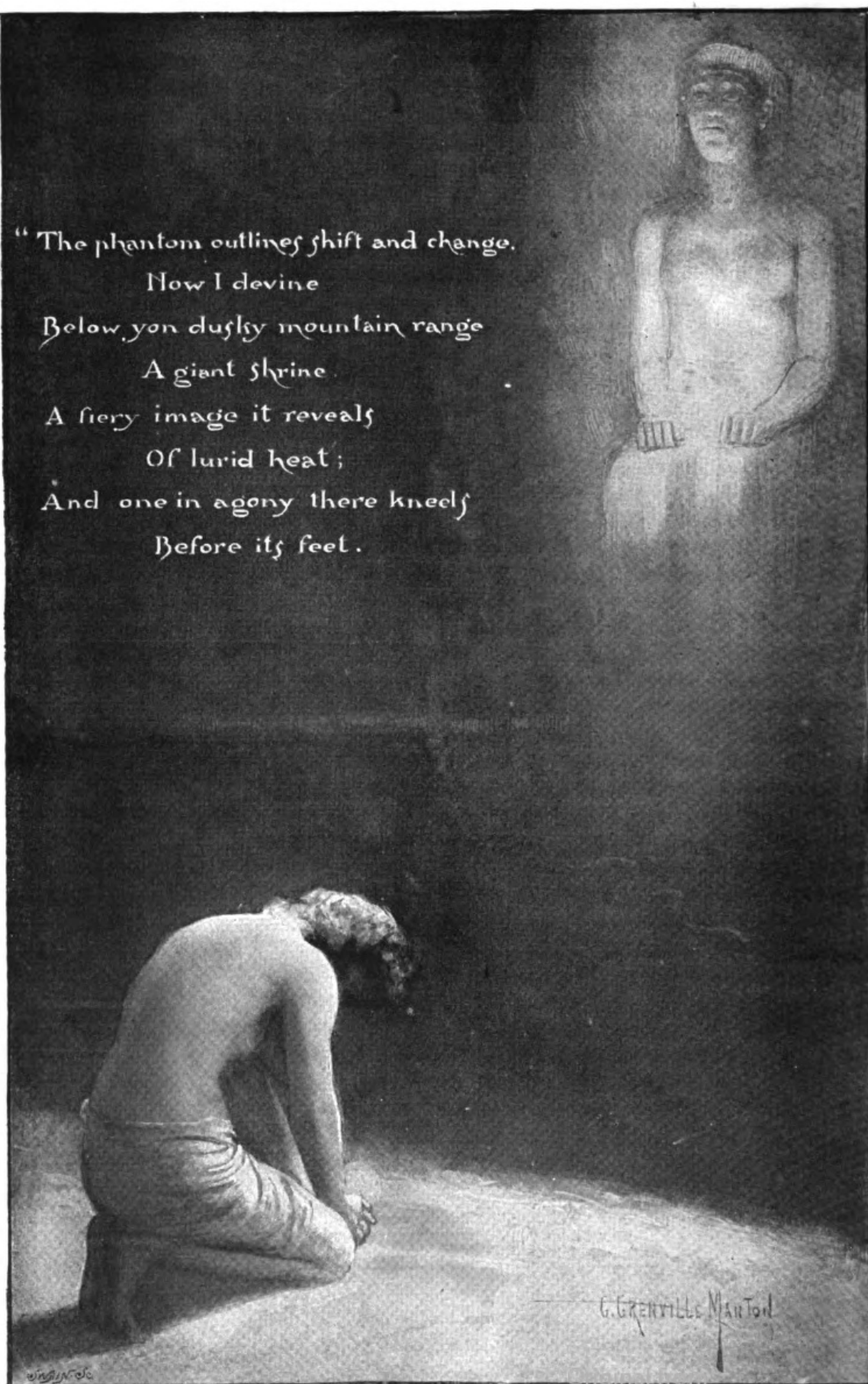
G GRENVILLE MANTON.



G. GRENVILLE KENTON

"What seest thou now?" "A desert land, It watches o'er the wide expanse,
That mountains keep: As carved in stone;
I see a lonely figure stand } Averted is the countenance,
Upon the steep. The form unknown.

"The phantom outlines shift and change.
Now I divine
Below, yon dusky mountain range
A giant shrine.
A fiery image it reveals
Of lurid heat;
And one in agony there kneels
Before its feet.



G. GRENVILLE MANTON



Again the embers change, and show But haughty she: her eyes are proud.
 A king and queen, His eyes look down;
 A royal canopy below, It is as though his head were bowed
 With royal mien. Beneath the crown.



"Nay, altered is the vision bright—
A queen and king,
Most beautiful, in robes of light,
Lie slumbering.

'Twas aught of mortal mould more fair;
Their rest is deep.
I see a shadowy figure there
Who guards their sleep."



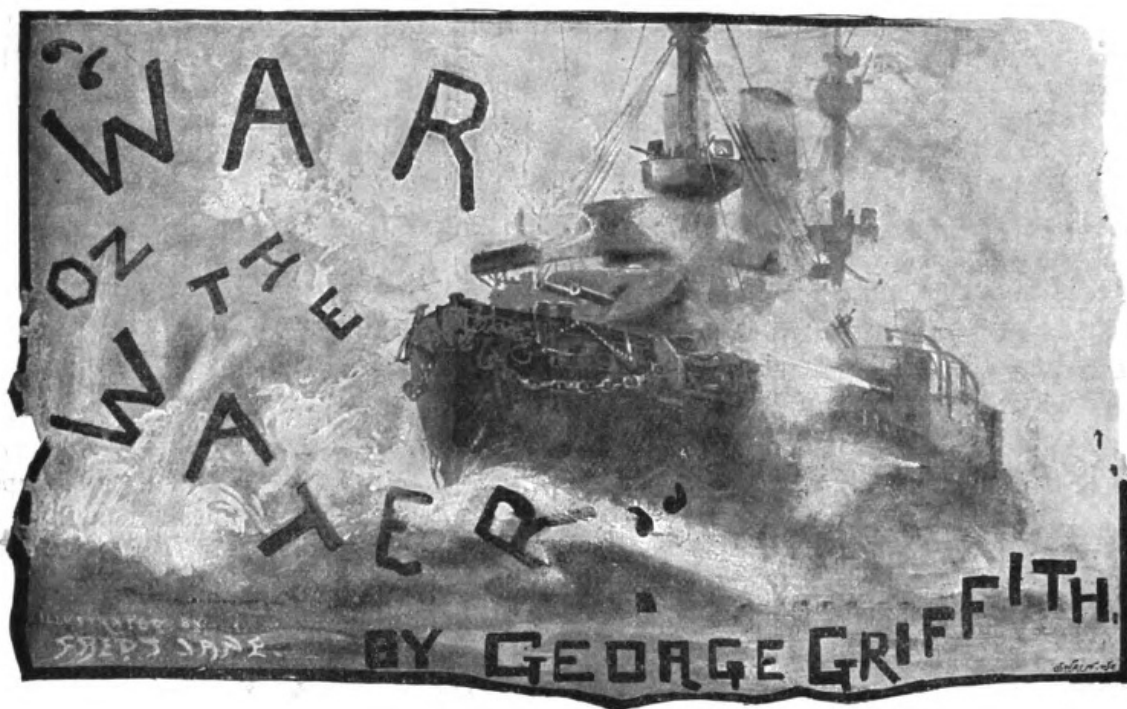
G. GRENVILLE MANTON

"The snow is drifting at the pane : "Amid the dusky embers dies
 The night is cold. That shining shore :
What in the embers may remain?" And weary are my straining eyes—
 "A sea of gold. I can no more.
There is an island in the sea: No omen may the ashes hide:
 Within the glow I only mark
There are two walking—it may be A glimmer of that golden tide.
 Two that we know. Now all is dark."

May Kendall.



C. Davis



*An Attempt to Portray the Incidents of an Engagement between
Two Great Fleets of Ironclads.*



TO BEGIN with, and in order to make certain necessary matters quite plain to the reader, it must first be said that all which follows here is, in the nature of the case, little more than pure conjecture. Almost as well might a mail-clad knight of the sixteenth century, who had learnt the then unknightly art of using a pen, have sat down to write an essay on the effects of firearms in warfare, as may a man of to-day attempt to make an accurate forecast of the behaviour, offensive and defensive, of a modern battleship, either in a fleet action or a duel with an opponent of similar construction and fairly equal strength.

It has been well said by one who himself commands one of those almost miraculous combinations of destructive forces which we call battleships, that "the change from battle-axes and bows and arrows to firearms was not of a more revolutionary character as regards land warfare than is the change of the last fifty years from wooden sailing three-deckers, with their 32-pounder smooth-bore

guns, to modern ironclads, as regards sea warfare."

Marvellous, mighty, almost miraculous, as the modern battleship is, she is neither more nor less than the realisation in steel and iron of an almost infinite number of experiments. Naval manœuvres are all very well in their way, but only as a full-dress rehearsal of the grim tragedy of war, for there is not even so much likeness between the doings of the Red and Blue Squadrons and those of two hostile fleets meeting with the deadly intent to "burn, sink, and destroy," as there is between stage fencing with buttoned foils and a rapier duel to the death.

Then, again, the circumstances under which our hypothetical battleship is to go into action are, in the nature of the case, so varied that anything like a detailed consideration of all of them would form matter for a volume rather than a magazine article. There is the general fleet action—the Trafalgar or the Nile of to-morrow—the fight of the battleship supported by her attendant cruisers and torpedo boats against an enemy of similar force; the duel of battleship with battleship; the pitched battle by day; the stealthy night attack, and so on through all the hundred

and one combinations that the chances of war might bring about, and of these only one can be chosen here, and that, as I have said, a purely imaginary one.

Let us, then, suppose that we are standing in the spirit—and may the kindly Fates forefend that either you or I should ever stand there in the flesh—on the navigating bridge of H.M.S. *Hypothesis*, a first-class battleship of the newest, and therefore, let us hope, the most formidable type, at the moment of the flying of the momentous signal,

“Enemy in sight; prepare to engage.”

We are steaming at ten knots in column of line ahead, that is to say, the ships are drawn out in a long line, each following the other, stem on, at a distance of two cables, or four hundred yards, from each other. The sea is smooth, and the sun is rising clearly on our port beam. The enemy has been sighted on the starboard bow, but all we can see of him from the bridge is a long, hazy-looking cloud of smoke, but our cruisers, the eyes and ears of our fleet, have been scouting all night, and the number and formation of the enemy are already pretty accurately known to the Admiral.

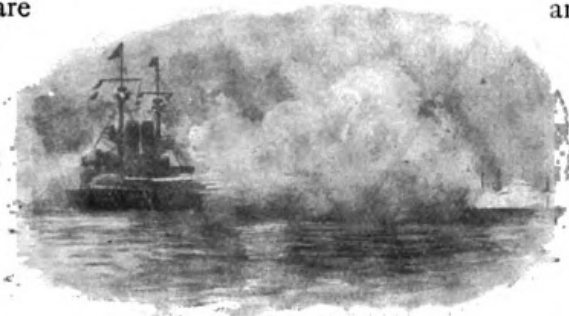
A new signal flies from the flag-ship, and the long line swings round in a vast curve until our bows point to the enemy and our sterns to the sun. This is the first point in our favour, not quite as great an one as the “weather gauge” was in the old sailing-ship days, but still one well worth having, for the enemy’s marksmen will have the bright glare full in their eyes during the first of the firing, while ours will aim undazzled at brightly-lighted marks.

There is no clearing for action nowadays. Many hours ago the great fighting machine has been stripped of every superfluity that could interfere with the working of the guns, which now, as before, will begin and perhaps decide the fight.

Soon we hear the engines throbbing harder and the beat of the screws increasing in speed

and power. The curling swirl of the water against the stem and over the deep-buried ram rises and broadens, and every moment the great ship forges faster and faster ahead, until, impelled by force equivalent to nearly 14,000 horse-power, she is rushing through the calm before the battle-storm at a speed of seventeen miles an hour.

Ere long, masts and funnels rise out of the water ahead of us, and we see that the enemy is disposed in columns of divisions in line abreast, that is to say, his ships are arranged in line alongside each other, and of these lines there are two. It thus chances that the two formations advocated by rival theorists are about to be submitted to the arbitrament of the gun, and perhaps of the ram and torpedo also.



The flagship opens the ball.

At eight thousand yards the flagship just ahead of us makes a sweep to starboard. We and the rest behind us follow suit, and reluctantly obey the order to slow down to the speed of our slowest ship. So at fourteen miles our long curving line sweeps across the front of the enemy, drawing nearer to it, until a great cloud of white smoke, pierced by a pale flash of flame, bursts from the nearest enemy’s forward barbette.

A mighty splash and a cloud of spray show where a great 800-pound projectile strikes the water some hundred yards short of our line, and the next we see is the shell skipping harmlessly away over the water across our bows. That is the sighting shot, and it tells us as well as the enemy that the time has come for the game of long bowls to begin.

A second cloud of white smoke leaps from the forward barbette of the flagship, and the two sixty-seven tonners hurl their shells simultaneously into the midst of the enemy. A momentary flash far away tells us that one at least has found its mark, and that means that on something, armour or topwork or turret, the 800-pound mass of metal has struck with a force of some 40,000 foot-tons,

smashing its way through and bursting somewhere with devastating effect.

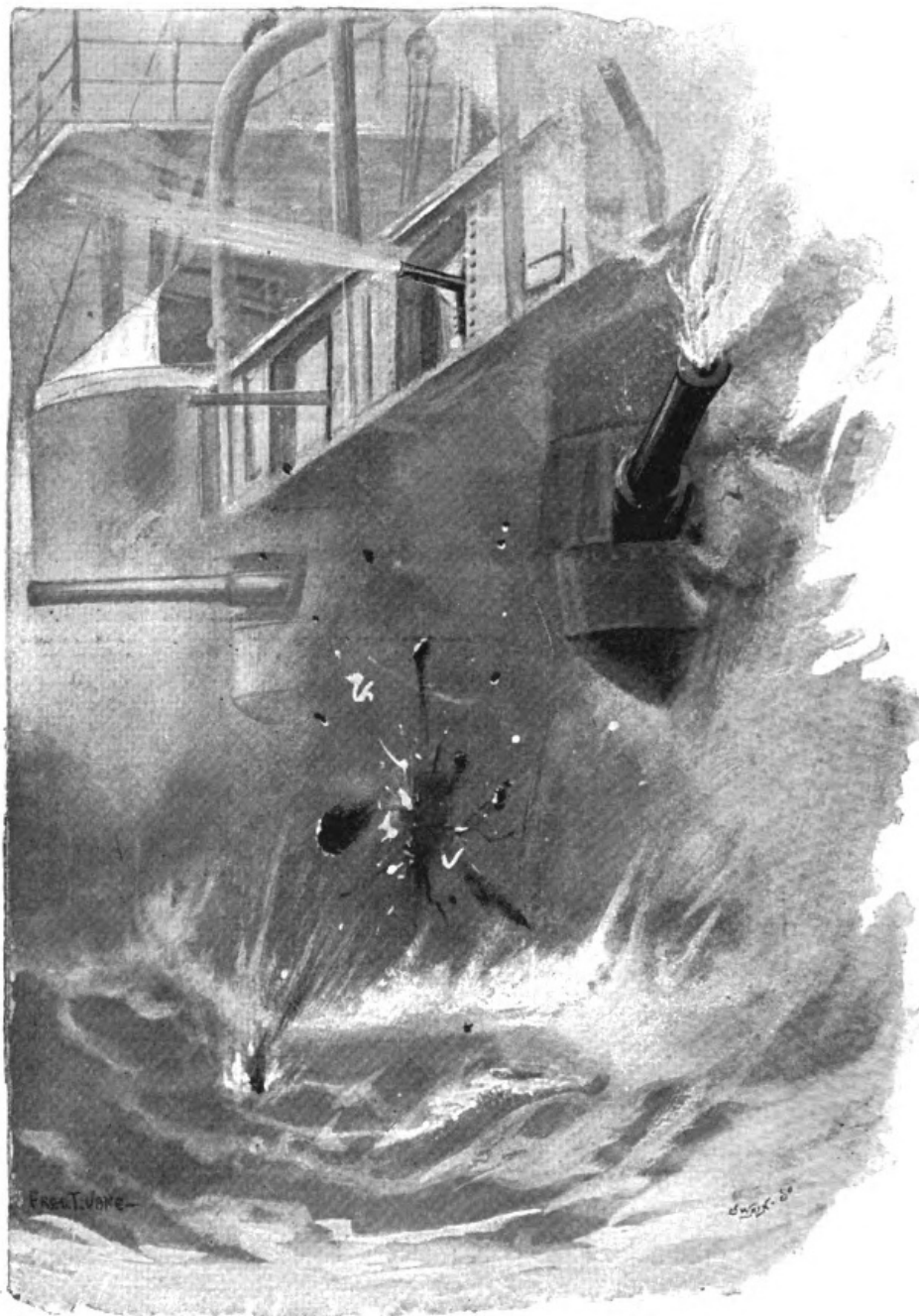
Now comes our own turn. With a roar and a concussion which convulses the atmosphere about us and sends a shudder through the frame of the steel leviathan, two of our great guns speak at once. An instant after comes a sharp, short, screaming whistle, a shock and a crash, and a swift blinding blaze of flame. A shell has struck us almost squarely amidships, but the tough nine-inch plate has held good, and the shell has burst without penetrating. A few feet higher it would have pierced the thinner armour of the twelve-pounder battery with results that we scarcely care even to guess at.

This is the first exchange of compliments, and now, ship after ship, we steam across the hostile front amidst vast drifting clouds of white smoke, the almost incessant thunder of the great guns, and the crash, and shock, and shudder that tell when a shell has found its mark.

But all the while the two fleets are nearing each other, and soon through the deeper thunder of the turret and barbette guns ring out the sharper and more swiftly succeeding reports of the quick-firers from the batteries.

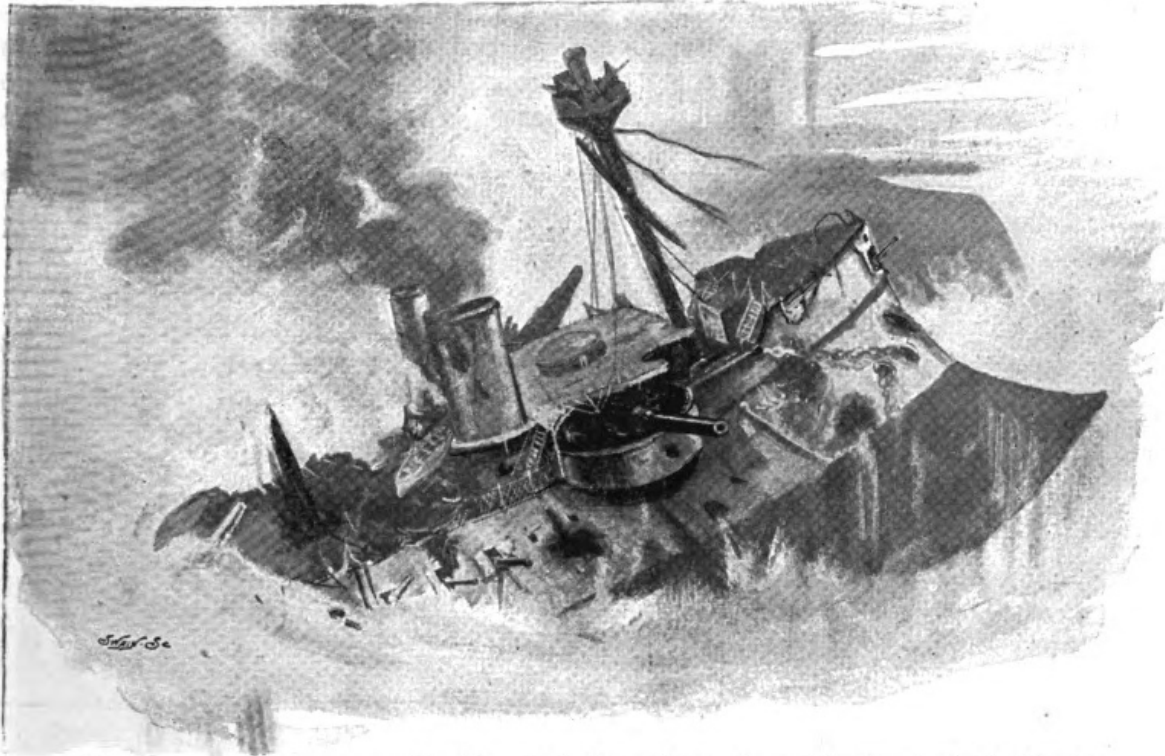
This means that a storm of hundred-pound projectiles, a very tempest of death and

destruction, is being hurled amongst the enemy at ever-decreasing range, and so fast and fiercely is that storm raging that three projectiles from each gun will be continually in the air for several minutes to come.



"A shell has struck us almost squarely amidships."

But the enemy is as well armed as we are, and out of the dense smoke bank which shows our gunners where he is, comes another storm as fierce, though not as deadly, since much of it passes through the gaps between the links of our long-drawn chain, and through



"Her stern goes down . . . and, with a swift, sliding plunge, she vanishes into the depths below."

this we steam on, battering and battered as ships have never been before since the first gun was mounted on shipboard.

All save ourselves have vanished from the deck. The Captain, with a Commander and two signalmen, is in the conning-tower, the little steel skull which holds the brain and directing will of the vast fighting organism. The gunners are in the turrets and in the batteries behind their walls and shields of armour. As for us, being where we are only in the spirit, it matters not where solid shot may strike or shell may burst, otherwise our condition would be parlous indeed.

As the range gets shorter, the awful din of the battle-storm grows louder and louder, and the hits come ever faster and more deadly, and at last the light armaments come into play. The harsh, sharp, grinding crashes and the thudding roar of the machine-guns swell the infernal chorus, and an incessant hail of lead and steel sweeps the ship from end to end, reducing to battered and shapeless ruin everything that is not protected by the solid armour of the sides and turrets and batteries. The funnels are riddled like sieves, boats are torn into splinters and swept in mere shreds of wood and rags of canvas out of the davits, and all on board

now must sink or swim with the ship as a whole.

Suddenly a huge white form looms up through the drifting smoke only a few yards away on our bow. Happily for us, our two sixty-seven tonners are intact and freshly loaded. The turret swings round, and the muzzles of the guns sink down. The mingled blast of fire and smoke leaps from them, and sixteen hundred pounds weight of metal plunges at almost pistol range into the foe-man's side on the fore-quarter, where the armour is weakest.

But no armour ever forged could have withstood the irresistible impact of that point-blank discharge. A great ragged hole gapes where a second before was the smooth white side; then, with a smothered roar, the great shells burst, the gash gapes wider, and a gush of flame and smoke pours out of it.

But almost at the same instant the guiding hand in the conning-tower has pressed an electric button. A long shining shape leaps from our side, then comes a dull roar, and a mountain of white foam and water leaps up under the side of the stricken ship. She stops and shudders, and then her proud bulk leans slowly over towards us.

One last crash of artillery thunders from

her batteries, and just as our reversed engines drag us back, she rolls rail under, struggling for a few moments dumbly in the clutch of the waters that have claimed her for their own; and then her stern goes down, her bows flash in the sunlight, which gleams through a rift in the smoke, and, with a swift sliding plunge, she vanishes into the depths below.

Then over her grave we forge ahead again, but now with diminished speed and feebler fire, for in the game of modern naval war, he who wins pays only a little less dearly than he who loses. To the landsman's

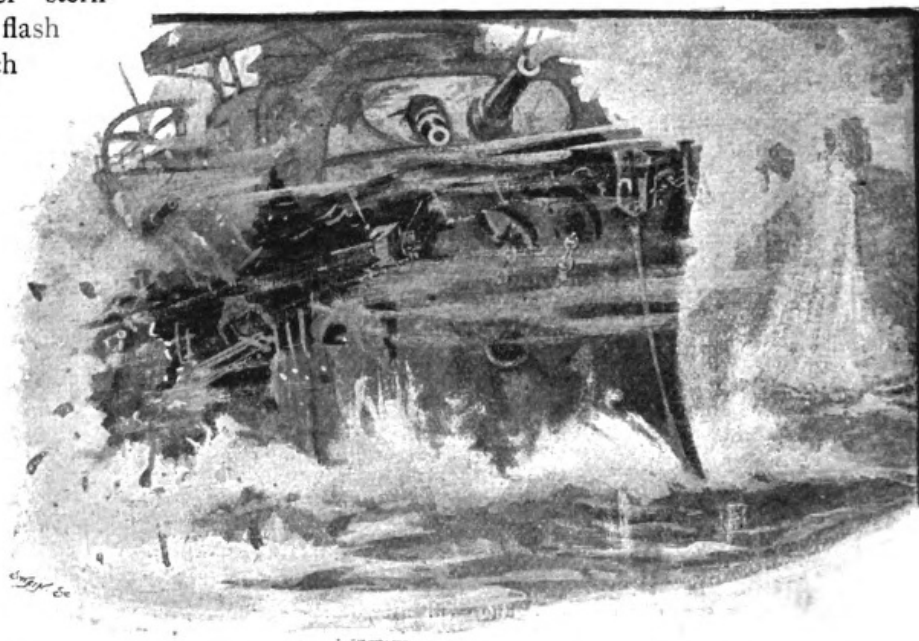
eye the great ship which, but a few minutes ago, was so trim and strong and perfect, is now little better than a shot-shattered wreck, albeit, thanks to our good armour, and maybe to our better luck, her vitals are yet untouched.

The mighty engines are still smoothly exerting their colossal power, though our riddled funnels have somewhat reduced our effective steaming, but the sides and turrets and batteries, though gashed and scored and torn by the storm of shot that has rained upon them, are unpierced, and the guns behind them, with but few exceptions, are still workable.

So with every available gun loaded, and torpedoes ready to leap from the tubes on their errand of death, we sweep on to find a fresh antagonist. We have not long to wait, for the action has now become general, and it is a case of ship to ship till the last of the loser's craft has struck or sunk. The wind has freshened with the rising sun, and the smoke curtain rolls aside from such a scene of ruin as was never yet beheld upon the sea.

So far as we can see not a ship of either of the great fleets has passed unscathed into

the zone of fire; not one but is battered and smashed almost beyond recognition; and, but for the flags still flying, some from the flag-staffs astern, some from signal yardarms,



"A great gash is torn almost from our bows to the forward casemate."

and some from stumps of masts and rims of fighting tops, it were hard to tell friend from foe. Yet the great guns are thundering on, the lighter artillery is roaring and flashing in incessant discharges, and still ship is seeking ship that she may destroy or be destroyed.

Right ahead of us a white leviathan is lying crippled. Perhaps a torpedo has struck her stern posts and wrecked her rudder and screws, for she is very much down by the stern, but the brave fellows on board her are working their guns manfully, and though she cannot run, she still can not only bark but bite.

Such a chance might not occur in a dozen actions, but here she is—a fair mark for the weapon which is the deadliest of all in modern warfare, if only it can be used. Deep down ahead of us, hidden by two fathoms of green water, is the terrible steel spur that has to strike but once, and behind it are the 12,000-ton dead weight of steel and the energy of the 14,000 horse-power engines, and now Leviathan must strike her flag or sink.

A message flashes up the wires from the conning-tower to the forward fighting top, and the signal "Will you surrender?"

flutters up. For all answer Leviathan's after-turret swings round, and the guns belch out their flame and smoke and shot together. The next instant a great gash is torn almost from our bows to the forward casemate, and the long, projecting chase of one of our fore-turret guns seems to melt away. Then from the inside of the turret comes a half-smothered sound; a rush of flaming smoke bursts through the grating, and the other gun remains dumb, though the spark has been flashed that should have fired it.

There is nothing for it now but the ram.

along the water towards us. Under each a torpedo loaded with 500 pounds of gun cotton is rushing towards us at thirty knots an hour. If they converge upon us our ram will never touch Leviathan's side, but the chance of war is with us. We shoot in between the two streams, and the torpedoes speed harmlessly away astern. But Leviathan's decks are still a volcano, vomiting a storm of shot, great and small, and into this, with battered top-works and torn decks, we rush to strike the final blow.

Soon comes a dull, smothered crash and a mighty shock, and the huge bulk of the

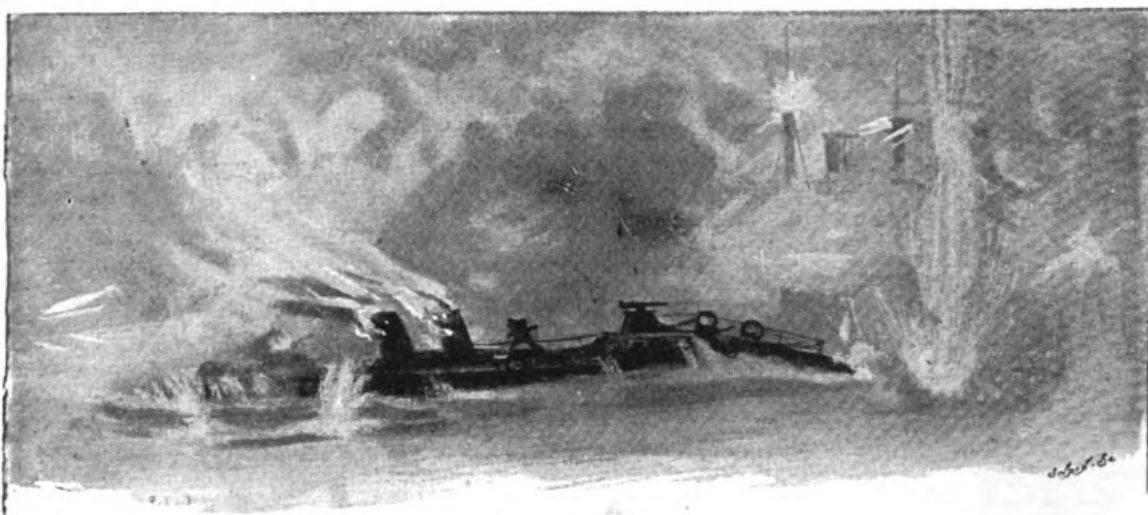


"For a moment the two are locked in the death-grip."

The bells clang in the engine-room, the engines throb harder, the propellers whirl more and more swiftly, and the ship forges forward. Every gun that can be trained ahead pours its continuous stream of shot and shell on to the devoted but unyielding foe. Her guns, too, reply, but not for long. We are making nearly fifteen knots, and at that speed a few hundred yards are soon covered. So through the storm the great ship ploughs her way, terrible and resistless as Fate itself.

We see two bubbling streams converging

charging ship stops and shudders. Then she forges slowly ahead till her stem bores and grinds its way through the bulwarks and deep into the deck of Leviathan, now stricken to death. For a moment the two are locked in the death-grip; then the reversed engines drag us, jolting and trembling, out of the huge gap that our ram and stem have made. Leviathan's stern goes down; her bows, with the great, dripping, gleaming, cruel-looking ram projecting from them, heave up out of the water till she seems to stand almost on end, and then in the midst of a cloud of



"A long, low, narrow black craft, with red decks and flaming funnels . . ."

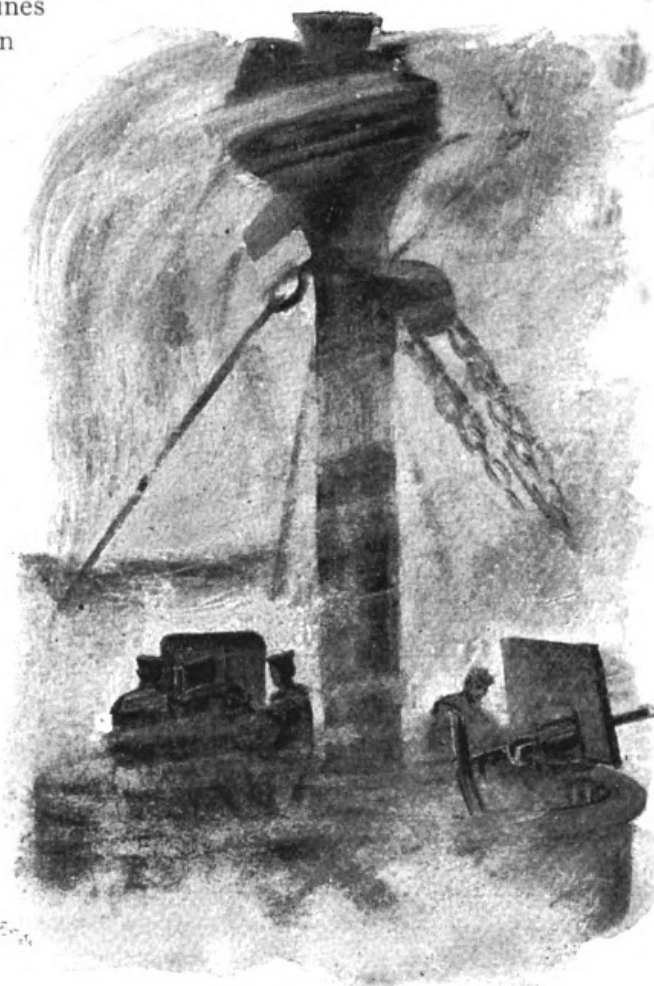
steam and smoke she makes her last plunge, and goes down to her death in the depths.

But before the engines can be reversed again we hear a fierce, breathless, panting sound on our quarter. A long, low, narrow black craft, with red decks and flaming funnels, dashes out of a dense cloud of smoke at a speed compared with which our best is a snail's pace. She rushes up to within two hundred yards of us. Two silvery shapes leap from her decks into the shot - churned water. It is a gallant deed, gallantly dared and done in the face of certain destruction.

Hardly have the torpedoes dived beneath the waves than a hurricane of flame and smoke and shot and shell and bullets roars out from our batteries and tops. The torpedo boat crumples up and

vanishes in a cloud of steam and smoke. Then a volcano seems to open under

us. Two mountains of foam-crowned water tower over us for an instant, and then burst with a thunderous crash over our decks and top - works. Stricken to death, the great ship stops and shudders like a living thing in her last agony. Then, with a sickening reel and swing, she lurches slowly sideways and sternwards. A chorus of horribly confused sounds comes from the strongholds which are now to be the iron tombs of brave men, and just as the last enemy afloat strikes her flag, H.M.S. *Hypo-*



A fierce fire from the tops.

thesis—thank God as yet rightly named!—goes down to the grave that shall not be opened till the sea gives up its dead.



At that moment there were four persons—shag-eared, military, hirsute ruffians, each unknown to the others, and of different nations—in the city, seeking to compass the death of William the Silent. —MOTLEY.

As THE Englishman strode into the little inn, the "Orange Flower," he seemed to take up all the room or space in it, while the end of the scabbard of his great cup-hilted sword clanked on the tiles, and the brass spurs of his brown and dusty boots made similar clatter. Then, throwing the cloak he carried over his arm—and for which he had no need this warm July day—on the wooden table, and pitching his hat, with one red feather, on the top of it, he scowled round at the others in the living, or public, room, ran his hands through his crisp, coal-black hair, and bawled to the waitress to bring him some schnaps.

"Quick!" he said, to the trembling girl, "quick, I am athirst. Curse me! there is more dust on your Dutch roads than to be found elsewhere. And for warmth, by my father's bones! not even the Americas or the Main can equal it."

"Mynheer has been on the Main?" queried another person sitting there, a bilious, oily-looking man, whose accent proclaimed him a Lorrainer, while the scar across his face told that broils, if not wars, were known to him.

"Ay! Mynheer has been on the Main," the Englishman replied. "And elsewhere, too. To wit, at Zutphen, with Leicester. Not far from here, eh?"

"Not far from here," replied another, whose accent and appearance in their turn

proclaimed him a Scotchman. "Not far; a dozen leagues. Was Mynheer on the winning side?"

"Which side was Leicester on, Sandy, eh?"



"He scowled round at the others."

"Hech! vary true. Yet I'll have ye to know, Mister Englishman, that 'Sandy' is no vary respectful form of address to a Scotch gentleman of the Heriot family."

"If the Scotch gentleman of the Heriot family objects to my form of address—why"—and he touched his long rapier with the tip of his toe as it stood in the corner by him—"let him argue with *that*. Outside, on the canal bank. Eh, Sandy?"

But now a fourth man, a Spaniard this—dark and swarthy and repellantly ugly, looking, indeed, more like a little Castile or Seville Jew than aught else, leant forward and whispered two words to the Englishman in his, the Spaniard's, own tongue. Those words being:

"*El Crucifijo!*"

"Ha!" exclaimed the blustering Englishman. "So! so! *El Crucifijo*. All upon the same quarry! Hey? So be it. Produce. Give a sign. *Témoignez! Bezeugen! Caparbiamente!* In whatever accursed tongue you speak. 'Tis all one to honest John Wilson. Produce!"

For answer, each of the others fumbled a little at his breast, most of them opening their dirty linen to do so; then, a second later,

each was dangling a little silver cross in his fingers; a Cross with, on it, The Figure.

"Blessed," murmured the Spaniard who looked like a Jew, "by the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo." "Mine by the Bishop of Metz," said the Lorrainer; "And mine by the Pope himself," exclaimed the member of the Heriot family. Then, while honest John Wilson's fierce eye roved over each symbol, they hastily shoved them back amidst their frowsy linen.

"So!" he exclaimed. "Honour amongst gentlemen! Here's mine." And from his far cleaner shirt he produced a similar Cross. "Blessed by no one whom I know of," he said, "yet all the same 'twill serve. Sent me straight by Parma through Granvelle. Now," and he finished his drink at a gulp, "which of us is to get the twenty-five thousand golden crowns? I trow I shall!" and he laughed a cruel, fierce laugh.

"I think not," said the member of the Heriot family. "I shall have admission to his house to-morrow—then we shall see. I have a plan."

"And I, too," exclaimed the Lorrainer. "Let me alone. When I do it no one will know the hand—yet it will be done in the open street."

"All the same," said the Spaniard, "when he is gone—no one can tell the manner how, but gone he will be—it will be found that the



Original from
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"Mynheer has been on the Main?"



"'Defiance to you, and all, and to the devil, your master.'"

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crowns are mine. And the nobility! I am of Philip's subjects. The ennoblement can come to me. You know what the Ban says, 'If he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valour.' Ho! 'tis a good Ban—ordered by the King!"

"'Fore God, you'll want it," exclaimed honest John Wilson, with a sneer and a hoarse, raucous laugh; "you will, by St. Paul and all the Saints. If he be not already noble! Ha! well! when Philip sets eyes on you he will know very well you are not already noble!" and again he laughed.

"'Tis vary apparent," said the Scotchman, leaning across the table, "that you have come here, Mister Englishman, to pick a quarrel with all engaged in the same noble cause as ye'self. Nay! I care not a fico for your long sword, nor your great brawny limbs, nor yet your black scowl—fearsome as ye seem to think it. Moreover, so to spek as t'were, if ye want to fight and brawl, come out and brawl noo. Wilson is it ye call ye'sel? Well! Archie Heriot ne'er feared a Southron yet, so if it's brawling, here's to you. Is't fighting and defiance ye mean? Spek to it!"

"Defiance to you, and all, and to the devil, your master," cried the bully, snatching up his sword. "Come out on to the banks of the canal, that I may pink you. Come out, I say, Sandy! Come out! I'll make one beggarly Scotchman less to do in the world, one locust less to prey on his betters. Come out, I say!"

Up jumped the Heriot, incensed at the reference to the national poverty—already the insults and flaunts that the next reign was to witness hurled against his countrymen had begun amongst Elizabeth's subjects!—and, seizing his brand in his hairy red hand, was making his way to the door, when, suddenly, a voice was heard speaking between the two brawny antagonists; the voice of a new comer. He had shuffled into the room at the commencement of the squabble, and had been unnoticed by any of the company, so engrossed had all been in watching, or forming part of, the *melée*.

"For shame! For shame!" he said. "What are you at? You—with *that* hanging on your breast," and he pointed to the little

crucifix dangling from the Englishman's open shirt, it having fallen out as he leaped up; "and you," pointing to another which had also become visible on the Scotchman's bosom.

"What! you peewit," exclaimed the stalwart Englishman, seizing him by the few sparse hairs in his head; "you muddy-complexioned ragamuffin! you dare to come between a gentleman and his lawful satisfaction. Who are you? Answer, ere I wring your neck."

"An appointed minister of God. Blessed by the Church. Sent into this world to be the benefactor of mankind. Beware lest you attempt harm to me. See, here are the seals of Mansfeld, supreme military commander; and here something more potent." And as he spoke he whipped out from his pocket a long pistol, and pointed it in his astonished attacker's face. "It contains," he added, "three chopped bullets—all poisoned."

Astonished, indeed probably frightened, honest John Wilson drew back from the diminutive, unwholesome looking creature before him, and regarded him steadfastly for a moment.

But for his words and the ominous pistol grasped tightly in his feeble-looking and dirty hand, his finger crooked upon the trigger, the new-comer was indeed contemptible. Almost a dwarf, with shrunken shanks, a muddy complexion, a shambling gait, and with little twinkling eyes set far too close together, and with a prayer-book strapped to his belt, he presented more the appearance of a footboy to some Calvinist psalm-singer than aught else.

Yet, mean and insignificant as the creature was, he was ordained to perpetrate one of the most cruel and uncalled-for assassinations the world has ever known.

"Who in the devil's name are you?" exclaimed honest John Wilson, taken aback at the new-comer's cool bravado, while as he spoke he moved away from the muzzle of the long pistol ominously near his face; and while the others also stared at the new-comer, the Scotchman muttering many "Hechs!" and "Ma consciences!" and other expressions unintelligible to his comrades.

"One of yourselves, but better than you.

I seek no golden crowns from Philip, but rather a crown of glory," and he squinted up at the ceiling as though the crown he spoke of was there. "And for proof," he went on, "behold. A Cross like yours given me by the blessed and comforting Franciscan, Father Géry. 'Twill be my hand that will do the deed."

"Will it so!" sneered the others, while the Lorrainer muttered a German oath, and the greasy Spaniard grinned, and the Scotchman continued to ejaculate words that none, not even the Englishman, understood the meaning of. Then Wilson, with his usual rough brutality, exclaimed:

"And how to do it, figure of fun! Think you the prince will let you get near him in that garb, those burst and broken shoes, that gallows' face? By'r Lady, more like to fling you a coin, or, instead, have you flung out into the street."

"Yet," said the creature before him, "he received me in his bedchamber to-day, bade me sit by him, gave me money."

"What! You!" and Wilson's eye roved over him, noting again his poverty-struck appearance, his squalor, and his insignificance. "Heavens! who are you?"

"Francis Guion. I tell no lies" (he was telling one then, though!). "Chosen by God!"

"Ha! The priests say He chooses ever humble instruments. I see they can—like another—speak truth. That is, if you yourself do so. And you have seen Orange, been by his bedside, spoken with him, and he

still lives! You are, in very truth, a powerful instrument!"

"Mock not! He would have died to-day, had I known we should have met. Listen. By my tears, ay, supplications, prayers, the Seigneur de Schoneval—in whose suite I was—bade me bear to Orange the papers informing him of Anjou's death. Post-haste I came, anticipating only that they would pass from my hands



"You dare to come between a gentleman and his lawful satisfaction."

to a Chamberlain's, and so to the Dutchman's. Then *he* sent for me to his presence, questioning me concerning the Duke's death, read the papers while I sat by——"

"And, miserable rat! you slew him not then!" exclaimed Wilson.

"Alas! Alas! I was unarmed, expected not this interview. I could do nought. So, perforce, I had to wait my time. But he gave me money—ha, ha!—money and—stoop your great head, listen: he gave me money, I say, and with it I bought this and another pistol, and a bag of bullets—*poisoned*—some nearly went into your carcase a moment ago! I seek now my chance. Oh, Holy Virgin! what a chance! What a chance! That his money should buy the wherewithal with which to take his life. His money! his money! Surely the Pope will bless me; surely my name shall ring down the ages, and men unborn shall call me blessed!" and he clasped his hands and tore forth his crucifix, and kissed it with ecstasy inexpressible as he gloated in his frenzy.

Of those in that room who heard him, all had come to Delft with one foul purpose. To slay William the Silent! to hack or hew him to death, to poison him—in his favourite dish of eels if possible—to blow him up in the old cloister of St. Agatha, now his house; to burn him in his bed. For all of them, Wilson the Englishman, the Spaniard, the Scotchman, and the Lorrainer were Catholics in the pay of the bloodthirsty Philip—the thousand-fold murderer!—all panted for the twenty-five thousand gold crowns, the ennoblement, the pardon for any crimes committed within Philip's vast dominions!

But, murderers by trade as they were, swashbucklers, assassins, buccaneers, broken soldiers; men who had taken part in the "Spanish Fury," in sacks, murders and countless horrors, they shrank away from this foul creature who called himself Francis Guion, as he gloated now over the infamy of taking Orange's money as a means whereby to take also his life. 'Twas too much even for their murderous minds.

"Fore God," said Wilson, "'tis best left to you. The executioner's trade is yours by right supreme, yet"—and, as he spoke, his good resolutions vanished—"if I find the chance to slay Orange I shall do it openly—not take his money with one hand, his blood with the other."

"Vary weel spoken," said Heriot. "By

St. Mungo, Southron, you and I are jeest a little too good to play this game wi' sich as these. Gi' me your hand, mon; I'll no fight wi' 'ee!"

* * * * *

Meanwhile, to go back a few moments, when the brawl had seemed about to assume serious results, the waiting woman—who, though she understood neither English nor English-Scotch, rightly apprehended that their loud words and sword clutchings meant bloodshed—ran to the landlord of the "Orange Flower," and besought him to interpose. "For," said she, "I fear that these great hectoring men—especially the biggest one with the fierce eyes—mean to slay one another—mean, in truth, murder!"

"That," said the stolid Walloon who kept the inn, and who behind his fat cheeks and heavy eyes bore some sort of brain, "is what I have suspected all the morning. They meet here with no good intent—though if it be to murder each other it matters not! Let them fight as rats caught in a sewer trap. Yet, since I do suspect they are in Delft to slay others whose death will profit them—their own would profit none a ducatoon!—I have sent the boy, Doncker, to fetch the Syndic's officer. Observe, he comes beneath the limes; now we shall see. If they answer not his questions, 'twill be the gaol to-night and not the "Orange Flower" where they will sleep."

The Syndic's officer was, indeed, close by the door as the landlord spoke: a keen-faced hatchet-nosed man, with little of the appearance of a Hollander about him. He was elderly, too, pointed-bearded, long and lean—a man who should have been elsewhere than at Delft. At Brussels, or Antwerp, to wit, where, except at this moment, murder, assassination, and treason were always being plotted. Now it was being done, for a change, at Delft.

Behind him marched two halberdiers, with each, in their belts, a large pistol, or carbine, and across their breasts bandoliers.

"A fine morning, but hot withal, Herren," he said pleasantly to the five scoundrels assembled in the living room. Then he called for a cup of schnaps and drank to them.

"The Herren are strangers to our old city, I think," he continued, setting down the cup. "On business, doubtless? Perhaps of the State. I am the Syndic's lieutenant, and so that the Herren shall not be subjected to unseemly interruption in their vocations, will they produce their papers? 'Tis but a form, a trifle."

"Very willingly," exclaimed honest John Wilson, bringing forth a paper from his pouch. "Here's mine. A fair record, Master Lieutenant!"

"Ay, ay," nodded the official, glancing over the document. "Ay. John Wilson," he read, muttering, "of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth's body-guard, also officer of Her Majesty's train-bands; of service at Dormans'—so—so—the Herr fought under Guise; also of Moncontour—ha! the Herr is no Protestant. What! of Zutphen also. Ha! the Herr varies his espousals. Well! 'tis a great record. And the Herr's business here is—humph?"

"To offer a brave sword to whomsoever will have it. *Besogne!* I am a soldier of fortune! I sell my service to the highest bidder. Bess wants me not in England. We are too much at peace."

"So be it, sir. Good soldiers are welcome everywhere. Now, Herr, yours," and he turned to the gentleman belonging to the Heriot family.

Since each of the vagabonds was provided with forged papers—made out for them by the orders of Parma, or the late Duke d'Anjou, or Granvelle—it was not difficult for them to pass the inspection. Even Francis Guion—whose seals of Mansfeld had been fabricated by his own hands, and the fabrication afterwards blessed by a Jesuit!—passed, too, especially when he truthfully declared—as the Lieutenant very well knew without any declaration—that he had but recently been received into the presence of Orange.

"Herren! I thank you. All is satisfactory. Herren, I bid you good-day," and with a bow, a little ponderous and Dutch even for so shrewd an official as this, the

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Lieutenant passed out into the quiet sunny street.

But when he was there he sent his halberdiers off, and, proceeding down an alley, turned in at a small postern at the back of the "Orange Flower," and so made his way to the kitchen in the rear of the premises, where the landlord was himself, Dutch landlord-like, plucking a fowl for the evening meal.

"Hist!" said the Lieutenant. "Come out here into your herb-garden, Uytenwael; I have something to say to you. Leave the fowl, and come."



"The Landlord was . . . plucking a fowl for the evening meal."

So the stolid landlord, his face betraying no sign of surprise, put the bird down and slowly followed the officer amongst the incongruous mixture of tulips, sage, hyacinths, mint, rue, and jonquils which grew all about the neatly kept paths,

Then, under an apple-tree whose boughs hung down to the earth with the load of ripening fruit upon them, and formed, thereby, a screen from even the back of the house—where, in truth, there were none who could see them—the Lieutenant said:

"Are all lodged under your roof to-night?"

"Nay," answered Uytenwael, his face still

blank and expressionless as the red brick wall near them. "Nay; two only. The great Englander and the Schottlander. We have but one room, as you know, and therefore they sleep together. Yet, 'tis sweet and clean, and to each his own bed."

"So, so. I know the chamber. Entered, too, by the ladder from below—being in the roof and having no door."

"Ja Wohl!"

"Good. Now, listen. There is some plot brewing against the Prince—Jaureguy, he who was run through and through in thirty-two vital places by the attendants, nearly succeeded; others may not fail as he did!—these fellows are in it alone, or together. One only is not of them, the miserable-looking youth who is a messenger to the Prince, and received by him. But for the rest, we must trap them. Their papers are mostly false. I know it. Now, listen again, Uytenwael."

"Ja-Ja. I listen."

"My men will take the Spaniard and the Lorrainer; I with some more, and you, Uytenwael, assisting, will secure the others above in the garret. This way it shall be done. When they are asleep we will mount the ladder, I going first; then the rest shall enter, and so the birds will be taken. You understand?"

"I understand. And after?"

"After, we will see. If they are innocent people, why they will be let go about their business; or, at worst, put outside Holland. If we discover anything against them, why, then, Uytenwael, there are gibbets and wheels and dungeons for such as they."

"And my reckoning?" the other asked, with Dutch foresight.

"Oh, as for your reckoning, never fear! The Prince will doubtless pay that."

* * * * *

The old city of Delft never kept late hours, no more in the Middle Ages than now. By the time the clock struck eleven from its steeples most of the inhabitants were in bed—or were supposed to be.

Yet ere some sought their couches, especially those men who had foregathered earlier in the day in the "Orange Flower," there were certain things to be done. To

wit, there was silent inspection to be made of the house in which the Prince of Orange now dwelt since he quitted Brussels, glances to be cast up at the two stories, lights to be observed in the windows, care taken to make sure the Prince was there; also the need to creep up the dark lane by the side, take general observation—who knew how at any moment an opportunity might arrive for doing the deed and gaining the twenty-five thousand crowns! Once in the house, William might be stabbed, even in the arms of his wife, Louisa de Coligny, and escape made down some dark passage or exit. Once in the house, a way might be found to pantry or to larder, and poison dropped into food prepared for the morrow, or into vat of wine. Once, too, a secret way found into the house, and powder and slow matches might be introduced—a thousand traps laid. These murderers must neither overlook chance, nor loophole, nor opportunity.

Yet to-night none such arose. The huge doors of the courtyard were firmly closed and barred by ten o'clock—the lamp hung outside by then—even the wicket bolted; within, the halberdiers could be heard pacing on the stones of the yard or laughing and talking together in the guard-house. Also the gate up the alley was closed—behind it, too, the tramp of Orange's guard sounded firm and heavy. And, gradually, the lights were extinguished on the first floor, the windows, which had been open all the evening for coolness, closed; above, in the great bedroom, where the Prince and his wife and their recently born babe—afterwards the great Stadtholder, Frederic Henry—lay, the lights went out too, nought remaining but the glimmer of the *veilleuse*.

There was no chance for those slinking murderers that night—no chance; all was safe! Yet, also, it was Orange's last night on earth. But this they did not know.

Resolving to bide their time, therefore, and all unknowing that the twenty-five thousand crowns were never to be theirs, nor the ennoblement, nor the pardon from Philip's bloodstained hands—so stained that neither the dews of heaven nor the fires of hell could ever purify them!—they crept back into the open streets, and, once there, straightened

themselves and walked erect like honest men, and let fall their cloaks from their evil faces. And so they sought their resting places.

Naturally, these birds of darkness worked alone; they wanted neither partners in the deed nor in the reward! The greasy Jew-like Spaniard went off first to his haunt; next the Lorrainer, half-drunk, reeled to his; the Scotchman and the Englishman arrived at the door of the "Orange Flower" together. Of Francis Guion, the dust-grimed, insignificant creature from Franche-Comté, nothing had been seen further and nothing more thought. He was beneath consideration!

"We sleep together, side by side, Mister Heriot," said honest John Wilson, who, since they had shaken hands that morning, treated the Scotchman with more respect. "Come, let us up to our beds and take our rest. To-morrow may bring the chance. We need sleep. I for one am weary."

"A sup before we mount!" exclaimed the other. "Landlord, a pint, quick!"

The draught swallowed, they followed Uytenwael to the floor above them and up the ladder through the trap-door into the garret where they were to lie; a pallet for each on either side of it.

"Who sleeps below in the room we came through?" asked Wilson, peering down through the trap-door.

"I do," replied the landlord. "So have no fear! None can pass to you except by me."

"Fear!" exclaimed Wilson, "fear! I fear none. Neither man nor devil. This absolves me from fear," and he flung his long rapier

on one of the beds, "and this," stretching out a brawny arm, "and this!" And following his last words he threw down by the side of his sword a great glittering dagger.

"Also," he added, "a clear conscience and an easy bosom," and he slapped Uytenwael hilariously on the back.

"Those are the best of all," said the Walloon, quietly. "The best of all. A clear conscience and an easy mind. The best of all."

Yet, in spite of Wilson's brave words, he was taking observations of the room and of the entrance to it by the ladder; noticing, too, that the latter was fast to the trap-door, so that it could not be withdrawn and those within the chamber made prisoners. Also he remarked that there was no bolt *beneath* the trap-door, whereby the occupants of the room could be fastened in. And, likewise, he saw that there was no bolt either above it, with which they could prevent it from being pushed up and entrance gained. But that mattered not: if there was any likelihood of attack—which he thought there was not—one of the beds might be placed above the trap, or he, alone, could guard the garret against a hundred who should mount the ladder.

"So, good night, Heriot," he said, as the

landlord climbed down again, taking the hand-lamp with him—for he trusted no light to strangers in that room, which was full of inflammable stuff. "The curmudgeon thinks we can get to bed in the dark or by the light of yon waning moon. And so we can; though even now she sinks towards the west. An hour



"The Scotchman and the Englishman arrived at the door of the 'Orange Flower' together."

later an' we should have had no light at all."

Neither of the would-be assassins undressed totally, but each, taking off his jerkin and his shoes, threw himself on the truckle bed wrapped in his cloak, the Englishman in a long riding one bravely guarded with crimson, and the Scotchman in a brown one with a great hood to it.

And each placed his weapons near to him, Heriot having his dagger under the pillow, Wilson the hilt of his in his hand and folded within his cloak. And by the head of each bed reposed a sword.

One thing both forgot, to say a prayer, though neither had ever needed one so much as on that night!

Soon they were fast asleep—as peacefully as in their mother's arms in childhood. Their evil deeds of the past, the evils they meditated in the future, troubled them not at all.

Suddenly, three hours later, Wilson roused himself, raised his body on one elbow, peered over to the bed where the Scotchman lay—then glared into the darkness.

His senses, always keen, had been awakened by something, he knew not what—but something near his face. Something that had breathed upon that face—a breath, too, tainted with alcohol!—and had suddenly been withdrawn; had seemed to descend towards the floor, to where the trap was between the two beds.

Someone had been in the room—*was in it now!* He knew it, felt sure of it!

He was no coward, would-be murderer though he also was, and as he intended to be again if the chance came his way: yet he felt the sweat oozing out upon him, damping his shirt and making his forehead wet as he realized, or thought he realized, that there, alone in the dark—towards the Scotchman's bed—was a third presence waiting to spring on him or them.

And at that moment there was a creak made by some slight movement—a breath was drawn in to some throat—a stealthy movement reached his ear.

Slowly he disengaged his long dagger from the folds of the cloak, withdrew the cloak from his form, then sprang off the bed to the ground—and found his throat grasped by two

brawny hairy hands that pressed like vices on his windpipe; that were throttling him. Then one hand was released from that throat—he felt—he knew that there was a swift movement upwards of the arm to which that hand belonged—a swish downwards, and, "Ah, God!" he exclaimed, "Murdered! Done to death! Struck to the heart!"

Yet, as he screamed, and ere sense was gone from him, he with his own strong, muscular arm buried his own dagger—once, twice, thrice—though the third time feebly only, in the form that grappled with him.

Then both fell together in the dark and lay there—dead.

The Syndic's lieutenant and his men, with Uytenwael, found it hard to raise the trap door—since only one could stand on the ladder at a time and bring the strength of his back and shoulders to heave it up—with that double weight of carrion lying above it. Yet it was done at last; a mighty push from the strongest of them forced up the trap a foot, and, as it lifted the would-be assassins, slid the bodies down the incline made thereby, and so rolled them away.

"Caught in their own toils," said the Lieutenant, as he held a light down to the dead men's faces. "In their own toils, and in my snare. When I raised myself half-way above the trap, and leant over the Englishman to see if he slept, I knew that, should he awake, he would suspect the Schottlander—perhaps fight with him. And doubtless he, this red one, was also awakened, was watching for his spring, was ready to spring himself. And, it maybe, each thought the other was a third. So best. From them the Prince is safe. The others are doomed, too. Tomorrow at the latest—if my men fail to-night."

'Twas true! The Prince was safe from them, from English Wilson and from Scotch Heriot. Also from Spaniard and Lorrainer. For they were taken that night, and—their guilt proved a little later, when all the Netherlands was weeping and demanding vengeance for a hideous crime—were executed. One burnt, the other broken on the wheel.

The Prince was safe from them, but from another for only a few hours!

For the next morning the insignificant-looking creature, who called himself Francis



Ere sense was gone from him, he with his own strong, muscular arm buried his own dagger . . .
in the form that grappled with him."

Guion, but whose name was Balthazar Gérard, gained the presence of Orange once more, and with the pistol—bought from that Prince's charity!—fired the three poisoned balls into his body, they passing through it and burying themselves in the wall beyond.

And he, too, most righteously was done to death, though in a manner hideous and awful. And in place of the twenty-five thou-

sand golden crowns—which, in truth, he had never sought, but, instead, an immortal fame and glory—poor fool!—the seignories of Dampmartin, Hostal, and Lievreumont were given to his relatives for many years.

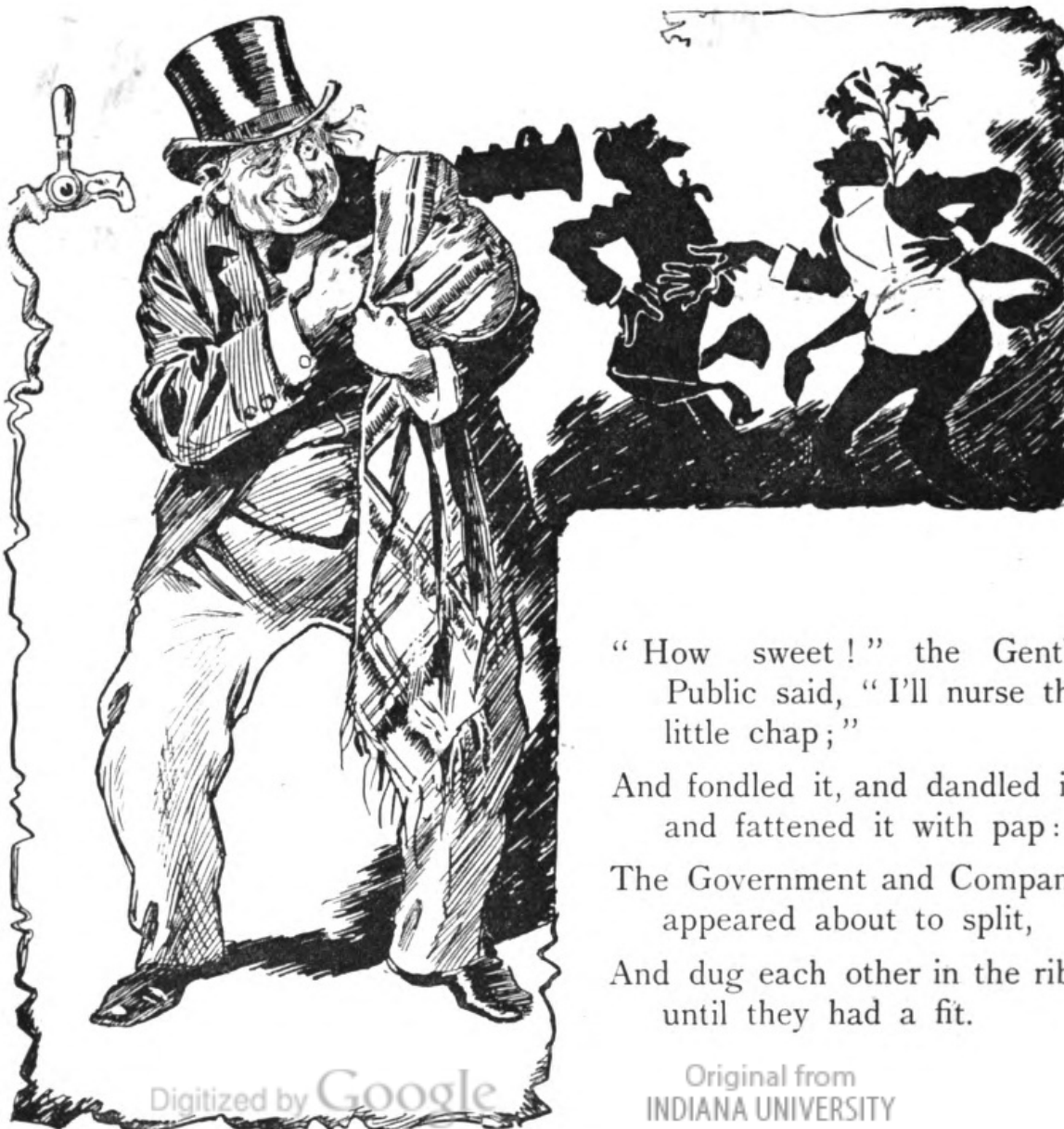
So Philip, the bloodthirsty wolf of Spain, accomplished his desire, carried out his Ban, and, for once kept his word, though to a murderer!

THE GREAT WATER JOKE.

PART II.

I told you how the Government, unsparing with its rope,
Had left the Water Company a single crumb of hope ;
A solitary orphan joy, as tiny as could be,
Infinitesimally small—its sweet MONOPOLEE ?

Exactly. Well, the Company constructed it a nest,
And cherished it extremely in the bosom of his vest ;
And presently, in gratitude—but ever lying low—
In silence—but perceptibly—the mite began to GROW.



“ How sweet ! ” the Gentle
Public said, “ I ’ ll nurse the
little chap ; ”

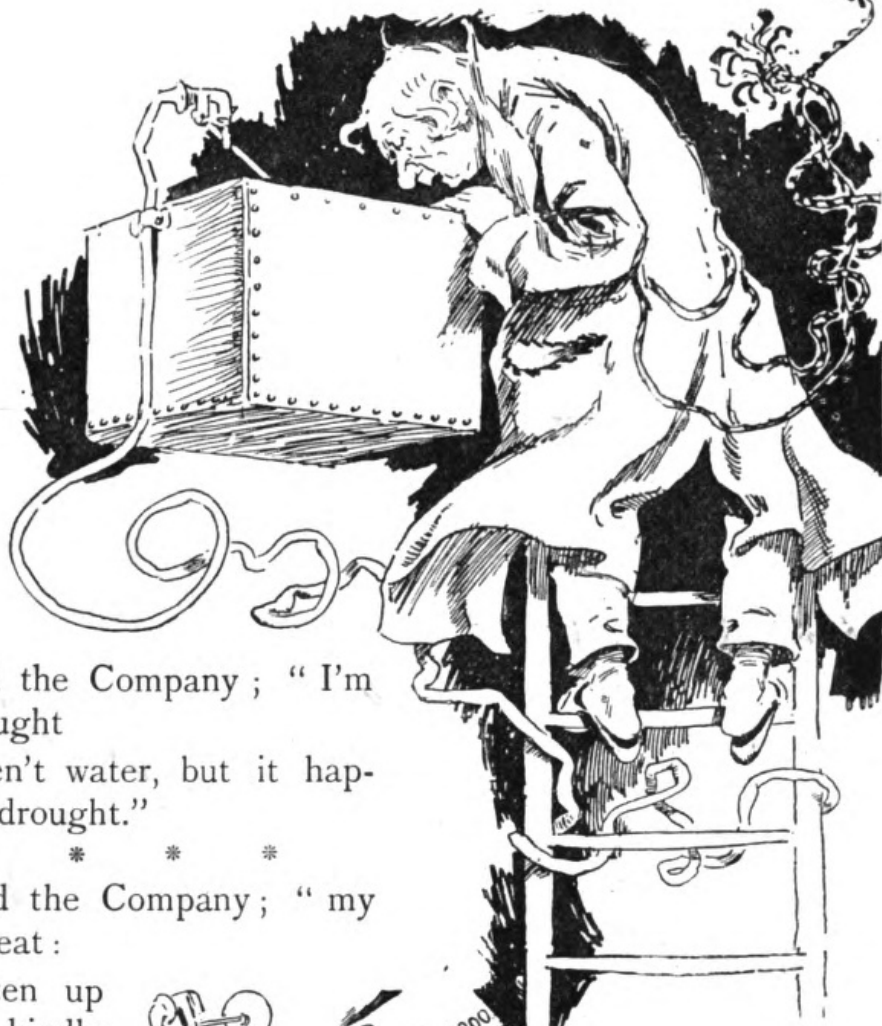
And fondled it, and dandled it,
and fattened it with pap :

The Government and Company
appeared about to split,

And dug each other in the ribs
until they had a fit.

And still the little treasure grew ; it burst its little gown ;
 The Public couldn't carry it, and had to put it down :
 It didn't do the putting down effectively, it's plain ;
 Because the operation must be shortly done again.

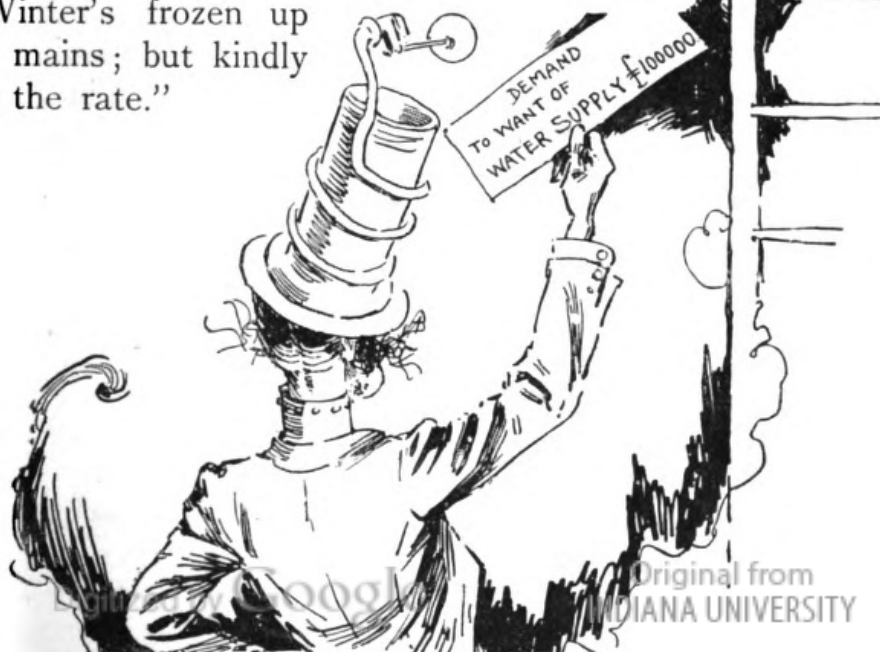
* * * * *



"I'm sorry !" said the Company ; " I'm
 perfectly distraught
 To think you haven't water, but it hap-
 pens there's a drought."

* * * * *

"I'm sorry !" said the Company ; " my
 grief is very great :
 The Winter's frozen up
 the mains ; but kindly
 pay the rate."



For fifty years the Public longed to
wash himself and drink:
His face was grey with grubbiness, his
nails as black as ink;
And ev'ry time the Company observed
his woeful state
It sent him in a little bill increasing
of the rate.

At length the Public shook itself, and,
goaded into fits,
Besought the British Government
(Defender of the Cits).
"Eh? Bless us!" said the Govern-
ment; "is somebody to blame?
What *is* a Water Company? I never
heard the name!"

All vainly did the Public make an effort to explain
The nature of a water-tap—the meaning of a "main;"
When suddenly the Government—its honest eye afire
With luminous perception—cried, "*I* see what you require!

"You want a public body, sir, enthroned upon the heights
Of absolute devotion to your interest and rights—
Incapable of jobbery, or bribery, or hire—
And wholly incorruptible—that's all that *you* require!"

"Pray tell me," said the Public, "where the article's obtained."
"Oh, bless you; nothing easier!" the Government explained:
"For honesty's as plentiful as bristles on a pig;
And incorruptibility—it grows on ev'ry twig!"

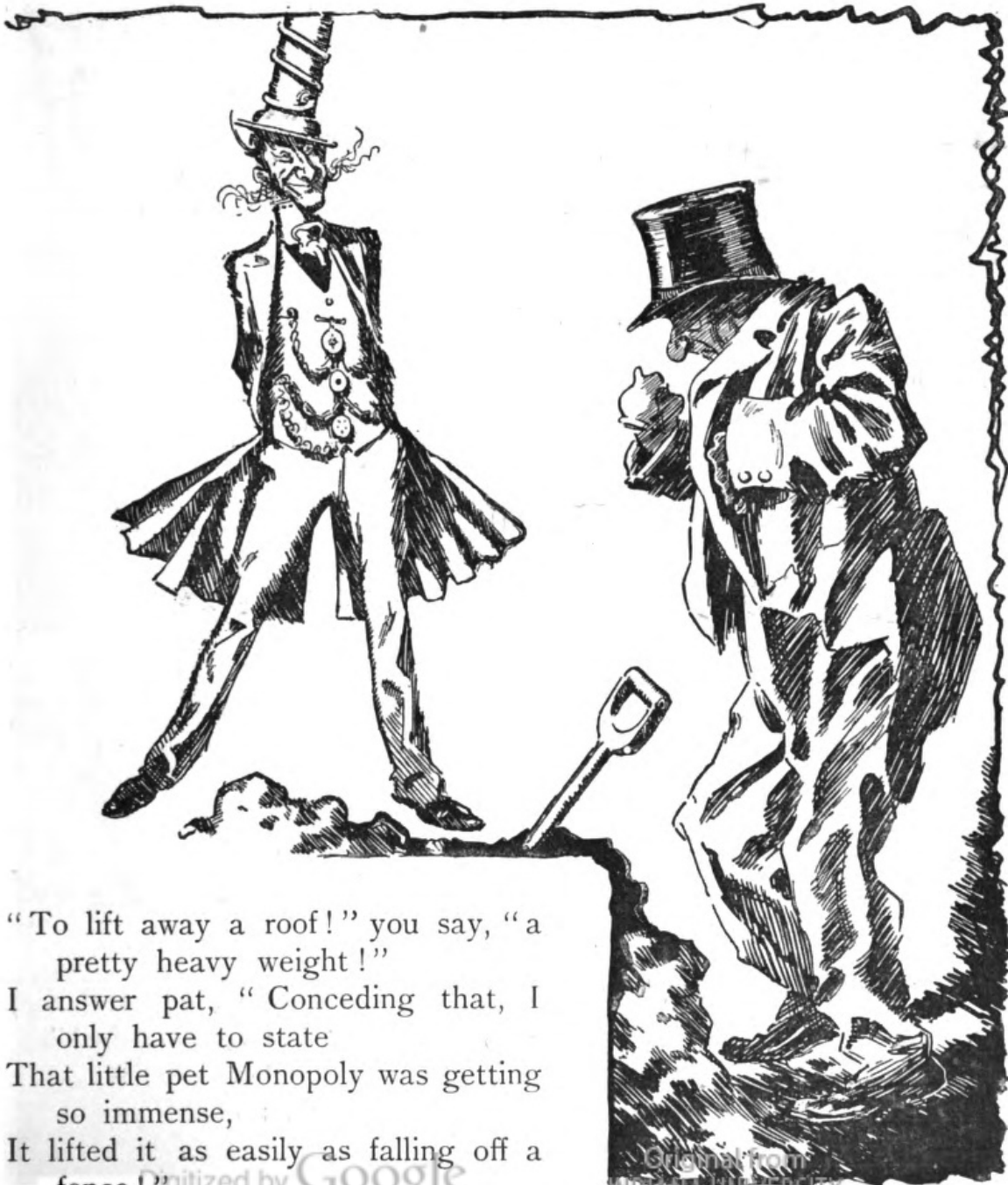
"I'll help you," says the Government; and fortunately hits
Upon another gentleman a-living by his wits;
And then the Water Company, the Government, and he
Retired around the corner, just as friendly as could be.

The newly-chosen gentleman—elected as a Board—
Apologised for trenching on the Public's little hoard.
"I grieve to say you'll have to pay a little rate," says he,
"Before I can defend you from the Water Companye."



The Public sadly paid the rate (increasing with the years),
Still empty was the little jug, except for bitter tears;
Its owner, yearning for a drink, had dried to half his size;
So awful was his grubbiness, you couldn't see his eyes.

He tried to dig himself a well: "*I* notice what you're at!"
Observed the Water Company; and put a stop to *that*.
He got himself a water-butt; but down it came again,
And quickly took his roof away to stop his getting rain.



"To lift away a roof!" you say, "a
pretty heavy weight!"
I answer pat, "Conceding that, I
only have to state
That little pet Monopoly was getting
so immense,
It lifted it as easily as falling off a
fence!"

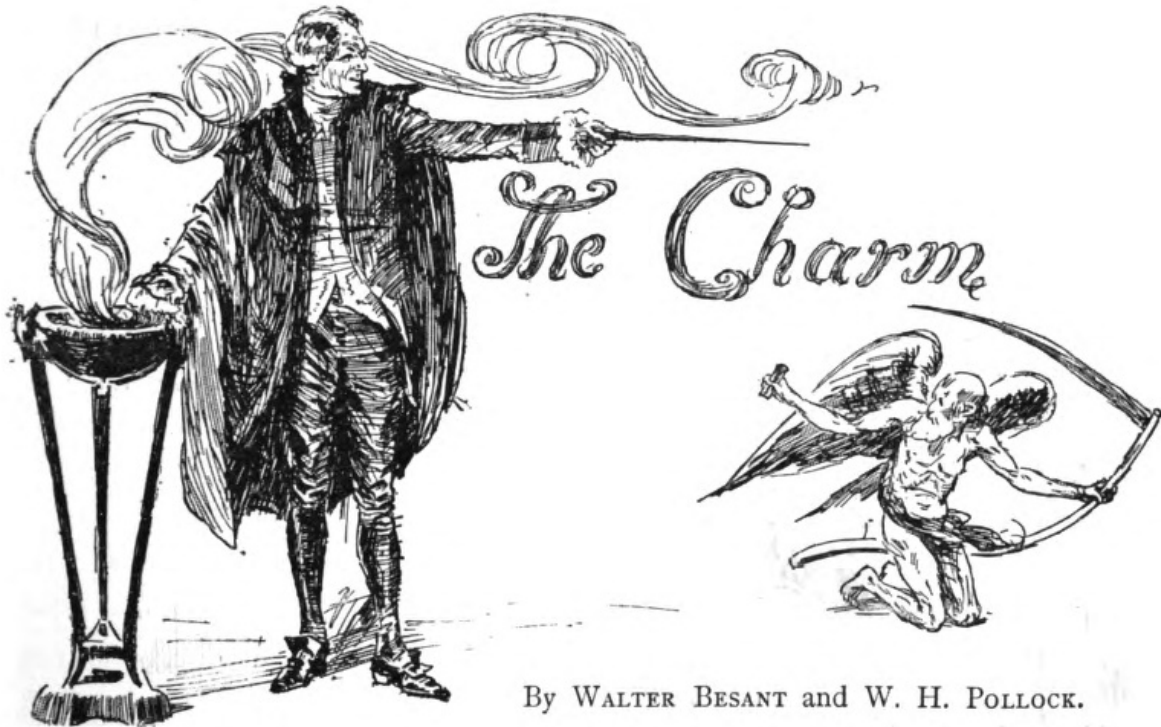
"Pay up," remarked the Company, good humouredly, "or I shall have the pain of cutting off your much-esteemed supply!"
 "Supply? You can't. I haven't one!" the Public said, said he.
 "Be off!" replied the Company; "Don't argyfy with *me*!"



"My faithful BOARD," the Public said, "will help me! If I die, I'll up and thresh the matter out, and know the reason why!"

* * * * *

He found his own devoted BOARD as happy as could be,
 And comfortably dining with the WATER COMPANEE.



By WALTER BESANT and W. H. POLLOCK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GASTON	<i>Marquis de Montserrat.</i>	COLIN.	
BERNARD	<i>Chevalier de Saint Aignan.</i>	ISABELLE.....	<i>Princesse de Chalons.</i>
RAOUL	<i>Vidame de Chatillon-Cursay.</i>	HÉLÈNE.....	<i>Duchesse de Périgord.</i>
THE BARON ALDEBORAN.		JEANNETTE.	

PLACE Paris.
TIME Eighteenth Century.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The Salon of the DUCHESSE DE PERIGORD. Decoration, Louis Quinze style. Portraits on walls. A card-table at back. A piano, chairs, etc.*

COLIN, in livery, and JEANNETTE, with a duster, discovered.

COLIN (*sighs*). How are we this morning, Jeannette?
JEAN. (*sighs*). Pretty well. We rang our bell at ten. We called for our tisane at a quarter past. We are now dressing for the evening. And you, Colin?
COLIN. We rose at noon, after a cup of chocolate. We were completely dressed by two. We have made a tolerable dinner, and we are now on our way, in a chair, to the salon of our beloved Duchess.
JEAN. What life-long devotion, Colin! What a lesson of constancy to young men—like yourself!
COLIN. What rigour, Jeannette! What a warning to young women—like yourself!
JEAN. Yet every woman would like sixty years' devotion.
COLIN. Sixty-five, in fact. Yet what man, at the beginning, would dare to go on if he knew that there were sixty years of patience before him?
JEAN. You young men are so impatient.
COLIN. You are distractingly pretty this morning. Do you know——(*edges closer*).
JEAN. Fie, Colin!

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JEAN. Fie, Colin!

- COLIN. Youth, Jeannette, youth I say (*puts his arm round her waist*) is the time for—
(*Tries to kiss her. She pushes him from her. Door opens. COLIN runs away.*)
- JEAN. (*hurriedly*). Yes, M. Raoul, Madame will be here immediately. I will tell her that you are here.
- RAOUL. Do not hurry her, child. So (*chucks her under the chin*) Colin was imitating the manners of his masters, was he?
- JEAN. To be sure, M. Raoul; we cannot always be with our betters without learning something. (*Exit.*)
- RAOUL. (*Goes round, looking at the portraits.*) Here is a portrait of the Duchess herself. A beautiful woman in those days; not quite in modern taste. Yet this is the woman who made a slave of my grandfather. The young fellows of the time had their consolations. (*Still goes round.*) Here is the Princess in her young days; one might look farther and fare worse. And to think that in this very salon the old, old people meet every night to talk over the past and forget the present. Poor old folk! They say age comes to all. Perhaps. Meantime, one is young.

(*Enter the DUCHESS on JEANNETTE'S arm.*)

- (*Hastening to offer his own.*) Madame, permit me.
- DUCHESS. Thanks, Raoul—my son Raoul—since we have agreed that I may call you by that name.
- RAOUL. Madame, your kindness overpowers me.
- DUCHESS. My own son is—long since—Jeannette, my snuffbox—(*takes snuff*)—long since dead. I was vexed, I remember, at the time. You are singularly like your grandfather, Raoul.
- RAOUL. You knew him when he was young; but of course that was long before your time.
- DUCHESS. No, boy; that was in my time. Women have but one time. When that is over, they have no other; and when one is eighty, one may surely cease pretending to be—alas!—beautiful.
- RAOUL. Madame can never cease to be both beautiful and charming.
- DUCHESS. Your manners, Raoul, resemble your grandfather's. You have something of his finished style.
- RAOUL. I am honoured, Madame, with this approbation.
- DUCHESS. Enjoy your youth, my son. Lay to heart the admonition of an old woman.
- RAOUL. Ah! never, never old—to her friends.
- DUCHESS. Yes—(*resolutely*)—eighty-two—do you hear?—eighty-two years old. Jeannette, my snuff-box. (*Takes snuff.*) I was saying . . . Yes, Raoul, enjoy your youth.
- RAOUL. I do. What else is there to enjoy?
- DUCHESS. Do not waste it. Make love always, and to the most beautiful women only, and to women of rank only; frequent none but the best society; avoid gambling, orgies, coarse pleasures. Remember that a beautiful old age—a time of serene satisfaction—can only be obtained by the most careful conduct of youth. Ah! what pleasures we have lost! What possibilities the young idly throw away! Be wise in time, my Raoul!
- RAOUL. I will, dear Madame. Meantime, I am in love with half the ladies of fashion, and only just out of love with the other half. I have as yet only fought six duels, and I gamble no more than a gentleman should.
- DUCHESS. And do not drink too much wine, dear child. Why, but for his champagne at supper, the Regent, the best and most generous of men, might have been living until now.

RAOUL (*aside*). When he would be about a hundred and ten. We might have been a little tired of Philippe—what a delightful invention is champagne!

DUCHESS. Your grandfather, Raoul, of sainted—I mean—of course, not sainted—saintliness is only expected of common persons—but of delightful memory—was like the Regent, inordinately addicted to late suppers and champagne.

RAOUL. And to making love, Madame, I have heard, to the most beautiful woman of his time.

DUCHESS (*in confusion*). It was true, my child. She used him barbarously. She can never forgive herself.

RAOUL. She accepts, at least (*kneels on one knee*) the devotion of the grandson for the love of the grandfather.

DUCHESS. Rise, Raoul. Yes, I accept the service of the boy—for the—ardour—(*sighs*)—of the grandsire. Alas! at that happy time he was your age, Raoul, and had your face. What a time! What men! What manners!

COLIN. M. le Marquis de Mont-

(*Enter MARQUIS. He is an old man, who walks with a cane and leans upon the arm of COLIN. Ceremonious salutations. MARQUIS kisses*

MARQUIS. Young man, you are been as kind to me to you—I—but (*takes*

(*The CHEVALIER and separately. They ments. They sit.*

DUCHESS. Raoul will tell us

RAOUL. The people are

MARQUIS (*takes snuff*). The Auvergne are always

RAOUL. The rustics in

CHEVALIER. Shoot them down.

in my time, we It is the only remedy

PRINCESS. And you have no

RAOUL. None this evening. from China. The collecting birds' Excellency may be entertained with the national dish.

MARQUIS. China is a long way off.

DUCHESS. I prefer to hear of Paris.

RAOUL. It is reported that our fleet has been destroyed by the English off the port of Brest.

CHEVALIER. In my time we destroyed the English fleets. Ventre St. Gris! Where are our captains?

DUCHESS. And nothing of Paris?

RAOUL. Nothing. Stay! There is the Baron Aldeboran.

PRINCESS. Who is the Baron Al-de-bo-ran? Is it an Italian name?

CHEVALIER. You are talking of the quack who promises—

MARQUIS. You mean the charlatan who pretends—

DUCHESS. What does he promise, Raoul?

RAOUL. He is a man of middle age, who pretends to be five hundred years old. He



Enter MARQUIS.

old man, who walks with a arm of COLIN. Ceremonious DUCHESS's hands. RAOUL bows).

fortunate. Had the Duchess some time ago as she now is *snuff*) let us be philosophers.

the PRINCESS are announced are also very old. Compli- RAOUL stands.)

the news.

starving in Auvergne.

ill-conditioned people of starving.

Picardy are in revolt.

(*Takes snuff.*) That is how, treated revolt. Shoot and hang. for the common people. scandal to tell us.

An ambassador is expected King's cooks are busy nests, in order that his

told me a great many anecdotes—for instance, about my great-great-grandfather. He also says he knows how to bring back youth.

DUCHESS. This becomes interesting. Pray go on, Raoul.

RAOUL. Of course I do not believe a word he says. Still, I have seen him cure a cripple who carried away his crutches, and he makes people fall asleep by merely waving his hand; that I have myself witnessed.

DUCHESS. The Baron has bewitched you, dear son. We are, however, too old for these fancies.

MARQUIS. The Duchess can never be too old.

DUCHESS. Oh! Marquis—

PRINCESS. And that is all you have to tell us, M. Raoul?

RAOUL. That is my budget, Madame la Princesse.

DUCHESS. Then, dear son, we will keep you no longer from your own world. Youth is the time for enjoyment.

PRINCESS. Alas! Yes. There is no other time for happiness.

DUCHESS. Adieu, Raoul! Make love, laugh, sing. Leave us to our cards.
(Exit Raoul).

PRINCESS (absently). Restore our youth? If that were possible!

(Meantime COLIN arranges card

tables and cards; places chairs.)

CHEVALIER. And such a youth
with you beauty is

COLIN. The cards

DUCHESS. Let us

(They rise. Gentle-
down. MARQUIS

PRINCESS. Ah! I
take. Chevalier,

DUCHESS. I have
I am playing

PRINCESS (holding her
can see them).

Strange if it

DUCHESS (letting her cards
back our beauty! My

MARQUIS. Dear Duchess, may I bring you a glass of wine?

(DUCHESS shakes her head.)

PRINCESS. We can play no more. Let us sit and talk of old days—the days when we were young—all young together.

DUCHESS. When we loved and were loved.

CHEVALIER (standing). When we made love and danced and fought.

MARQUIS (springing to his feet). The days of suppers and gallantry, when—when—
Duchess—you remember that evening?

DUCHESS. 'Twas in this very room. (They walk up.)

CHEVALIER. Isabelle, you remember that morning—

PRINCESS. When I drove you home after supper. Oh, Bernard, you looked so handsome!

CHEVALIER. And you, Isabelle, so bewitching.

PRINCESS. Can a woman—a young woman—look aught but bewitching when the man she loves is at her feet?

(The CHEVALIER and PRINCESS retire up stage. DUCHESS and MARQUIS coming down.)



DUCHESS: "Bring back our beauty!"

as yours, dear Princess! Yet
immortal.

await Madame.
play.

men lead ladies. Sit
deals. They play.)

have made a mis-
pardon me.
revoked. Partner,
shamefully.

cards so that everybody
Restore our youth!
could, after all, be done.

fall upon the table). Bring
dear, if that were possible!

DUCHESS. Our youth? Oh, dear Marquis, the young men are not what they were! Where could we find so brave and handsome a man as you were then?

MARQUIS. Where could we find so lovely, so brilliant a creature as you were then, Hélène?

DUCHESS. You called me—Hélène—on that night—before the supper. Gaston, you made me the happiest of women.

MARQUIS. And you, lovely Hélène, made me the happiest of men.

(The PRINCESS sits before the spinnet and plays.)

DUCHESS. We danced—in those days, Gaston—no one so well as you.

MARQUIS. Could any nymph move more divinely than you?

(PRINCESS plays. The MARQUIS and DUCHESS dance part of a minuet, then sit down exhausted.)

MARQUIS. Come, come, let us be philosophers. *(Takes snuff and shrugs shoulders.)* What has been, has been; it cannot come again—we live in the present. Let us enjoy the moment.

(PRINCESS plays, and sings in weak, tremulous voice.)

PRINCESS. When autumn leaves about the lawns
And round the trees are drifting high—
When frosty nights bring misty dawns,
Back to past days, back to past days, our memories fly.

When April suns light up the hills,
And young men woo and maidens wait—
When children wreath the young daffodils,
Our hopes of spring, of bygone spring, we tell too late.

When to and fro the lovers go,
When damsels hear with blushing cheek,
When tabors play at close of day,
Ah! then of love, of perished love, we sadly speak.

(While PRINCESS finishes singing, ALDEBORAN enters, unseen by any of them. He stands in the middle of the room; his dress is black.)

ALDEBORAN. Thank you, Princess.

(PRINCESS shrieks; they all turn round.)

MARQUIS. Who is it that we have the honour of receiving?

ALDEBORAN. I am called Aldeboran.

PRINCESS. You are the man who—*(gasps)*—restores youth to the old?

ALDEBORAN. I am a man who knows the secrets of science.

CHEVALIER. Bah! Your science—what does it do? You sit in your laboratory and make discoveries; meantime we get old, and in time—

MARQUIS. Let us be philosophers. *(Takes snuff.)* We exist—we cease to exist; that is all.

DUCHESS. Ah! Yet if science could—

ALDEBORAN. Madame, there are no limits to the power of science, believe me—none. Think as much as you please, you can think of nothing that science cannot do.

MARQUIS. These are the usual boasts of the charlatan. Perhaps, M. Aldeboran, you will be so good as to let the Duchess know what is your business—if you have any?

ALDEBORAN. I come here uninvited. I have nothing to gain—nothing to sell. M. le Marquis, you are, in mind at least, unchanged since the year 1720, when I last had the pleasure of meeting you. The same incredulity—the same—



ALDEBORAN: "Let me, Madame la Duchesse, recall one incident of that year."

MARQUIS. You may add the same unbelief in persons who call themselves five hundred years old.

DUCHESS. But, Marquis, if this gentleman can do what he promises——

PRINCESS. If he can, by his science, perform these miracles——

ALDEBORAN. Ladies, you do not remember me. Yet when I saw you last you were young, you were gay, you were worshipped. It was in the year 1720, in the same

year that I had a certain altercation with the Marquis, then a fiery young man of five-and-twenty.

(The MARQUIS looks closely at him.)

MARQUIS. I seem to recollect you. You are surely the same man who then called himself the Count de Nürnberg.

ALDEBORAN. I did. I was then the Count de Nürnberg, as I am now the Baron Aldeboran.

MARQUIS. And you were then as you seem to be now—a man of forty or fifty. Yet it is sixty years ago. Strange! Well, it matters nothing. Let us be philosophers. *(Takes snuff and shrugs shoulders.)*

ALDEBORAN. Let me, Madame la Duchesse, recall one incident of that year. It is known only, I believe, to yourself and to one other person, who has, in fact, ceased to speak. I will, with your permission, whisper it in your ear. *(Whispers.)*

DUCHESS *(shrieks)*. Is this man a wizard?

ALDEBORAN. There was also, Madame la Princesse, an event which took place in that same year connected with your own history——

PRINCESS. If it is known only to myself and—and a man who is no more, I would rather not hear it.

ALDEBORAN. Perhaps he is still living. Listen. *(Whispers.)*

PRINCESS. Ah! He *is* a wizard!

ALDEBORAN. You see, then, that nothing is impossible. If I, who sixty years ago was forty years of age, now am still forty and no more, why should not things still stranger happen?

DUCHESS. Baron, do not raise false hopes.

PRINCESS. But—if he can——

DUCHESS. Ah! if he can——

ALDEBORAN. Ladies, I divine your thought. I know your wishes. You would be once more young and—permit me the word—once more you would be beautiful, and once more see the train of lovers following at your steps.

PRINCESS. Duchess—Hélène—friend of my youth!

ALDEBORAN. I can make you young. In five minutes, by the waving of my hand, I can make the years run backwards—I can restore to you your twenty summers.

PRINCESS and DUCHESS *(catching each other by the hand)*. Oh!

ALDEBORAN. The bloom shall return to your cheeks, the lustre to your eyes, the grace to your shape, the smile to your lips, the young strength and spring to your limbs.

DUCHESS and PRINCESS. Oh! Oh! Oh!

ALDEBORAN. You shall again have gallant gentlemen—young, handsome, noble—kneeling before you.

CHEVALIER. Princess, if this is true what am I to do?

MARQUIS. Duchess, after sixty-five years of devotion am I to see you the prize of another man?

PRINCESS. Ah, Bernard! Could I be so ungrateful?

DUCHESS. Gaston, can I ever forget the past?

ALDEBORAN. Be tranquil, gentlemen. These ladies will have the honour themselves of communicating to you the same wonder. They can make you young again, if they please. That is their gift—

CHEVALIER. How—how can they

MARQUIS. Calm yourself, my
(Takes snuff.) Nothing

ALDEBORAN. Yes; these
long—to whom
service of a life—

ALL. How? (They

ALDEBORAN. By returning
ing their affec-
your love, they

DUCHESS. Gaston, I love
sence of my dear
before this illus-
generous stranger,

MARQUIS. Hélène, you
Your kindness
Yet—so far—I
(Takes

PRINCESS. Bernard,
Marquis, I swear
man in the world

CHEVALIER (kisses her
and kindest of
no younger—as

ALDEBORAN. Patience! These generous ladies were too quick. They spoke before the time in the noble eagerness of their gratitude and love. They must first be young themselves. Then—then—such words as these will change your eighty-five years, unbelieving Marquis, to twenty-five.

MARQUIS. Let us be philosophers. (Takes snuff.)

(PRINCESS sits in old place at piano. Stool shifted a little, so that she is able to see ALDEBORAN. He looks from one to the other. They look at each other uneasily. Then they all four look at him. Signs of mesmeric influence. When they are all under influence CURTAIN DROPS.)

ALDEBORAN.

DUCHESS (seated).

MARQUIS.

PRINCESS (at the piano).

CHEVALIER.



MARQUIS: "Let us be philosophers."

do that?

friend. Let us be philosophers.
can make us young again.

ladies whom you have loved so
you have devoted the suit and
they can now repay your affection.
look at ALDEBORAN.)

your passion. Yes, by bestow-
tions upon you, by returning
will restore your youth.

you already! Yes, in the pre-
Isabelle—before the Chevalier—
trious—this distinguished—this
I declare that I love you dearly.
are, as usual, most amiable.

gratifies and flatters me.
feel no younger.

snuff.)

before Hélène and the
that there is no other
whom I love.

hands). Isabelle, best
hearts. But I feel—alas!—
yet no younger.

ACT II.

(Five minutes later.)

SCENE—All as before.

(ALDEBORAN retreating as he completes the passes. He disappears behind portière, and all recover life. The ladies are young again. They look about them. They rise. They rush into each other's arms.)

DUCHESS. Isabelle !

PRINCESS. Hélène !

DUCHESS. I so hoped you would come. It seems an age since we met.

PRINCESS. Does it not? But it makes the meeting all the pleasanter. What a pretty dress, and how well you look !

DUCHESS. Thank you, dear !

PRINCESS. Do tell me who is coming ! Will your special adorer be here

DUCHESS. I do not know. A certain Vicomte is to come, and will, of course, devote himself to you all the evening.

PRINCESS. If I allow him.

(MARQUIS and CHEVALIER are gazing in wonder and admiration.)

CHEVALIER (*impetuously*).
It is our turn !
Quick ! quick !
I want to feel
once more the
bounding pulse
of youth.



DUCHESS and PRINCESS leave the MARQUIS and CHEVALIER kneeling.

MARQUIS (*more slowly*). He said—come, let us be philosophers—(*takes snuff*)—he said—that a word from them—they are young again—they are as I remember them—CHEVALIER (*falling on his knees*). Isabelle ! divine Isabelle ! you are indeed once more what you were sixty years ago.MARQUIS (*falling slowly on his knees*). Hélène, lovely Hélène. Oh, Hélène, tell me once again that you love me !

(The girls look in amazement. Then they look at each other. Then they laugh, but gently, their faces behind their fans.)

DUCHESS. Love you, dear sir? Here is some strange delusion. Love you? Have you mistaken the house? Tell me once again. Isabelle, my dear, do you know this old gentleman, who asks me, leaning on his crutch, to love him? Sir, why should I love you?

PRINCESS. Love you, sir? What answer can you expect?

(DUCHESS and PRINCESS leave the MARQUIS and CHEVALIER kneeling, and go up stage, laughing. The gentlemen rise slowly.)

CHEVALIER. They have thrown us over ! Ventre Saint Gris ! Could we believe it possible? Why, five minutes ago—Marquis, are we mad? Are we dreaming?

MARQUIS. At my time of life I should not be surprised at anything. (*Takes snuff.*)
Kneeling tries a man with sciatica. Chevalier, be a philosopher. (*Offers snuff-box.*)

CHEVALIER. I will not endure it. (*Walks about.*)

MARQUIS. Then, my dear friend, let me ask what you propose to do?

CHEVALIER. I will—I will—yet what can I do?

MARQUIS. Nothing. You see, Chevalier, we have forgotten, most unfortunately, an important, an essential fact.

CHEVALIER. That is? Oh! who could believe it? What fact?

MARQUIS. How should they remember us? The young have no memory.

(MARQUIS and CHEVALIER walk about in agitation.)

(*Repeats.*) The young have no memory!

CHEVALIER. I will remind her of my long devotion. I will move her heart by the tale of a life-long love.

MARQUIS. Consult the glass, Chevalier. Come (*snuff-box*), let us be philosophers.

(*The ladies come down.*)

CHEVALIER (*to PRINCESS*). Pardon, madame.

PRINCESS. Mademoiselle, if you please, monsieur.

CHEVALIER (*disconcerted*). I beg pardon, Madame—I mean Mademoiselle—will you permit me to relate to you a little story—a little story?

PRINCESS. A fairy story?

CHEVALIER. A story (*tragically*). It is of two most faithful and most unfortunate lovers.

PRINCESS. Pray proceed—if it is a short story.

CHEVALIER. No; it is a long one. It is sixty-five years long.

DUCHESS. Sixty-five years long? Then let us wait till we have had our ball.

MARQUIS. It will take less time to tell, I think. But, ladies, you do not know my friend. Permit me to introduce to you, M. Bernard de Saint Aignan, Chevalier of Malta.

DUCHESS. I have heard my grandmother speak of you, sir; I am honoured in making your acquaintance.

CHEVALIER. Permit me, ladies, in my turn, to present my friend, the Marquis de Montserrat.

PRINCESS. M. le Marquis was, I believe, a friend of my grandmother's.

CHEVALIER. Sixty-five years ago, two young gentlemen fell in love with two ladies also young.

PRINCESS. This is a most original beginning. Young men fall in love with young ladies.

CHEVALIER. Their love was continued—for sixty-five years. (*Ladies laugh.*)

DUCHESS. Absurd! If that is all your story, M. le Chevalier.

CHEVALIER (*disconcerted*). Well—that is all the story.

MARQUIS. There is an end, however. The ladies were as much attached to them as they were to their mistresses. Long companionship endeared them to one another.

DUCHESS. Pardon me, M. le Marquis, but our guests will be arriving.

MARQUIS. One moment more. By some sorcery, the ladies at eighty recovered their youth; they became twenty; they scorned the love of their old suitors. Yes, Madame (*fiercely*).

CHEVALIER. Yes, Madame (*to the PRINCESS, fiercely*).

PRINCESS and DUCHESS. Oh, what terrible old men!

MARQUIS. They scorned their love.

CHEVALIER. They laughed at their age.



CHEVALIER. "Good heavens, Marquis! Were two men ever so abused?"

PRINCESS. I do not understand this story at all. Two old ladies to become young again! Two old lovers of sixty-five years' standing! Why——

DUCHESS. Isabelle — Gentlemen, you must allow us to leave you.

(Exit PRINCESS and DUCHESS.)

CHEVALIER. Good heavens, Marquis! Were two men ever so abused? If it were not for my gout, I would——

MARQUIS. And I, were it not for my sciatica, I would—— Come, Chevalier, let us be philosophers. (*Snuffs.*) What could we expect?

CHEVALIER. By Heavens, if the princess gives the least encouragement to any other man I will—I will——

MARQUIS. Bah! the thing is absurd. Come, let us have a game of piquet.

(COLIN *lays the table*; *they sit down to play.*)

CHEVALIER (*angrily throwing down cards and rising*). Did ever man hear the like?

MARQUIS. My friend, patience. The young have no memory.

CHEVALIER. To see her in the arms of another——

MARQUIS. How should the young love the old?

CHEVALIER. I have lost my Isabelle. The image of that divine woman is shattered.

MARQUIS. Let us find out this devil of an Aldeboran and bribe him—if we can—with all our fortune, if need be——

CHEVALIER (*eagerly*). To give us back our youth.

MARQUIS. No, Chevalier, that is impossible. Why, after all, age is the best time.

(CHEVALIER *shakes his head.*)

MARQUIS. Can youth talk of the past?

CHEVALIER. Youth can enjoy the present.

MARQUIS. What is the present to the past? What could youth give us to compare with such talk as we have had—we four—within these walls?

CHEVALIER. Yes, this room is full of ghosts—the ghosts of our perished years.

MARQUIS. There is no present for us. As for the future—(*shrugs his shoulders often and takes snuff—looks round and shakes his head.*) But there is the past——

(Enter RAOUL.)

CHEVALIER (*roughly*). Sir, we are obliged to you—we are certainly very much obliged to you.

RAOUL (*bows*). May I ask, M. le Chevalier, in what way?

MARQUIS. It is to you, M. le Vidame, that we owe the appearance of the Baron Aldeboran. We are so much obliged to you that——

CHEVALIER. That, upon my word, if I were sixty instead of eighty, I would call you out.

RAOUL. Then, sir, I am heartily glad that you are not sixty.

MARQUIS. Your friend, sir, the Baron Aldeboran, has been here, and has accomplished his work—his infernal work.

CHEVALIER. He will cool his heels before many days, if I have any influence, in the Bastille.

RAOUL. But what has the Baron done?

MARQUIS. To you it will doubtless seem a trifle. He has restored their youth to the ladies, that is all—that is all! Our old friends have left us. They are young, but we remain old.

RAOUL. Their youth—to the Duchess and the Princess? You call that a trifle? What is the meaning of this?

MARQUIS. You shall see. Here they come.

(Enter DUCHESS and PRINCESS, bearing dominoes in their hands, with some additions to dress—hoods, etc.).

MARQUIS. Permit me, ladies, to present to you my young friend, Raoul, Vidame de Chatillon-Cursay.

DUCHESS. I have heard my grandmother speak of your ancestors, sir.

PRINCESS. And mine. A friend of—

CHEVALIER. Their grandmothers! They are ashamed of their names now!

MARQUIS. They have forgotten. How can girls of twenty be grandmothers?

RAOUL (*aside to the MARQUIS*). I do not understand what you mean about youth. These young ladies have been often mentioned to me by the Duchess. (*Aloud.*) And the Duchess, Mademoiselle?

DUCHESS. My dear grandmother is as well as her infirmities and great age will allow.

CHEVALIER (*to MARQUIS*). You hear. She will brazen out anything.

RAOUL (*to the PRINCESS*). I last had the pleasure of seeing the Princess here, Mademoiselle.

PRINCESS. I left her at home over the fire, dear grandmamma! She feels the weight of years.

MARQUIS (*to CHEVALIER*). You hear. They are both in a tale.

DUCHESS. M. le Vidame, I hope that we shall be able to persuade you to stay this evening. Our friends will arrive immediately.

(RAOUL bows).

PRINCESS. If that could be considered an inducement, M. le Vidame, I would—(*shyly*)—offer you my hand for the first dance.

RAOUL. Oh, Mademoiselle! I am too much honoured.

DUCHESS (*aside*). She actually throws herself at his head! (*Aloud.*) M. le Vidame, one must not neglect the friends of one's grandmother! I promise you the next dance; and you may—yes, you may sit beside me at supper.

PRINCESS (*aside*). Oh! this is too bad! (*Aloud.*) Hélène, you must not keep your friends waiting.

(DUCHESS and PRINCESS approach RAOUL as if to take his hand to go off. The PRINCESS reaches him first. RAOUL and PRINCESS exeunt. DUCHESS follows angrily.)

MARQUIS. So they are their own granddaughters.

CHEVALIER. And they are in love with their old lover's grandson.

MARQUIS. Philosophy brings consolation. (*Takes snuff.*) Otherwise one might lament the degeneracy of the age.

(Enter ALDEBORAN.)

CHEVALIER (*violently*). You, sir, you are the cause of all this trouble!

ALDEBORAN. What trouble? I converted two old ladies into two young ladies. Are they not beautiful enough?

MARQUIS. They are what they were sixty-five years before.

ALDEBORAN. They declared their love for you before their transformation—why, then, do you still await your own change?

CHEVALIER. Because—it is embarrassing and—humiliating—



DUCHESS follows angrily.



RAOUL: "What have I done?"

because, in fact, they forgot the existence of that passion directly they recovered their youth.

ALDEBORAN. Ah, that was bad! but yet, was it unexpected? Did you, gentlemen, think to preserve, or to win, the love of young and beautiful women?

MARQUIS. Ta-ta—we waste our time in regrets. Can nothing be done, Baron?

ALDEBORAN. You, too, would renew your youth, M. le Marquis? You?—a man of the world—a man of experience!

MARQUIS. Not I, indeed. I have lived. Cure my sciatica and—and one or two other little things, and I envy no man.

CHEVALIER. I would have my time over again. Age brings experience; but youth—ah! youth.

ALDEBORAN. What do you ask me? These ladies are young again: they enjoy the delirium of youth and beauty.

CHEVALIER. But they ought not to enjoy them—without us.

ALDEBORAN. Yet you would take from them this enjoyment.

MARQUIS (*slowly*). Youth is made up of anticipations never realised (*takes snuff*): of ambitions which never satisfy: of rivalries, especially among women, which embitter: of disappointments which sadden. Would it not be well to spare them these?

CHEVALIER. Yes: let us spare the ladies what we can.

MARQUIS. Later on—we have memories—(*takes snuff*)—all the disappointments are forgotten: we remember only the happiness.

ALDEBORAN. You think so? Very well.

MARQUIS. Therefore let us not be selfish: let us, for these dear ladies' sake, provide them with the means of being happy.

CHEVALIER. We will not be selfish.

MARQUIS. Since we, their truest friends, cannot be young again, let them, so that we may continue to watch over them, become old once more.

CHEVALIER. That will certainly be best for them.

MARQUIS. You will remark, Baron, that we seek nothing but the happiness of our mistresses.

ALDEBORAN. Gentlemen, your motives do you the greatest credit. An unselfish wish such as yours, M. le Marquis, is rare in this selfish world. It shall be as you desire.

Enter DUCHESS and PRINCESS (masked) and RAOUL.

RAOUL (*to Duchess*). I assure you, Mademoiselle—

DUCHESS. Oh, Monsieur, there is no need! Besides, it is not to you that I need look for assurance.

RAOUL (*to Princess*). Pray, Mademoiselle, take no heed.

PRINCESS. Believe me, Monsieur, I shall not; neither of you nor of others unworthy my regard.

DUCHESS. If you mean that graceful speech for me, Mademoiselle——
 RAOUL. Ladies, I entreat!
 PRINCESS. I mean what I say—no more.
 DUCHESS. As for you, Monsieur——
 PRINCESS. Yes, Monsieur, as for you——
 RAOUL. What *have* I done?
 DUCHESS. Done! My dear, he asks what he has done!
 RAOUL. Cornelius Agrippa or Aldeboran must have bewitched them.

(DUCHESS and PRINCESS turn from each other.)

ALDEBORAN (*steps forward*). Permit me, ladies——

DUCHESS. Pardon me, sir——

ALDEBORAN. Ah! you do not remember—how should you? May I ask, however, that you will listen to me for a moment—one moment only? Allow me! (*He places them at the card-table and spinnet.*)

DUCHESS. I feel as if my head were turning round.

PRINCESS. The room swims before my eyes.

(*They are placed exactly as at end of Act I. ALDEBORAN focusses their eyes, makes passes, same movement as before of mesmeric influence. ALDEBORAN steps behind curtain. A few moments elapse. They start, the dominoes have fallen off. They are old again. PRINCESS sings.*)

PRINCESS. When April suns light up the hills,
 And young men woo and maidens wait—
 When children wreath fresh daffodils,
 Our hopes of spring, of bygone spring, we tell too late.

When lovers whisper as they pass,
 When damsels hear with blushing cheek,
 When tabors play for lad and lass,
 Ah! then of love, of perished love, we sadly speak.

CURTAIN.



They are old again.

❖ A Page of Verse. ❖

LOVE AND AGE.

Love, so the tale goes, through a wood was
 roaming,
 Roaming through a wood in Arcady,
 Flung himself wearied by a streamlet
 foaming—
 Merry ran the streams in Arcady.
 Love marked the blossoms, countless in their
 number,
 Bending o'er the stream in Arcady,
 Striving to tell them, sank into a slumber,
 Slumbered by the stream in Arcady.

Age, so the tale goes, through the wood came
 creeping,
 Creeping through the wood in Arcady,
 Marked where the love-god quietly lay
 sleeping—
 Happy are the dreams in Arcady.
 Age, full of envy, woke Love from his
 dreaming,
 Woke him from his sleep in Arcady,
 Spoke to him rough words, set his tears
 a-streaming,
 Drove him from the wood in Arcady.

Love, so the tale goes, fled into the city,
 Fled to the city from Arcady,
 Age followed close, already full of pity—
 Sorry for his words in Arcady.
 Vain, all in vain, is Age his humble pleading—
 No one pled in vain in Arcady;
 Now when the twain meet, Love goes by
 unheeding—
 Love is done with Age since Arcady.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

IDOLATRY.

High o'er the meaner dust around it lying,
 A wondrous statue stood;
 A dream in stone of Genius deifying.
 The grace of womanhood.

And low before it, bent in adoration,
 A pale youth knelt alone,
 And stretched his hands in yearning supplica-
 tion
 Towards the unheeding stone.

Then came another, and, with rude strength
 taking
 The statue from its place,
 Left the youth kneeling still, his fond heart
 breaking,
 Before the empty base.

Night fell, and, as the shadows closed around
 him,
 He laid his weary head
 Where it had stood: the sunbeams came and
 found him
 Smiling at Fate—and dead.

LEVIN CARNAC.

WRITTEN IN SNOW.

Yes, here is the snow as it was last year,
 And there is the moon above,
 And the bells are singing far over the mere
 Their story of hope and love.

But ah, their music mocks me now,
 For they chant the dirge of a broken vow
 Made but a year ago,
 When May stood here with me that night,
 And wrote by some stray moonbeam's light
 My name upon the snow.

Ah, May, was that promise so little worth
 The troth that you plighted so frail,
 That it broke ere the spring had stripped the
 earth
 Of the New Year's bridal veil?

I see you now as in a dream,
 So fair, so distant do you seem,
 And yet no hope, I know.
 Your love but lived one little day,
 Then faded out and passed away
 Like letters writ in snow.

You said it "for fun," but you little knew
 What those few words meant to me;
 How the seed you planted took root and grew
 Into love's red-flowering tree.

I loved—while you, sweet, thoughtless child,
 Ne'er knew the woe on which you smiled,
 The fate your words assigned.
 A "mild flirtation," so you said,
 And I was dumb, for hope was dead—
 Ah, why were you so blind?

GEORGE CHETWYND.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

From the Painting by Sydney Muschamp.

ARTISTS & their WORK



*Notes on Prominent Painters, with Portraits
and Examples of their Work—The Bicycle
in Art—Antiques and “Snorkers”—Aimé
Morot—Glass Studios.*

The Hon.
John Collier.

There is a fitness in Mr. Collier's appearance in succession to his master in England, Mr. Alma-Tadema, for Mr. Collier acknowledges a greater debt to that master than his own pictures would suggest.

Mr. Collier is the second son of the late Lord Monkswell, whose efforts as an amateur artist showed that, had he adopted art instead of advocacy, he would have been at least as successful as a painter as he was at the Bar. In his Eton days John Collier gave proof of remarkable talent for drawing, and on leaving school he inevitably abandoned the mercantile career, for which he had been destined, and devoted himself with incessant ardour and study to draughtsmanship and painting. As a student he enjoyed unusual privileges. He left the Slade School to study under J. P. Laurens, in Paris, and when he returned to England, Mr. Alma-Tadema painted his picture “The Sculptor's Model” as a lesson to him. All these advantages, however,

would have failed to gain for him the position he holds had he lacked the one thing that study and training can never give—genius. Critics may, and do, find fault with his scheme of colour in individual pictures, but the severest of them will find it difficult to quarrel with his drawing. Some of his portraits are beyond praise, for he gives



THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

Photo by Maull and Fox.

you not only the features and colouring of the sitter, but he conveys the more subtle, elusive characteristics which go to build up the personality of the subject. His success in this regard is due, no doubt, very largely to his power of winning the sympathy of his sitters. Unlike many portrait painters, he allows his sitters to walk and talk, and never bullies them, while he watches for every mood and expression that will help him to the complete portrait. No wonder that he enjoys an extensive practice which is not confined to ladies of fashion, Masters of Hunts, and other sitters of the fashionable portrait painter. Mr. Collier's portrait of John Burns, the swarthy hero of Trade Unionism, is one of his most successful efforts.

Mr. Collier is fond of subjects from the drama, as in the "Forest of Arden" (a charming piece of work), where Audrey and Touchstone sit on a log in the foreground of a perfectly delightful landscape. In the scene at Cæsar Borgia's table, and "The Decoy," the dramatic is combined with the pictorial with fine effect. Mr. Collier may not yet add A.R.A. to his signature, but, if report speaks truly, he was once very near achieving that honour, and there are many who would welcome him to the sacred circle.

Ever since trousers became universal as articles of clothing they have been a source of grief and perplexity to the artist. He is now confronted with something still less susceptible of artistic treatment—the bicycle, and it can be ignored now no more than the garments with which a prosaic generation of men has decided to clothe its nether limbs. The bicycle has made its way to the front as a factor in contemporary life, and art, the mirror of life, must begin to reflect the iron steed's flashing spokes. The illustrator has already had to tackle the problem of its treatment, but he is generally a hardened individual, who, having got over his early enthusiasm, has grudgingly settled



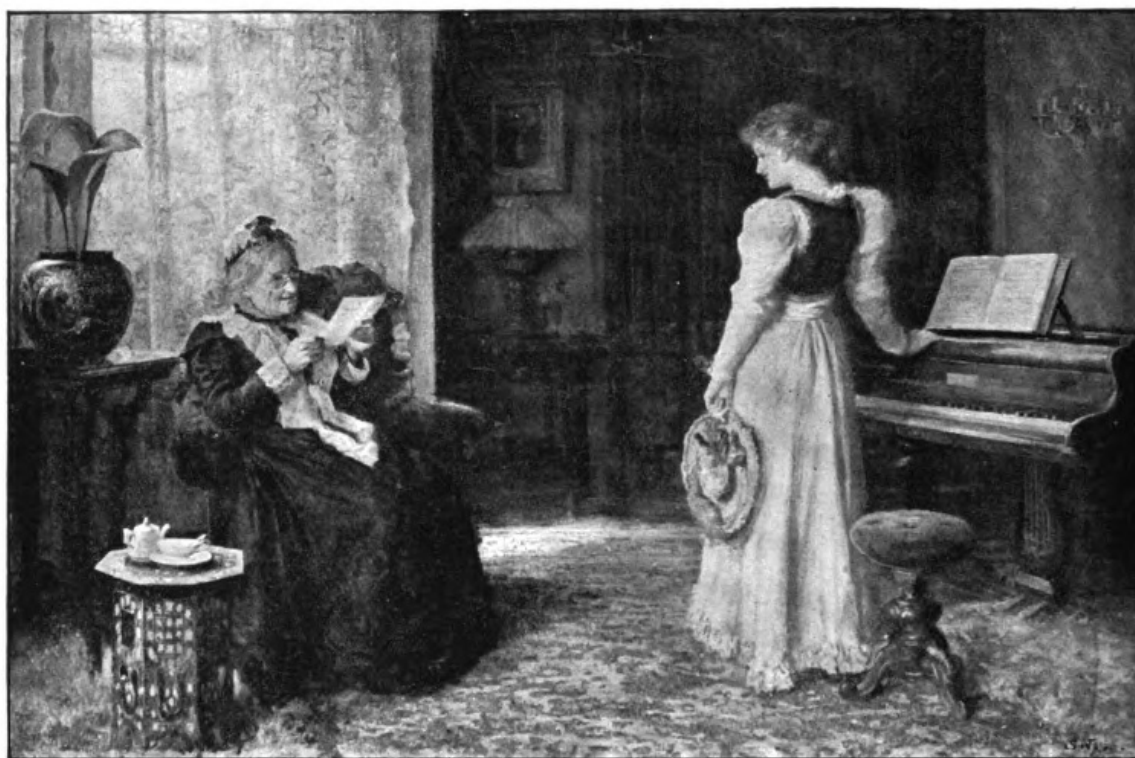
THE DECOY.

From the Painting by the Hon. John Collier.



BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

From the Picture by Laura Alma-Tadema. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.



A PROPOSAL.

From the Painting by Sydney Muschamp.

down to the inevitable, and plays second fiddle to the author with as much good grace as his temper will allow.

Especially in its higher branches, art is slow to assimilate new material, and painters have hitherto avoided the flying wheel; but we must expect to see it in future exhibitions. A bicycle by itself would not be so deterrent; it is light and not ungraceful, but the moment you perch men and women atop, with their knees going up and down in a graceless mechanical movement, the bicycle becomes a desperate thing for a painter to have to introduce in his composition, and he will be a clever man who succeeds in the attempt.

We have called the cycle "new" material, but a correspondent recalls the fact that in the little church at Stoke Poges there is a stained glass window, said to date about a century back, in which is represented a man riding a bicycle while a crowd of spectators look on with awesome interest.

Born in London some thirty-eight years ago, Mr. Robert Morley. Robert Morley studied first at the Slade School under Professors E. J.

Poynter, R.A., and A. Legros. He won the Slade Scholarship and medals for painting from the life and antique, and afterwards hied him to Munich and Rome to continue his studies.

Mr. Morley then began his career as a figure painter, chief among his works at this period being the "Scene before the Execution of Bernardo del Nero" (from George Eliot's "Romola"), which we reproduce in these pages. The original picture was presented to the Jaffray Hospital in Birmingham by Mr. Lovekin in 1885. Another important picture was the "Storming of the Convent of St. Mark's," which attracted some attention in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1886.

Two years later Mr. Morley began to turn his attention to animal painting, and birds and beasts have ever since formed his chief subjects. In 1889 his "Henpecked," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, was engraved by the Fine Art Society, and in the same year he was elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists. He became honorary secretary of that Society, and subsequently honorary treasurer.



WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

From the Painting by L. Edouard Fournier.

Copyright, by Braun, Clement and Co.

He quotes Leonardo da Vinci's precept for a painter: "It reflects no great honour on a painter to be able to execute only one thing well, such as a head, an academy figure, or draperies, animals, landscapes, or the like, confining himself to some particular object of study; because there is scarcely a person so void of genius as to fail of success if he apply earnestly to one branch of study and practise it continually." Impressed with this, Mr. Morley has avoided over-specialising, and most branches of the painter's art have in turn engaged his attention. This catholicity has dangers which Mr. Morley has not always succeeded in avoiding; for a man of less ability it would probably have been fatal.



MR. ROBERT MORLEY.
Photo by Alfred Ellis.

In Rome, Florence, Paris, and even nearer home, the manufacture of copies to be sold as original pictures has long been an established industry. The temptations that it offers to the unscrupulous increase rather than otherwise, for the number of genuine old masters is limited, and the opportunities for their purchase naturally become fewer and fewer as the pictures get absorbed in the public galleries.

Nor is it only the old masters that attract the attention of the clever copyist. Demand creates supply in art as in everything else, and there are wielders of the brush ready and eager to oblige the picture buyer with representative examples of the work of any school, contemporary or mediæval, that may happen to be in fashion.

At times a painter has been more or less an accomplice in the production of fraudulent canvases bearing his own name, and strange stories are told in France to account for the marvellous number of Corots and Courbets that one sees about. We are told that Corot used to sign pictures brought to him by poor struggling artists to enable them

Antiques and "Snorkers."

We may explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, that "snorker" is the term applied by the connoisseur to a sham antique. It is a word that is pretty frequently on his lips, for forgery is fairly easy, and has notoriously flourished for generations.



SCENE BEFORE THE EXECUTION OF BERNARDO DEL NERO.



Copyright, 1895, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

ELAINE GUARDING LANCELOT'S SHIELD.

From the Painting by J. M. Strudwick. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

to find buyers. It is a form of benevolence not to be encouraged, since it not only demoralises the unfortunate painter who profits by it, but shows a reckless disregard for the master's own reputation and a criminal indifference to the rights of the public.

Courbet, the communist painter, founded a sort of picture factory when he was in exile in Geneva. The French courts had condemned him to pay the cost of restoring the Vendôme Column, which was thrown down by his orders during the terrible days of 1871. To collect enough money to pay this huge fine and earn his return to Paris became his sole object. He engaged the services of four or five clever, industrious assistants, and he and they together produced pictures on the system said to have been followed by the elder Dumas in the production of his stories, the master's contribution to the work consisting of little more than the signature. But Courbet died with his task still unaccomplished. Some of his assistants, however, had caught his style so well that they decided to continue a business so profitable. They are said to have been painting admirable Courbets ever since.

Americans travelling abroad are, through their enthusiasm for antiquities, very often victimised by the "faker," and when that is the case they suffer a double injury on their return to the States. Antiques are allowed to enter America duty free, but this exemption cannot be claimed for a work of art less than a hundred years old. The rules lead to constant disputes between collectors and the Custom House authorities. Not long ago an American collector paid £3,000 for a painting on a European dealer's guarantee that it was by the old master whose name it bore. The Government experts, however,

decided that it was a forgery, and the unfortunate collector was mulcted in close upon £1,000 duty.

Those acquainted with the picture trade tell us that tens of thousands of pounds have been paid for bogus paintings during the last few years. Persons with more money than artistic knowledge are, of course, the victims, and the swindler, as a rule, finds America a more profitable field than England. Not long ago a lady, whose enthusiasm for art outran her discretion, paid over a thousand pounds for an alleged Corot, which proved to be a production of a New York "faker,"

and for one such case that comes to light there are probably many that escape detection, or are unheard of, through the modesty of the victim. A short time ago a very respectable dealer owned a *Jacque*, which, though a good picture and above suspicion, did not sell readily. He finally sold it to a Chicago lawyer for £35, telling him, with perfect truth, that it was cheap at that price. The two met again shortly afterwards, and the lawyer told the dealer enthusiastically that he had not had the picture home an hour before he sold it for £200. "Did you get the cash?" asked the dealer,



UNDER A CLOUD.

From the Painting by Robert Morley.

to whom this sudden advance seemed suspicious. "Well, no; but I got its equivalent." And he proceeded to tell how he had met a well-dressed man who seemed to understand all about pictures, of which he had some to sell. This omniscient person had warmly admired the *Jacque*, and he finally persuaded the lawyer to give it, with £300, in exchange for a large painting signed with some high-sounding Spanish name.

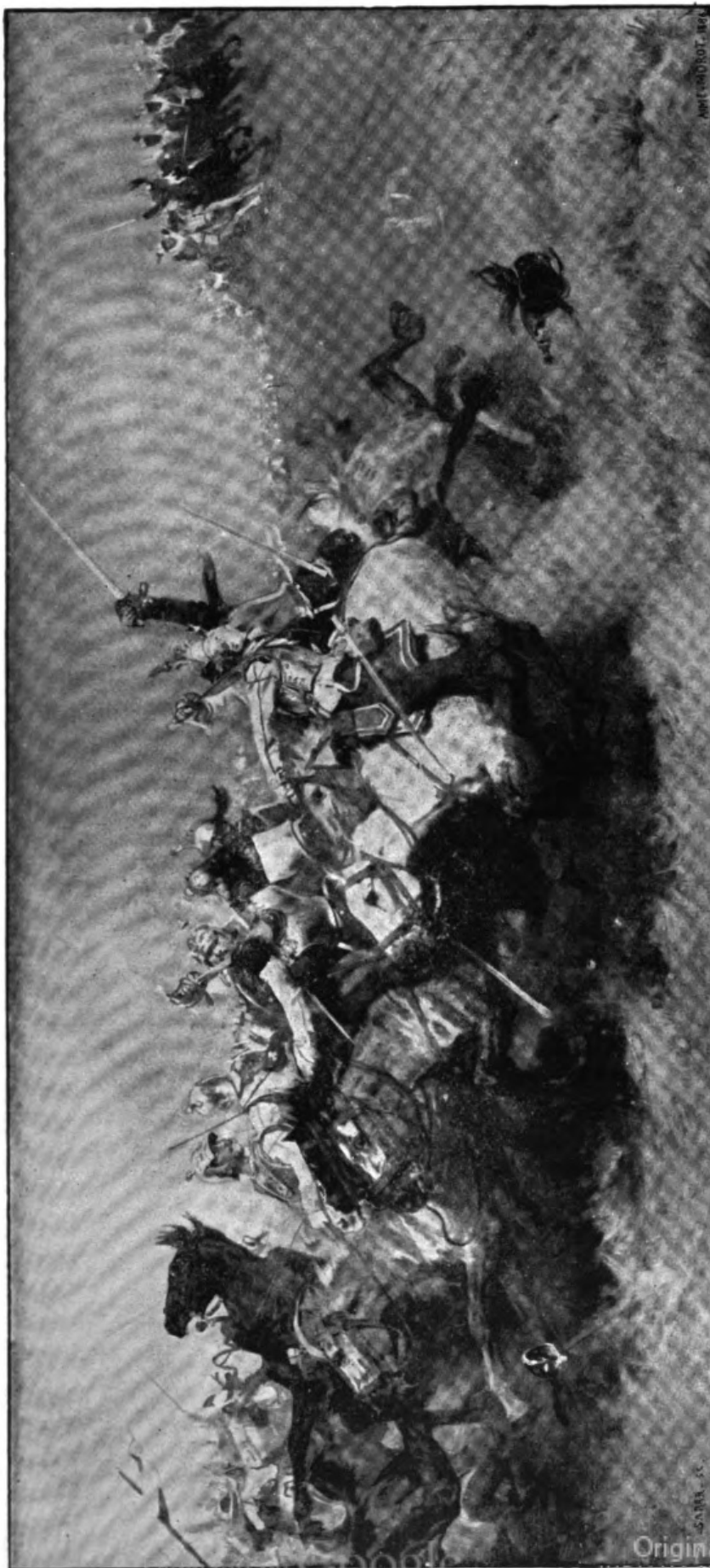
The lawyer was delighted with his bargain until he discovered that he had given his good *Jacque* and his good money for a canvas that was not worth the cost of carriage home.

Aimé Morot.

Monsieur Morot, the painter of the military picture which we reproduce herewith, was born in Nancy in 1850. His parents were upholsterers. Young Morot showed remarkable talent for drawing at a very early age, and, after passing through the school of his native town, he was sent to the school of Fine Arts in Paris and entered Cabanel's studio. In

1873 he gained the "prix de Rome," having previously received a medal for a picture in the Salon of 1870. He received a similar distinction for his picture *Médée* in the following year, and in 1880 he received the medal of honour for his "Good Samaritan." M. Morot has gained distinction alike in

the field of portraiture, historical, military, and decorative painting. His military pictures are, perhaps, the most striking, and the canvas in the Luxembourg, from which our reproduction is taken, is a characteristic example of the dash and brilliance that he has brought to bear in his treatment of these subjects. A ceiling in the Hôtel de Ville, Paris, attests his power as a decorative artist.



REZONVILLE: 16TH AUGUST, 1870.

From the Painting by Aimé Morot in the Luxembourg.

A remarkable feature of
Glass Studios. Sir Frederic Leighton's house is a large extension, with glazed sides and roof, where the painter works when he needs a strong light, or when his picture requires an open air effect.

This glass studio was, we believe, modelled upon one built by Mr. Luke Fildes, but the idea probably came in the first place from Paris.

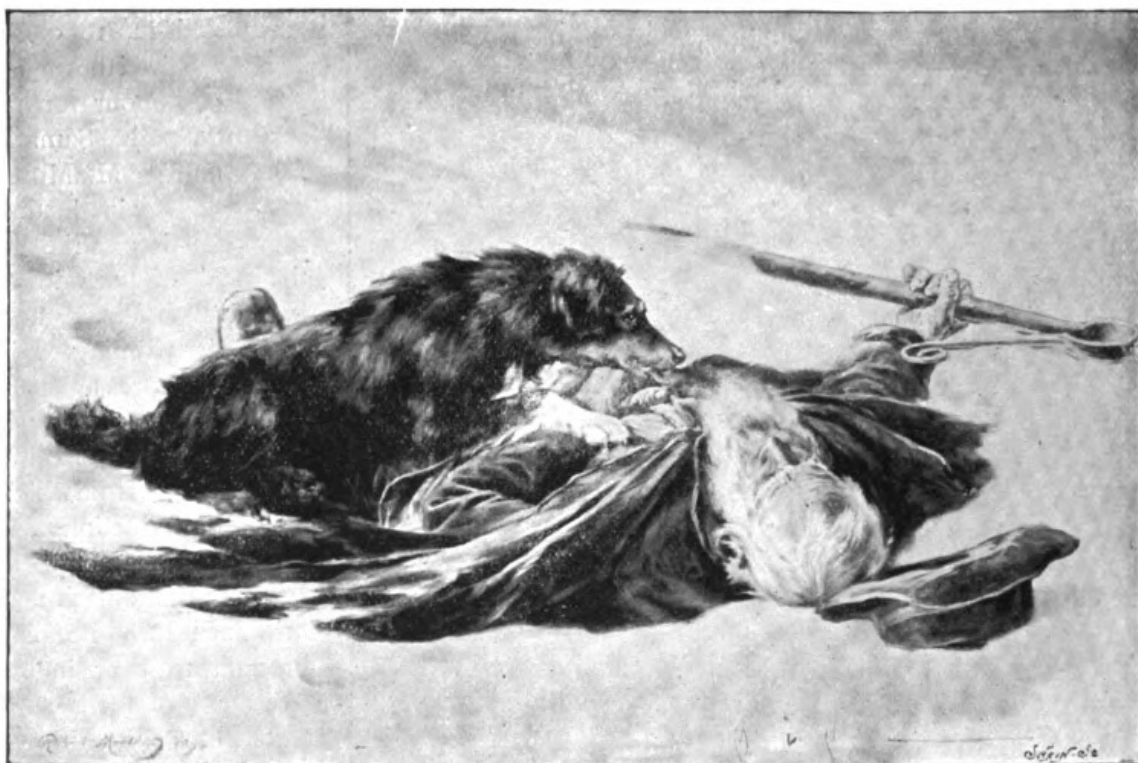
The great French painter, Mons. William Bouguereau, whose work is familiar to English people through the numerous reproductions that have been published in our illustrated journals, built one many years ago.

It projects over the garden of his house in the Rue Nôtre Dame des Petits Champs, and the master declares that it has been of great value to him at different times. It was in this room that he painted his "Awakening of Spring," the picture through which an irate American, who disapproved of its nude figures, flung a chair, "by way of protest that God's creatures were created without draperies."

This idea of glass studios has since been adopted by several other Parisian artists, but not many London painters can afford the money and space necessary for its adoption. An American artist, Mr. Ridgway Knight, who some time ago took up his quarters at Poissy, a place just outside Paris, built himself a glass studio in his little garden, and, with the readiness of invention of the true Yankee, developed its possibilities in a most amusing way.

One autumn unseasonably cold weather suddenly cut short his open air studies, and prevented him from finishing a picture begun out of doors, in which a figure was lying on a mossy bank.

Thereupon he raised a bank of earth at one end of his glass studio, turfed it, and planted it with a careful selection of weeds in imitation of his original wild bank. On this he posed his model, but the plan was only partially successful. He found that the weeds, encouraged by the warmth and shelter of the house, grew so fast that what he began to paint each morning had to be finished before sunset, as the next morning they had outgrown his picture.



THE SILENT WATCH.

From the Painting by Robert Morley. Original from
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SUSPENSE.

Original from

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From the Painting by L. C. Henley. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

The bravest Deed

I ever saw.
By Lady Henry Somerset.



THE spring sunshine was lighting up the broad boulevard, and the trees were already beginning to be tipped with green, tiny sprouts shooting up from the black twigs. The blue sky was overhead, and the very paving-stones seemed to rejoice that the winter was well nigh past.

Against the grey wall of the *quai* were lines of potted flowers, before which stood white-aproned women, pointing to the more brilliant blossoms, and endeavouring to lure customers to extra extravagance in order to assure themselves that the fine weather had really come to stay. Little palm trees were already rustling in their places among the hyacinths, and tulips, and early marguerites.

"Everything that is most beautiful," called the women. "Ah, the sweet spring! Smell the blossoms; they scent the very air."

The passers-by loitered for awhile, for even they could spare a moment in their busy lives to reassure themselves that springtime had really begun. White-capped women paused with long loaves under their arms, and men with blue blouses exchanged words with the flower merchants, as if they could not resist the temptation of remaining in the midst of so much perfume and brightness. Occasionally, however, little gusts of wind drove the dust along the street, and betrayed the fact that winter had not yet altogether abdicated her sway, but still feebly held earth's destinies in her cold clutches.

Presently the sound of clattering footsteps on the pavement, and the hum of many voices caused the flower-women to look smilingly across the street.

"*Tiens!* the little children from the Convent of the Rue St. Martin. How good for them to be '*en promenade*' this lovely day. Flowers for the altar, my good Sister?"

said one, holding up a bunch of early narcissus. "White flowers for the good Virgin; only ten sous; it is given, for they are everything that is most fine and perfumed."

The children clattered on, while the little Sister brought up the rear—a sturdy practical figure with her large white cap flapping in the spring breeze, and her small plump hands clasped under her wide sleeves.

"Come, my children," she said, as the procession paused before the array of blossoms, "come, they are of a beauty unsurpassed, and I wish that some rich patron would lay them at the feet of the Holy Virgin. But we must on, for it is already the breakfast hour, and our walk has been prolonged."

The children were about to resume their march, when the passers-by turned on a sudden to listen to a cry that ran down the *quai* and passed from mouth to mouth, while men and women huddled together on the pavement or hurried towards the bridge.

"What did they say?" said the children. "*Ma sœur*, what did they say?"

The little Sister listened for a moment, and then, turning to the flower-woman, she said:

"Of what are they frightened? Is it a runaway horse? Keep close to the parapet, my children."

"No, no, Sister," said the woman, gathering up her pots, and drawing them closely around her, "they say there is a mad dog."

"A mad dog! A mad dog! Will he bite, *ma sœur*, will he bite?" cried an elder girl. "Will he come our way? I remember on our farm, a boy was bitten and he died. Oh! *ma sœur*, hasten, hasten! Where can we go to escape so terrible a fate?"

Presently the crowd began to thicken, and two or three panic-stricken women came running down the boulevard.



Down bent the grey figure as she knelt upon the flagstones.

"He comes," they cried, "the police have been unable to cope with him. He is biting right and left; '*Nom de Dieu*,' we shall none of us escape!"

"What imbeciles women are," shouted a burly man, as he hastened his footsteps and made for the nearest bridge.

The crowd had almost dispersed; it took but a moment to drive them panic-stricken from the street.

The Sister hesitated. Around her clung the tiny children, too young to be able to run with any speed, and too numerous for her to be able to disperse them quickly. And then a little cloud of dust and a speck on the horizon of the long boulevard—a speck that grew and grew, until in an instant a dog came towards them, his tail between his legs, and white froth hanging from his mouth. It seemed as if the animal was more frightened than the human beings who had fled before it.

Almost before it reached the place where the children stood, it began to snap right and left, and then dashed towards the pavement.

The little Sister stood for a moment, and then, as though a sudden inspiration came to her, without an instant's hesitation, she went straight to meet the dog as it approached.

The animal ran towards her, yapping and snapping and snarling as it came. Down bent the grey figure and the wide white cap as she knelt upon the flagstones, and, after a short, fierce struggle, her two plump little hands were forced down the animal's throat.

Two gendarmes, puffing and heated from a long pursuit, came where she was, and when they saw her action the men turned pale and murmured under their breath: "*Elle est perdue!*"

The Sister looked up into their faces; the colour had gone out of her round cheeks; she was almost as white as her cap.

"Save the children," she said, "save the children."

But their answer was a heavy blow from the back of a sword on the head of the animal, which fell dead at their feet.

The crowd gathered round with that wonderful celerity with which men and women will collect when danger is over.

"What heroism!" said the men.

"What courage!" said the women. "Ah, for that the little Sisters are unsurpassed."

But the sturdy form swayed a moment, and then the little bleeding hands were clasped together as she leant upon the parapet for support.

"Take the children home," she said to the gendarmes, "take them home, while I go to the hospital to have my hands dressed."

"A Christianity worth something is here," said one of the men on the pavement.

"You're right," answered the flower-woman; "she's one of the good God's elect."

The little Sister's head was bent, her face was hidden; only now and then, as she waited, leaning on the low stone wall, a little shiver seemed to pass over her.

Presently the *fiacre* that had been called drew up, and the people on the *quai* saw the last of the white cap and the grey figure as the vehicle drove noisily over the flagstones to the nearest hospital.

These were the days before the famous Pasteur had invented his much disputed methods of endeavouring to save men and women by the vicarious sufferings of animals.

The hospital nurse told me the end:

"Ah, the little Sister! It was the bravest thing a woman ever did; or, for the matter of that, a man either. She lay here so quiet when her hands were dressed, and so faint, and the doctors would not let her move because they wanted some days to elapse in order to see what effect the virus had taken. She was so patient and yet so gay, she made all the sick people in the ward smile—it seemed like God's sunshine when she was there. But the convulsions took her on the fifth day, and again and again they racked her poor little body until it was a living death to behold her. After the paroxysms she would look up and say:

"I am glad I saved the children—such young lives, so much before them, so many to love them—tell them I am glad I saved them." And in her hands, all trembling still, and bound because of the wounds, she would hold her beads, and murmur her prayers until the terrible convulsions seized her again. But the suffering was not to last, for the good God knew that she could bear no more, and she went to her reward."



NELL GWYN.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

Author of "Phyllis of Philistia," &c., &c.

"NELLY—Nelly—Nell! Now, where's the wench?" cried Mrs. Gwyn before she had more than passed the threshold of her daughter's house in St. James's Park—the house with the terrace garden where, as the sedate Evelyn records, the charming Nelly had stood exchanging some very lively phrases with her royal lover on the green walk below, giving the grave gentleman cause to grieve greatly. But, alas! the record of his sorrow has only made his untold readers mad that they had not been present to grieve also over that entrancing tableau. "Nelly—Nell! Where's your mistress, sirrah?" continued the somewhat portly and undoubtedly over-dressed mother of the "impudent comedian" referred to by Evelyn, turning to a manservant who wore the scarlet livery of the king.

"Where should she be, madam, at this hour, unless in the hands of her tire-women? It is but an hour past noon."

"You lie, knave! She is at hand," cried the lady as the musical lilt of a song sounded on the landing above the dozen shallow oak stairs leading out of the square hall, and a couple of fat spaniels at the sound lazily left their place on a cushion and waddled

towards the stairs to meet and greet their mistress.

She appeared on the lobby and stood for a moment or two looking out of a window that commanded a fine view of the trees outside—they were in blossom right down to the wall. She made a lovely picture with one hand shading her eyes from the sunlight that entered through the small square panes, singing all the time in pure lightness of heart. She wore her brown hair in the short ringlets of the period, and they danced on each side of her face as if they were knowing little sprites for whose ears her singing was meant.

"Wench!" shouted her mother from below. (The sprites that danced to the music of the mother's voice were of a heavier order altogether.)

"What, mother? I scarce knew that you were journeying hither to-day," cried Nelly, coming down the stairs. "'Tis an honour and a surprise as well; and, i' faith, now that I come to think on't, the surprise is a deal greater than the honour. If you say you haven't come hither for more money my surprise will be unbounded."

It was nothing to Nelly that she spoke loud enough to be heard by the footmen in

the hall as well as by the servants in the kitchen. She knew that they knew all about her, and all about her mother as well. Perhaps some of them had bought oranges from her or her mother in the old days at Drury Lane, before she had become distinguished as an actress, and in other ways.

"I'm not come for money, though a trifle would be welcome," said the mother when Nelly had shown her the way into one of the rooms opening off a corridor at one side of the hall—a large apartment, furnished with ludicrous incongruity. A lovely settee made by the greatest artist in France, and upholstered in bright tapestry, was flanked by a couple of hideous chairs put together by the stage carpenter of Drury Lane, and by him presented to Nelly. A pair of Sèvres vases, which had for some years been in St. James's Palace, stood on a sideboard among some rubbish of porcelain that Nelly had picked up in the purlieus of Westminster.

The mother was about to seat herself heavily on the gilded settee, when Nelly gave a little scream, startling the elder lady so that she, too, screamed, a little hoarsely, in sympathy.

"What's the matter, girl—what's the matter?" she cried.

"Nothing is the matter so far, mother, but a mighty deal would have been the matter if you had seated yourself elsewhere than in that chair. 'Snails, madam, who are you that you should plump your person down on a seat that was made for a legitimate monarch?"

"I'm a legitimate wife, hear you that, you perky wench?" cried the mother, craning her neck forward after the most approved fashion of pending belligerents at Lewkinor Street, Drury Lane.

"The greater reason you should avoid that settee, dear mother; it has never been other than the chattel of a prince," laughed Nelly. "And now, prithee, why the honour of this visit while the month is not yet near its close?"

"I have met with an old friend of yours this day, Nell," said the mother, "and he is coming hither—'tis that hath brought me."

"An old friend! I' faith, good mother, 'tis the young friends are more to my taste. The savour of Lewkinor Street does not smell sweet, and it clings most foully to all our old friends."

"Oh, ay, but you once wasn't so dainty a madam."

"'Twere vain to deny it, mother, since it can be urged against me that I became your daughter. No, no, good mother, friend me no old friends—I like them new—the newer the better—plenty of gilding—none of it rubbed off—gingerbread and courtiers—

plenty of gilding and plenty of spice beneath. But the old life in Lewkinor Street—in the coal yard—ah! 'twas like to our oranges, mother: thick skin above and sourness under. 'Snails! it doth set my teeth on edge to think of it."

"Oh, ay; but now and again we lighted upon a Levant orange in the midst of a basketful—a sweet one to suck and one to leave a sweet taste behind it."

"The best were mightily improved by the addition of a lump of sugar. But what hath all this vegetable philosophy to do with your visit to me to-day? If you mean to

stay I'll send out for a couple of stone of sugar without delay."

"Philosophy, Madame Impudence! You accuse your mother of philosophy, when everyone knows that your own language was—"

"Worthy of a lady of quality, mother. It seemeth that you are anxious to hear whether or not I retain anything of my old skill in that direction, and by my faith, dear mother, you shall learn more than will satisfy your curiosity if you beat about the bush much longer. Whom say you that you met to-day?"

"What should you say if I told you that his name was Dick Harraden?"

"What, Dick! Dick!—Dick Harraden!"



Mrs. Gwyn.

Nell had sprung to her feet, and had grasped her mother by the shoulder, eagerly peering into her face. After a moment of silence following her exclamation, she gave her mother a little push in the act of taking her hand off her shoulder, and threw herself back in her own chair again with a laugh—a laugh that surrounded a sigh as a bright nimbus surrounds the sad face of a saint in a picture.

"What should I say, do you ask me?" she cried. "Well, I should say that you were a liar, good mother," she cried. Nell was never particular in her language. As an exponent of the reaction against the Puritanism of the previous generation, she was admitted by very competent judges to have scarcely an equal.

"I'm no liar," said the mother. "'Twas Dick himself I met face to face."

"It puzzles me to see wherein lies your hope of getting money from me by telling me such a tale," said Nell.

"I want not your money—at least, not till the end of the month or thereabouts. I tell you I saw Dick within the hour."

"'Twas his ghost. You know that when he threw away his link he took to the sea and was drowned in a storm off the Grand Canary. What did the seafaring man tell us when I asked him if he had seen Dick?"

"A maudlin knave who offered you a guinea for a kiss at the pit door at Drury Lane, and then bought a basket of oranges and gave them away singly to all comers."

"But he said he had sailed in the same ship as Dick, and that it had gone down with all aboard save only himself."

"Oh, ay; and he wept plentifully when he saw how you wept—ay, and offered to be your sweetheart in the stead of poor Dick, the knave! For I saw Dick with these eyes within the hour."

"Oh, mother—and you told him—no, you dursn't tell him——"

"He had just this morning come to London from the Indies, and it was luck—ill-luck maybe—that made him run against me. He plied me with question after question—all about Nell—his Nell, he called you, if you please."

"His Nell—ah, mother, his Nell! Well, you told him——"

"I told him that you would never more need his aid to buy foot-gear. Lord! Nell, do you mind how he bought you the worsted stockings when you were nigh mad with the chilblains."

"And you told him—— For God's sake say what you told him."

"I didn't mention the king's name—no, I'm loyal to his Majesty, God save him! I only told him that you had given up selling oranges in the pit of Drury Lane, and had taken to the less reputable part of the house, to wit, the stage."

"Poor Dick! he didn't like to hear that. Oh, if he had stayed at home and had carried his link as before, all would have been well."

"What is the wench talking about? Well—all would have been well? And is not all well, you jade? 'Twere rank treason to say else. Isn't this room with its gilded looking-glasses and painted vases pretty well for one who had been an orange girl? The king is a gentleman—and a merry gentleman, too. Well, indeed!"

"But Dick!—what more did you say to him, mother?"

"I asked him after himself, to be sure. I' faith the lad has prospered, Nell—not as you have prospered, to be sure."

"Nay, not as I have prospered."

"Of course not; but still somewhat. He will tell you all himself."

"What? You told him where I dwelt?"

"I meant it not, Nelly; but he had it from me before I was aware. But he knows nothing. I tell you he only came to London from Bristol Port in the morning. He will have no time to hear of the king and the king's fancies before he sees you."

"He is coming hither, then? No, he must not come. Oh, he shall not come. Mother, you have played me false."

"I? Oh, the wench is mad! False? What could I say, girl, when he pressed me?"

"You could have said that I was dead—that would have been the truth. The girl he knew is dead. He must not come to this house."

"Then give your lacqueys orders not to admit him, and all will be well. But I thought that you would e'en see the lad,

Nell, now that he has prospered. If he hadn't prospered it would be different."

"Only an orange seller, and yet with the precepts of a lady of quality. I'll not see him. Did he say he'd come soon?"

"Within the hour, he said."

Instinctively Nell looked at her reflection in a mirror.

"I'll not see him," she repeated.

"That gown will do well enough for one just returned from the Indies," said the mother, with a leer.

"Oh, go away, go away!" cried her daughter. "You have done enough mischief for one morning. Why could not you have let things be? Why should you put this man on my track?"

"'Tis a fool that the wench is for all her smartness," said the mother. "She was picked out of the gutter and set down among the noblest in the land, and all that held on to her gown were landed in pleasant places; and yet she talks like a kitchen jade with no sense. If you will not see the lad, hussy, lock your door and close your shutters, after giving orders to your lacqueys to admit him not. If needful the king can be petitioned to send a guard to line the park with their pikes to keep out poor Dick, as though he was the devil and the park the Garden of Eden."

"Oh, go away—go away!"

"Oh yes; I'll go—and you'll see him, too—no fear about that. A girl, however well provided for—and you're well provided for—wouldn't refuse to see an old sweetheart if he was the old serpent himself; nay, she'd see him on that account alone. And so good-day to you, good mistress Eve."

She made a mock courtesy, the irony of which was quite as broad as that of her speech, and marched out of the room, holding her narrow skirts sufficiently high to display a shocking pair of flat-footed boots beneath.

Her daughter watched her departure, and only when she had disappeared, burst into a laugh. In a moment she was grave once again. She remained seated without changing her attitude or expression for a long time. At last she sprang to her feet, saying out loud as though someone were present to hear her:

"What a fool thou art, friend Nell, to become glum over a boy sweetheart—and a link boy of all boys! Were I to tell Mr. Dryden of my fancy he would write one of his verses about it, making out that poor Dick was the little god Cupid in disguise, and that his link was the torch of love. But I'll not see him. 'Twere best not. He'll hear all soon enough, and loathe me as at times I loathe myself—no, no; not so much as that, not so much as that; Dick had always a kind heart. No; I'll not see him."

She went resolutely to the bell-pull, but when there, stood irresolute with the ornamental ring of brass in her hand for some moments before pulling it. She gave it a sudden jerk, and when it was responded to by a lacquey, she said:

"Should a man call asking to see me within the next hour, he is to be told—with civility, mind you, he is a gentleman—that—that I am in this room, and that I will see him for five minutes—only five minutes, mind you, sirrah."

"And the man—the gentleman—is to be admitted, madam?"

"Certainly—for five minutes."

"Your ladyship will regulate the time?"

"Go away, you numbskull! How could I regulate the time? I'm no astronomer."

"Madam, I meant but to inquire if you are to be interrupted at the end of five minutes."

"I gave you no such instruction, sirrah. It is enough for you to carry out the instruction I gave you. Carry it out, and yourself into the bargain."

The man bowed and withdrew. He was familiar with the colloquial style of his mistress and her moods.

When the man had gone Nelly laughed again, but suddenly became graver even than she had yet been.

"What have I done?" she cried. "Oh, there never was so great a fool as me! No, no; I'll not see him. I have as kind a heart as Dick, and I'll prove it by not seeing him."

And yet when she had her hand on the lock of the door, she stood irresolute once again for some moments. Then she went out with a firm step, her intention being to countermand in the hall the instructions she



She looked with eyes full of mischief and mirth at the courtier standing on the mat.

had given to the servant in the parlour ; but in the hall she found herself face to face with her old friend, Sir Charles Sedley. He had brought her a bunch of violets.

"The satyr offers flowers to Aurora," said the courtier to the courtesan, bowing as gracefully as a touch of rheumatism permitted.

"And Aurora was so fond of flowers that she accepted them, even from the most satiric of satyrs," said Nell, sinking into a courtesy.

"I plucked these flowers for the fairest flower that——"

"Ah, that is one of Mr. Dryden's images in the reverse," laughed Nell. "What was the name of t'other young thing? Proserpine, that's it—who was plucking flowers, and was herself plucked—'snails!—that's not the word—she wasn't a fowl."

"Fore Gad, Nell, I never heard that story; it sounds scandalous, so tell 't us," said Sir Charles. "What was the name of the wench, did you say?"

"Her name was Nell Gwyn, and she was gathering oranges to sell in the pit of Drury Lane when, some say Satan and some say Sedley—the incongruity between the two accounts is too trifling to call for notice—captivated her, and she had nothing more to do with oranges or orange blossoms."

"And her life was all the merrier, as I doubt not Madame Proserpine's was when she left the vale of Enna for—well, the Pit—not at Drury Lane."

"That were a deeper depth still. You've heard the story then. Mr. Dryden says the moral of it is that the devil has got all the pretty wenches for himself."

"Not so; he left a few for the king."

"Nay, the two are partners in the game; but the king, like t'other monarch, is not so black as he's painted."

"Nor so absolutely white as to be tasteless as the white of an egg, Nell."

"His Majesty is certainly not tasteless."

"On the contrary, he is in love with you still, Nell."

They were standing apart from the group of servants in the hall. Nell Gwyn had pretended that she was about to ascend the stairs, but loitered on the second step with her right elbow resting on the oak banister, while she held the violets with her head

poised daintily as she looked with eyes full of mischief and mirth at the courtier standing on the mat, the feathers of his broad-leafed hat sweeping the ground as he swung it in making his bows.

Suddenly Nell straightened herself as she looked down the hall towards the door; she started and dropped her violets. All the mischief and mirth fled from her eyes as a man was admitted, with some measure of protestation, by the porter. He was a young man with a very brown face, and he carried no sword, only the hanger of a sailor; his dress was of the plainest—neither silk nor lace entered into its manufacture.

Before Sir Charles had time to turn to satisfy himself as to the identity of the man at whom Nell was gazing so eagerly, she had run down the hall and seized the new comer by both hands, crying:

"Dick—Dick! It is you yourself, Dick, and no ghost!"

"No ghost, I dare swear, Nell," cried the man in a tone that made the candles in the chandelier quiver, and Sir Charles Sedley to be all but swept off his feet. "No ghost, but—O Lord, how you've grown, Nell! Why, when I burnt my last link seeing you home you was only so high." He put his hand within a foot of the floor.

"And you, too, Dick! Why, you're a man now—you'll grow no more, Dick," cried Nell, still standing in front of him with his hands fast clasped in her own. Suddenly recollecting the servants who were around, she dropped his hands, saying: "Come along within, Dick, and tell me all your adventures since last we were together."

"Lord! Adventures! You don't know what you've set yourself down for, Nell. If I was to tell you all, I should be in your company for at least a week."

She led him past Sir Charles Sedley without so much as glancing at the courtier, and the new-comer had no eyes for anyone save Nell. A servant threw open the door of the room where she had been with her mother, and the two entered.

Sir Charles took snuff elaborately, after he had replaced his hat on his head.

"If his Majesty should arrive, let him know that I am in the long parlour," he said

to a servant as he walked towards a door on the left.

He paused for a space with his hand on the handle of the door, for there came from the room into which Nell Gwyn and Dick Harraden had gone, a loud peal of laughter—not a solo, but a duet.

He turned the handle.

So soon as he had disappeared there came another ripple of laughter from the other room, and the lacqueys lounging in the hall laughed too. Within the room Nell was seated on the settee and Dick Harraden by her side. She had just reminded him of the gift of the worsted stockings which he had made to her when he was a link boy and she an orange girl in Drury-lane. They had both laughed when she had pushed out a little dainty shoe from beneath her gown, displaying at the same time a tolerably liberal amount of silk stocking, as she said :

"Ah, Dick, it's not in worsted my toes are clad now. I have outgrown your stockings."

"Not you, Nell!" he cried. "By the Lord Harry! your feet have got smaller instead of larger during these years—I swear to you that is so."

"Ah, the chilblains do make a difference, Dick," said she, "and you never saw my feet unless they were swollen with chilblains. Lord! how you cried when you saw my feet well covered for the first time."

"Not I—I didn't cry. What was there to cry about, Nell?" he said.

She felt very much inclined to ask him the same question at that moment, for his face was averted from her, and he had uttered his words spasmodically.

"Poor Dick! You wept because you had eaten nothing for three days in order to save enough to buy my stockings," she said.

"How know you that?" he cried, turning to her suddenly.

"I knew it not at the time," she replied, "but I have thought it over since."



She led him past Sir Charles Sedley without so much as glancing at the courtier.

"Think no more of it, Nell. O Lord, to think that I should live to see Nell again! No, no; I'll not believe it. That fine lady that I see in the big glass yonder cannot be Nell Gwyn."

"Oh, Dick, would anyone but Nell Gwyn remember about Nell Gwyn's chilblains?"

"Hearsay, mere hearsay, my fine madam!"

"By what means shall I convince you that I'm the Nell you knew? Let me see—ah, I know. Dick, I'll swear for you; you know

well that there was no one could match me in swearing. Let me but begin."

"O, Lord! not for the world. You always knew when to begin, Nell, but you ne'er knew when to stop. And how doth it come that you haven't forgot the brimstone of the Lane, Nelly, though you have become so mighty fine a lady?"

"Snails, Dick, the best way to remember a language is to keep constantly talking it!"

"But in silks and satins?"

"Oh, I soon found that I only needed to double the intensity of my language in the Lane in order to talk the mother tongue of fashion."

"If swearing make the fine lady you'll be the leader of the town, Nell, I'll warrant. But don't say that you doubled your language—that would be impossible."

"Oh, would it indeed!"

"Not so? Then for God's sake don't give me a sample of what you reached in that way, for I've only lived among the pirates and buccaneers of the Indies since."

"Then I'll e'en spare thee, Dick. But take warning; don't provoke me. You wouldn't provoke a pirate whose guns you knew to be double-shotted. Don't say that I'm not Nell Gwyn for all my silks and lace. Why, man, doth oatmeal porridge cease to be porridge because it's served in a silver platter? Did your salt pork turn to venison when you ate it off the gold plate that you stole from the chapels?"

"Lord, Nell, I wasn't a pirate."

"What! Didn't you say just now that you

had been among pirates and buccaneers in the Indies?"

"I was among them, but not of them."

"You mean to say that you were neither a pirate nor a buccaneer?"

"Neither!"

"Then all I can say is that I'm mightily ashamed of you, Dick. I counted on you being at least a pirate. Don't say that you became a merchant; I never could abide dishonesty, Dick."

"Well, no; I never became just a merchant, Nell—at least not the sort of merchant that merchants would call a merchant."

"Oh, then there's some hope for you yet, Dick. We may be friends still."

"Friends? Well I should say so. What did I work for, do you think, through all these years? What did I lay up a store of guineas for—guineas and Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight for——?"

"And you have made a fortune, Dick?"

Think of that! Ah, I fear that you must have been a regular merchant after all; only regular merchants make fortunes in these days."

"Ay, but some irregular ones do pretty fairly for themselves."

"And you were somewhat irregular, I dare swear?"

"Well, I wasn't regularly irregular, dear, only by fits and starts. Ah, what I said to myself was: 'I've put the stockings on Nell, but I've to get the shoes for her yet.' That's



"Ah, Dick, it's not in worsted my toes are clad now."

what gave me the strength of ten men—working for those shoes, Nell.”

“Poor Dick! and now when you come home you find that I am already provided for.”

Again she showed him the dainty tips of her shoes.

“Those are fair weather shoes, Nell,” he cried.

“Ay, that they are, Dick,” she assented with a note of sadness in her voice.

“But what I would offer you would stand the stress of all weather—fair or foul, Nell.”

“I believe you, Dick, with all my heart. I know what you had to offer me; but ’tis too late now; too late, Dick.”

“Too late? What do you mean, girl?”

The look that came into his face frightened her. She threw herself back on the settee and laughed loudly for a minute or two.

“That’s what I mean,” she cried, tilting up her toes until they were on a level with his knees. “What else could I mean than that I’m already sufficiently shod? Even Nell Gwyn can’t wear more than one pair of shoes at a time, Dick. It’s rather a pity, but ’tis an ill that must be borne. Now tell us all about yourself, Dick. Tell us how you fought with pirates and buccaneers—never mind telling how you made a fortune in pieces of eight. There’s no romance about making a fortune—tell us about the pirates, and above all, tell us what the Spanish Main is.”

“The Spanish Main—why it’s the Spanish Main to be sure—south of the Indies—a good place for trade, and a good place for pirates. But you, Nell; I wonder if you meant anything by saying that I had come back too late? I thought, you know, when I met your mother——”

“Oh, I want to hear about the fighting—the buccaneers! I don’t want to hear about my mother; I hear enough about her. You fought the pirates? Well, next to being a pirate yourself, that’s the best thing.”

“Well, if you must know, I got about me a few score of lads—most of them were stout Irish lads, who were sold to the plantations by Cromwell.”

“The monster!”

“Ay, we made up a brave crew, I can tell you. Our plan was to do no pirating on our

own behalf, but only to attack the pirates when they had a deck-load of spoil. Taking from thieves isn’t stealing is it, Nell?”

“No; that’s business.”

“A bit irregular it may be, as I said just now; but bless you, Nelly, it was like sermon-preaching compared to some sorts of business that thrive mightily at the Indies. Anyhow, here I am to-day, sound and hearty, Nell, with a pretty nice fortune made already, and more to come—here I am, ready and willing to buy you the best pair of shoes in London town, and every other article of attire you may need for the next dozen—ay, the next fifty—years.”

“Dick—Dick!”

“Isn’t it true that you was always my sweetheart, Nell? Didn’t you say that you would never marry another? Well, you’ve kept your word so far—your mother told me that.”

“Ah, that’s the worst of it.”

“The worst of it! That’s the best of it, Nelly; for though a fine lady living in a mansion like this—why it might be a palace—the king himself might come here——”

“The king—you’ve heard that—that the king——?”

She had grasped him fiercely by the sleeve, and was eagerly peering into his face.

He burst out laughing, but suddenly checked himself.

“The king—the king—what was there for me to hear?” he asked in a low voice. “I only arrived from Bristol Port in the morning. How could I hear anything? I don’t want to hear anything except to hear you say that you haven’t broken your promise—that you haven’t married anyone else.”

“Oh, go away, Dick—go away!” she cried, burying her face on the arm of the settee.

He got upon his feet slowly and painfully, and stood over her.

“Why should I go away?” he asked in the same grave voice. “If I love you—and you know I do—and if you love me—and I believe that you do—it is not for me to go away. Ah, is it possible that you have given your promise to marry someone else? Don’t weep, Nell; that’s it, I see, and it can be made all right. Is that it, dear?”

"No, no. Oh, go away—go away, and never return to make me feel how miserable I am!"

"I'll not go away. There's some mystery about you and this house, and I'll not go before I fathom it."

She looked up and saw him standing there with his arms folded.

She leapt up so quickly that she almost seemed to spring into his arms. He thought so at any rate, and was about to clasp her when she caught both of his hands in her own, gazing tearfully, eagerly, wistfully into his face.

"Dick—dear Dick," she said, "if you love me still—and I know you do—you will leave me now. Oh, you should never have come here—I did not mean you to come; but if you love me, Dick, you will leave me now—leave me and go into the nearest coffee house, and ask of the first man you see there who is Nell Gwyn? What is Nell Gwyn? If you return to me after that, then—then, Dick, I swear to you that I'll marry you; there will be none to stay us then, none to come between—the king himself shall not come between us."

He gripped her hands fiercely with his face close down to hers.

"By God, I'll do it!" he said through his set teeth. "I'll do it. You have put it upon me. I know that I shall hear nothing but what is good of you, and I'll return to claim you as sure as there's a sun in heaven."

He dropped her hands, snatched up his hat, and walked firmly to the door. When there, he turned slowly and looked back at her. She was standing pale and lovely where he had left her. Her eyes were upon his face.

He flung himself through the door, and she fell on her knees beside the settee, burying her face in one of its cushions.

For some minutes nothing was heard in the room but the sound of her sobs; but then the silence was broken by a shout outside—a shout and the noise of a scuffle. Cries of "Hold him back! Hold him back!" came from the servants, and mixed with some full-bodied imprecations in other voices. Nell started to her feet as the door of the room was all but crashed in, and she was

standing with a startled look on her face as the door was flung wide open, and Dick Harraden hurled a limp antagonist into the room.

"He shall eat his words—every foul word he uttered he shall swallow in the presence of Nell herself," cried Dick, and then Nell recognised Sir Charles Sedley as the man who was standing panting, with a broken sword in his hand, by her side, facing Dick.

"For God's sake, Dick!—Sir Charles—what has happened?"

The courtier was too breathless to speak—he signified so much very pleasingly to Nell.

"The cowardly knave!" panted Dick. "But I swore that I'd make him eat his words, and by the Lord Harry I'll keep my oath."

"Sir Charles, pray—oh, Dick!"

"Dick me no Dicks, Nell, until this popinjay has gone down on his knees before you and asked your pardon for his foul words," cried Dick. "Down you go, my gentleman, were you fifty times Sir Charles."

"For heaven's sake, Nell, keep that fire-eater at a distance," gasped Sir Charles; "he's fit for Bedlam."

"Stand where you be, Dick," said Nell. "What said Sir Charles Sedley to give you offence?"

"He said that you—no, I'll hang in chains in Execution Dock before I repeat the lie—but he'll take it back, every word, if I have to wring his neck!"

Dick was with difficulty kept at a distance.

"Did he say aught about the king and me?" asked Nell, in a low voice.

"It was, I swear, a most unhappy *contre-temps*, Nell," said Sir Charles, smiling in a somewhat constrained way. "How could I know that there was one man in England who didn't know how splendid, yet how natural, a conquest the charms of Mistress Eleanor Gwyn have achieved?"

"Then you only spoke the truth, Sir Charles," said Nell.

"God above us!"

Dick staggered back and grasped the frame of a chair to support himself.

There was a long silence.

He took a faltering step or two towards where she stood in the middle of the room.

"I see it all now," he said, in a low voice.

"I see it all. This house—the lacqueys in scarlet—the king's servants—they are the king's servants, and you—you, Nell, are the king's— Oh, God, let me die—let me die! This is what I came home for! You told me to go to the first coffee house; I didn't need to go so far. Oh, Nelly, if I

"I'm going away," he said. "My heart is broken, Nell—my heart is broken. Good-bye, Nell."

"Good-bye, Dick."

She had not moved from the middle of the room. She did not hold out a hand to him. He walked slowly to the door. Then he turned round.

"I humbly ask your pardon, sir," he said to Sir Charles.

"Sir," said the courtier, "I honour you more than any living man."

"Nell, Nell, come to me; come away with me, come to my arms, Nell," cried the man, holding out his hands to her from where she stood.

Sir Charles watched her face. He saw it light up for a moment. Her hands moved; she was going to him.

No, she only looked at the man who loved her and was ready to offer her everything, and said:

"Dick, I have a boy in a cradle upstairs."

There was another long pause before Dick whispered the words, "God bless thee, Nell."

Then the door was flung wide in his face by a lacquey, who bowed to the ground as he ushered in a rather plain-faced man wearing a diamond star and a broad blue sash, as well as a diamond garter.

Nell sank in a courtesy, and Sir Charles Sedley made an obeisance; Dick remained unmoved.

"Ha! what have we here?" said the stranger. "'Odsfish! a pretty family picture. Who may you be, good sir?" he asked of Dick.

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"I happen just now to be the king."

had come home to stand beside the green hillock of your grave I could have borne it, but this—this!"

He dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. His sobbing was the only sound in the room.

After a long pause he got slowly upon his feet.

"Who may you be?" asked Dick.

"Well, who I may be in a year or two the Lord and Nelly only knows—she says, a merry pauper. But who I am is easier said; I happen just now to be the king."

Dick stood unmoved.

"Then I could tell you *what* you are, sir," said Dick.

"Not half as well as I could tell you, my friend," said the king.

"I wonder if your Majesty ever hears the truth," said Dick.

"Seldom; any time I do, it comes from the lips of Nelly yonder," replied the king. "And by my soul, sir, I would rather hear the truth from Nelly than a lie from the most honourable of my subjects."

"Profligate!" cried Dick.

"I answer to that name, sir; what then?" said the king.

"What then? God only can reply to your 'what then?'" The answer rests with Him. He will not forget to answer you when His time comes."

"Even so," said the king, in a low tone, bending his head.

Sir Charles had moved round the settee and had opened the door. He touched Dick on the elbow. Dick started for a moment, and then stalked through the door. Sir Charles went out with his face turned towards the king.

"A straightforward fellow, but as conceited

as a Puritan, Nell," cried the king, with a laugh. "What brought him here?"

But Nell had sunk once more on her knees beside the settee, and her face was, as before, buried in the cushion.

"Ha, what's this, Nelly? What's amiss?" said the king, bending over her.

"Oh, go away, go away; I never want to see you again. You heard the word, profligate! profligate!"

"I'll go away, Nell, so soon as I pass to you the two papers which I hold in my hand."

"I want no papers. I want to be alone."

"Come, dear child; see if you will like your new plaything."

He pushed before her one of the two papers which he held.

She glanced at it without rising, and without taking it from him. Suddenly she put out a hand to it.

"What?" she cried. She was now on her feet. "You have done it for me—all for me! The hospital to be built at Chelsea. Oh, my liege!"

"Now the other paper," said the king. She took it from him.

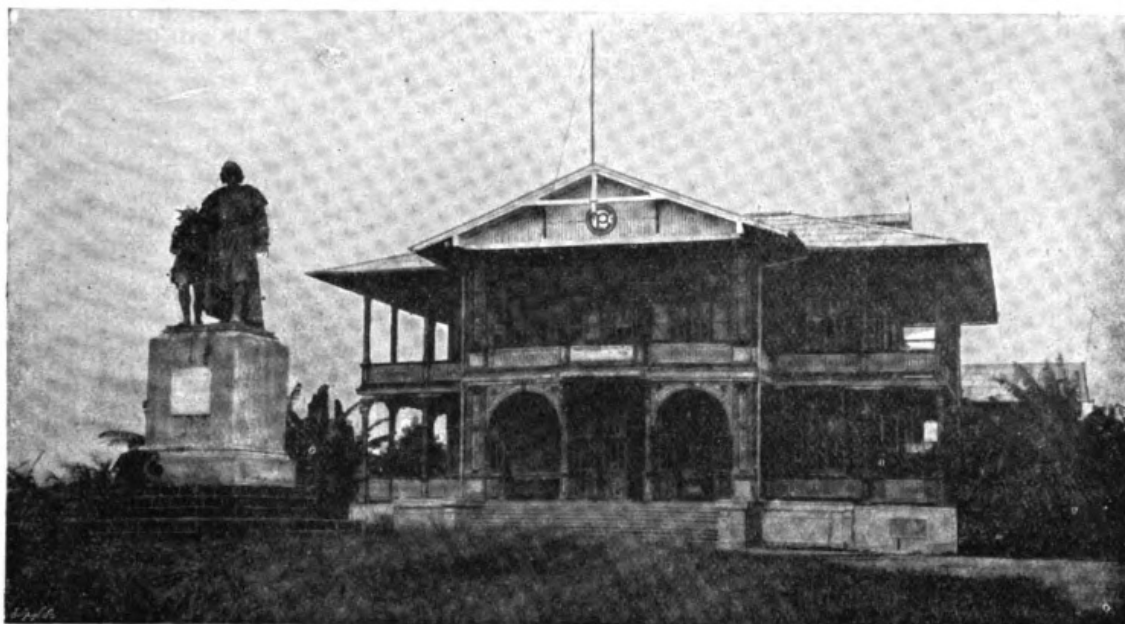
"Ah, Royal Letters Patent—our boy—our Charlie—Duke of St. Albans! Oh, my liege, my king, my love for ever!"

She sank on her knees, and, catching his hand, covered it with kisses—with kisses and tears.



His Majesty.





DE LESSEPS' HOUSE AT SAN CRISTOBAL.

THE GRAVE OF A NATION'S HONOUR.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.



THERE is perhaps no other word in any language which calls up such bitter memories of high hopes blasted and of ruin ruthlessly inflicted as does the word "Panama." On that little strip of verdure-covered swamp, rolling hills, and lovely wooded uplands which divides the Atlantic from the Pacific, lies buried, with the hard-won hoardings of thousands of thrifty folk, the commercial honour of a great and noble people, for as long as France endures this ill-omened name will stand, stamped in letters black and indelible, as a bar-sinister of shame across her escutcheon.

And yet it is but just to say that this shame might, and no doubt would, have been wiped away, even as the stigma of the South Sea Swindle was wiped off our own shield, had it not been for the jealous trickery which the politicians of the United States seek to cloak under the specious sophisms of the Monroe Doctrine.

There were times when nations, like men, preferred the risk of destruction to dishonour,

and in such times France would have said to the half-bred Hibernian adventurers who "boss" American politics: "Gentlemen, the honour of the French nation is pledged to the completion of this enterprise. France has said that she will wed the two oceans, and, God helping her, she will do it. You have taken more than two millions and a half of your dollars in French gold as the price of your favour and consent,* and now, with the bribe in your pockets and your tongues in your cheeks, you say that the French Republic may not finish what the French people has begun. Now stand aside, and let us redeem our obligations to ourselves and the world, for we will do it even if the work has to be completed under cover of the guns of our war-ships and the rifles of our troops."

If France had said this, I, for one, believe that every American who had not dipped his personal honour into the cesspool of

* The actual amount of de Lesseps' "American Corruption Fund," confessed to in the report of the First Finance Committee of the Canal Company, was £480,000. The whole "Preliminary Expenses" came to £1,800,000 before a spade was bought.

American politics would have said to the sister republic: "Go ahead! We've been good friends since Lafayette's time, and we're not going to fight now about the digging of a big ditch. You've paid these people, and we'll see they keep their contract. Tell us the canal shall be neutral, and we'll take your word for it."

But nations don't talk like this to each other nowadays, and so France backed down to the threat of a mob of politicians only a little more disreputable than the crowd to which she intrusts the management of her own destinies, with the result that the colossal fraud of Panama has fastened itself like a cancer on to the political organism of the Third Republic, and has eaten, no one even yet knows how far, into its vitals.

Upon the easterly extremity of the artificial peninsula, which was constructed to guard the entrance to the canal from the storms of the Caribbean Sea, and to furnish the ephemeral aristocrats of the great enterprise with a select and salubrious dwelling place, stands on a high pedestal a splendid bronze statue of Columbus. Under his right arm is the half-crouching figure of an Indian girl, who is supposed to be peering out of savagery into civilisation, and looking over what

was to have been the mouth of the Panama Canal!

Behind the statue stands what was once the great pleasure house which Ferdinand de Lesseps built for himself, and behind it is another, once of equal splendour, built by his son, one palace not being deemed enough for both while the golden stream was flowing in all its fulness. They are built, of course, of wood, and there they stand, rotting away in the hot, damp climate, a quarter of a million's worth of material, labour, and imported ostentation—monuments to the folly, and worse than folly, that began to build before it had counted the cost.

Nearly the whole of this little peninsula, which lies between the town of Aspinwall (or Colon) and the canal, is covered by the settlement of San Cristobal, which was once like a strip of the Boulevards transported to the tropics, with its streets of broad-roofed, verandahed chalets shaded by double rows of emerald-leaved, far-branching palms, glittering all night with hundreds of electric lamps, and gay with the sounds of revelry which were echoes of the far-away voices of the Place de l'Opéra, the Folies Bergères, and the Moulin Rouge, only a little more so.

Now it is a collection of mouldering wooden houses, ghastly in their sun-bleached and rain-sodden shabbiness, with cracked doors and broken windows, for the most part tenantless, or housing only a few negroes or Chinamen, and the meanest of mean whites.

How much of the subscriptions of the trustful went to build San Cristobal before a yard of the Canal was dug out may be guessed from the fact that the whole of the curving sea-front, along which runs the palm-shaded carriage drive of gravel and silver sand, over which once rolled the



SEA FRONT AND PALM GLOVES OF SAN CRISTOBAL.

imported equipages of contractors, financiers, and "engineers," is faced with thousands of blocks of concrete piled pell-mell together, every one of which cost from a pound to twenty-five shillings to throw into its place.

To walk through the streets of San Cristobal to-day ought to be enough to bring a blush to the face of any Frenchman who is not either a journalist or a politician, and yet San Cristobal is but a very small part of the wilderness of waste and ruin which stretches for forty-six miles across the Isthmus from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The train starts from the docks at Colon, and runs with great deliberation and ringing of bells up the main street, which looks, as it

If you haven't a through ticket, the fare seems to be just anything that the officials like to charge you.

At any rate, a fellow traveller of mine, who was only booked to Colon, had to pay twenty-five shillings for himself and a sovereign for a small portmanteau, and then had to ride, like the rest of us who had paid first-class fare, in a second-class carriage well filled with negroes, Chinamen, and, still more objectionable Colombians, at the rear end of a baggage train, which took nearly five hours to crawl over the forty-six miles of level track.

Of course we might have stood on our rights and travelled first class if we had



A PIECE OF THE AMERICAN CUTTING.

is, the product of the most *bizarre* taste and the flimsiest construction. The shops are nearly all liquor shops, in whole or in part, and are filled with perhaps the very worst wet and dry goods that are sold on the face of the earth.

In the wild and golden days of the Canal Colon might have been likened to a Western city that had strayed into the tropics and gone on a perpetual spree; but it has had a revolution and a fire since then, and now it looks as though the spree were over, as it assuredly is, and it were suffering from the inevitable and legitimate results of a prolonged and persistent debauch.

The railway, being an absolute and impregnable monopoly, may perhaps be excused for being the very worst on earth. The distance is forty-six miles, and the "reduced" fare for first-class passengers holding through tickets to the Pacific ports is £2.

chosen to sleep the night in Colon and go on by the real passenger train the next day, but someone had told us that the Colon mosquitoes were so strong that five of them could lift a full-grown man out of his bath, so we went on in spite of the train, only to find that the Panama mosquitoes didn't trouble to lift you out of the bath. As they didn't like the water they just bit you through the bottom of it.

Despite its inconveniences, however, the run from Colon to Panama is one of the most interesting railway journeys in the world, albeit its interest is of a kind that both saddens and exasperates, for from ocean to ocean the train runs over a battle-field on which the exuberance of tropical nature is swallowing up the almost incalculable spoils of its victory over human incapacity and dishonesty.

For the first few miles after leaving Colon, the line lies on an artificially made bed, through a jungle-swamp of such impenetrable thickness that a strong man would be unable to push his way through it, even if there were firm ground for him to stand upon.

Here is the only piece of the Canal that was actually made, and it is the work, not of French, but of American ingenuity. Naturally it is the easiest piece, for it is very little above sea-level, and there is no rock to contend with. The strip is about eight miles long, and the contract for excavating it was given by the Canal Company to a corporation known as the American Dredging Syndicate.

While the Frenchmen were amusing themselves in laying out their towns, and building their villas on all the prettiest and healthiest situations they could find on the hills across the Isthmus, the Americans got to work. Allowing only sufficient time for oiling and the necessary inspection of the machinery, they kept their excavators and dredgers going night and day—trusting nothing to the climate

million sterling, and leaving the strip of canal they had excavated to the incapacity of the

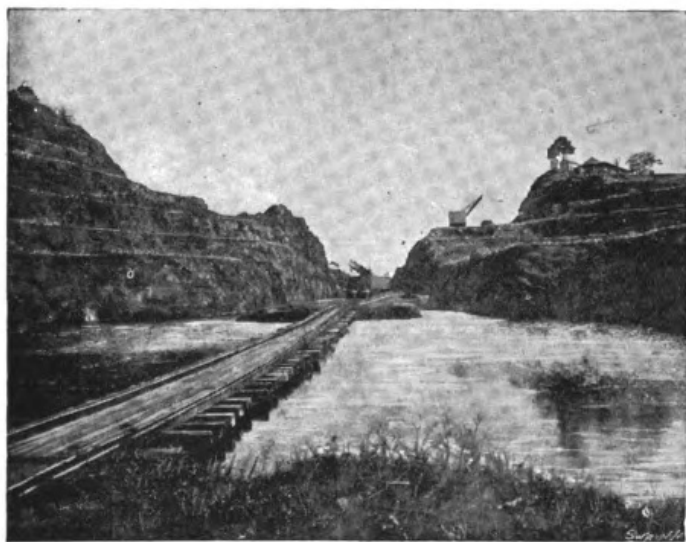


EMPERADOR CUTTING WITH TIP-WAGGONS AND EXCAVATORS.

French engineers and the tender mercies of the Chagres river in flood time.

To-day this piece of canal is a mere stagnant ditch, with banks overgrown and utterly hidden by a weed-growth, of whose rank luxuriance no dweller in temperate zones can form the remotest idea, and, lying in the stagnant water, or grounded on the ever-growing silt which is fast filling the ditch up again, are dredgers and caissons and excavators brought out from far-distant France at a cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds to rot and rust away until they crumble to pieces, and sink into the all-devouring mud to make puzzles for the geologists of a future epoch.

In consequence of the inconceivably rapid growth of the vegetation, it is difficult, and to some extent impossible, for the uninitiated eye to make more than a rough guess at the locality or extent of the work done on the more low-lying portions of the Isthmus. Here you may see a bit of hill-side chopped away, and there above it a cluster of



THE GREAT CULEBRA CUTTING.

or French finance—until they had completed their contract. Then they retired, taking with them a profit of nearly a quarter of a

miserably dilapidated wooden structures which were once engineers' quarters, store-houses, and workmen's barracks; and in other places

are shallow excavations, too straight to be natural valleys, with iron smoke-stacks rising gaunt and forlorn out of tangled masses of vegetation.

At some of the stations the train pulls up in the midst of a wilderness of mechanical ruin, silent, desolate, and decaying, which looks as though it had once been a settlement of a people who had done everything by machinery, and had suddenly vanished, to be succeeded by another race, who never knew the uses of the strange relics which they had found in the land.

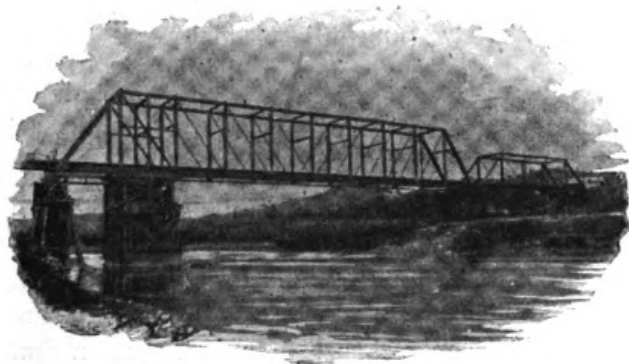
Later on the train will run past miles of double and treble rows of black tip-waggons, rusting into immobility on other miles of railway track, so rotten that the metals and sleepers would probably fall to pieces if they were taken up, and beside them you may see huge stacks of new metals and sleepers that have never been laid down. Then again you will pass vast sheds packed with long rows of locomotives that have never run a mile since they were landed, and other store-houses full of costly machinery that never has done, and never will do, an hour's work; and iron bridges thrown across waterways at vast expense of money and labour, which have never served any purpose save that of putting profit into the pockets of contractors and dishonest commission agents. Thus, for instance, the one in the illustration below is a bridge over the Chagres river, which cost over eighty thousand pounds to construct, export, and set up, and it has never yet been crossed by a waggon or a locomotive.

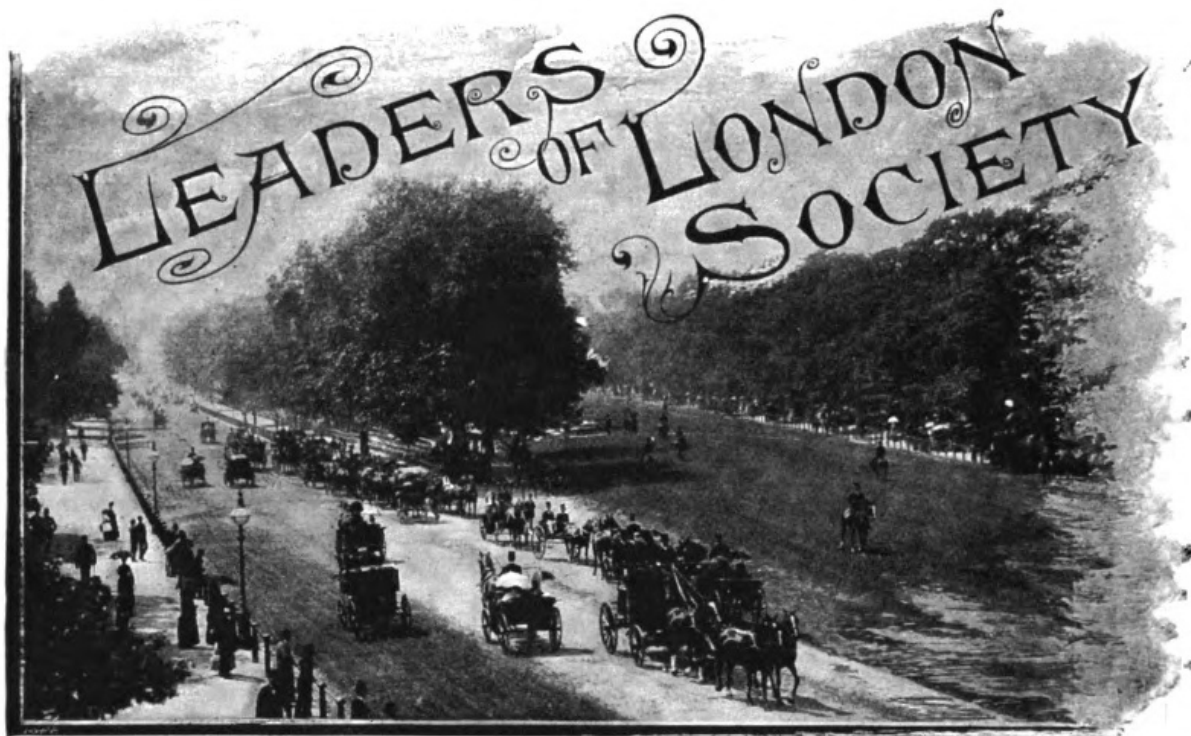
There are dredgers and excavators which were brought out from France in sections, and put together in pools and backwaters of

the Chagres, and left there to rot and rust without ever excavating a cubic yard of earth. Sometimes the machinery ordered from one firm would not go into the hull supplied by another, and sometimes the hull would be some sizes too large for the machinery, and there they lie to this day, having fulfilled the only purpose they were ever intended to serve—that of swelling the bank accounts of insatiable swindlers who, like flies on decaying carrion, fattened on their country's shame.

In proof of this, a story that I heard at first hand may not come amiss. A British steamer was chartered to bring a cargo of railway iron and machinery out to Colon. She got there just as the mighty bubble was on the point of bursting. The cargo and freight were paid for, and the captain naturally wanted to clear his ship. He could find no one to act as consignee for the Canal Company, and so, after waiting two days, he gave notice to the engineer in charge at Colon that if the cargo was not taken out the next day he would heave the whole lot overboard. The reply was: "Do so, and get rid of it." What is left of that cargo is now lying at the bottom of Colon Bay.

But this is only an incident. From ocean to ocean the story of fraud, incapacity, and criminal recklessness—which is also the whole history of the ill-omened Panama scheme—is written in a bewildering mass of ruin and decay, hardly a decade old, to which the whole world cannot supply a parallel. Its epitaph may be read among the thousands of numbered but nameless graves in the cemeteries of Panama, and its sequel in the dishonoured end of the man who was once the greatest Frenchman of his age.





From a Photograph by F. Frith & Co.

BY MRS. F. H. WILLIAMSON.

THE term "leader of society" has lost its literal meaning under new conditions. Society is now a huge Republic, and the Republican motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," has levelled if not altogether destroyed the old distinctions. In the old days when the "salon" was still in existence, the great ladies who led society were really powerful for good or evil; but it is many years now since Lady Palmerston, as patroness of Almack's, held so high and responsible a position, that merely to be seen at one of her gatherings was a hall-mark which made the least important of her guests the fashion. When Lord Palmerston became Premier of England, his wife voluntarily relinquished the exclusive attitude she had adopted, and from that time forth her parties became merely political machines.

Then the stars of Frances Lady Waldegrave and Lady Molesworth arose on the social horizon. Neither of these ladies were "to the manner born," but both had the true social instincts, and the knack of most successful entertaining. Lady Molesworth had a special talent for hospitality, and had so high an opinion of her own importance, that she soon won others to believe in it too;

while the parties at Eaton Place were second to none in their grandeur. She and Maria Lady Ailesbury vied with each other in the matter of magnificent footmen, and to the very last "Lady A." (although anything but rich, and living very frugally while alone), always did her entertaining in great state.

It was Frances Lady Waldegrave and Lady Holland who first took the bold departure of patronising not only literature and art, but the stage. Since their day, others following in their footsteps, but going far beyond them in enterprise (perhaps good taste), have so revolutionised the order of things that those who are merely notorious, not famous, have invaded circles which have ceased to be select; and, since there are limits to the elasticity of even modern society, the millionaires of trade and finance, American nobodies, and the very outsiders of literature and dramatic art, have managed to elbow out the lesser nobility and some of the county families of England.

Yet if society has never been so mixed before, it has never been so amusing. Dullness is the only unpardonable sin, and the fact that even on Sunday nights the highest in the land may be seen dining in public

restaurants in the same room with undistinguished foreigners, unknown Jews, and pretty, much-bejewelled women—recruited from all the ballets and choruses in London, but coming under the generic title of "Gaiety girls"—speaks eloquently of the changes time has brought.

Great ladies there are still in London, and some who still are exclusive in spite of the general tendency towards merely vulgar smartness; but very noticeable is the fact that, while so few are fitted to lead, fewer still seem desirous to do so. By general consent they move always in the same direction—and abreast. So conventional is Society to-day that those who are in it will, rather than be singular, do the most unconventional things; and, while all are so bent on following each other, it is impossible to discover if anyone in particular is leading.

If the term Leaders of Society has any meaning left, it can only refer to those who entertain most frequently and with most brilliance. Of these, Lady Londonderry and Lady Cadogan have for some time headed

the list. For many years their purely private parties have been met with keen appreciation; while their political receptions have also had some influence on political opinions.

Lady Londonderry might easily have taken a more prominent place in contemporary history, as she

possesses very remarkable qualities and talents, and has all the pride, all the energy, and all the initiative, which is needed to make a great leader. It is only of

late years that she has taken any decided interest in politics, but her memorable drive to Westminster, with the appeal of the women of Ireland against Home Rule, will be remembered in all records of our times.

No one can surpass her in hospitable charm; and she knows as much about the management of an estate and about farm-produce as most men. She is well-read, accomplished, and follows all Society's crazes (including photography, at which she is quite an adept) with zest, while, although a timid rider, she is a brave sailor, and able to sail and take charge of a yacht.

Lady Cadogan is another clever hostess, and her reign in Dublin is sure to be really vice-regal, with nothing lacking that could possibly enhance its proper state. Were not Society so big, and divided into such very different sections, it is certain that Lady Londonderry and Lady Cadogan would hold even higher places in it than they can hope to do as things are.

Then three years ago the Duke of Devonshire married, and the new Duchess immediately took the highest rank, supporting her husband in the political arena, and making for herself a name as one of the most charming hostesses. Devonshire House had been closed for so long that its reopening was a revelation to some, and a delightful experience to all.

The Duchess of Devonshire had been one of the beauties; she is still more than ordinarily handsome, and of stately appearance. Standing on the top of the grand staircase at



LADY CADOGAN.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

From a Photograph by Van der Veyde.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Devonshire House, dressed in black satin, with an all-round crown of brilliants on her head, and with ropes of pearls and diamonds around her neck, she was from the first a very noticeable figure, and, moreover, she has the happy knack of giving not only very magnificent, but really pleasant parties.

When Lady Ilchester first came to Holland House, she had a difficult part to play as the successor of perhaps the most popular hostess that London society has ever known. There was naturally some chagrin when it was found that she did not intend to use Lady Holland's old "list," but preferred to start fresh by inviting all her own friends. Whatever disappointment there was, however, in the beginning has long been forgotten in appreciative praises.

The garden parties at Holland House, although purely smart, instead of representative, as they used to be, are still counted among the events of the season, and the big balls which annually take place are always beautifully done, although none perhaps have excited so much comment as the first festivity, which took the form of a masked ball. The very idea of the *bal masqué* seemed to belong so entirely to Paris that people were half afraid it might not succeed any better than the one given by Lady Marian Alford years ago. But society women in England are marching with the times, and becoming more continental in their notions every year; so that, although some mothers refused to allow their daughters to be present, the smart young married women entered into the spirit of the thing with glee.

All sorts of devices were resorted to in the cause of bewilderment and fun. A number of young married women wore reversible

coats which they changed in the course of the evening, and even the unmarried girls who were present were sufficiently alive to the circumstances of the entertainment to sew different materials to the front and hem of their frocks, to be hastily torn off before the time of unmasking arrived. Some of the guests were betrayed by their jewels, but some were hidden entirely by dominoes and hoods.

Over-shadowed by her mother-in-law, who is still one of the loveliest women

in England, the new Lady Dudley has had fewer opportunities to make her mark. She is pretty, with the prettiness of bright complexion, dark hair and eyes, and red lips, rather than of feature, and so clever that she is sure some day to hold a high position. Lord Dudley is a coming man in politics; and, although on account of her fresh flower-like

face, her *petite* figure, and a habit she has of wearing the simplest white frocks, Lady Dudley looks almost like a child, she has the stamina and strength of mind of which leaders of society are made: it only remains to be seen whether she has the tact and the temper which are also required.

Amongst the smartest of smart hostesses, who have no wish to lead Society, is the Duchess of Westminster, whose hospitality generally finds an outlet in the pleasantest informal dances. The Duchess is

one of the best-loved women in London, and her sweet face is always welcome wherever it is seen.



LADY ILCHESTER.

From a Photograph by Alice Hughes.



THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

From a Photograph by Bassano.

Princess Adolphus of Teck (once Lady "Meg" Grosvenor) was a very bright feature in all the Grosvenor House parties. Who danced so untiringly as she? who so lightly? and when the exigencies of the cotillon required it, it was found that she could jump as well. There was a memorable cotillon at a Grosvenor House ball, which she helped successfully to lead, when the "presents" included silk stockings, parasols, and umbrellas, and when one of the figures took the form of Circus hoops, filled in with tissue paper.

The Duchess of St. Albans prefers a very quiet and unpublic life, and those who respect her prejudices, further her endeavours to keep her movements out of all the papers. She is unambitious, almost homely; she has also the name of being a very true friend, and, although she is losing her pretty daughters one after another by marriage, it is generally hoped that there may be cheery parties still in Grosvenor Crescent.

The Duchess of Portland cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be considered a leader of Society, for she is very seldom in London, and does very little entertaining; but, although comparatively a new comer, she stands firm by old traditions, and has the courage of her opinions, which are sometimes conventional but never undignified in their expressions.

Two or three years ago she gave a magnificent ball in Grosvenor Square, which, although slightly formal, was brilliant, and the young Duchess herself in white against a background of white marble wall, was as delightful to

look at as any guest she welcomed. But the majority know the Duchess best as she appears driving or walking out of doors, generally in black, but always wearing her favourite Malmaisons; and she is so tall and also so picturesque in appearance, that the Medici collar which generally frames her face in evening dress seems appropriate wear.

The young Duchess of Sutherland, although

lacking the stronger qualities which go to make a leader of fashion, is a pretty, pleasant hostess, and gave the most beautiful ball of last season. All the Royalties in London were present, and the flowers were more beautiful than anything which has been seen for some time, while most of the orchids which veiled the marble mantelpieces, and hung in festoons among the candelabra, had come from Trentham and Dunrobin. The Duchess amuses herself by being literary in her tastes, and has written in several magazines in her own name or under



LADY NAYLOR LEYLAND.

the transparent pseudonym of *Erskine Gower*.

Her sister, Lady Warwick, is well-fitted to do great things in entertaining; but as yet, in spite of what should be a very high position, her hospitalities have taken the form of social skirmishes rather than of deliberate engagements. As Lady Brooke she gave several cotillons, which, although without pretensions, and meant more especially to include "young married women," still had the effect of spoiling bigger parties that happened the same night.

In one section of society (the section

vaguely known as artistic) Lady Granby is the moving spirit. A charming artist herself, she is a patroness of art, and wherever honour is done to literature or to the stage, her graceful figure is sure to be seen among the throng. She is also very well known as one of the mysterious Society of Souls.

Lady Wimborne is one of the successful hostesses, and Lady Sefton gave a ball some two seasons ago, which was not only very beautifully done and brilliant, but further noticeable for the fact that no Jews were present, very few Americans, and only one or two people that had made their money in trade.

At one time Americans were under an out-of-date taboo, but now they hold a very strong position. The new Duchess of Marlborough, with charming looks to help her natural advantages of rank and wealth, will take a very foremost place. The Duchess of Manchester has a lovely young daughter to bring out; and Lady Essex is amongst the smartest of young married women.

Then Lady Naylor Leyland is one of the beauties, and has more than once had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales at Hyde Park House. This is one of the finest mansions in London, indeed of almost unmanageable dimensions, and the whole extent of the first floor is given up to beautiful reception rooms, each leading into another, and all beautifully decorated in white and gold, with different coloured silk hangings. The latest portrait of Lady Naylor

Leyland is painted by Schmiechen, and a reproduction appears in these pages.

Mrs. Arthur Paget, who has just inherited a large fortune and some of the most beautiful jewels in the world, is also a well-known beauty, and, although she has not done much entertaining, her informal parties (and she keeps open house in Belgrave Square) are always very gay.

If Mr. Alfred Rothschild is one of the most

prominent patrons of music in London (and his is one of only two favoured private houses where Patti ever sings), Mrs. Adair has given successful musical parties as well as some balls in her Curzon Street house, which is well-planned for entertaining; and perhaps the name most pleasantly associated with music in London is that of Mrs. Ronalds, to whom all new musicians look, and through whom even well-known artists may hope for further popularity and progress. The pretty double drawing-room in Cadogan Place has at one time or another contained all the



MRS. RONALDS.

From a Photograph by F. O. Devereux, Brighton.

best-known and smartest people in London, as well as Royalties on several occasions.

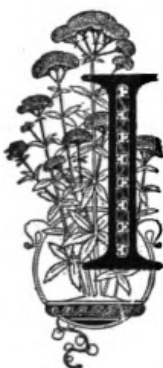
Altogether, although Society may be too large to admit of any real leaders, and the all-levelling spirit of the age is rather against the members of it allowing themselves to be led, there are still some great ladies who can influence Society and social customs; and, while the "salon" is a thing of the past, the science of politics is once more being studied by those who can do most towards its development in a right direction.



THE IVORY KING.

*Some Observations on the Latent Possibilities of the Elephant,
and his Use as a Domestic Pet.*

BY T. B. FIELDERS.



IT is only owing to his size that the elephant has not become, long ere this, a domestic pet. No four-legged animal has more intelligence. Not in a single one of the many ages in which he has lived is there an instance on record where he has either bitten or scratched a child.

Of how many dogs or cats can this be said? Yet these animals have always been lauded for their intelligence, their attachment to man or woman, and for numerous other qualities which are supposed to make them valuable household adjuncts. If the dwellings of the present day were constructed of the proper proportions and materials, no animal would be handier about a house than an elephant.

Supposing, for instance, that de Jones was deposited by some friends in front of his own door at an early hour in the morning, and that de Jones was unable, on account of its erratic movements, to find the keyhole. Under ordinary circumstances he would alarm the neighbourhood, as well as his own household, before he obtained admittance, and on the following day most of her visitors would make Mrs. de Jones very angry by expressing the hope that the accident to her husband had not been *very* serious. The slightest effort will enable you to picture the sufferings of de Jones, not from "head," of course, but from the attitude of his own family.

There would have been no such deplorable results had de Jones possessed an elephant instead of a dog or a cat. The latter would

have been of no possible use had it been on the spot and ready to render assistance, but it would not have been upon the spot. It would have been on some adjoining premises indulging in a low flirtation.

A dog would have been anxious to do its master a good turn, but if inside it could not have got out of the house, and if outside it could not have got in, as dogs seldom, if ever, carry latch-keys. Besides, it would probably have barked to show its pleasure, and thereby attracted the attention of the people across the way to de Jones's condition, for a dog, being a teetotaller, seems unable to grasp the difference between plain water and water that is not plain.

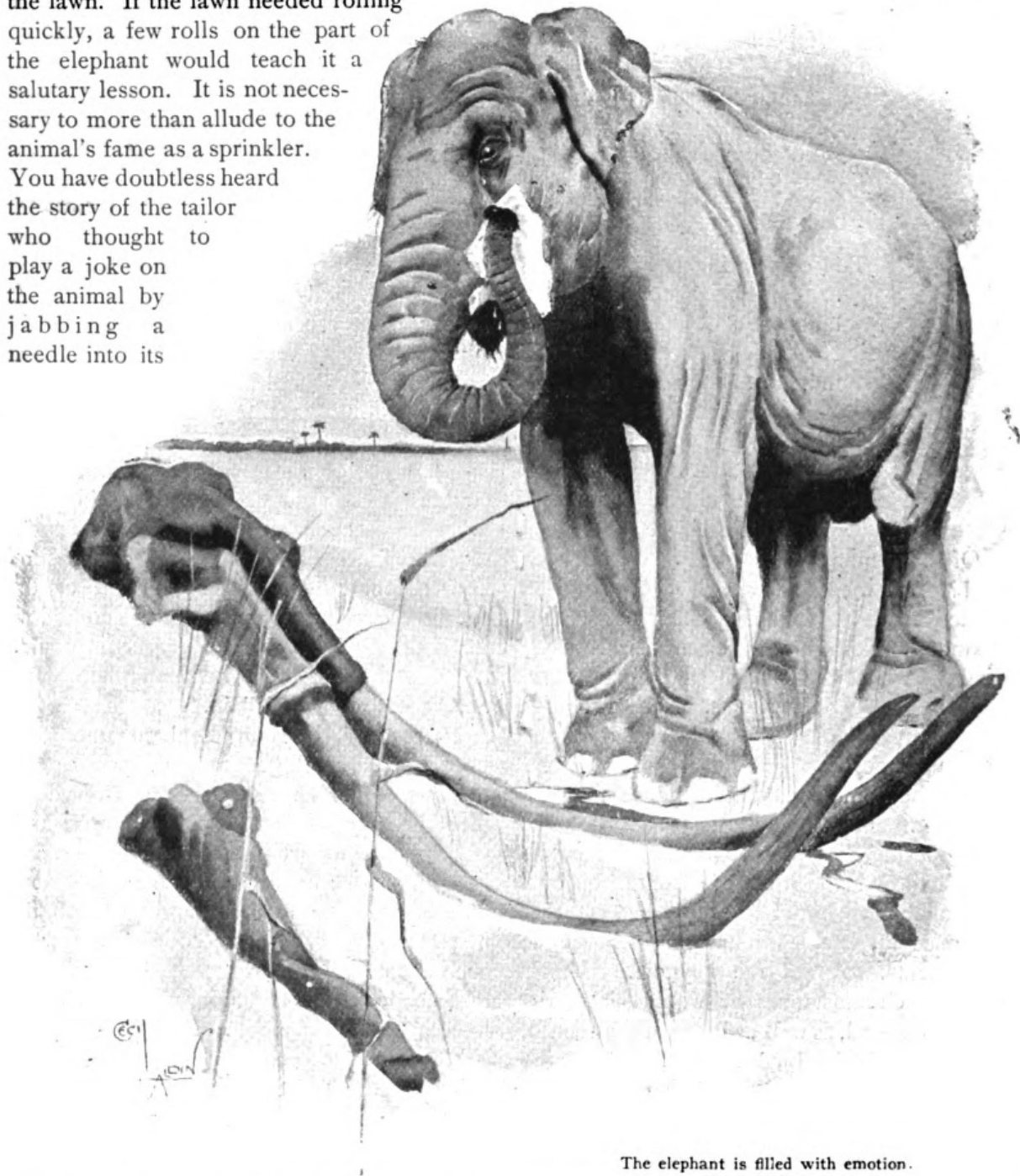
Had there been an elephant upon the premises, the intelligent animal, upon hearing the riot, would have opened the front door, picked de Jones up with his trunk, and, without moving from the ground floor, and carefully avoiding the balusters, have placed him in front of his bedroom door on the first storey. Of course, if de Jones was in such a state of collapse as to be unable to go to bed with his boots on, no blame could be attached to the elephant.

No family possessed of an elephant would require a lift; the elephant would do all the lifting. If it became necessary to change the position of the grand piano, there would be no need to call in four men to leave their footprints upon the Axminster, and to disfigure or smash enough furniture to make the house look as if it had been the scene of a prize fight according to P.R. rules. The elephant would pick up the piano and in two minutes, if the floor did not fall into the

cellar, would change its position and perhaps its tone just as easily as he would eat a ton of hay.

Where there was an elephant neither a roller nor a sprinkler would be required for the lawn. If the lawn needed rolling quickly, a few rolls on the part of the elephant would teach it a salutary lesson. It is not necessary to more than allude to the animal's fame as a sprinkler. You have doubtless heard the story of the tailor who thought to play a joke on the animal by jabbing a needle into its

sprinkler. Every elephant is, without any training whatever, a born sprinkler. Of course if there is no water he cannot sprinkle. To many of the luxuries of life he has no objection, but among the



The elephant is filled with emotion.

trunk, and how the elephant, on the following day, to show his appreciation of the joke, filled his trunk with muddy water and nearly drowned the tailor. The story is perhaps true; nevertheless it gives but a poor idea of the elephant's capacity as a

necessaries there is none that he is so fond of as water.

In a state of captivity there is nothing of the alabaster-bust order about him, but, properly speaking, the elephant has no bust, and if he looks as if a hot bath and a cold shower

would do him good it is not his fault. He would bathe every day if he had the opportunity, and he would not be satisfied with five or ten minutes' tubbing.

If the water were deep enough, he would stand in it up to his neck and soak until every living thing attached to him, except himself, was drowned. Then, after walking in his usual dignified way into shallow water, he would squirt gallons over himself, and the water would fly out of his trunk with a velocity never attained by a two-inch nozzle. When a family of elephants enter a lake to perform their ablutions, or merely to gambol, the inhabitants of the surrounding country fly to the high ground, if there is any within reach, or take to their boats if there is not.

Though not constructed upon what are generally considered graceful lines, the elephant is an expert long-distance swimmer. While swimming he believes in presenting as small a surface above water as he can manage, and breasts the billows with nothing in sight but the tip of his trunk. This peculiarity may not be widely known, and is by many supposed to account for the origin, if not of the sea-serpent, of the stories relating to that reptile.

It is said that elephants have been known to swim for six hours without touching bottom. There is really nothing strange about this. That they did not touch bottom is accounted for by the fact that it was not within touching distance, and everybody knows that an elephant cannot live under water. That they are able to swim six hours on end is easy enough of belief, otherwise how could they have reached Ceylon? That island, though naturally of far less importance than Great Britain, is, like it, surrounded by water, and just as much water for that matter. It is all very well to say that Ceylon was not always surrounded by water, and that the elephants found there may have been surrounded at the same time as the island, but where is the proof that will defy argument? It is just as easy to say that the elephant was at one time the size of a pig, but there is not a ten-year-old boy alive who will believe it. And small blame to the boy!

It should be remembered that the elephant was a first cousin of the mastodon and the

deinotherium, and through them was related to the deinocerata and other distinguished members of an ancient and defunct aristocracy. Even to this day the elephant is filled with emotion at the appearance of a skull or a leg bone of one of the giants with which his ancestors roved over mountains and through valleys, swam rivers great as seas, crashed through forests that had never had even a cutting acquaintance with the axe, made love to the whales that disported in the icy seas that guard the poles, and that were the wonder and the terror of all that beheld them.

In those days the elephant wore wool that would throw a Hottentot into envious spasms. Now he does not wear enough hair to make a Chinese moustache. The elephant does not care to be asked how he lost his hair. Nothing that ever wore hair cares to be questioned about its whereabouts after it has gone. A man with a head as smooth as a glass paper-weight, and who wears it in that condition, sees no humour in the fellow-creature who slaps him on the shoulder and says: "Who makes your wigs, old chap?" If he is accustomed to the question, it bores him; if he has heard it for the first time, he considers it a strong indication of idiocy, and says so in terms that cannot be misunderstood.

It is not to be supposed that an elephant would descend to such trivialities. His head, large as it is, is crammed with memories of events about which the most proficient liar among oldest inhabitants would not dare to claim that he had the faintest recollection. There may be elephants alive to-day that were strong enough to pull down well-grown trees before the American colonies decided to go into business on their own account, while George III. reigned in England and Louis XVI. in France, and before the great Napoleon was heard of.

All this may seem a long while ago, but it is known that elephants have lived one hundred and twenty years, and, as almost as much is not known as is known about the animal, it is possible that members of the family have walked up and down the earth for a couple of centuries.

At any rate, a full-grown elephant looks as if it were in his power to accomplish such a feat. His gigantic proportions; the massive

dignity of his movements; the feeling with which he impresses the beholder that his strength is almost incalculable; the calm, methodical way in which he performs any task that is set him, be it great or small; the air of unconscious grandeur with which he submits to the will of pigmy man—all these characteristics tend to belittle the rest of the

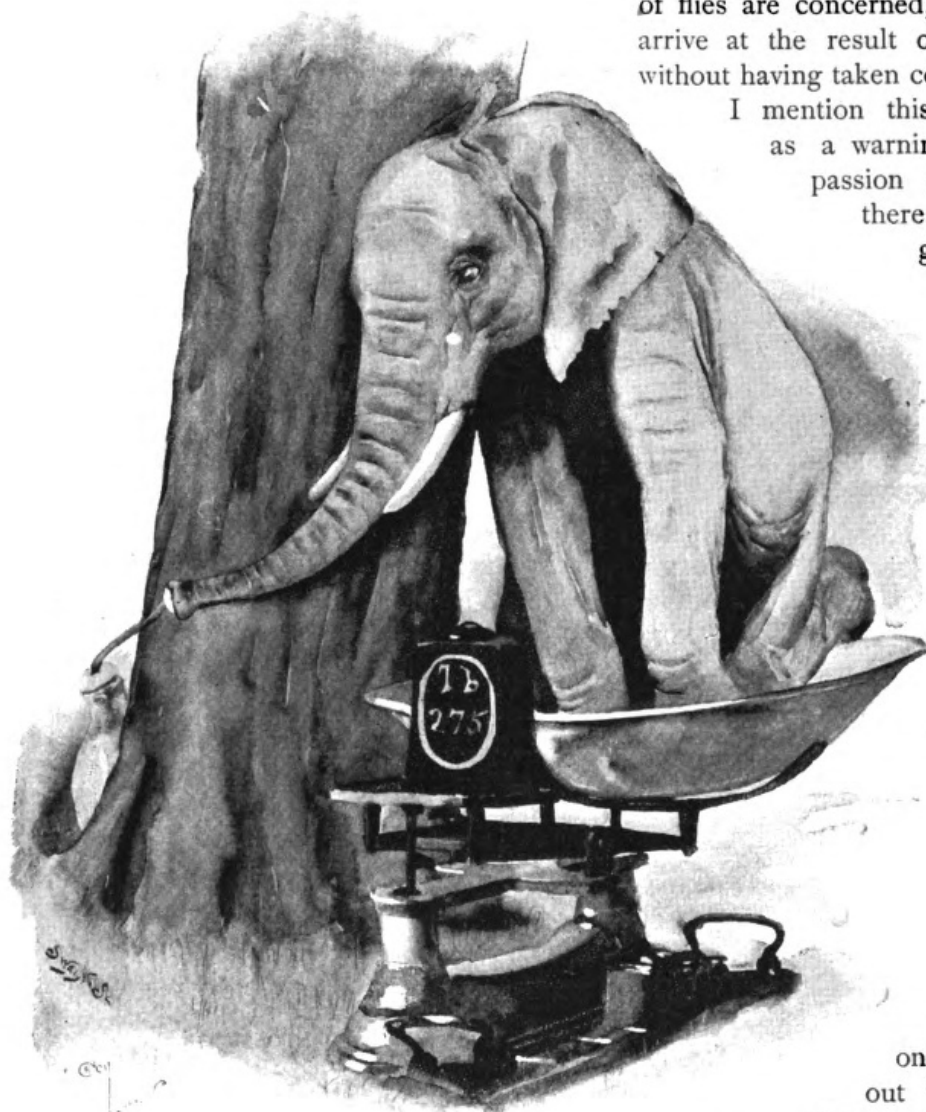
many people did not want to sit under it at one time. If such an elephant could be induced to promise that he would not flap his ears, they would afford standing room for four millions of flies. At first thought this may seem like exaggeration, but it must be understood that both sides of both ears and their respective bevelled edges have been considered in the calculation. Where millions of flies are concerned, one does not always arrive at the result of such a calculation without having taken considerable trouble.

I mention this circumstance merely as a warning to such as have a passion for figures, because there is nothing to be gained by starting an argument upon such a point in the winter season. In the first place, it is impossible to get four millions of home-bred flies at this time of year, and my calculation was made with natives; besides, there is not a full-grown African elephant in Great Britain at the present moment.

It might also be as well to mention that the flies used were trained—that is, trained to stand not only in close order without the aid of treacle, or jam, or tar, or tacks—simply

by mere will power—but to stand in this way upon an elephant's ear, and all this requires an amount of training that only those who really love flies can appreciate. And if the elephant had not stood as motionless as an iron dog during the operation the problem would be still unsolved.

In the cartilaginous stage of infancy, the elephant, for weight, is without a rival. A baby elephant, born under favourable cir-



In the cartilaginous stage of infancy, the elephant, for weight, is without a rival.

animal kingdom, and to place upon a pedestal this marvellous product of the mysterious land of the Pharaohs.

Much as man is to woman in size so is the African to the Indian elephant. The ear of a full-grown African elephant is large enough to make an awning for a houseboat, if too

cumstances, is regarded with distrust by its parents unless it weighs from seventeen to eighteen stones. If the infant should tip the beam at 275lb., the mother sometimes observes complacently to the father: "It does us both credit." The father seldom does more than grin or chuckle.

The mother elephant is just as good a mother as she ever was, but, like her lord, she is more suspicious, and is more given to standing at attention than in the days when Sir Thomas Browne wrote that "the elephant hath no joynts, and being unable to lye

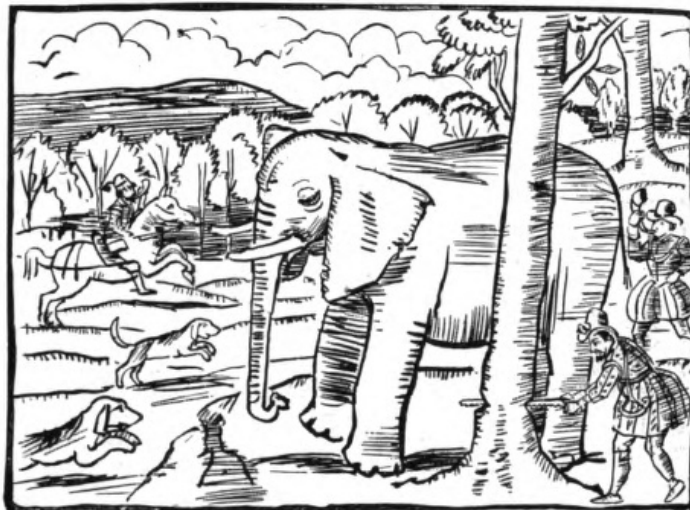
downe it lieth against a tree, which the hunters observing do saw almost asunder, whereon the beast relying by the fall of the tree falls also down itself, and is able to rise no more."

The English employed by Sir Thomas is a trifle involved, but it is perfection itself in

comparison with the statement which he makes with it. At this late day, and in the light of information which Sir Thomas does not seem to have possessed, his assertion is apt to give one the impression that he had something to learn regarding the habits of

the elephant. It requires a variety of imagination that is lamentably scarce to-day to picture an elephant that has never known captivity calmly leaning against a tree, oblivious to the fact that the hunters were sawing it asunder in the expectation that when it fell he would fall, too,

and, like the tree, never to rise again without assistance. It is difficult to compete against some of these old writers, and if the reader thinks that the present article on "The Ivory King" contains too many hard, dry facts, the reader has only to say so, and my next contribution shall be less weighty.



"Which the hunters observing do saw almost asunder."

A MOMENT AFTER.

(Suggested by a picture in the Musée Wiertz, Brussels.)

FREED from the weary strife,
Dead to the earthly life,
Up through the ether-realm winging.
Mounting on pinions strong,
Swift through the starry throng,
Guided by Angel song,
Midst the spheres ringing.

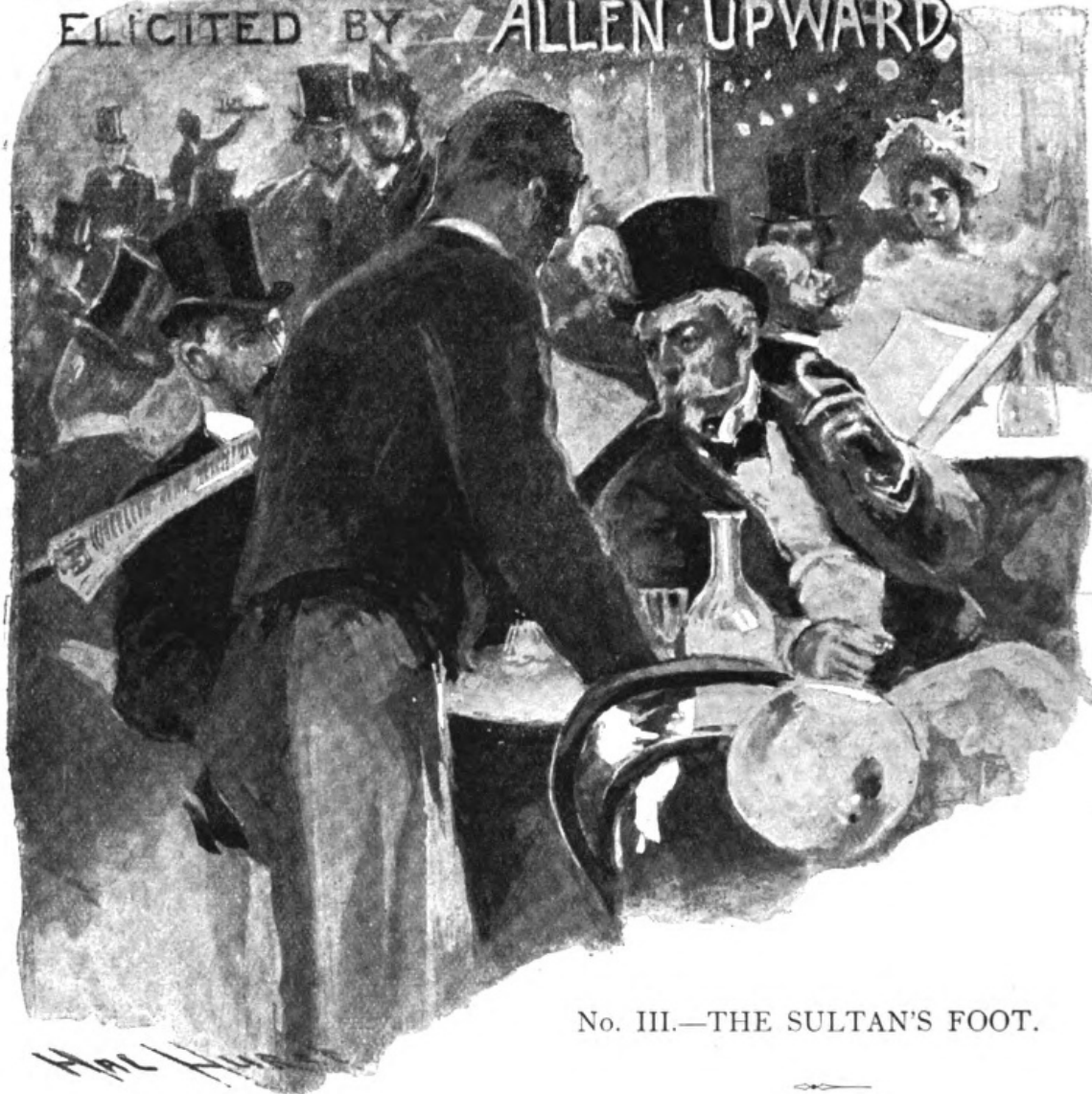
Gazing with longing eyes,
Far through the distant skies,
Swift on the wings of Love soaring.
On! o'er the azure road,
On! to the Blest Abode,
Where, round the Throne of God,
Saints are adoring.

System on system past,
Heaven's gates in sight at last,
There, where the glory is beaming.
Hark! 'tis the Song of Praise,
Pealing through endless days—
Yonder the Glory-rays,
Brightly are streaming.

Louder, and louder still,
Sweet seraph voices thrill,
Heaven's own harmonies blending!
"Welcome, O faithful one!
Strife is for ever done,
Life, love, and bliss are won—
Glory unending!"

SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE.

THE CONFIDENCES OF AN EX-AMBASSADOR
ELICITED BY ALLEN UPWARD.



No. III.—THE SULTAN'S FOOT.

"It is a remarkable thing, this persistence of some hereditary feature in the members of a reigning House. The Hapsburg lip is by no means the only instance, though it is, perhaps, the best known."

We had been discussing the subject of heredity, and I had alluded to the prominent under-lip which characterises the members of the Austrian Imperial family. The Ambassador absently rolled up his table-napkin in

his hand, and laid it down on the table, as he continued:

"The Bourbon chin is a trait with which every one is familiar. But there is another case of a transmitted peculiarity in a royal race, which is even more remarkable, though from its nature it has remained a profound secret from the public."

"You arouse my curiosity," I observed. "I feel certain that you will be indulgent

enough to explain what it is that you refer to."

The Ambassador frowned with seriousness before replying :

"The matter is one of some delicacy, and my knowledge on the point was acquired under circumstances of a very distressing, and even horrible nature. Still, if you really wish to hear this story, I do not know that there now exists any reason why I should not confide it to your discretion."

"My dear Ambassador! Before I thought you were going to be merely interesting; now you are becoming positively fascinating. Let me intreat you to go on."

"But this place is too warm," he objected—we had been dining together in the Café Brühl. "I propose that we take our coffee on the Boulevard. It amuses me to sit among these Parisians, and to imagine that I am a young man."

"In fact, your Excellency is one," I replied, rising to accompany him—"a little disguised, perhaps."

"I am very sure of that," retorted the Ambassador, who, however, did not appear to be displeased.

We came out into the open air and seated ourselves in front of a small table with a marble surface, which a waiter diligently wiped with his napkin, before proceeding to bring us our refreshments. The night was mild, and the numerous lights of the boulevard were muffled by a faint mist, which softened the voices of the passers-by. The Ambassador leant forward with one arm resting on the table, and his hat set back from his forehead.

"It was on a night like this," he began, "only more close and sultry, that I had what is perhaps the most bizarre experience of my life. It was when I was attached, in the capacity of secretary, to our embassy in Constantinople."

"In Constantinople!" I exclaimed. "But that must have been many years ago?"

"In fact, it was twenty years ago. Abdul Aziz was still on the throne. But permit me to remark that these details will admit of discussion when I have finished."

I acknowledged the justice of his Excellency's rebuke with a bend of my head.

"It was at a time when the affairs of Turkey were about to attract the attention of

the civilised world. Russia was already preparing to draw the sword, and it was believed in some quarters that England would not consent to remain a passive spectator of the struggle. The entire weight of France was being thrown into the scale to avert this contingency, and I have reason to believe that it was the services which I was able to render to the Republic during this crisis, which led to my being intrusted with my first embassy.

"Our desire, of course, was to keep Russia strong, to act as a restraint on Prussia; and in this task I found myself pitted against your celebrated Minister, Lord Beaconsfield. He was a great man, let me tell you, who succeeded in obtaining for himself a European vogue second only to that of Bismarck. But of my labours in this direction I must not speak.

"To return to the night which I have already referred to, I had sauntered out from the Embassy quite late, and after walking through the streets of Pera for an hour, I was seized by an impulse to cross over the Golden Horn and explore old Stamboul. It was perhaps a rash proceeding at such a time, but I had accustomed myself to these nocturnal rambles, in which, for greater safety, I wore a Mohammedan costume.

"Doubtless, you have read those delightful 'Arabian Nights,' and can figure to yourself the enchantment of wandering through an Eastern city in the silent hours, when the moonlight falls softly on the tapering minarets, and on the high walls of mysterious gardens in which veiled beauties recline beside marble fountains, and listen to the songs of divine birds."

Carried away by these reminiscences my companion allowed his voice to sink into a murmur, and appeared to have forgotten his surroundings, until he was aroused from his reverie by the loud rattle of a passing omnibus. He straightened himself up, and gazed out at the bustling stream of civilisation which flowed past us, with the air of one to whom it was unfamiliar. It was the hour when the theatres commenced their performances, and the pavements were crowded with gaily chattering playgoers.

"Pardon my abstraction," said the Ambassador at length, in a more ordinary tone. "You amuse yourself, doubtless, with the

belief that it was not merely to indulge in poetical meditations that I made these excursions. Ah, well! You will permit me to say that some of those Circassians are charming women, and less cruelly disposed towards the Feringhee than their brutal and suspicious husbands.

"The fact is that the scenes which I am about to describe present a contrast so complete to this in which we find ourselves, that I begin to fear that my story will have an improbable air."

"Not in the least," I answered reassuringly. "I am myself a man of strong imagination. Besides, your Excellency's reputation for exactness is so well known."

The Ambassador bowed with complacency.

"You wish me to proceed? It is well."

"I made my way, as I have told you, into the Turkish quarter. Avoiding the region of the bazaars, which at this hour were closed, I turned my steps into that in which the Pashas have their superb residences, a region intersected at long intervals by narrow and solitary lanes, running between blank walls, with here and there a little postern gate artfully introduced beneath the ivy. I was sauntering slowly down one of these lanes when I perceived in front of me, at a point where the shadow of a tall ilex fell across the white surface of the road, a group of those dogs which infest Constantinople. They were quarrelling over some object which lay on the roadway in the centre of the black patch of shadow. Save for the presence of the dogs, the whole neighbourhood appeared to be absolutely deserted.

"I advanced towards the spot, endeavouring to make out the nature of the object which had attracted these carnivorous brutes. As I got nearer, I made it out to be a slipper of the pattern usually worn in Turkey. My curiosity was now strongly roused. I stepped into the midst of the growling curs, and drove them off with a few blows of a stick which I carried. Then I stooped down to pick up this mysterious object.

"No sooner had my hand touched it than I started back with a veritable thrill of horror. The slipper contained a human foot!

"My first impulse on making this terrible discovery was to turn and fly from the place.

But a dreadful fascination, which I could not overcome, rooted me to the spot, and even compelled me to make a closer examination. I stooped down, peering in the dim light, and asking myself with a beating heart how this severed foot had come to be exposed there on that lonely path, as if it were the damning evidence of some strange crime.

"As I gazed at it thus, I became aware that the foot had for some time ceased to bleed. It had been cut off at the ankle, and the dry blood was beginning to congeal over the severed veins and arteries. I looked on the ground beside it for stains of blood, but not one was visible. I extended my circle, and scrutinised all round it with care, but the result was the same.

"Of one fact I was now positively assured. This foot which I beheld on the ground had not been cut off the human being to whom it belonged at this place, nor perhaps anywhere in the neighbourhood. It had been brought here, doubtless, under the influence of some strong fear, by one who felt it necessary to rid himself of its possession without a moment's delay.

"Profoundly excited by these reflections, I began to try and put together for myself the circumstances of the tragedy to which this ghastly relic was the index. I asked myself what had become of the man on whom so barbarous an outrage had been inflicted. If he had been murdered, it was his corpse which I should have found lying in the roadway. It was therefore clear to me that he must be still alive, that he had escaped, probably by the aid of others, from the scene of his maiming, and that it was perhaps the dread of his future vengeance which had instigated the hurried and secret disposal of the object which I had found.

"Under what circumstances, then, had this savage act been perpetrated? To this question it was more difficult to find an answer. I could only surmise that the man who had suffered so dreadful a punishment had been engaged in some secret and unlawful enterprise, in the course of which he had found himself fatally entrapped, and had been obliged to pay this penalty for his escape. This was not the first time for me to learn of the barbarity of Oriental customs; there were dark stories floating about Constantinople,

beneath the surface, of men, some of them foreigners of high rank, who had ventured into forbidden precincts, and suffered the most horrible retaliation at the hands of eunuchs in the service of a revengeful Moslem.

"But it seemed to me that there was something more in this affair, on the traces of which I had fallen, something peculiar, around which I was, as it were, groping without a clue. Why, *why* had the author of this vengeance hastened to bear his horrid trophy to this lonely spot? What was the something about this foot, the something which distinguished it in an unusual manner from any other foot, which had made those who found it in their hands anxious, with no common anxiety, to rid themselves of it in such guilty haste?"

"I could picture the avenger—perhaps some highly-placed Pasha—who had found a masked intruder in his harem at midnight, and had left this terrible mark upon him, stricken with dismay by the discovery that his victim had been no ordinary being, and bidding his slaves hurry forth with the thing whose presence had all at once become a mortal peril, and cast it away in some lonely spot to be devoured by dogs.

"Strangely agitated, almost before I realised what I was doing, I bent down, and picking up the slipper, carried it out of the shadow of the ilex tree, into the full moonlight, and drew forth the piece of human carrion it contained.

"Do not ask me to describe the sight which met my eyes, and which completed the horror of the entire incident. The foot which I held in my hand *was* unlike any other foot which I had ever seen—unlike any human foot. One glance at it was sufficient to overcome me with a feeling of the most deadly nausea. I dropped the frightful thing on to the ground, and the brutes I had driven away flung themselves

upon it with hideous sounds. I averted my eyes, and fled from the accursed place."

At this point the Ambassador interrupted himself to order the waiter, who had already served our coffee, to bring cognac as well.



"Then I stooped down to pick up this mysterious object."

"I had retraced my steps almost as far as the 'Golden Horn,' he proceeded, "when I discovered that I was still carrying the slipper in my hand. Thinking that it might yet prove to be of importance, I thrust it hastily inside the folds of my Turkish robe before

proceeding. At the same time I began to observe that there was a certain movement in the streets, which was not common at that hour of the night. I saw soldiers about, and, unless my eyes deceived me, there were more lights than usual on board the Turkish war-

sky, massed themselves overhead, and then suddenly split in a blinding fissure of forked lightning, while a crash of thunder shook the towers and roofs of Stamboul like an earthquake. Immediately the rain began to descend with the weight of an avalanche, and huge pools instantly formed themselves along the roads. I rushed through the storm as best I could, and reached the Embassy in safety.

"Even then, however, the alarms of that fearful night were not at an end. I had been lying in bed, unable to sleep, for an hour or two, when all at once I heard the well-known boom of cannon answering the thunder overhead. I listened, and again and again the sound was repeated, till a hundred cannon had gone off in the darkness; and, finally, the storm passed away like a routed army, and the grey dawn came stealing over the Black Sea.

"That night has since become historical. It was the night of the 29th of May."

The Ambassador broke off, and leant back in his chair, as if he had explained everything. At this moment the waiter returned with the cognac.

"That is the worst of these northern climates," remarked his Excellency, as he lifted the glass between his finger and thumb, and scrutinised the liqueur; "it is necessary to take these things to keep up the temperature of the blood. Now in the south the sun does all that for one, and consequently Mohammed was quite right to forbid wine to his followers."

"Pardon me, my dear Ambassador," I said, "but my knowledge of the almanac is less profound than you imagine. The only event connected in my mind with the date you have named is the concealment of King Charles II. in an oak from the pursuit of Cromwell's soldiery, an event which it was my custom to commemorate as a boy by wearing a sprig of oak leaves in my cap. Be good enough to tell me more."



"The Prince was smuggled out in safety."

ships anchored opposite the Dolmabacheh Palace.

"I might have stopped to investigate these symptoms of disturbance, but for a sudden change which now took place in the atmosphere. The great black clouds which had been gathering from one corner of the

His Excellency regarded me with a look of pity for my shortcomings, as he replied :

"The night I have described was that on which Abdul Aziz Khan, the Refuge of the World and the Shadow of God, was forcibly deposed from the Sultanate, and made a captive in his own palace.

"As soon as morning had come, the news of what had taken place was all over Constantinople. It did not take the diplomatsists in Pera wholly by surprise. For some time past Abdul Aziz had been unpopular with his subjects. To him had been attributed the misfortunes which were gathering round Turkey, and which seemed to threaten the dissolution of the Empire. There had been more than one armed outbreak in the capital, Ministry after Ministry had been set up only to be thrown down, and a feeling of unrest was in all men's minds.

"It appeared that this state of things had culminated in the meeting of a secret council of the great Pashas at the Seraskierate, which is, as you are aware, the headquarters of the army.

"The council had been called suddenly, in the dead of night, by Mehemed Rushdi Pasha, the Grand Vizier, but for whom, it was said, the revolution would have taken place before.

"At this council the principal ulemas of the Moslem faith attended, and the head of their body, the Sheik-ul-Islam, officially pronounced that a Commander of the Faithful might be lawfully deposed. Thereupon, the agents of the conspiracy received their orders, the Palace was surrounded with troops, and the men-of-war, which I had seen illuminated, prepared to cut off all egress on the water side.

"These arrangements completed, messengers were sent secretly into the quarter of the Palace in which Mehemed Murad Effendi, the Sultan's nephew, was kept a prisoner by his suspicious uncle. The Prince was smuggled out in safety, escorted to the Seraskierate, and there proclaimed as Sultan to the sound of a hundred guns.

"In this way was the monarch of a great empire dethroned, and his crown given to another, without the loss of a single life, and with hardly a commotion in the street. Believe me, my friend, we have yet much to learn from these Oriental peoples.

"Constantinople was settling down again after its excitement, and I was beginning to believe that nothing more would happen, when the news of the catastrophe arrived. About midday a steam launch left the Dolmabacheh Palace, and came down the Bosphorus, stopping at the residences of the ambassadors, and bearing Suleiman Bey, the secretary of the Grand Vizier, who communicated to each of the foreign representatives in turn the tragic tidings that Abdul Aziz had refused to survive his deposition, and had died by his own hand.

"I was with my chief when Suleiman Bey reached the French Embassy, and as the ambassador had no secrets from me I remained while he delivered his message. He appeared much agitated, a thing which is most unusual in an Oriental.

"The Ambassador and I were of course overwhelmed by the announcement which he made to us. While the Bey was speaking my chief glanced at me, and I read in his eyes the suspicion which had already formed itself in my own mind. This sudden death of an inconvenient and dangerous prisoner was an event which it was easy to understand in an Eastern Court.

"Evidently the Grand Vizier had anticipated the feeling with which this intelligence would be received. The secretary went on to say—

"My master has thought it his duty to communicate the fullest particulars of this affair to the representatives of the powers at once. The body of the late Sultan is still lying in the room in which it was discovered by his attendants. He appears to have taken his life by means of a pair of Persian scissors, with which he is believed to have cut open a vein in the left arm, and then bled to death.'

"The Ambassador rose to his feet with a severe frown.

"This is a remarkable story which the Grand Vizier has sent you to tell me,' he said with a distrust which was not intended to be concealed. 'I trust, for the new Sultan's own sake, there will be a proper investigation, which will confirm the view the Powers are asked to take of this affair.'

"The Bey showed no resentment at these remarks.

"It is the Vizier's earnest desire that the

Powers should satisfy themselves as to what has taken place,' he replied. 'He has desired me to invite you to send a representative at once to the Palace, who will be admitted to a sight of the dead body, and given every facility for satisfying himself as to the facts.'

"This sounded sufficiently correct. My chief turned to me with a look of inquiry, and I at once volunteered to accompany Suleiman Bey to the Dolmabacheh Palace and make the inquiries which the Grand Vizier invited.

"Accordingly, after going to my own room for a moment, with a purpose which you will readily understand, I left with the Bey, and quickly arrived at the scene of the Imperial tragedy.

"The streets, it is needless to say, were lined with people, all of them wearing exultant and fierce looks, which were not rendered more amiable by the sight of a Giaour being admitted through the Palace gates. However, a very strong force of troops had been brought together by the Vizier with a promptness which in itself was capable of an evil interpretation, and there was no open disorder.

"In the Palace I found members of the staff of all the principal foreign embassies, prominent among them being, of course, the representatives of Russia and England. As soon as we were all gathered, we were taken into the presence of Mehemed Rushdi, who received us with a great display of sincerity, and who appeared, moreover, to be really affected by this sad event.

"After making a little statement to us, which was practically a repetition of what he had said already through his messenger, he handed us over to Said Pasha, the Imperial Chamberlain, who conducted us to the apartment in which, so he assured us, the Sultan's body had been discovered.

"It was a small and meanly furnished chamber, immediately adjoining the women's apartments, and looking out on a deserted courtyard. On a divan against the wall lay the body, covered as far up as the chest with a cloth or pall of black silk embroidered with gold. The left arm was bare, and hung down by the side, showing a deep wound

above the elbow, evidently made by some pointed instrument. The scissors with which, according to Said Pasha, the unfortunate monarch had taken his life lay, still caked with blood, upon a small table by the head of the corpse.

"His Majesty,' explained the Pasha, 'sent across to his mother early this morning—as soon as he had risen, in fact—for these scissors, on the pretext that he wished to trim his beard. No sooner had he received them than he appears to have retired into this room, where he was not likely to be disturbed by his attendants for some time. It was two hours before his strange absence excited attention. A search was instituted, and he was discovered lying in the posture which you see, with an immense pool of blood upon the floor, in which these scissors were lying.'

"While the Pasha was giving us this explanation I had withdrawn a little apart from the others, and was closely examining this corpse, which represented the monarch of a vast empire. As my eyes travelled slowly over the object on the divan, they were suddenly arrested by an extraordinary feature.

"I have said that the lower part of the body was covered by an embroidered cloth. You will easily picture to yourself the folds which this drapery would naturally have assumed in resting on the body's upturned feet. What I now perceived was the dreadful and startling fact that the cloth in this place rested upon only one point, instead of two.

"I waited to make sure that no one was observing me. Then I stepped swiftly to the side of the divan, and pressed my hand upon the place. My terrible suspicion proved to be correct. The corpse which lay before me had been deprived of a foot!

"I rejoined my companions, who were now leaving the apartment, and strove to banish from my face all signs of the emotion caused to me by the discovery which I had just made. Returning to the presence of the Grand Vizier, the various representatives of the Powers expressed their satisfaction with the explanations they had received, and prepared to depart to their various embassies. I waited till the last had gone out, and then



"On a divan against the wall lay the body."

requested the favour of a few minutes' private conversation with the Vizier.

"Mehemed readily yielded to my request, thinking no doubt that I desired to urge upon him some point in connection with the interest of France, and little suspecting of what secret knowledge I had become possessed.

"As soon as we were alone, I fixed my eyes upon his, and said:

"Before I make my report to my ambassador, there is a question which I am compelled to ask your Excellency to clear

up. Can you explain to me how, if 'Abdul Aziz voluntarily took his own life, he came to lose his left foot?'

"Not all the skill which Orientals possess in concealing their emotions enabled him to disguise from me the terror with which I inspired him by this question. He turned pale, and his eyes literally protruded from their sockets.

"Nevertheless he began by attempting to deny everything.

"You have made an assertion which takes me by surprise,' he said, speaking with an

effort. 'On what grounds do you state that so horrible a thing has happened?'

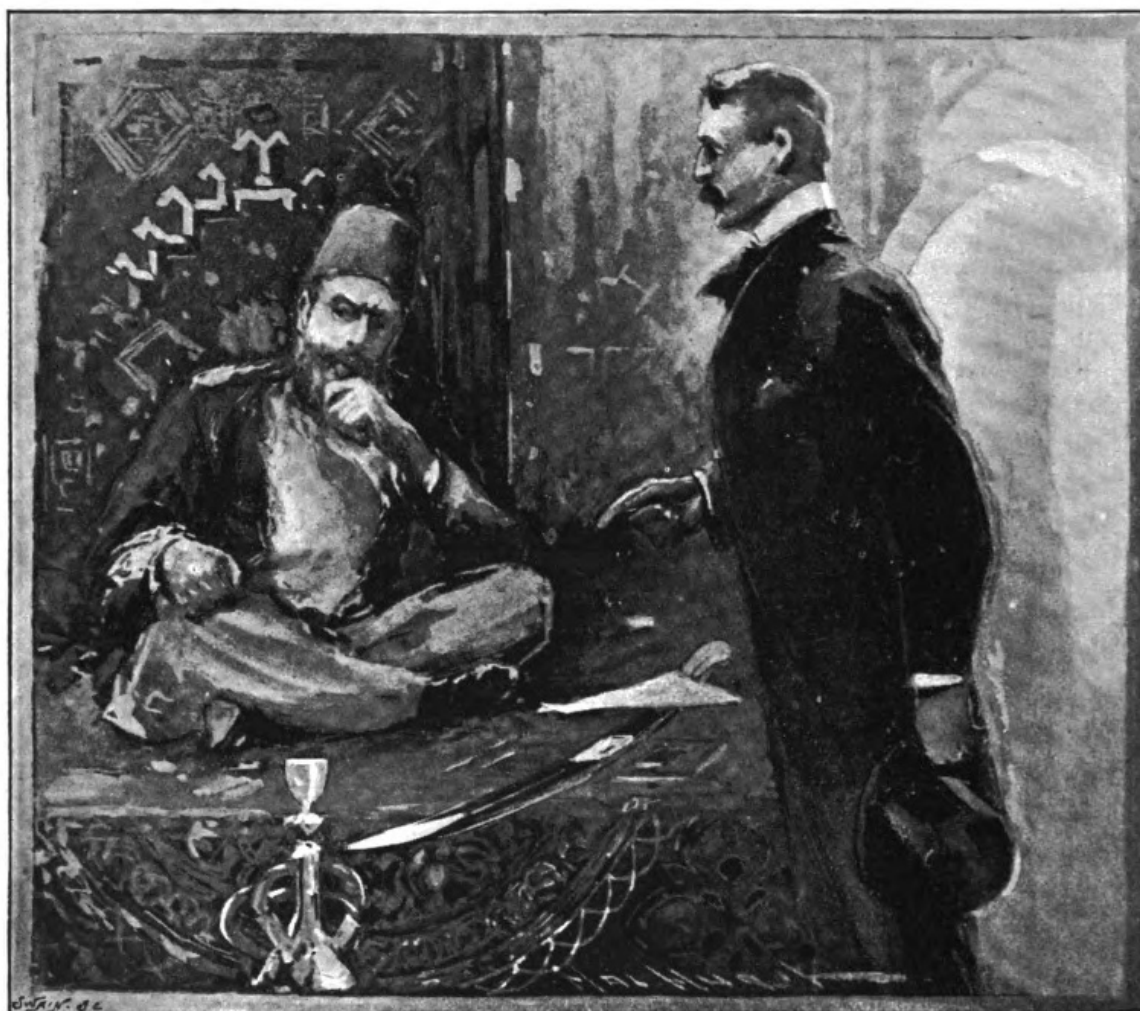
" 'Pasha,' I replied sternly, 'this is not the tone to adopt towards one who approaches you as a friend. Had I wished to do you injury I should have blurted out my discovery in the presence of the gentlemen who have just left; they would have verified the fact for themselves, and the scandal would have

looking at me all the while as if to ascertain how much I really knew or suspected. When I had finished he observed:

" 'But suppose I tell you that I am in reality as ignorant as yourself of the cause of this strange mutilation?'

"I returned a sarcastic smile.

" 'I should answer that I myself am not altogether ignorant on the point, as



"Can you explain to me how he came to lose his left foot?"

become public property. As it is, provided that you take me fully into your confidence, I may be able to propose a bargain to you. I will engage to keep the affair a secret from every living soul, merely asking in return that you will use your influence on behalf of French interests in the questions which are now under discussion between the Powers.'

"He heard me out with great attention,

you will perhaps believe when I show to you this object, which I discovered under circumstances you will hardly ask me to explain.'

"And I produced the slipper, which I had brought with me from the Embassy.

" 'When I found this slipper,' I added, 'it contained a human foot.'

" 'A foot!' he ejaculated.

" 'And this foot,' I continued with a stern

glance, 'was rendered remarkable by a certain deformity——'

" 'Ah!'

"He sprang to his feet and clutched at his beard, while he paced the room with irregular strides. I watched him keenly. Presently he turned to me with a searching gaze.

" 'Feringhee, can I trust you?' he demanded firmly. 'If I tell you everything, what security do you offer me for my life?'

" 'The honour of a Frenchman!' I replied with a superb gesture.

" 'It is enough!'

"And with those words he sank down upon a couch, exhausted by his agitation. Finally he recovered himself sufficiently to relate the circumstances."

At this point the Ambassador drained the remaining drops of his cognac, and remarked:

"It is dull sitting here. What do you say, my friend, shall we walk along the Boulevard?"

"Not at all," I answered with firmness. "I do not find it in the least dull; on the contrary. Do not let us speak about moving until you have concluded your story."

His Excellency shrugged his shoulders with well-acted regret at my decision.

"Very well. It is sufficient if I do not bore you," he observed with resignation. "But I am afraid that you find my reminiscences more tedious than you are willing to confess."

I merely shook my head by way of answer, and he presently resumed:

"Mehemed Rushdi gave me the story, as nearly as I can recollect it, in these words:

" 'You cannot be ignorant of the intense feeling which prevailed against Abdul Aziz in this capital, a feeling which is sufficiently shown in the demeanour of the mob since his death has been announced. But like most foreigners you have perhaps attributed this feeling to political motives. The truth of the matter is, however, different.

" 'During the last year of his reign, the Sultan was guilty of outraging his subjects in the Mussulman's most sacred feelings. He had acquired the custom of going out from his palace at night, dressed in some mean disguise, and wandering through the streets

in search of adventures. In so far he may have proposed to himself the model of the Caliph of Baghdad, but unlike Haroun the Just, his adventures were all of a certain kind.

" 'Although this was known to me, and I had frequently tendered to him my respectful warnings on the subject, I had, nevertheless, done my best to repress the seditions which his conduct continually provoked. My colleagues in the Ministry will bear witness that I have on all occasions stood between Abdul Aziz and the consequences of his folly. Had I listened to the solicitations which were addressed to me, he would have been long ago dethroned. But I was loyal to my master, and up to last night I had believed that he was not ungrateful.

" 'A month or two ago I made an addition to my harem in the person of a Georgian lady, of distinguished birth and brilliant accomplishments, and who was, besides, strikingly beautiful. Knowing the disposition of the Sultan, I had imported her with the greatest precautions, through a merchant who is devoted to me. She was brought up the Golden Horn in a covered galley, and carried to my residence in a closely curtained litter. I carefully refrained from boasting of my acquisition to my friends, and warned Dekapoulous (the merchant) to be equally silent.

" 'Having handed over my treasure to the care of my head eunuch, who possessed my entire confidence, I imagined myself secure. For some weeks, indeed, all went well. The Georgian was submissive and affectionate, and my wives were not unduly jealous of my new purchase.

" 'But at the end of this time I began to perceive a change in Zara's manner. She became exacting and haughty, and had frequent fits of temper, in one of which she even uttered a threat to leave me. These words caused me the most profound alarm. I suspected that she had been approached from outside, and racked my brain to discover the manner in which I had been betrayed.

" 'You know how things are when one is no longer able to depend on one's eunuchs. They are all in a league together, and it requires torture to arrive at the truth. I am naturally humane, and rather than resort to

those cruel measures which are usual in such cases, I resolved to employ strategy. I affected to have become tired of the Georgian's society, and even dropped a hint that I thought of bestowing her on a friend. At the same time I loaded the chief eunuch with favours, and pretended to let him into my inmost thoughts.

"Meanwhile, I was engaged in secretly collecting through various sources a body of fresh slaves, who could have had no communication with the old ones, and on whom, therefore, I felt I might rely. As soon as I had obtained the number I thought sufficient, I armed them, and introduced them secretly into the garden at night. There I posted them behind some shrubs, with instructions to watch for the entrance of any stranger, and if any such appeared, to instantly seize him and detain him till I arrived.

"These arrangements completed, I gave out to my regular household that I was going to sup with a friend, and should not return for some hours. I took my departure, spent an hour away, and then returned by way of the garden.

"As I approached the postern I heard loud cries, and a group of men came rushing away down the road. I noticed that they were supporting one in the centre, who was closely wrapped up, and who appeared to be unable to walk by himself. I also observed that the gate from which they were hastening was standing an inch or two ajar. The next moment it was flung wide open, and my men streamed out in pursuit of the fugitives.

"A secret intuition warned me to restrain them, and to let that veiled figure go in safety. Filled with vague forebodings, I led the way inside, and as soon as the door was closed and locked, I made them tell me what had taken place.

"It appears that immediately after my own departure the head eunuch, on whom I had so blindly relied, had gone out by the postern gate alone. At the end of an hour he returned, letting himself in with the key with which he was intrusted. Behind him entered a muffled-up stranger, who paused to give some directions to a body of men outside.

"Hardly was he well within the door when

the slaves whom I had posted, carried away by their zeal, rushed forward to take him. He turned to flee, and would have escaped entirely had not some one in the confusion pushed the door to in time to catch him by the left foot.

"His friends outside began frantically attacking the door to release him, and then it was that one of the slaves, fearing that the intruder would get clear away, gave a sudden blow with his sword, and cut clean through the ankle with one stroke. Thereupon the wounded man had been dragged off in the manner I had witnessed.

"In proof of their story the men held up the still bleeding foot. Impelled by the dread which had taken possession of me, I drew off the slipper. You who have seen that horrid sight, know what it was that made me shudder as I looked!

"Years ago, I had heard of a dark tradition in the Palace that the foot of the Sultan was not like a natural foot, that there was some revolting blemish hereditary in the House of Osman, which had to be concealed from all eyes. The moment I had looked upon this foot, I realised my dreadful situation. That Abdul Aziz had been mutilated by my household was little; but I had stumbled upon the knowledge of one of those Palace secrets which even the mothers of sultans hardly dare whisper to each other; at the bare hint of which eunuchs stop their ears and turn pale, to be suspected of knowing which means death.

"There was only one alternative. It was the Sultan's life or mine. I departed instantly to the Palace, and sought a secret audience of the mother of Prince Murad.

"We arranged the matter swiftly. Every moment was heavy with peril. Fortunately, everything was ripe for this revolution, which I had too long delayed, and you are no doubt already acquainted with the steps by which it was carried out. As soon as Prince Murad had been proclaimed, and the oaths of allegiance had been taken, I summoned the officer of the guard and a dozen picked soldiers, and, under their escort, accompanied by the Sultana, I forced a way through the terrified eunuchs into the presence of Abdul Aziz. He had just set his seal to a paper as

we entered. I snatched it up, and read. It was my death-warrant.'

"The Vizier trembled as he came to this point. It was an experience to unnerve even a brave man.

"I then informed Abdul Aziz that he had ceased to reign. He received the news in perfect stupor. I pointed to the soldiers and invited him to escape the degradation of death at their hands. He understood the situation, and cowered down on his couch, shrinking from us in a peculiar and dreadful way. Then the Sultana spoke to him.

"She had long intrigued for his downfall, and knew that her son would not be safe while Abdul Aziz lived. She urged him to preserve his honour.

"Still he hesitated, and finally muttered something about not having a weapon. Instantly the Sultana snatched a sharp pair of scissors from her waist, and thrust them into his unwilling hands. Still he hung back. It was becoming shocking.

"Finally I was compelled to order one of the soldiers to advance with his sword drawn. Then at last, with a sob, the Sultan thrust the steel points into his arm at the place you saw — and the soldier was allowed to finish the work.'

"This was the Vizier's account. In a country like Turkey such things are done every day. Nevertheless the affair impressed me unpleasantly. I parted from Mehemed Rushdi with perfect courtesy, but I did not take his hand.

"However, as I have said, I was able, in consequence of the secret which I possessed, to



exert a powerful influence over the course of events, and on the occasion of my meeting Lord Beaconsfield at the conclusion of the Berlin Treaty, he even went so far as to say to me:

“‘If it had not been for you, Baron, the Russians would not have had Batoum.’”

I regarded the Ambassador in silence for a few minutes. Then I observed:

“I suppose you yourself do not entertain any doubt as to the truth of the Grand Vizier's account?”

His Excellency drew himself up, and looked at me with a pained expression.

“But, what is this! Surely you do not suppose that such a man would attempt to impose on me at a time when his life was in my hands? Without doubt, the story told to me by Mehemed Rushdi was true in every particular.”

And he rose from his seat with some abruptness, and led the way out on to the crowded Boulevard.

“Ah, my friend, it is this atmosphere of Paris which is fatal to romance. By the way, did I tell you that I afterwards saw that admirable Georgian? She was, indeed, all that the Vizier painted her.”



“‘I had to order one of the soldiers to advance with his sword drawn.’”



Illustrated by CHAS. MAY.

THE QUEST OF THE KEYHOLE—BEHIND THE SCENES—A CHRISTMAS CARD CLEARING HOUSE—IMPROVING GOLF—MAGAZINE MORALITY—INVOLUNTARY PLAGIARISM.



LIVING in a flat has certain advantages. For example, there are flats in which the use of the piano is strictly forbidden by the terms of the lease. But, on the other hand, the flat has its peculiar disadvantages. I lived for some years in a Parisian flat. It was on the third floor, and the concierge had a pleasing way of turning off the gas in the halls and on the stairways at precisely half-past eleven every night.

Now there were times when I was unable to return home until after half-past eleven. It was sufficiently easy to grope my way up to my front door, but then I was confronted with the task of finding the keyhole. It was not a wandering keyhole, such as a young man occasionally meets after undue indulgence in salad. It always remained in the same locality, but it was a small keyhole, and the difficulty of finding it in the dark was extremely exasperating.

You will ask why I did not strike a match. So I did, when I happened to have one, but it frequently happened that my match-box was empty, or was in some discarded coat pocket, just

when a match might have helped me in my quest for the keyhole.

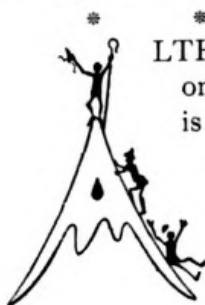
One day I mentioned the matter to a retired sea captain, who happened to be in Paris, and he at once showed me how it would be possible for me to find my keyhole on the darkest night.

Said he: "All you want to do is to take an observation with your umbrella, and fix the position of that keyhole. After that you can always find it, no matter where you have been dining. Just you take your umbrella while it is daylight, and measure the height of the keyhole from the floor. Say you make it one umbrella length, and two finger lengths in addition. Then measure the distance of the keyhole from the opposite door jamb, making it, say, one umbrella length, lacking an inch. This will give you the latitude and longitude, so to speak, of that keyhole, and with the help of the umbrella you can always find it even if you are stone blind, and the night is foggy as well as regularly dark."



The captain assured me that he had tried this system for years, and had never known it

to fail but once, and that was due to the fact that he had accidentally returned home with the wrong umbrella. I followed his advice, and never afterwards had the slightest difficulty in finding my keyhole. I mention the matter, partly in the interests of such of my fellow men as live in flats, and partly because it shows that the usefulness of the science of navigation is not limited to marine affairs.



* * * * *
ALTHOUGH Switzerland closes on the thirty-first of October, it is not a very difficult matter to obtain admission behind the scenes at any time during the winter, and the experience is rather an interesting one.

The employés are busily engaged in renovating the place with a view to the Spring season. The glaciers are carefully sand-papered; the snow mountains are scraped, and fresh snow is strewn where it has been worn away by summer patrons. In every back garden edelweiss is growing under glass, which uninteresting vegetable will be sold next season with the legend that it grows only above the snow line, and can be gathered only with the greatest risk. In the chamois nurseries the animals are being fattened and trained to skip from rock to rock, and in the villages the Protestant pastors are rehearsing with their flocks the sermons that they will preach next summer in picturesque places to crowds of devoutly kneeling supernumeraries.



The lake steamers are being strengthened with fresh paint, and their boilers are being repaired with bits of tin. In the public schools children are practising the art of jödling, and the classes in hotel

keeping are learning how to draw up those ingenious bills that are the wonder and the despair of tourists.

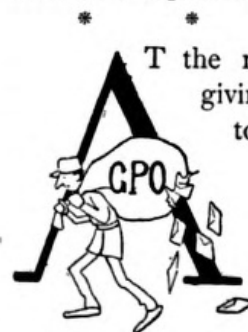
There is no doubt that the management of Switzerland is enterprising and liberal, but there are one or two matters to which it does not pay attention.

First, there is the great danger that the place will be set on fire by the thunderstorms which are so frequent a feature of the summer performances. As everyone knows, most of the Swiss scenery, including every hotel and chalet, is made of wood which is exceedingly dry, and is more-over oiled and varnished. These wooden erections are frequently set on fire by the careless use of lightning, and some day a more than usually extensive fire will cause a panic, and a serious loss of life. Either the Swiss scenery should be made of some incombustible material, or some artificial form of lightning should be used which would be safer than the customary Swiss lightning.



Another objectionable feature is the poor quality of the Swiss honey, which is served out to patrons between the acts. This article is made at half a dozen different factories, and varies in quality from rather bad to infamously nasty. Now there is an article resembling the best of the Swiss honey which is made by small insects called bees. This substitute for Swiss honey is used extensively in Italy and in some parts of Germany, and if it were introduced into Switzerland the patrons of that establishment would find it vastly preferable to the Swiss article.

These suggestions are made in a friendly spirit, for I like Switzerland, and regard it as superior in some respects to either the Empire or the Alhambra. Still it is capable of improvement, and the managers would find it to their advantage to make the place as attractive as possible.



* * * * *
T the risk of being accused of giving a free advertisement to the newly organised Christmas Card Clearing House, I wish to congratulate the public on the admirable solution of the Christmas card problem which the new company offers. Every year each of us has to send out hundreds of Christmas

cards, and of the hundreds which we receive, at least eighty per cent. are defaced with ink or pencil inscriptions, and are thus made worthless so far as further circulation is concerned.

Now the Christmas Card Clearing House proposes to enable every man to pay, not for every card that he sends out, but only for the balance that may be found against him. The proposed method of operation is this.



MADE A LITTLE
FORTUNE OUT OF
MY XMAS CARDS

I'M OUT
OF POCKET

Instead of sending out cards you send out cheques, or orders, on the clearing house, each one of which is good for a Christmas card of the value of one shilling.

You send, say, a hundred of these orders to a hundred different persons, ninety-five of whom send you similar orders. Neither the senders nor the receivers actually cash these orders, for there probably does not exist a man or woman who really hankers after a Christmas card. Each person, after the Christmas season is over, sends the orders that he has on hand to the Clearing House, where a balance is struck between the orders which he has sent out and those which he has received, and he is credited or charged with the difference.

In the case supposed, you, having sent out a hundred orders, and received ninety-five, would be charged by the Clearing House with five orders, the value of which you would pay to the Clearing House in cash, and the net result would be that your entire outlay in Christmas cards would be only five shillings.

If, on the other hand, you had sent out ninety-five orders and received a hundred, the Clearing House would pay you five shillings, and you would actually make a profit out of the Christmas card business. I believe that the Clearing House is to charge a small commission for its trouble, but I do not know precisely how much it will be.

Of course the same system will be applicable to New Year's and Easter cards, and there is little doubt that it will prove to be a brilliant success, and an inestimable blessing to us all.



CANNOT quite understand the popularity of golf as it is now played, for it is certainly a game which greatly needs to be altered and improved. When two persons play golf under the existing rules, each one has a ball, which he drives with a club into the nearest clump of bushes. He then, with the help of a caddie, searches for it, and if he cannot find it in five minutes he takes a fresh ball, and his opponent scores one. This is the whole of the game, and the man who loses the fewest balls, is of course the winner. I ought to say that I do not play golf, for the reason that I am a little hard of hearing in one ear, and therefore cannot handle a club. Still I have carefully watched the game as played on Tooting Bec Common, and understand it thoroughly.

Now it seems to me that it would be very easy to improve golf, so as to render it much more interesting and exciting than it now is. For example, suppose that the object of the player should be, not to lose his ball in the bushes, but to hit the fore caddie with it. This would cultivate accuracy of aim, for it is much more difficult to hit an agile caddie than to hit a large and stationary clump of bushes, and it would, moreover, add an element of excitement to the game which it now lacks.



Every time the caddie is hit should count one for the hitter, and extra hazards, such as nursemaids and casual old gentlemen, might also be added to the game. To hit a nursemaid would not be very difficult on such a links as that of Tooting Bec Common, and it might count the same as hitting the caddie, but old gentlemen are apt to be irascible, and in view of the objections which they might make to being hit, it would be only fair to consider the hitting of one old gentleman as equivalent to hitting two caddies or two nursemaids.

Of course I do not pretend to judge of the precise degree of pleasure which players get from the present game, but I am sure that

the improved game would be much more popular. After all there is a sameness in perpetually knocking balls into bushes, and losing them. I am confident that I should never grow to like the present game, no matter how often I might play it.



* * * * *

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union is not merely a total abstinence society, but it is an organisation for the reformation of everything. The American branch of this well-meaning society adopted a resolution at its last convention, calling upon the editors of all magazines to refrain from publishing stories in which men were depicted in the act of drinking wine or smoking tobacco; or any pictures of women clad in insufficient clothing.

As the W. C. T. U. numbers its members by thousands, here is a manifest opening for a new magazine to be conducted strictly upon W.C.T.U. lines. All portraits of real or imaginary women published in such a magazine would be provided with long waterproof cloaks, and with heavy veils, and in case the editor should see fit to publish photographs of celebrated statues, he would cover his Venus or his Diana with drapery that would conceal her from intemperate gaze, except as to her face and hands.

There is room for doubt, however, in regard to the wisdom of avoiding all mention of wine and cigars. Of course the hero and the heroine of all stories appearing in the reformed magazine would have been pledged to total abstinence from wine and tobacco from their earliest years: but would it not be well to impress upon the reader the fact that the wickedness of the villain was the inevitable result of drinking wine and smoking tobacco?



Surely it would be judicious, as well as realistic, to show the villain nerving himself to the commission of murder by smoking a cigarette, or preparing himself for burglary

by drinking a small glass of claret. The awful example has always been one of the most effective weapons of the total abstinence crusader, and it is difficult to see why the cause of temperance should be promoted by the exhibition of a champion drunkard on the platform if the same cause is injured by the introduction of a drinking and smoking villain in a magazine story.

However, I know that I have no right to have an opinion on these questions, for my judgment is clouded by the smoke of my morning cigarette, and my knowledge of the evils of tobacco and claret cannot for a moment be compared with the knowledge which comes to a reforming woman, who has never in her whole life touched either of those deadly poisons. Still, I am sure that I am right in thinking that there is a promising field for a Woman's Christian Union Temperance magazine, with fully dressed pictures, and no mention of wine or tobacco, except as the daily food of criminals and the real cause of their criminality.



* * * * *

IAM convinced that by far the greater number of plagiarists are innocent of any deliberate offence. Involuntary plagiarism is much more common than unthinking people suspect. I know this from my own experience. Years ago, when Mr. Bret Harte was conducting the *Overland Monthly*, I sent him some verses which I thought, and still think, were rather good. He returned them with a kind note, in which he said, among other things, that he feared the public would trace too close a resemblance between my verses, and a certain poem by "Owen Meredith."

I could cheerfully have sworn that I had never read the poem in question, for I had never cared for Owen Meredith, but it finally occurred to me that I had once looked at a volume of Owen Meredith's poems while sitting in a newspaper office. I hunted up the volume, and there I found some verses so closely resembling my own that no man could have failed to perceive the likeness. Of course, the wording of the two poems—

if I may be allowed to call my own verses a poem—differed, but the idea, and the treatment, were identical in both cases.

The explanation was simply this. I had read Meredith's poem, and the subject had struck me as being dramatic and interesting. Long afterwards, when I had totally forgotten that I had ever read it, the poem recurred dimly to my memory, and I thought that the idea of it was my own. Nevertheless, my poem was a slavish plagiarism, and had it been published, I should at once have been called a plagiarist.

Once again I committed plagiarism. While I was a leader writer on the New York *Hustler*, some incident—I forget what it was—occurred, and I wrote an article about it, to which I gave what I thought was a happy, though rather fantastic title. Afterwards, I left the *Hustler*, and went on the staff of a rival paper, the *Daily Screecher*.

In the course of time the same incident, concerning which I had written while on the *Hustler*, recurred, and again I wrote on it, and gave to the article a title which I fancied

had never been used before. I was at that time in the habit of preserving my newspaper articles in scrap books. It is a plan which I can recommend to any writer who is addicted to fits of depression. In such states of mind I had only to take down a scrap book,

the contents of which I had written, say four years previously, and to read one or two articles, and my depression would vanish, for I would say to myself: "It is

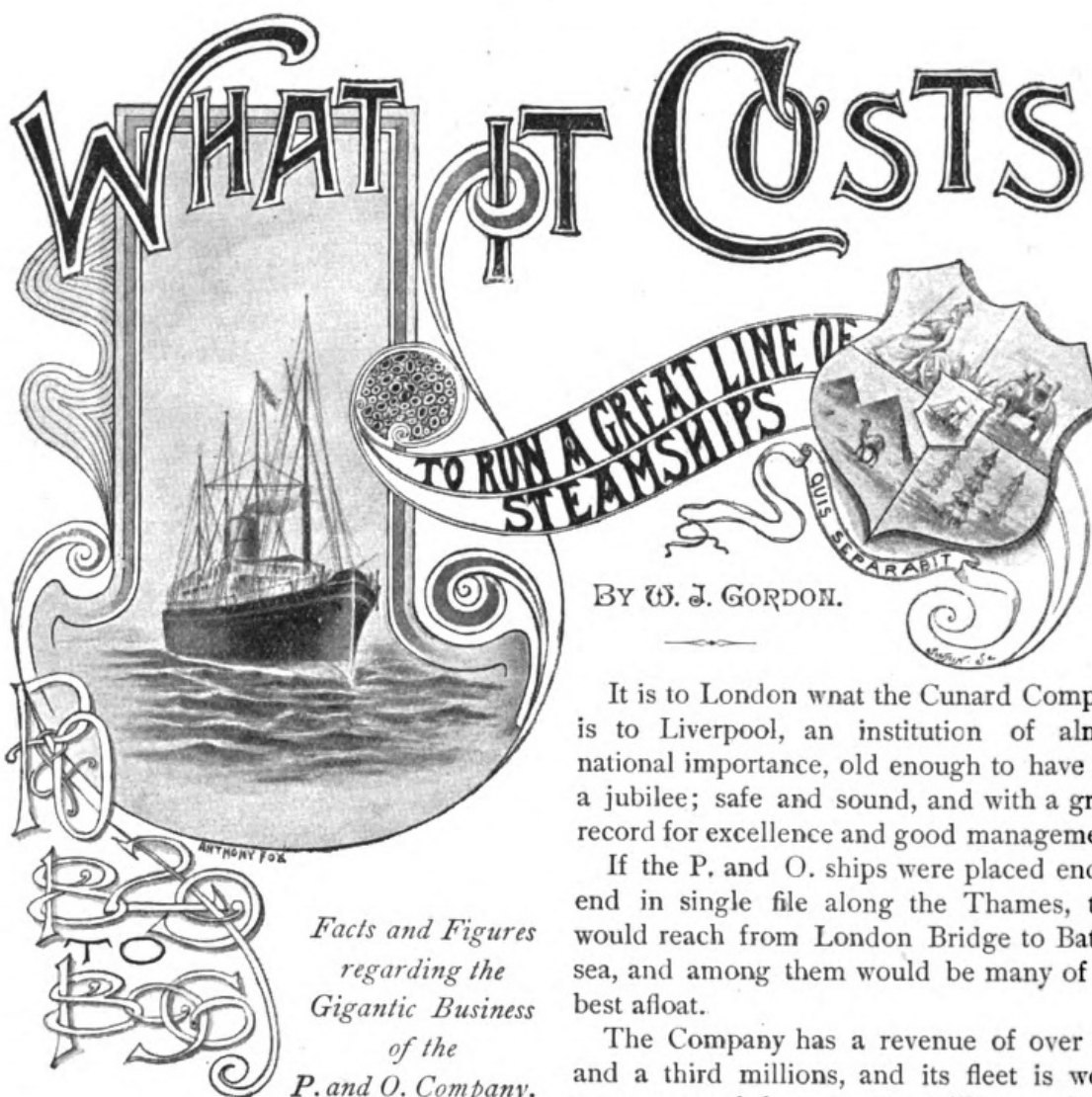
absolutely impossible for you to write worse rubbish than you wrote four years ago, so you see, that if your mind is failing, your work will not suffer."

I had taken up a scrap book for this medicinal purpose, and had happened to find the article written for the *Hustler*. To my horror it resembled the article in the *Screecher* so closely that the two were essentially the same. The two titles, which on each occasion I had imagined to be quaint and original, were identical, and there were several sentences in each article which were almost word for word the same.

When I wrote the second of the two articles I had absolutely forgotten that I had ever written the first. The same incident had occurred twice, and had twice started in my brain the same train of thought, but the average reader would not have credited such an explanation for a moment, and would have been sure that I was a plagiarist so impudent that I had not even taken the trouble to change the title of the article which I had stolen from the *Hustler*.

These two experiences have made me very slow to believe a man guilty of plagiarism, even when the evidence of the deadly parallel column seems to place his guilt beyond the reach of doubt. If, as some philosophers assert, the memory is indelible, it is easy to see how we may mistake a remembered idea for one of our own. Every now and then it is apparently demonstrated that some writer of previously good reputation has committed plagiarism in circumstances where detection was almost certain to follow, and where there was no sufficient motive for the commission of the offence, even if the man were capable of wilful plagiarism. The probability in all such cases is that the plagiarism was involuntary and wholly innocent,





*Facts and Figures
regarding the
Gigantic Business
of the
P. and O. Company.*

GREAT BRITAIN owns thirteen millions out of the twenty-four and a half million tons that the merchant vessels of the world measure up to. Of the 30,000 ships afloat she has 11,660, so that her ships are not only far more numerous than those of any other nation, but of larger average size. There are only 138 of these 30,000 vessels that can steam at 17 knots and more an hour, and Great Britain owns ninety of them, France having fifteen, Germany fourteen, Holland and Belgium seven each, and the United States five.

Forty-three of these ocean expresses do their 19 knots, thirty-six do from 18 to 18½, and twenty-eight do 17½, one of the few companies represented in each group being the Peninsular and Oriental.

The P. and O. is the oldest, largest, and best known shipping company in the world.

It is to London what the Cunard Company is to Liverpool, an institution of almost national importance, old enough to have had a jubilee; safe and sound, and with a grand record for excellence and good management.

If the P. and O. ships were placed end to end in single file along the Thames, they would reach from London Bridge to Battersea, and among them would be many of the best afloat.

The Company has a revenue of over two and a third millions, and its fleet is worth some two and three-quarter millions. It has fifty-six large steamships and twenty-four steam tugs and steam launches; its total register tonnage is 266,000, and its total horse-power 255,000. It is as old as the Queen's reign, and during its existence it has owned nearly half-a-million tons of shipping, representing close on seven millions of money.

Its largest vessel is the *Caledonia*, of 7,558 tons and 11,000 horse-power; its smallest is the little 8-ton launch at Aden, named the *William Fawcett* after the ship with which the company began business fifty-eight years ago.

Through the long period of development the ships have been so kept up to their work that the line has been as noted for its punctuality as now, when out of a series of five hundred voyages it has only been seven times late—a record all the more noteworthy

when it is remembered that the Company's ships travel 2,600,000 miles a year.

To run these ships, the wages bill alone, for all grades, amounts to £332,000 a year. The officers and crews number rather over 12,000, and the passengers average 5,000 a month. For these 72,000 people afloat for various periods of the year, the provision account amounts to £261,000, and if we add to it the wages of the catering staff, we can put down the hotel department as costing annually in round figures £300,000.

The victualling of a passenger ship is a much easier affair now than it was before the introduction of cold air machines. They, at least, solved much of the meat difficulty, and the increase of speed has also facilitated matters by making the intervals shorter between port and port, when the stoppages are taken advantage of to replenish the larders. But passengers on large ships appear to have increasingly large appetites, eating in comfort being by no means an unpleasant pastime where there is so little else to do.

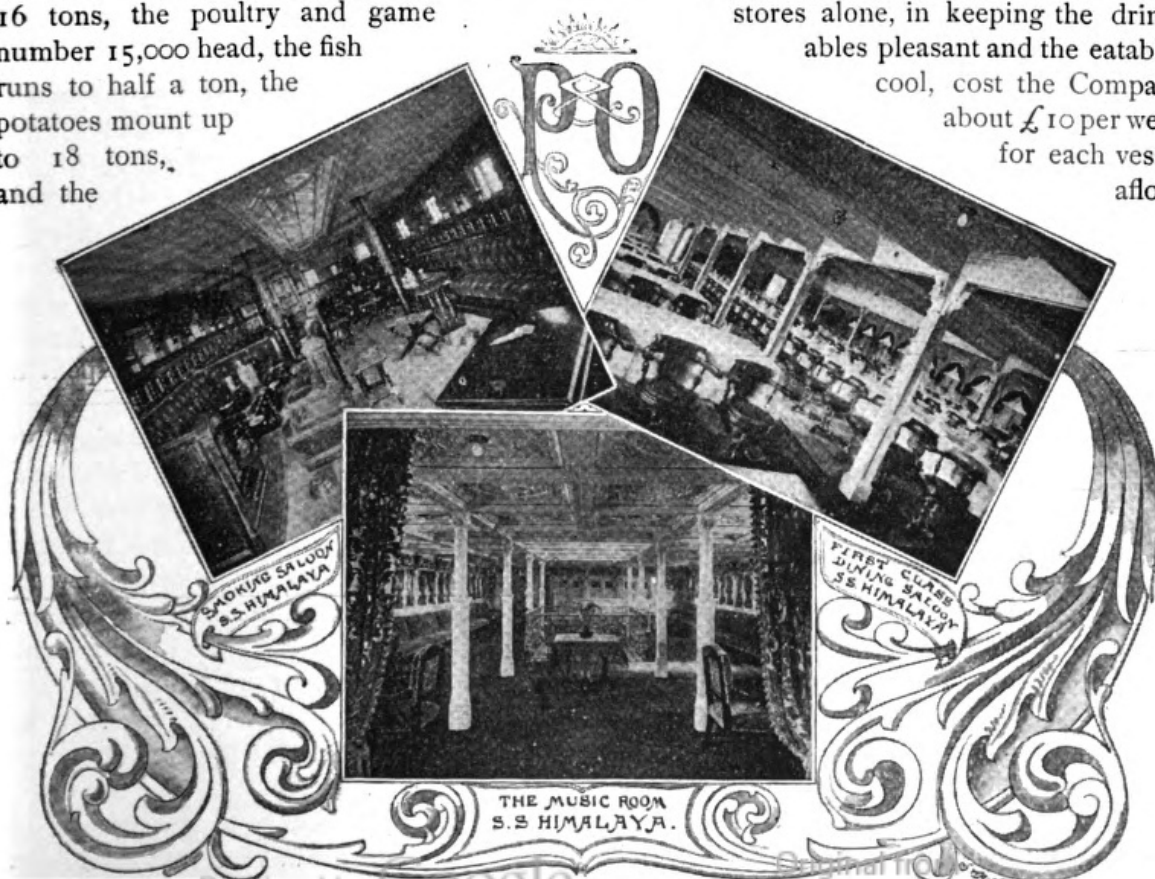
The meat consumed on a P. and O. boat during an average voyage amounts to 16 tons, the poultry and game number 15,000 head, the fish runs to half a ton, the potatoes mount up to 18 tons, and the

vegetables and fruit to close on a thousand pads and baskets.

The bread is made every morning, the earliest of the kitchen brigade to get about on shipboard being the bakers, the stewards appearing next with the early tea and coffee, that admirable device for keeping the passengers quiet until the decks are washed.

The tea consumed amounts to 1,000lbs., the coffee to 500lbs., the cocoa does not bulk very largely; with these hot drinks we may fittingly group the 3,500lbs. of white sugar, and 4,500lbs. of moist. The butter used is about 3,000lbs., the cheese half as much, the jam and marmalade total up to a ton of each.

Add to this 200 hams, 1,400lbs. of bacon, 50,000 eggs, and a thousand pounds' worth of condiments and preserves and other odds and ends, and we have a good idea of what it costs to provision a long-distance ocean liner, without including the share of the 780,000 bottles of wines and spirits and beer, and half-a-million bottles of aerated waters, consumed annually in the fleet, and for which the passengers have to pay as extras. The ice stores alone, in keeping the drinkables pleasant and the eatables cool, cost the Company about £10 per week for each vessel afloat.



The plant used in the passenger department of one of these big vessels is worth some £10,000, of which a quarter goes in bedding, the silver plate, large and small, being worth about £1,200, the linen nearly £4,000.

The breakages and damages are enormous, particularly on the winter passages. The breakage bill for glass and crockery on a voyage will include as many as forty dozen plates, fourteen dozen cups, and twenty-four dozen saucers, sixty dozen tumblers, and ten dozen wine-glasses; and the amount of bed-linen, table-linen, glass-cloths, towels, and so on, that have to be washed and put right, and the kitchen utensils that have to be repaired and renewed, are enough to turn a householder's hair grey.

Every time a vessel comes home she has to have her plant-list completed, and frequently she has to be touched up here and there, in addition to the general overhauling to which she is subjected by law at the annual Board of Trade inspection.

A more serious item of expenditure than the victualling is the coal bill, which last year amounted to £520,000.

On the Atlantic road the big boats use 300 tons of coal a day, so that it takes 200 railway truck-loads for the round trip, and these 300 tons have to evaporate 650,000 gallons of water every day, while to condense this again another 90,000 are pumped along the twenty miles of tubes.

The P. and O. ships have no such power as this; it would, indeed, be wasted in their trade. It has one boat of 11,000 horsepower, two of 10,000, four of 7,000, the rest ranging down to 3,000; and their coal consumption is, consequently, comparatively small, but any of the first half-dozen will use up four tons an hour.

Some of the large boats start with 1,700 tons in their bunkers, and this is replenished at the bye ports on the road.

One of the vessels of the fleet, the *Mazagon*, is entirely used as a collier taking Welsh steam from Cardiff, down the Mediterranean, the Far Eastern service being worked with Japanese coal, and the Australian with the much better steam raiser from the New South Wales Newcastle.

Adding the wages and the provisioning and

the coal bills together, we have £1,152,000; but it costs more than that to keep the ships moving. There are the port and light dues, the pilotage fees, the cost of towage, and other expenses—the oil and water alone cost £30,000 a year—and these together bring up the amount to over £1,300,000, to which we may add the Suez Canal dues on ships and passengers, and arrive at the total navigating expenses of £1,549,000, or £176 15s. for every hour of the year.

A ship is supposed to last nine years, so that every year a quarter of a million has to be written off as depreciation on the fleet, and in addition to this the repairs and renewals amount to £243,600. With them we may group the £2,252 expenses on steamers laid up, and the amount spent on damages, claims on cargoes, and law charges, amounting to over £13,000. This brings our total up to over two millions, without including the cost of the necessarily expensive general administration at home and abroad.

The salaries and wages of the clerks and shore-gangs at all the stations at home and abroad amount to £95,800 a year; the rents and taxes, and fire insurance and repairs to premises amount to £17,000; the office expenses and travelling charges exceed £13,000; while the stationery and printing—and the printed forms in the shipping business are truly wonderful in their number and variety—cost rather more than £118 a week.

One half of the business regarding freights and fares is settled by telegram, and telegraphing half round the world, even by code, costs money; one can hardly be surprised, therefore, at £14,000 a year being spent in telegrams, telephones, and stamps.

Last year the company's advertising bill amounted to £13,225, which may not seem much considering the wide area over which the operations extend, but then much of this advertising consists merely in perfunctory announcements of the departures of its ships. The business, indeed, is to a certain extent above advertisement, all the company having to do being to show that it is alive, for its name is a household word wherever the Union Jack flies.

Its income last year was £2,287,500, of which more than half was received for freight.

Freights nowadays are to what they were twenty-five years ago much as a shilling is to a sovereign. Think, then, of the enormous quantity of goods that this one company carries when its freight account for a year exceeds a million and a quarter.

From these amounts, however, no less than £227,000 has to be deducted, owing chiefly to the descent of the rupee. One can hardly wonder at the P. and O. people being bimetallists when their loss on exchange is greater than the amount they distribute in dividends.

Their Government mail contracts bring in £358,000 a year, of which £262,000 comes from the Indian and China service, and £85,000 from the Australian; the Australian mails service, the contract for which they share equally with the Orient Company, is subject to a penalty of £100 for every twenty-four hours they are behind time; the India and China mails, of which they have the monopoly, being subject to the same amount for half the time.

These penalty clauses, as we have seen above, have rarely to be enforced, but then there are two sides to a mail contract, the Government wanting the greatest speed for the smallest price; the company offering the best speed it can for the price it believes to be obtainable and keeping well within the mark so as to be safe from penalty. Twenty years ago the Indian time was twenty-three days, the Chinese time forty-five and a half days, the Australian time forty-eight days. The times now are sixteen and a half, thirty-

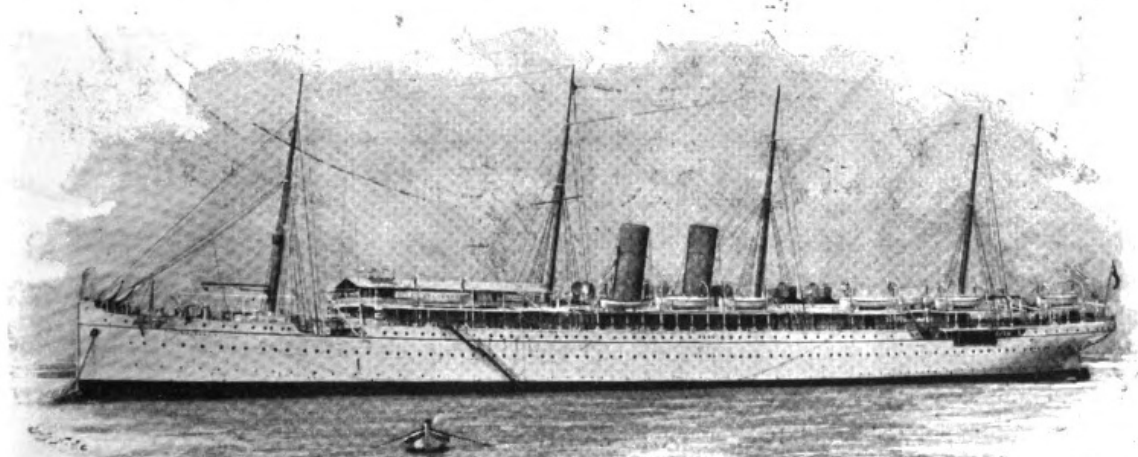
seven and a half, and thirty-five and a half respectively, and, as a matter of fact, the Indian mails have been brought right home in thirteen days, while the *Himalaya* has taken the Australian mail from Brindisi to Adelaide in twenty-four days two hours.

A year or so ago the outward bound mail bags, passing through Calais to Europe, Asia, and Australia, numbered over 103,000, and every year they increase.

So much has the P. and O. mail grown that it now goes by a train all to itself from Calais to Brindisi, while the overland passengers are sent on ahead in a specially built saloon train, restaurant and sleeping cars complete, that crosses the Continent to the north of Italy in a few minutes under a couple of days.

Adding together the passage money, the freights, the mail revenue, and sundries, we arrive at the total income of £2,400,000. The Company's assets are altogether about four millions, for, in addition to the value of the fleet, there are the coal stocks, which are worth £23,000, the stores that run to about £14,500, and the graving docks, wharves, workshops, and machinery, which are worth over a quarter of a million; and then there is close upon a million in cash and securities.

Truly a large business, much at the mercy of the wind and waves, and even more fickle conditions in many lands and on many seas! And for its management the directors share £4,000 amongst them, which seems reasonable enough, considering that it is only 3s. 4d. per cent. on the annual revenue.





PART III.

"O, BOARD!" the GENTLE PUBLIC cried; "O worthiest and best,
Exclusively devoted to the public interest:
Arise in all your majesty—arise and make a fuss,
And massacre the COMPANY who puts upon me thus."

"Hi! Wickedness and Treachery! You're helping *him* instead!
He's jeering me, and kicking me, and sitting on my head!"
"/ helping him?" replied the BOARD; "I solemnly protest
My absolute devotion to the public interest!"

"It horrifies me dreadfully; it gives me mortal pain
To hear he turns your pockets out and takes your watch and chain.
I cannot bear to think of it; it makes me very sad—
Eh? No—I *can't perceive it all: my sight is very bad.*"

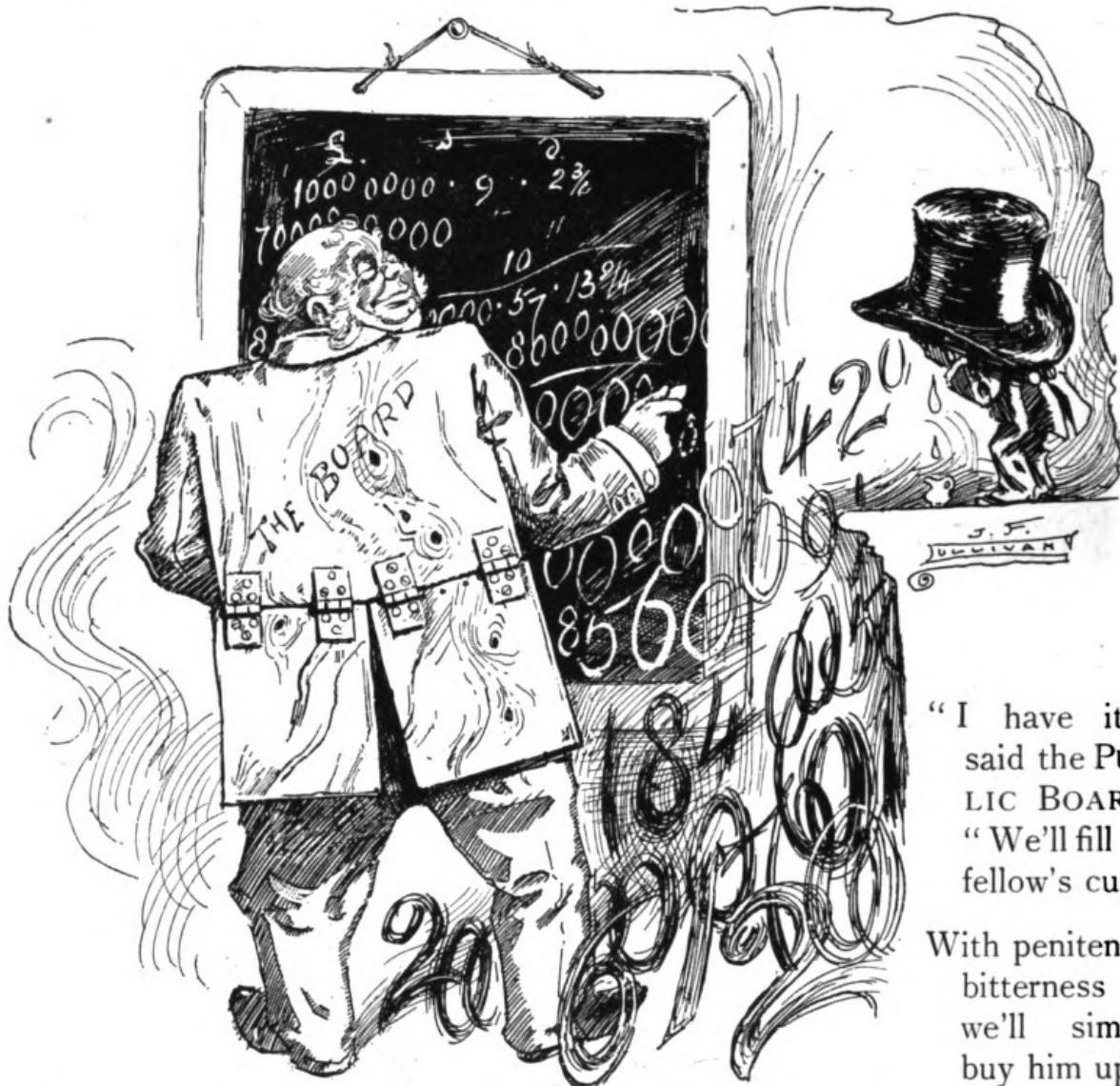
His vision was so very bad he couldn't even see
A-trampling on the PUBLIC'S chest the GREAT MONOPOLEE:
Though this, from microscopic size, had grown so very vast
That London was enveloped by the shadow that it cast.

* * * * *

"I have it!" said the PUBLIC BOARD. "You only have to trace
The ins and outs of all his tricks, and then prepare a case:
Discover how his rating's done; and how he lays his mains;
And all about his charters, and his charges, and his gains."

"I thought," the simple PUBLIC said, "(I having put you there
To represent my interests) that this was *your* affair:
I'd fancied you'd prepare the case, and compass his defeat?"
"O, did you?" said the PUBLIC BOARD. "A very quaint conceit!"





"I have it!"
said the PUB-
LIC BOARD;
"We'll fill the
fellow's cup

With penitential
bitterness —
we'll simply
buy him up.

You trust your own devoted BOARD to settle on the price :
It's possible a hundred thousand millions will suffice."

They reckoned up the profits of the COMPANY; and then
They added twice the capital, and multiplied by ten :
And figured out the square of it; and added to the sum
The possible increment for a century to come ;

They multiplied the area the COMPANY supplied
By all the land from John o' Groats to Scilly's further side ;
And, throwing in the Colonies, they very quickly got
The estimated equitable rental of the lot.

By adding up the two results, and throwing in a grant
Of fifty-seven millions for depreciated plant,
And multiplying finally by ten and thirty-three,
They found the sum for buying up the WATER COMPANEE.

Indignantly the COMPANY pronounced it very rough,
 Declaring it was robbery and wasn't half enough :
 And then the BOARD agreed to add another million pounds ;
 " But not another sou," it said, " on purely public grounds."



The PUBLIC paid the little sum : then, waterless, in grief
 Proceeded to exist upon parochial relief :
 And, chatting very pleasantly, the COMPANY and BOARD
 Proceeded on their joyful way, with each a little hoard.

But soon returned the faithful BOARD, observing, "you may bet, He's sure to get some further cash: I won't desert him yet" . . .
"I'll fill your little jug myself," he said, "you merely spring
A hundred thousand million more—I'll engineer the thing."



The PUBLIC yelled a frightful yell, and jumped upon his feet;
And screamed a lot of dreadful words we never could repeat,
And said: "I'll never touch a drop of water from to-day:
I'm seized with hydrophobia! You'd better keep away!"

(To be concluded in next number.)



It was about a month after my marriage, and, third clerk to the most noble the Bishop of Beauvais, and even admitted on occasions to write in his presence and prepare his minutes, who should marry if I might not? It was about a month after my marriage, I say, Monsieur, that the thunderbolt, to which I have referred, fell and shattered my fortunes. I rose one morning—they were firing guns for the victory of Rocroy I remember, so that it must have been eight weeks or more after the death of the late king, and the glorious rising of the sun of France—and who so happy as I. A summer morning, Monsieur, and bright, and I had all I wished. The river as it sparkled and rippled against the piers of the Pont Neuf far below, the wet roofs that twinkled under our garret window, were not more brilliant than my lord's fortunes, and as is the squirrel so is the tail.

Of a certainty, I was happy that morning. I thought of the little hut under the pinewood at Gabas, and my father cobbling by the unglazed window, his nightcap on his bald head, and his face plastered where the shred had slipped, and I puffed out my cheeks to think that I had climbed so high. High! how high might not a man climb who had married the daughter of the Queen's underporter, and had sometimes the ear of my lord, the Queen's Minister—my lord of Beauvais, in whom all men saw the coming Master of France—my lord, whose stately presence beamed on a world still chilled by the dead hand of Richelieu.

But that morning, that very morning, I was

to learn that who climbs may fall. I went below at the usual hour. At the usual hour Monseigneur left, attended, for the Council; presently all the house was in an uproar. My lord had returned, and called for Prosper. I fancied that I caught even then something ominous in the sound of my name as it passed from lip to lip, and I hastened, scared, to the chamber. But fast as I went I did not go fast enough; one thrust me on this side, another on that. The steward cursed me, the head clerk stormed at me, the secretary waited for me at the door, and seizing me by the neck ran me into the room. "In, rascal, in," he growled in my ear, "and I hope your skin may pay for it."

Naturally, by this time I was quaking. Monseigneur's looks finished me. He stood in the middle of the chamber, gnawing the nails of his left hand; and scowled at me, his handsome face pale and sullen. "Yes!" he said curtly, "that is the fellow!"

"Wretch!" the head clerk cried, seizing me by the ear and twisting it until I fell on my knees. "Imbecile! Or more likely he did it on purpose."

"Bribed!" said the secretary.

"He should be hung up!" the steward cried truculently, "before he does further mischief. And if my lord will give the word —"

"Silence!" the Bishop said, with a dark glance at me. "What does he plead?"

The head clerk twisted my ear until I

screamed. "Ingrate!" he cried. "Do you hear His Grace speak to you? Answer?"

"My Lord," I cried piteously. "I have done nothing! Nothing!"

"Nothing?" half a dozen echoed. "Nothing!" the head clerk added brutally. "Nothing, and you added a cipher to the census of Paris! Nothing, and your lying pen led my lord to state the population to be five millions instead of five hundred thousand! Nothing, and you sent His Grace's Highness to the Council to be corrected by low clerks and people, and made a laughing stock for the Cardinal, and ——"

"Silence!" said the Bishop fiercely. "Enough! Take him away, and ——"

"Hang him!" cried the steward.

"No, rascal, but have him to the courtyard, and let the grooms flog him through the gates. And have a care, you," he continued, addressing me, "that I do not see your face again, or it will be worse for you."

I flung myself down, and would have appealed against the sentence, but the Bishop, between rage and discomfiture was pitiless, and before

I could utter three words, a dozen officious hands plucked me up and were thrusting me to the door. Outside worse things awaited me. A shower of kicks and cuffs and blows rained upon me; vainly struggling and shrieking, and seeking still to gain his ear, I was hustled along the passage to the courtyard, and there dragged amid brutal jeers and laughter to the fountain, and flung in. When I scrambled out, they thrust me back again and again: until trembling with cold and rage I at last evaded them, only to be hunted round the yard with leathers

and bridles that cut like knives, and drew a scream at every stroke. I doubled like a hare; more than once I knocked half a dozen men down; but I was fast growing exhausted, when some one more prudent or less cruel than his fellows, opened the gates and I darted into the street.

I was sobbing with rage and pain, dripping, ragged, and barefoot — some rogue had prudently drawn off my shoes in the scuffle. It was a wonder that I was not attacked and chased through the streets. Fortunately, opposite my lord's gates, opened the mouth of a little alley. I plunged into it, and in the first dark corner dropped, exhausted, and lay panting in the mud — I who had risen so happily a few hours before! — I who had climbed so high! — I who had a wife new-married in my garret at home!

I do not know how long I lay there, now cursing the jealousy of the clerks, who would have flayed me to save themselves, and now the cruelty of the grooms, who thought it fine sport to whip a scholar; but the first tempest of passion had spent

itself when a woman — not the first whom my plight had attracted, but the others had merely shrugged their shoulders and passed on — paused before me. "What a white skin!" she cried, making great eyes at me; and then: "You are not a street prowler. How come you here, my lad?"

I was silent, ashamed to meet her gaze.

She stood a moment staring at me curiously, then, "Better go home," she said, shaking her head sedately, "or those who have robbed you may end by worse. I doubt this is what



The secretary, seizing me by the neck, ran me out of the room.

comes of raking and night work. Go home, my lad," she repeated, and went on her way.

Home! The word raised new thoughts. I scrambled to my feet. I had a home; the Bishop might deprive me of it; but I had also a wife, from whom God only could separate me. I felt a sudden fire run through me at thought of her, and of all I had suffered since I left her arms; and with new boldness I turned, and, sore and aching as I was, stumbled back to the place of my shame.

The steward and two or three of his underlings were standing in the gateway, and saw me come up, and began to jeer. The high grey front of Monseigneur's hotel, three sides of a square, towered up behind them; the steward sprawled his feet apart, and set his hand to his stout side, and jeered at me. "Here is the lame leper from the Cour des Miracles!" he cried. "Have a care, or he will give you the evil!"

"Good sir, the swill-tub is open," cried another. "Help yourself!"

A third spat at me, and bade me begone for a pig. The passers—there were always a knot of gazers opposite my lord of Beauvais' palace in those days, when he had the Queen's ear and bade fair to succeed Richelieu—stayed to stare.

"I want my goods!" I said, trembling.

"Your goods!" the steward answered, swelling out his brawny chest, and smiling at me over it. "*Your* goods, indeed. Begone, and be thankful you have escaped so well."

"Give me my things from my room," I said stubbornly; and I tried to enter.

He moved sideways so as to block the passage. "Your goods? They are Monseigneur's," he said.

"My wife, then!"

He winked. "Your wife?" he said. "Well, true, she is not Monseigneur's. But she will do for me." And with a coarse laugh he winked again at the crowd.

At that the pent-up rage I had stemmed so long broke out. He stood a head taller than I, but with a scream I sprang at his throat, and by the very surprise of the attack got him down and beat his face with my fists. His fellows, as soon as they recovered from their astonishment, tore me off; but by that time I had so marked him that the blood

poured down his face. He scrambled to his feet, panting and furious, his oaths tripping over one another.

"To the Châtelet with him!" he cried, spitting out a tooth and glaring at me through



The steward jeered at me.

the mud on his face. "He shall swing for this! He tried to break in! I call you to witness he tried to break in!"

"Ay, to the Châtelet! To the Châtelet!" cried the crowd, siding with the stronger party. He was my lord of Beauvais' steward; I was a gutter-snipe and dangerous. A dozen hands held me tightly, yet not so tightly but that a coach passing at that moment and driving us all to the wall, I managed by a jerk—I was desperate by this time, and fierce as a wild cat—to snatch myself loose, and in a second was speeding down St. Antoine with the hue and cry behind me.

I have said I was desperate. In an hour the world was changed for me. In an hour I had broken with every tradition of safe and modest life; and from a sleek scribe become a ragged outlaw flying through the streets. I saw the gallows; I felt already the lash sink like

molten lead into the quivering back ; I forgot all but the danger, I lived only on my feet, and with them made superhuman efforts. Fortunately the light was failing, and in the first dash I distanced the pack by a dozen yards ; passing the front of the Palais Royal so swiftly that the Queen's Guards, though they ran out at the alarm, were too late to intercept me. Thence I strained instinctively, and with the cry of pursuit in my ears, towards the old bridge, intending to cross to the Cité, where I knew all the lanes ; but the bridge was alarmed, the Châtelet seemed to yawn for me—they were just lighting the brazier in front of the gloomy pile ; and doubling back—while the air roared with shouts of warning—I shot by my pursuers, and sped down the narrow Rue de la Chaussée, with the hue and cry hard on my heels.

I had no plan now—only terror added wings to my feet, and the end of that street gained I darted blindly down another, and yet another, with straining chest, and legs that began to fail, and always in my ears the yells that rose round me as fresh pursuers joined in the chase. Still I kept ahead, I was even gaining ; another turn, and with night thickening, I might hope to escape, if I could baffle those who from time to time—but in a half-hearted way, not knowing if I were armed—tried to stop me or trip me up.

Suddenly turning a corner—I had gained a quiet part where blind walls lined the alleys—I found a man running before me. At the same instant the posse in pursuit quickened their pace in a last effort ; I, in answer, put forth all my strength, and in a dozen paces I came up with the man. He turned to me, our eyes met ; desperate myself, I read equal terror in his, but before I could reason on the fact, he bent himself forward as he ran, and with a singular movement flung a parcel he carried into my arms, and wheeling abruptly, plunged into an alley on his left.

It was done in a moment. Instinctively I caught the burden and held it ; but the impetus with which he had thrown it sent me reeling to the right, and, the lane being narrow, I fell against the wall before I could steady myself. As luck would have it, however,

that which should have destroyed me was my salvation ; I happened to hit the wall where a doorway broke it, the door, lightly latched, flew open under the impact, and I fell inwards. I alighted, in darkness, on my hands and knees, heard a stifled yelp as of a dog, and in a second, though I could see nothing, was up and had the door closed behind me.

Then, and not till then, I listened, panting and breathless, and heard the hunt go raving through the lane, and the noise die in the distance, until only the beating of my heart broke the close silence of the room in which I stood. When this had lasted a minute or two, I began to peer about and wonder where I was, and remembering the dog, moved stealthily to find the latch, and escape. As I did so, the bundle, to which through all I had clung, moved in my arms.

I almost dropped it, and then held it from me with a swift movement of repulsion. It stirred again, it was warm. In an instant the truth flashed on me. It was a child !

Hot as I had been before, the sweat rose on me at the thought ; for I saw again the man's face of livid terror, and guessed that he had stolen the child, and I feared the worst. He had taken the rabble hooting at my heels for the avengers of blood, and had been only too thankful to rid himself of the damning fact, and escape.

And now I had it, and had as much, or more, to fear. For an instant the impulse to lay the parcel down, and glide out, and so be clear of it was strong upon me. And that, I think, is what the ordinary man, however brave, would have done. But for one thing, I was desperate, I knew not, when outside, whither to go or where to save myself ; and for another, my clerk's wits were already busy showing me how, with luck, I might use the occasion and avoid the risk, might discover the parents, and without suffering for the theft, restore the child. Beyond that I saw a vista of pardon, employment, and reward !

Suddenly, the dog whined again, close to me, and that decided me. I had found the latch already, and now I warily drew the door open and in a moment was in the lane, looking up and down. I saw nothing to

alarm me; darkness had completely fallen, no one was moving, the neighbourhood seemed to be of the quietest. I made up my mind to take the bold course: to return at all hazards to St. Antoine, seek my father-in-law at the gate of the Palais Royal—where he had the night turn—and throw the child and myself on his protection.

Without doubt it was the wisest course I could choose; and

as in those days the streets of Paris, even in the district of the Louvre and Palais Royal, were ill-lighted, and a network of lanes and dark courts encroached on the most fashionable parts, and favoured secret access to them, I foresaw no great difficulty short of the moment when I must stand out in the lighted lodge and exhibit my rags. But my evil star was still above the horizon. I had scarcely reached the end of the lane, and was still hesitating there, uncertain which way to turn for the shortest course, when a babel of voices broke on my ear, lights swept round a distant corner, and I found myself threatened with a new danger. I did not wait to consider whether this band, with their torches and weapons, had aught to do with

me—my nerves were shaken, the streets of Paris were full of terrors, every corner had a gallows for me—but I turned and, fleeing back the way I had come, made a hurried effort to find the house which had sheltered me. Failing, in one or two trials, and seeing that the lights were really coming that way, and that in a moment I must be discovered, I sprang across the lane, and dived into the alley by which the child-stealer had vanished.

I had not taken ten steps before something unseen in the darkness, tripped me up, and I fell sprawling in the mud. In the fall, my burden rolled from my arms, and was instantly snatched up by a dark figure, which, rising as by magic beside me, was gone into the gloom almost as quickly. I got

up, limping, and flung a curse after both; but the lights already shone on the mouth of the alley, and I had no time to lose if I would not be detected. I set off running down the passage, turned to the left at the end, and along a lane, thence into another lane and a wider road; nor did I stop until I had left all signs and sounds of pursuit behind me.

The place in which I came to a stand at last was a piece of waste land, apparently in the suburbs of the city. High up on the left I could discern a light or two, piercing the gloom of the sky, and knew they shone from the windmills of Montmartre. In every other direction lay darkness, desolation swept by the night wind; silence broken only by the dismal howling of far-off watch dogs. I might have been ten miles from Paris.

For very misery I sobbed aloud. I no

longer knew where I was; nor, had I known, had I the strength to return. Excitement had carried me far, but at last I felt the weakness of utter exhaustion, and, sick and aching, craved only a hole in which to lie down and die. Fortunately at this moment I met the wind, and caught the scent of new-mown hay, and, stumbling forward a few steps, made out a low building looming through the night. I staggered to it, and discovered



He flung a parcel into my arms.

that it was a shed, and, entering with my hands extended, felt the hay under my feet. With a sob of thankfulness I sank down upon it, but, instead of the soft couch I expected, fell on the angular body of a man, who, with a savage curse, flung me off.

This at another time would have scared me to death, but I was so far gone in wretchedness that I felt no fear and little surprise. I rolled away without a word, and, curling myself up at a distance of a few feet from my fellow lodger, fell in a minute fast asleep.

When I awoke, daylight, though the sun

At length I knew him, and almost at the same moment he recognised me, and, uttering an oath of rage, rose up as if to spring at my throat. But either because I did not recoil—being too deep set in the hay to move—or for some other reason, he only shook his claw-like fingers at me, and held off. "Where is it, you dog?" he cried, finding his voice with an effort. "Speak, or I will have your throat slit. Speak, do you hear? What have you done with it?"

He was the man who had passed the child to me! I watched him heedfully, and after a moment's hesitation I told him that



"Where is it, you dog?" he cried.

was not up, was beginning to creep into the shed. I turned; every bone I had ached. I remembered yesterday's doings, and groaned. Presently the hay beside me rustled, and over the shoulder of the mass against which I lay, I made out the face of a man, peering at me. I felt a thrill of fear, and stared back, spell-bound. I had not yet broken with every habit of suspicion, nor could I in a moment recollect that I had nothing but rags to lose. In silence, which neither again broke by so much as a movement, we waited gazing, while the light in the mean hovel grew and grew, and minute by minute brought out more closely the other's features.

it had been taken from me, and when and where.

"And you don't know the man who took it?" he screamed.

"Not from Adam. It was dark," I said.

In his disappointment and rage, at receiving this answer, I thought that he would fairly fall upon me: but he only choked and swore, and then stood scowling, the picture of despair; until, some new thought pricking him, he threw up his arms again, and cried out afresh: "Oh, *mon Dieu*, what a fool I was!" he screamed. "What a craven I was! I had a fortune in my hands—in my hands, fool—and I threw it away!"

I thought bitterly of my own case—I was not much afraid of him now; I began to think that I understood him. “So had I, yesterday morning,” I said. “You are in no worse case than others.”

“Yesterday morning?” he exclaimed. “No, last night. Then, if you like, you had. But yesterday morning? Fortune and you, scarecrow! Go hang yourself!”

He looked gloomily at me for a moment with his arms crossed on his chest, and his face darkly set. Then: “Who are you?” he asked curtly.

I told him. When he learnt that the rabble that had alarmed him, had in fact been pursuing me, so that his fright had been groundless, he broke into fresh execrations, and those so violent that I began to feel a sort of contempt for him, and even plucked up spirit to say that he seemed to be in as evil case as I was.

He looked at me askance. “Ay, as it turns out,” he said grimly. “But see the difference, idiot. You are a poor fool beaten from pillar to post; I played for a great stake. I have lost! I have lost!” he continued, his voice rising almost to a yell, “and we are both in the gutter. But if I had won—if I had won, man——”

He did not finish the sentence, but flung himself down on his face in the hay, and bit and tore it in his passion. A moment I viewed him with contempt, and thought him a poor creature for a villain. Then the skirt of his coat, curling over as he grovelled and writhed, disclosed something that turned my thoughts into another channel. Crushed under his leather girdle was a little cape, or a garment of that kind, of velvet so lustrous that it shone where I saw it, as the eyes shine in a toad. Nor it only. Before he rolled over and hid it, I spied embroidered on one corner of the velvet a stiff gold crown!

I barely repressed a cry. Cold, damp, aching, I felt the heat run through me like wine. A crown! A little purple cape! Then last night—last night, I had carried the King! the King of France in my arms.

I no longer found it hard to understand the man's terror of yesterday, or his grief and despair this morning. He had indeed

played for a great stake, and risked torture and the wheel, and lost! and lost!

I looked at him with new eyes and a sort of wonder, and had scarcely time to compose my face when, the paroxysm of his fury past, he rose, and, looking at me askance, to see how I took his grovellings, asked me sullenly whither I was going.

“To Monseigneur's,” I said cunningly. Had I answered “To the Palais Royal,” he would have suspected me.

“To be beaten again?” he sneered.

I said nothing to that, but asked him whither he was going.

“God knows,” he said.

When I went out, however, he accompanied me, and we slunk silently like the pair of night-birds we were, through lanes and alleys until we were fairly in town again. By that time the sun was up, and the market people were beginning to enter the city. Here and there I found curious eyes on me, and, thinking of the company I was in, I trembled, and wondered that the alarm was not abroad and the bells proclaiming us from every tower. I was more than content, therefore, when my companion halted before a small mean door in a blind wall, over against another small mean door in a like wall.

“Do you stay here?” I said.

He swore churlishly. “What is that to you?” he said, looking up and down. “Go your way, idiot.”

I was glad to affect a like ill-humour, shrugged my shoulders, and lounged on without looking back. But my brain was on fire. The King! the four-year-old King! What was I to do? To whom to go with my knowledge? And then—even then—while I paused hesitating, I heard steps running behind me, and turned to find him at my elbow, his face pale but his eyes burning, and his whole demeanour changed.

“Stay!” he cried, panting, and seizing me by the breast of my shirt. “The man who tripped you up, fellow—you did not see him?”

“It was dark,” I answered curtly. “I told you I did not know him from Adam.”

“But had he——” he gasped; “you heard him run away—was he lame?”

I could not repress an exclamation. “*Par*

Dieu!" I said. "Yes, I had forgotten that. He was. I remember I heard his feet go cluck-clack, cluck-clack, as he ran."

His face became burning red, and he staggered. If ever man was near dying from

But I knew, or thought that I knew, all now, and the moment he was out of sight I set off towards the Palais Royal like a hound let loose, heeding neither those against whom I bumped in the straiter ways, nor the danger

I ran of recognition, nor the miserable aspect I wore. I forgot all save my news, even my own wretchedness, and never halted or stayed to take breath until I stood panting in the doorway of the lodge at the Palais, and met my father-in-law's gaze of disgust and astonishment.

He was just off the night turn, and met me on the threshold. I saw beyond him the grinning faces of the under-porters. But I had that to tell which still upheld me. I threw up my hands.

"I know where they are!" I cried, breathless. "I can take you to them!"

He gazed at me dumb with surprise and rage; and doubtless a less reputable son-in-law than I appeared would have been hard to find. Then his passion found vent. "Pig! jackal! gutter-bird!" he cried. "Begone! Begone! or I will have you flayed!"

"But I know where they are! I know where they have him!" I protested.

His face underwent a startling change. He darted forward with a nimbleness wonderful in one of his bulk, and caught me by the collar. "What," he said, "have you seen the dog?"

"The dog?" I cried. "No, but I have seen the King! I have held him in my arms! He is——"

He released me suddenly, and fell back a pace, looking at me so oddly that I paused. "Say it again," he said slowly. "You have held the——"

"The King! The King," I cried impatiently—"in these arms. I know where they have him, or at least where the robbers are."



"Poor devil! They have driven him mad."

blood in the head, it was that man! But in a moment he drew a long breath, and got the better of it, nodded to me, and turned away. I marked, however—for I stood a moment watching—that he did not go back to the door at which I had left him, but, after looking round once and espying me, took a lane on the right and disappeared.

His double-chin fell, and his red face lost colour. "Poor devil!" he said, still staring at me. "They have driven him mad!"

"But," I cried, advancing, "are you not going to——"

He waved me off and retreated a step hastily, and crossed himself. "Jacques!" he exclaimed. "Move him off! Move him off, do you hear, man?"

"But I tell you," I cried fiercely, "they have stolen the King! They have stolen his Majesty, and I——"

"There, there, be calm," he answered. "They have stolen the Queen's dog, that is true. But have it your own way if you like, only go. Go from here, and quickly, or it will be the worse for you, for here comes Monseigneur the Bishop to wait on her Majesty, and if he sees you, you will—There, make way, make way!" he continued, addressing the little crowd that had assembled. "Way, way, for Monseigneur the Bishop of Beauvais!"

As he spoke, the Bishop and his train turned out of St. Antoine, and the crowd attending him eddied about the Palais entrance. I was hustled and swept out of the way, and, luckily escaping notice, found myself a few minutes later crouching in a blind alley that runs beside the church of St. Jacques, crouching and wolfing a crust of bread, which one of the men with whom I had often talked in the lodge had thrust into my hand. I ate it with tears; in all Paris, that day, was no more miserable outcast. What had become of my wife I knew not, and I dared not show myself at the Bishop's to ask; my father-in-law was hardened against me, and at the best thought me mad. I had no longer home or friend, and—this at the moment cut most sharply—the gorgeously hopes in which I had indulged a few moments before were as last year's snow.

I crouched and shivered. In St. Antoine, at the mouth of the alley, a man was publishing a notice, and presently his voice caught my attention in the middle of my lamentations. I listened, at first idly, then with my mind. "Oyez! Oyez!" he cried. "Whereas some evil person, having no fear of God or of the law before his eyes, has impudently, feloniously, and treasonably stolen from the

Palais Royal a spaniel, the property of the Queen Regent's most excellent Majesty, this is to say, that anyone—rumble—rumble—rumble—" here a passing coach drowned some sentences, and then I caught, "five hundred crowns, the same to be paid by Monseigneur the Bishop of Beauvais, President of the Council."

"And glad to pay it," snarled a voice quite close to me. I started and looked up. Two men were talking at a window above my head.

"Yet it is a high price for a dog," the other sneered.

"But low for a Queen. Still it buys her. And this is Richelieu's France."

"Was!" the other said pithily. "Well, you know the proverb, 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.'"

"Ay," his companion rejoined; "but I have a fancy that *that* dog's name is spelt neither with an F for Flore—which was the whelp's name, was it not?—nor a B for Beauvais, nor a C for Condé, but with an M——"

"For Mazarin!" the other answered sharply. "Yes, if he find the dog. But Beauvais is in possession——"

"Rocroy shook him."

"Still he is in possession."

"So is my shoe in possession of my foot. And see—I take it off. Beauvais is tottering, I tell you. It wants but a——"

I heard no more, for they moved from the window, but they left me a different man. Urged, less by the hope of reward than by the desire for vengeance, my clerk's wits awoke once more, while the very desperation of my affairs gave me the courage I sometimes lacked. I recognised that I had had to do, not with a king, but a dog, and that none the less that way lay revenge. And I rose up, and slunk again into St. Antoine, and through the crowd, and up the Rue de St. Martin, and by St. Merri, a dirty, ragged, barefoot rascal, from whom people drew their skirts—yes, all that, and the light of the sun on it—all that, and yet vengeance itself, the hand that should yet drag my thankless, cruel master's fauteuil from under him.

Once I halted, weighing the risks, and whether I should not take my knowledge to the Cardinal. But I knew nothing definite,

and, hardening my heart, I went on, until I reached the alley between the blind walls. It was noon, the alley was empty, the neighbouring lane empty. I looked this way and that, and then went slowly down to the door, at which the man had halted, but to which as soon as he knew that the game was not lost, he had been heedful not to return.

There, seeing all so quiet, with the green of a tree showing here and there above the wall, I began to blench and wonder how I was to take the next step, and for half an hour I dare-say I sneaked to and fro, now in sight of the door, and now with my back to it, afraid to advance and ashamed to retreat. At length I went through the alley, and, seeing how quiet and respectable it lay, with the upper part of a house visible at intervals above the wall, I took at last heart of grace, and tried the door.

It stood so firm that I despaired, and, after listening, and looking to assure myself that the attempt had not been observed, I was about to move away, when I espied the edge of the ring of a key projecting from under the door. Still all was quiet; a stealthy look round, and I had the key out. To draw back now was to write myself craven all my life, and with a shaking hand I thrust the wards into the lock, turned them, and in another moment stood on the other side of the door in a neat garden, speckled with sunshine and shade, and all silent.

I remained a full minute, flattened against the door, staring fearfully at the high-fronted mansion that beyond the garden looked down on me with twelve great eyes. But all remained silent, and, observing presently that the windows were shuttered, I took courage to move, and slid aside under a tree and breathed again.

Still I looked and listened, fearfully, for the silence seemed to watch me; but nothing happened, and everything I saw tending to prove the house empty, I grew bolder, and, sneaking from bush to bush, reached the door at last, and, with a backward glance between courage and desperation, tried it.

It was locked, but that I hardly noticed, for, as my hand left the latch, from some remote part of the house came the long-drawn whine of a dog!

I stood, listening and turning hot and cold in the sunshine, and dared not touch the latch again lest others should hear the noise. Instead, I stole out of the doorway, and crept round the house and round the house again, hunting for a back entrance. I found none; but at last, goaded by the reflection that fortune would never again be so nearly within my grasp, I marked a window on the first floor, and in the side of the house, by which it seemed to me I might enter. A mulberry tree stood by it and it lacked a shutter, and other trees veiled the spot. To be brief, in two minutes I had my knee on the sill, and, sweating with terror, forced the casement in and dropped on the floor.

Then I stood an instant, listening, in a bare room, the door of which stood ajar. Somewhere in the bowels of the house the dog whined again; otherwise all was still—deadly still. At length, emboldened by the silence, I crept out and stole along a passage seeking the way down.

The passage was dark, and every board on which I stepped shrieked the alarm. But I felt my way to the landing at the head of the stairs, and was about to descend when some impulse, I know not what—perhaps a shrinking from the dark parts below, to which I was about to intrust myself—moved me to open one of the shutters and peer out.

I did so, cautiously and but a little, and found myself looking, not into the garden through which I had passed, but into the one beyond the alley; and there on a scene so strange and yet *à propos* to my thoughts, that I paused gaping.

On a plat of grass four men were standing, two and two; between them with nose up-raised, and scenting this way and that, moved a beautiful black and tan spaniel. The eyes of all four men were riveted on the dog, which, as I looked, walked sedately first to the one pair and then, as if dissatisfied, to the other pair; and then again stood mid-way and sniffed the air. The men were speaking, but I could not catch even their voices, and was reduced to drawing what inferences I could from their appearance.

Of the two farther from me, one was my rascally bed-fellow, the other a crooked villain, almost in rags, with one leg shorter

than the other, yet a face bold and even handsome. Of the nearer pair, who had their backs to me, the shorter, dressed in black, wore an ordinary aspect; when, however, my eyes travelled to his companion they paused. He, it was plain, was the chief of the party, for he alone was covered; and, though I could not see his face nor more of his figure than that he was tall and of handsome presence, it chanced that as I looked he raised his hand to his chin, and I caught the sparkle of a superb jewel.

That dazzled me, and the presence of the dog perplexed me, and I continued to watch. Presently the great man again raised his hand, and this time it seemed to me that an order was given, for the lame man started into action, and moved briskly towards the wall which bordered the alley—and consequently towards the house in which I stood. My companion of the night interposed, however, and apparently would have done the errand himself; but at a word he stood sulkily and let the other proceed; who when he had all but disappeared—on so little a thing is turned—below

the level of the intervening walls, looked up and caught sight of me at the window.

Apparently he gave the alarm, for in an instant the eyes of all four were on me. I hung a moment in sheer surprise; then, as the lame man and his comrade sprang to the door in the wall, with the evident intention of engaging me, I flung the shutter close, and, cursing my curiosity, fled down the stairs.

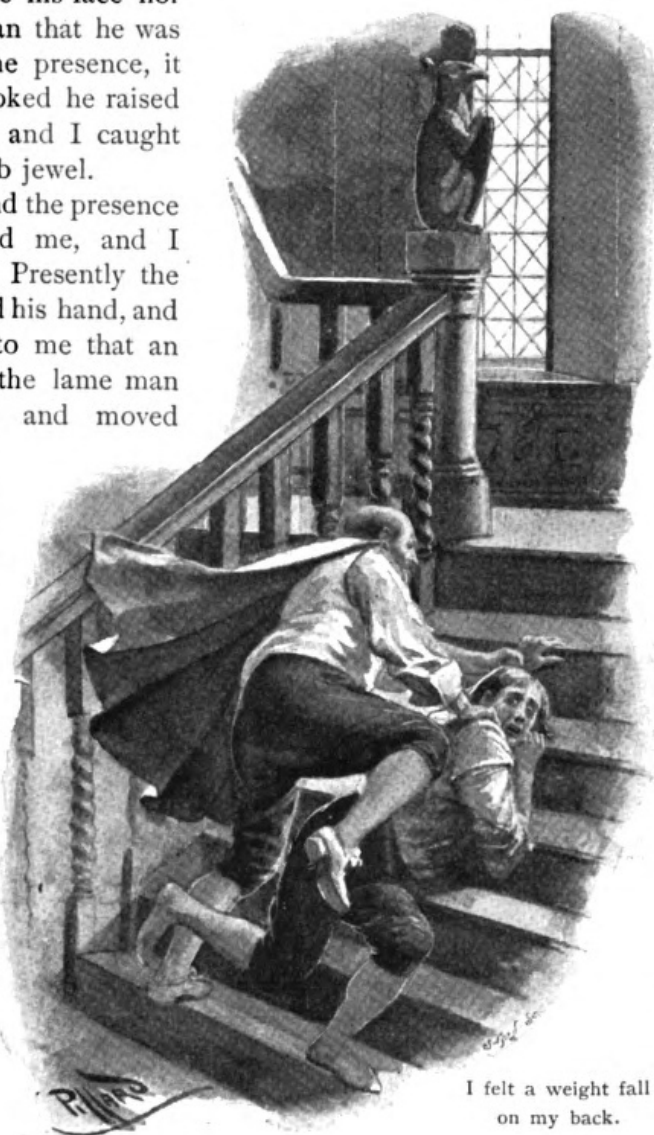
I had done better had I gone back to the window by which I had entered; for all

below was dark, and at the foot of the staircase I stood unable in my panic to remember the position of the door. A key grating in the lock told me that, but told it me too late. Almost on the instant the door flew open, a flood of light entered, a cry warned me that I was detected. I turned to go back, but

stumbled before I had mounted six steps, and as I staggered up again, felt a weight fall on my back, and the clutch of long fingers close on my throat. I screamed, however; felt the fingers close in a deadly grip, cold and merciless, and then in sheer terror I swooned.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself propped up in a chair; and for a time sat wondering hazily where I was. In front of me a great door stood open, admitting a draught of summer air, and a flood of sunshine that fell even to my feet.

Through the doorway I looked on grass and trees, and heard sparrows twitter, and the chirp of a cricket; and found all so peaceful that my mind went no farther; and it was only after some minutes that I recognised, with a sharp return of terror that shook me to the soul, that I was still in the hall of the empty house. That brought back other things; and with a shudder I carried my hand to my throat and tried to rise. A hand put me back, and a dry voice said in my ear: "Be easy, M.



I felt a weight fall on my back.

Prosper, I am afraid that we put you to some inconvenience."

I looked dizzily at the speaker, and recognised him for one of those I had seen in the garden. He had the air of a secretary or—as he stood rubbing his chin and looking down at me with a saturnine smile—of a physician. I read in his eyes something cold and not too human, yet it went no farther. His manner



"Be easy, M. Prosper."

was suave, and his voice, when he spoke again, as well calculated to reassure as his words were to surprise me.

"You are better now?" he said. "Yes. Then I have to congratulate you. Few men, M. Prosper, few men believe me were ever so lucky. You were lately I think in the service of Monseigneur the Bishop of Beauvais, President of her Majesty's Council?"

I fancied that a faint note of irony lurked in his words. I kept silence.

"And yesterday were dismissed," he continued easily, disregarding my astonishment. "Well, to-day you shall be reinstated—and rewarded. Your business here, I believe, was to recover her Majesty's dog?"

I remembered that the wretch whose finger-marks were still on my throat might be within hearing, and I tried to utter a denial.

He waved it aside politely. "Just so," he said. "Well, the dog is in that closet; and on two conditions it is at your service."

Amazed before, I stared at him now in a stupor of astonishment.

"You are surprised?" he said. "Yet the case is of the simplest. We stole the dog, and therefore we cannot restore it without incurring suspicion. You, on the other hand, who are known to the Bishop, and did not steal it, may safely restore it. I need not say that we divide the reward; that is one of the two conditions."

"And the other?" I stammered.

"That you refresh your memory as to the past," he answered lightly. "If I have the tale rightly, you saw a man convey a dog to this house, an empty house in a lonely suburb. You watched, and saw the man leave, and followed him; he took the alarm, fled, and dropped in his flight the dog's coat—I think I see it there. On that you hurried with the coat to Monseigneur, and gave him the address of the house, and——"

"And the dog!" I exclaimed.

"No. Let Monseigneur come and find the dog for himself," he answered, smiling, "in the closet."

I felt the blood tingle through all my limbs. "But if he comes and does not find it?" I cried.

The stranger shrugged his shoulders. "He will find it," he said coolly. And, slightly raising his voice, he called "Flore! Flore!" For answer a dog whined behind a door, and scratched the panels, and whined again.

The stranger nodded, as well pleased. "There," he said, "you have it. It is there, and will be there. And I think that is all. Only keep two things in mind, my friend. For the first, a person will claim our share of the reward at the proper time; for the second, I would be careful not to tell Monseigneur, the President of the Council"—again I caught a faint note of irony—"the true story, lest a worse thing happen." And the stranger with a very ugly smile touched his throat.

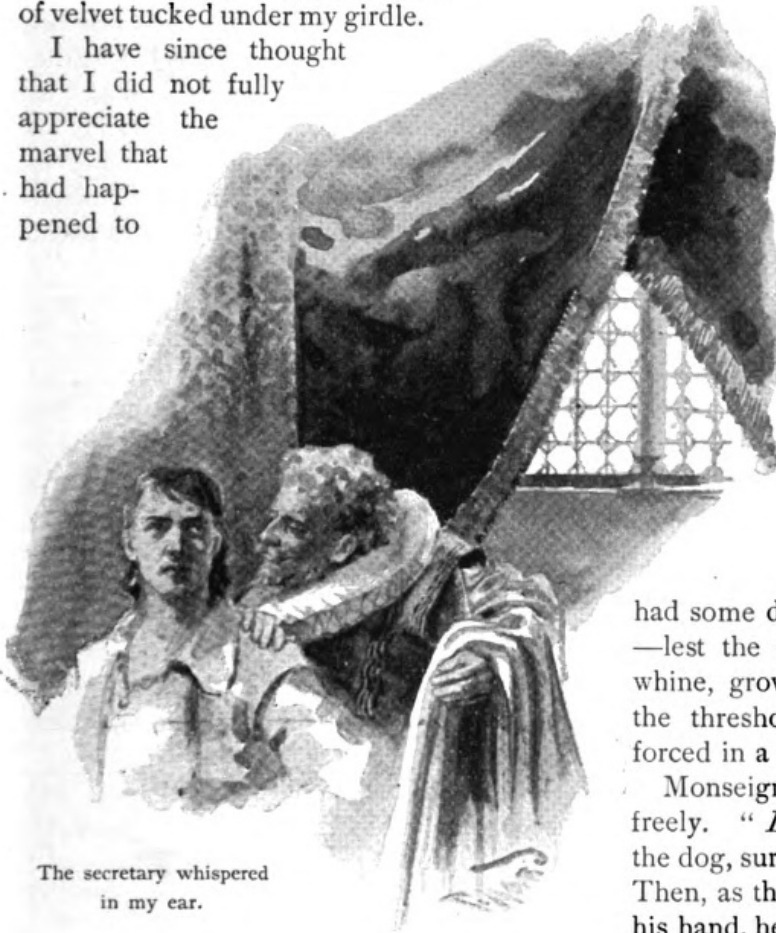
"I will not," I said, shuddering.

"Then—then, I think that is all," he answered briskly. "And I may say farewell. Until we meet again, adieu, M. Prosper." And, setting on his hat with a polite gesture, he turned his back to me, went out into the sunlight, passed to the left and vanished. I heard the garden door close with a crash, and then, silence—silence broken only by

the faint whine of the dog, as it moved in its prison.

Was I alone? I waited awhile before I dared to move; and even when I found courage to rise, stood listening with a beating heart, expecting a footfall on the stairs, or that something—I knew not what—would rush on me from the closed doors of this mysterious house. But the silence endured; the sparrows outside twittered, the cricket renewed its chirp, and at length, drawing courage from the sunlight, I moved forward and lifted the dog's coat from the floor. Five minutes later I was in the streets on my way to the Bishop's hotel, the morsel of velvet tucked under my girdle.

I have since thought that I did not fully appreciate the marvel that had happened to



The secretary whispered
in my ear.

me. But by this time I was light-headed. I went my way as a man moves in a dream, and even when I came to the door of the hotel, suffered none of those qualms which must have shaken me had I been sensible. I did not even question how I should reach Monseigneur, which proves that we often delude ourselves with vain fears, and climb obstacles where none exist. For, as it hap-

pened, he was descending from his coach when I entered the yard, and, though he raised his gold-headed staff at sight of me, and in a fury bade the servants oust me, I had the passion, if not the wit, to wave the velvet coat in his face, and cry my errand before them all.

Heaven knows at that there was such a sudden pause and about-face as must have made the stolen dog laugh had it been there. Monseigneur, in high excitement, bade them bring me in to him, the secretary whispered in my ear that he had a cloak that would replace the one I had lost, a valet told me that my wife had gone to her father's, a second brought me food, and nudged me to remember him, others ran and fetched me shoes and a cap, and all, all from the head clerk, who was most insistent, downwards, would know where the dog was.

But I had even then the sense to keep my secret, and would tell my story only to the Bishop. He heard it. In ten minutes he was in his coach on his way to the house, taking me with him. His presence and the food they had given me had sobered me somewhat, and I trembled as we went along lest the villains had some disappointment yet in store for me—lest the closet be found empty. But a whine, growing into a howl, greeted us on the threshold; and, the closet door being forced in a trice, the dog was amongst us.

Monseigneur clapped his hands and swore freely. "*Dieu bénisse!*" he cried. "It is the dog, sure enough! Here, Flore! Flore!" Then, as the dog jumped on us and licked his hand, he turned to me. "Lucky for you, rascal!" he cried in good humour. "There shall be fifty crowns in your pocket, and your desk again!"

I gasped. "But the reward, Monseigneur?" I stammered.

He bent his black brows. "Reward! You villain!" he thundered. "Is it not enough that I spare you the gallows? Reward? For what do I pay you wages, do you think, except to do my work? And

you ask rewards besides? Go and hang yourself! Or rather," he continued grimly, "stir at your peril. Look to him, Bonnivet, he is a rogue in grain, and bring him with me to the antechamber. Her Majesty may desire to ask him questions, and if he answer them, well! He shall still have the fifty crowns I promised him. If not, I shall know how to deal with him."

At that, and the reversal of all my hopes, I fell into my old rage again, and even his servants looked oddly at him, until a sharp word recalled them to their duty; on which they hustled me off with little ceremony, and the less for that which they had before showed me. While the Bishop, carrying the dog in his arms, mounted his coach and went by the Rue St. Martin and St. Antoine, they hurried me by short cuts and by-ways to the Palais Royal, which we reached as his running footmen came in sight. The approach to the gate was blocked by a great crowd of people, and for a moment I was fond enough to imagine that they had to do with my affair, and I shrank back. But the steward, with a thrust of his knee against my hip, which showed me that he had not forgiven my blow, urged me forward, and, from what passed round me as we pushed through the press, I gathered that a score of captured colours had arrived within the hour from Flanders, and were being presented to the Queen.

The courtyard confirmed this, for in the open part of it, and much pressed on by the curious who thronged the arcades, we found a troop of horse, plumed and mud-stained, fresh from the Flanders road. The officers who bore the trophies we overtook on the stairs near the door of the antechamber. Burning with rage as I was, and strung to the last pitch of excitement, I yet remember that I thought it an odd time to push in with a dog. But Monseigneur did not seem to see this. Whether he took a certain pleasure in belittling the war party to whom he was opposed, or merely knew his ground well, he went on, thrusting the *militaires* aside with little ceremony, and as everyone was as quick to give place to him as he was to advance, in a moment we were in the antechamber.

I had never been admitted before, and, from the doorway, within which I paused in Bonnivet's keeping, I viewed the scene with an interest that for the time overcame my sense of injustice. The long room hummed with talk; a crowd of churchmen and pages, with a sprinkling of the lesser nobility, many lawyers, and some soldiers, filled it from end to end. In one corner was a group of tradesmen bearing plate for the queen's inspection; in another stood a knot of suitors with petitions; while everywhere, men whose eager faces and expectant eyes were their best petitions, watched the farther door with quivering lips, and sighed whenever it opened and emitted merely a councillor or a marquis. From time to time a masked lady flitted through the crowd, with a bow here and the honour of her taper fingers there. The windows were open, and the murmur of the throng without, mingling with the stir of talk within, seemed to fill up the light and colour of the room.

Monseigneur, with his chaplain and pages at his shoulder, making in his stately way for the farther door, met M. de Chateaufort, and paused to speak. When he escaped from him a dozen clients, whose obsequious bows rendered evasion impossible, still delayed him; and I had grown cold and hot again and he was still on his progress, when the inner door opened, half-a-dozen voices cried "the Queen!" and an usher with a silver wand passed down the room and ranked the company on either side—not without some struggling, and once a fierce oath, and twice a smothered outcry.

Of the bevy of ladies in attendance, only half-a-dozen entered, for a few paces within the doorway the Queen stood still to receive my patron, who advanced to meet her. It seemed to me that she was not best pleased to see him, and certainly her voice rang loud and peevishly as she cried: "What, my lord! Are you here? I came to receive the trophies from Rocroy, and did not expect to see you at this hour."

"I bring my own excuse, Madame," he answered unabashed. "Have I your Majesty's leave to present it?" he continued with a smirk, and a low bow.

"I came to receive the colours," she retorted, still frowning.

"I bring your Majesty something equally to your liking!" he replied.

Then I think she caught his meaning, for her proud handsome face cleared wonderfully, and she clapped her hands together with a gesture of pleasure almost childish. "What?" she exclaimed. "Have you ——"

"Yes, Madame," he said, smiling gallantly. "Bonnivet!"

But Bonnivet had watched his moment, and, before the name fell clear of his master's lips, was beside him, and with bent knee laid the dog tenderly at her Majesty's feet. She uttered a cry of joy, and stooped to caress it, her fair ringlets falling and hiding her face. On that I did not see exactly what happened, for her ladies flocked round her, with cries that echoed hers, the courtiers pressed round them, and all that reached me, where I stood by the door, took the form of excited cries of "Flore! Flore! Oh, the darling!" and the like! A few old men who stood nearest the wall and farthest from the Queen raised their eyebrows, and the officers standing with the colours by the door, wore fallen faces: but nine-tenths of the crowd seemed to be fairly carried away by the Queen's delight, and congratulated one another as if ten Rocroys had been won.

Suddenly, while I hung in suspense, expecting each moment to be called forward, I heard a little stir at my elbow, and, looking to the side, saw the knot on the threshold break inward to give place, while several voices whispered "Mazarin!" As I looked, he came in, and pausing to speak to the foremost of the officers, gave me the opportunity—which I had never enjoyed before—of viewing him near at hand; and in a moment it flashed upon me—though now he wore his

Cardinal's robes and then had been very simply dressed—that it was he whose back I had seen, and whose dazzling ring had blinded me in the garden!

The thought had scarcely grown to a conviction before he passed on, apologising almost humbly to those whom he displaced, and courteously to all; and this, and perhaps also the fact that the mass of those present belonged to my patron's party, and were not quick to see him, rendered his progress so slow that, my name being called and everybody hustling me forward, I came face to face with

the Queen at the moment that he did, and saw, though for a moment I was too much excited to understand, what passed. Her Majesty, it seemed to me, did not look unkindly upon him. But the Bishop was so full of his success, and uplifted by the presence of his friends, that he could not contain himself. "Ha, the Cardinal!" he cried; and before the Queen could speak, "I hope your Eminence has been as zealous in her Majesty's service as I have been."

"As zealous, assuredly," the Cardinal answered meekly. "As effective? Alas, it is not given to all to vie with your lordship in affairs."

But this—though I detected no smack of irony in the tone—did not seem to please the Queen. "The Bishop has done me a great service. He has recovered my dog," she said tartly.

"He is a happy man, and the happy must look to be envied," the Cardinal answered gaily. "Your Majesty's dog——"

"Your Eminence never liked Flore!" the Queen exclaimed.

"You never made a greater mistake, Madam!" the Cardinal answered with unusual emphasis. "Flore—but the dog is not here, I think."

"Your omniscience is for once at a loss!" the Bishop sneered; and at a word from



"Mazarin!"

him one of the ladies came forward, nursing the dog in her arms.

The Cardinal looked. "Umph!" he said. And he looked again, frowning.

I did not know then why the Queen took heed even of his looks: and I started when she cried pettishly: "Well, sir, what now?"

The Cardinal pursed up his lips.

The Bishop could bear it no longer. "He will say presently," he cried, snorting with indignation, "that it is not the dog!"

His Eminence shrugged his shoulders very slightly, and turned the palm of his hands outwards. "Oh," he said, "if her Majesty is satisfied."

"M'dieu!" the Queen cried angrily, "what do you mean?" But she turned to the lady who held the dog, and took it from her. "It is the dog!" she said. "Do you think that I do not know my own? Flore! Flore!" And she set the dog on its feet. It turned to her and wagged its tail eagerly.

"Poor Flore!" said the Cardinal. "Flore!" It went to him.

"Certainly its name is Flore," he continued silkily. "But it used to die at the word of command, I think?"

"What it did, it will do!" Monseigneur de Beauvais cried scornfully. "But I see that your Eminence was right in *one* thing you said."

The Cardinal bowed.

"That I should be envied!" the Bishop continued, with a sneer. And he glanced round the circle. There was a general titter: a great lady at the Queen's elbow laughed out.

"Flore," said the Queen, "die, die, good dog. Do you hear, m'dieu, die!"

But the dog only gazed into her face and wagged its tail; and though she cried to it again and angrily, it made no attempt to obey. On which a deep-drawn breath ran round the circle; one looked at another; a score of heads were thrust forward, and some who had seemed merry enough the moment before looked grave as mutes now.

"It used to bark for France and growl for Spain," the Cardinal continued in his softest voice. "Perhaps——"

"France!" the Queen cried harshly, and she stamped on the floor. "France! France!"

But the dog only retreated, cowering and dismayed, and at a distance wagged its tail pitifully.

"France!" cried the Queen desperately. The dog cowered.

"I am afraid, my lord, that it has lost its accomplishments in your company," the Cardinal said, a faint smile curling his lips.

The Bishop let drop a smothered oath. "It is the dog!" he cried passionately.

But the Queen turned to him sharply, her face crimson. "I do not agree with you," she replied. "And more, my lord," she continued with vehemence, "I should be glad if you would explain how you came into possession of this dog. A dog so nearly resembling my dog—and yet not my dog—could not be found in a moment, nor without some foul contrivance."

"It has forgotten its tricks," the Bishop said.

"Nonsense," the Queen retorted.

A great many faces had grown grave by this time: I have said that the room was filled for the most part with the Bishop's supporters. "At any rate I know nothing about it. That man found it," he exclaimed, wiping his brow and pointing to me. Between anger and discomfiture he stammered.

"One of my lord's servants," the Cardinal said easily.

"Oh," the Queen answered with a world of meaning, and she looked at me with eyes before which I quailed. "Is that true, fellow?" she said. "Are you in my lord's service?"

I stammered an affirmative.

"Then I wish to hear no more," she replied haughtily. "No, my lord. Enough," she continued, raising her voice to drown his protestations. "I do not care to know whether you were more sinned against than sinning, or a greater fool and your adviser a knave; pray take your creature away. Doubtless in a very short time I should have discovered the fraud for myself. I think I see a difference now. But, as it is, I am greatly indebted to his Eminence for his aid and sagacity."

She brought out the last word with withering emphasis, and amid profound silence.

The Bishop, too wise after the event to persist longer in the dog's identity, still tried desperately to utter a word of excuse; but the Queen, whose vanity had received a serious wound, cut him short with a curt and freezing dismissal, and, immediately turning to the Cardinal, requested him to introduce to her the officers who had the colours in charge.

It may be imagined how I felt, and what terrors I experienced during this struggle, since it required no great wit to infer that the Bishop, if defeated, would wreak his vengeance on me. Already a dozen who had attended his *levée* were fawning on the Cardinal; the Queen had turned her shoulder to him; a great lady, over whom he bent himself to hide his chagrin, talked to him indeed, but flippantly, and with eyes half closed. For all these slights, and the more real defeat which they indicated, I foresaw that I should pay; and in a panic, I slid back and strove to steal away through the crowd.

I reached the door in safety, and even the head of the stairs, but there a hand gripped my shoulder, and the steward thrust his face, white with rage, into mine. "Not so fast, Master Plotter," he hissed in my ear. "If your hide does not pay for this—if you are not lashed like a dog until life is out of your body; if for this I do not——"

"By the Queen's command," said a quiet voice in my other ear, and a hand fell also on that shoulder.

The steward glanced at his rival. "He is the Bishop's man!" he cried, throwing out his chest, and he gripped me again.



"Flore," said the Queen, "die, die, good dog."

"And the Bishop is the Queen's!" was the curt reply; and the stranger, in whom I recognised the man who had delivered the dog to me, quietly put him by. "Her Majesty has committed this person to the Cardinal's custody until inquiry be made into the truth of his story. In the meantime, if you have any complaint to make you can make it to his Eminence."

After that there was no more to be said. The steward, baffled and bursting with rage, fell back, and the stranger, directing me by a gesture to attend him, descended the stairs, and, crossing the courtyard, entered St. Antoine. I knew not now what to expect from him, nor whether, overjoyed as I was at such a deliverance, I might not be courting a worse fate in this inquiry; so grim and secretive was my guide's face, and so much did that sombre dress, which gave him somewhat of the character of an inquisitor, add to the mystery of his silence. However, when we had crossed St. Antoine, and entered a lane leading to the river, he halted, and turned to me.

"There are twenty crowns," he said, abruptly, and he placed a purse in my hand. "Take them, and do exactly as I bid you, and all will be well. At the Quai de Nôtre Dame you will find a market boat starting for Rouen. Go by it, and at the 'Ecce Homo' in

that city you will find your wife and a hundred crowns. Live there quietly, and in a month apply for work at the Chancery; it will be given you. The rest lies with you. I have known men," he continued, with a puzzling smile, "who started at a desk in that Chancery, and lived to rent one of the great farms."

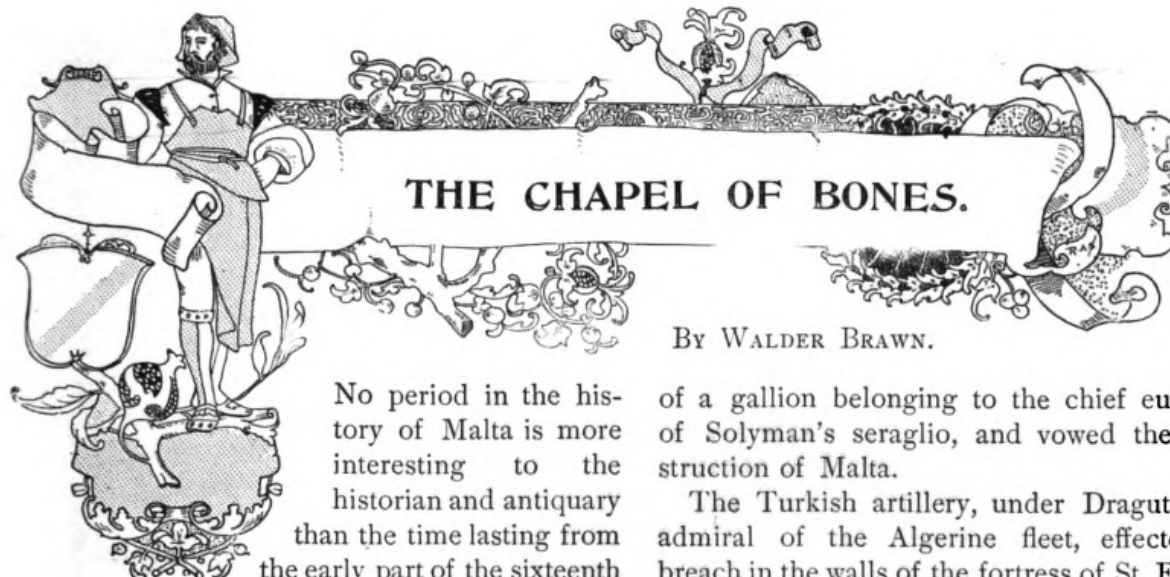
I tried to find words to thank him.

"There is no need," he said. "For what you have done, it is not too much."

And now I agree with him. Now—though his words came true to the letter, and to-day I hold one of the great farms on a second term—I too think that it was not too much, for, if M. de Condé won Rocroy for his party in the field, the Cardinal on that day won a victory no less eminent at Court: of which the check administered to M. de Beauvais—who had nothing but a good presence, and collapsed like a pricked bladder, becoming within a month the most discredited of men—was the first movement. Within a month the heads of the Importans—as the Bishop's party were christened—were in prison or exiled, and all France recognised that it was in a master's hand, and that the mantle of Richelieu, with a double portion of the Royal favour, had fallen on Mazarin's shoulders. I need scarcely add that long before, he had been happy enough to recover and restore the true Flore to his mistress's arms.



"Not so fast, Master Plotter."



THE CHAPEL OF BONES.

BY WALDER BRAWN.

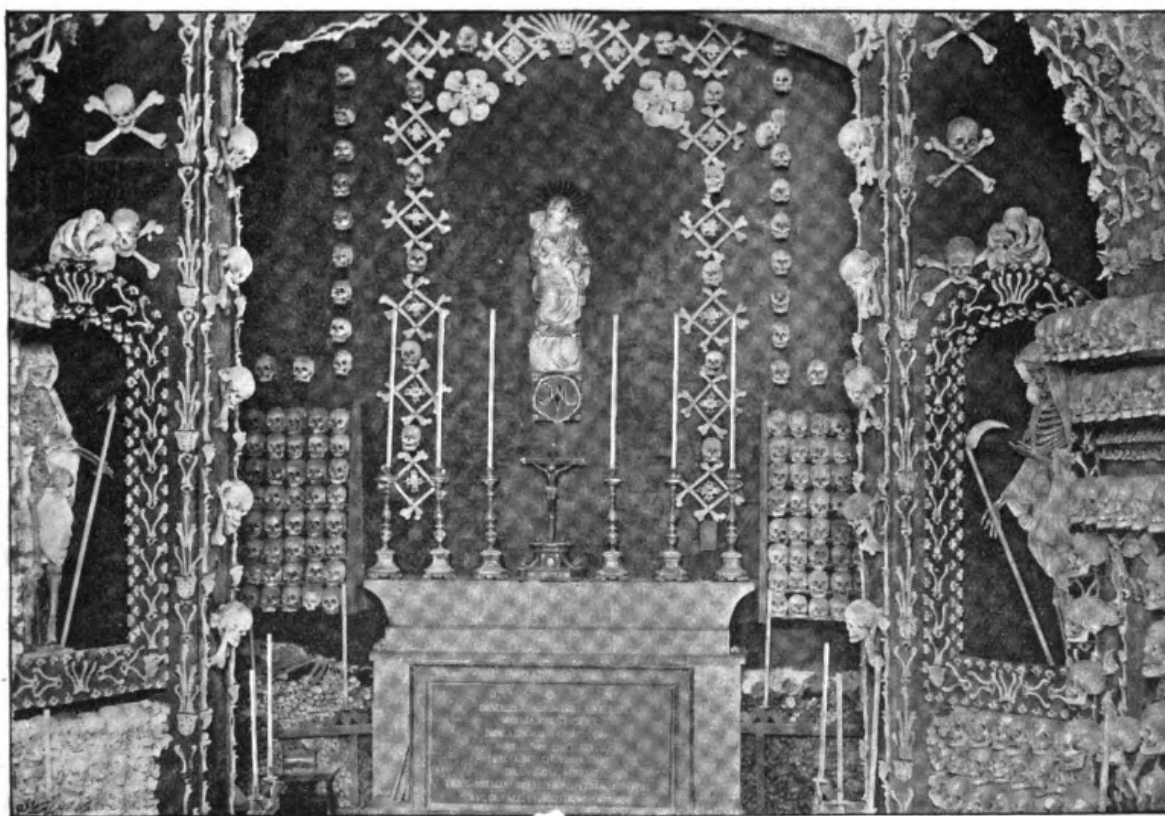
No period in the history of Malta is more interesting to the historian and antiquary than the time lasting from the early part of the sixteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth century, during which epoch the island was occupied and governed by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

The knights of the Order who comprised the garrison of St. Elmo, one of the principal fortresses commanding the Grand Harbour, were renowned for their heroism during the struggle with their hereditary foes, the Turks, at the great siege of 1565.

The Moslems were enraged at the seizure

of a gallion belonging to the chief eunuch of Solyman's seraglio, and vowed the destruction of Malta.

The Turkish artillery, under Dragut, the admiral of the Algerine fleet, effected a breach in the walls of the fortress of St. Elmo, and a terrible contest ensued. The ravelin was stormed by the besiegers, and fell into their hands after a loss of about 3,000 men. The courage of the little garrison was unabated, and it is recorded that when it became evident to the few gallant defenders, who were left after the prolonged siege, that the fortress must capitulate, the knights received the Viaticum in their little chapel, embraced one another, and then sallied forth again to the ramparts to die.



ALTAR IN THE CHAPEL OF BONES.

The Janissaries, on making themselves masters of the garrison, entered the place, and massacred the surviving knights.

The enemy are credited with having lost 8,000 soldiers, whilst the Order of St. John lost 300 knights and about 1,300 Spanish infantrymen.

The inhuman Turks, to revenge the death of their warriors, ordered a search to be

Turkish camp and on board Dragut's vessels. The burial ground of the Knights of St. John once recorded the many glorious deeds performed by the heroes of the siege of St. Elmo, and beneath the slabs of marble, and in sarcophagi of Malta stone in the old cemetery, the remains were deposited until a few years ago when they were exhumed and placed in a specially constructed crypt

erected near the old Hospital for Incurables, now used as a soldier's garrison library.

The building is called the *Ossuario*, but is locally known as the "Chapel of Bones."

The silent hall of dead men's graves,
How voiceless and how mute!

A first sight of the interior of this death chamber presents a terrible aspect, and the visitor who has not anticipated the grim character of the picture experiences an unpleasant shivering sensation as he descends from the warm air into the cold, clammy crypt. His horror does not subside on a closer acquaintance with the skeleton decorations.



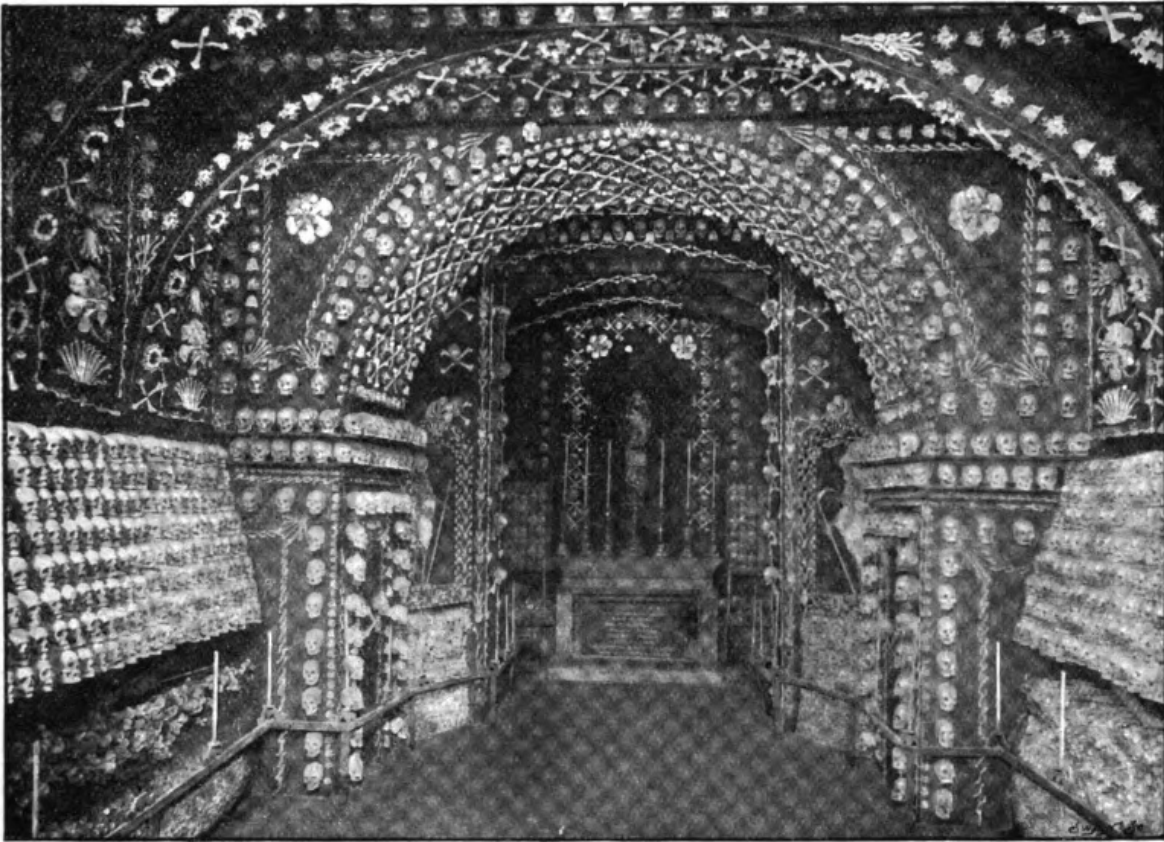
THE REMAINS OF A DEPARTED CAPUCHIN.

made among the dead and wounded for the bodies of the valorous knights, whose hearts they tore out, and after cutting their breasts in the shape of a cross, set the bodies afloat on boards for the tide to carry them across the harbour towards Fort St. Angelo.

Grand-master La Valletta, by way of a reprisal, ordered all the prisoners to be put to death, and, loading his cannon with their still bleeding heads, fired them into the

The bones of the departed knights are elaborately festooned, with almost mathematical exactness, around the walls, many thousands of skulls and human bones being used in the series of lines and devices varying in form to accord with the actual outlines of the chamber.

The roof, which is constructed in the shape of a dome in the interior, and the archway surmounting the approach to the altar is



VIEW OF THE CHAPEL OF BONES, LOOKING EAST.

followed in its semi-circular sweep by rows of various bones inclosing, as in a frame, the skulls which figure so prominently in the weird decorations.

The altar with its crucifix is framed with a border of femorals, scapulæ, and vertebral bones, with skulls and crossbones occupying, in various devices, the intervening spaces.

On either side of the altar are to be seen complete skeletons standing erect in the two recesses, and surrounded by further devices in bones. When illuminated from the altar by the light of the candles, they present a most horrifying and uncanny spectacle.

Those bones which have not been used to decorate the walls of the building are piled against the walls in heaps, in perfect order from the floor, where the continuity of the strange designs is least interfered with.

A tombstone erected in the quiet little

Protestant burial ground towards the shore of the Quarantine Harbour contains a very simple stanza, which it is, perhaps, well not to remember, however appropriate, until the visitor has withdrawn from the charnel chamber, and that is :

"Stop, traveller, stop, ere you go by,
As you are now, so once was I ;
As I am now, so you must be ;
Prepare yourself to follow me."

There are many interesting catacombs to inspect in the island of Malta, some of which possess great architectural beauty, and there are other vaults which follow to some extent the character of the *Ossuario*, such as the chamber or *Carneria* below the Capuchin Convent, where the monks who die in the convent are dressed in their clericals and fixed up against the walls until they fall to decay.

FIRST ATTEMPTS AT PHOTOGRAPHY

No. II.

To COMMENCE photography and then desist would be, I felt, the acme of bad taste. After a time, however, it seemed that the only alternative to this course was to make a sort of general apology for my camera. To look at the light side of things was all very well. This is essential in photography. Yet a limit ought to be set and respected.

Everything, however, depends upon the point of view. It occurred to me that the camera in its grotesque evolutions might be working towards some great end. That what were apparently imperfections were in reality something widely different. After a time I became certain of the fact. The camera, in a word, has set itself, with praiseworthy steadfastness, the difficult task to disillusionise the world. Nothing, as science, with direct brutality, insists, is really what it appears to be. But the camera refuses to be a party to this universal deceit; it abolishes the shambling nonsense which comes of optimistic imaginings, and reveals with infinite precision the unexpected.

Like every other beginner, my ambition lay in the direction of successful portraiture. With the ultimate object of hastening the settlement of a much debated point, I sought out a football player as a model. I am convinced that few people know the real dangers of this vicious game. They have no idea of the effect of football on a man.

This portrait is exactly as I took it.

I confess that the player did not look like this in the little peephole through which I surveyed him as a preparatory step. I place, however, the most implicit faith in my camera. Its vision is more accurate than that of the prejudiced human eye. When the photograph was developed, one saw at once what the man had suffered. Most clearly had he been in the midst of a scrimmage, and the pressure on either side had squeezed him up until the calves of his legs were about the only part of a once fine frame that retained its original shape and size.

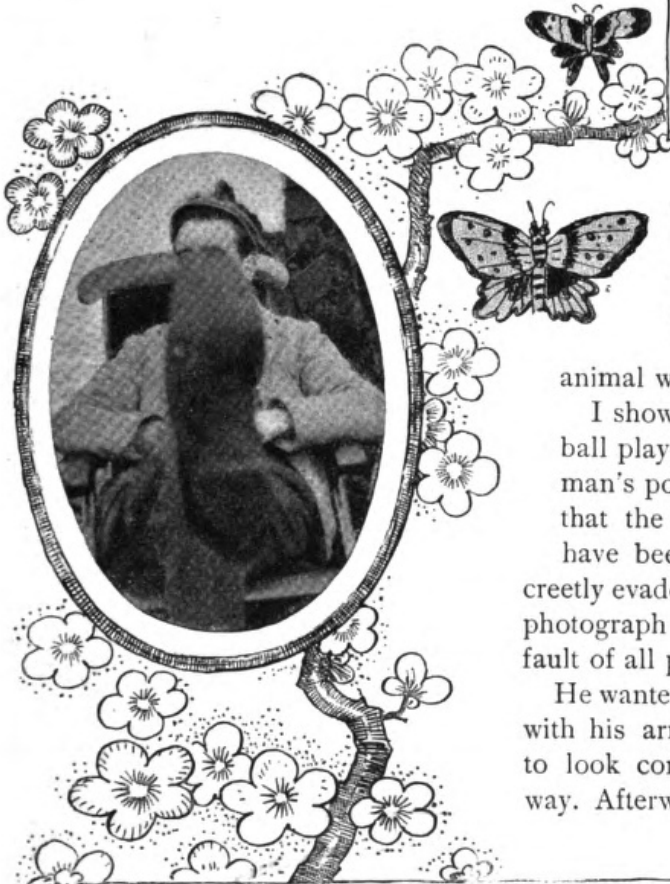


AFTER THE (FOOT) BALL.

animal world for a subject. I obtained a dog, and, after much difficulty, persuaded him to stand still. I can understand now

why the task was so troublesome. It was not one, but three dogs. This is not including a fourth tail, which was thrown in promiscuously. To the average person the two in the background were invisible. When the photograph was developed, however, the truth was revealed.

I am not a little proud of that developing. I see in it the nucleus of an important scientific discovery. For my own part, I had long suspected the existence of this fact. The three sides of the creature's character, its fawning affection, its ferocity with creatures of its own kind, the intervals



of selfish indifference and lethargy were more than changeful traits of disposition; they were represented by a corporeal trinity. Clearly there are the Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes of the animal world.

I showed this portrait and that of the football player to a friend. He declared that the man's position was strained. To have added that the staircase was strained, too, would have been more to the point, but this he discreetly evaded. He said he had never seen another photograph just like that, but it was a common fault of all photographs to be unnatural.

He wanted to be taken leaning back in his chair, with his arms folded and his legs crossed, and to look comfortable. I let him have his own way. Afterwards he became angry and unreasonable. He made the perfectly unnecessary statement that my portrait conveyed no idea at all of the sitter. He urged that it was absurd to suppose he could have been wearing boots big enough to fill the whole picture. But this is the worst of people who have their brains in their feet.

The camera is, in a word, an exquisite judge of human character and human failings. The range of its vision is unlimited — a fact admirably demonstrated in the accompanying



illustration. The self-importance of the civilian thanking Providence that he is not as these army men are is well brought out. In spite of what my critics say, there is no doubt that the camera has a very just sense of proportion.

Every man and woman at some time in their life falls a victim to the photographic craze. They are also liable to exaggerate their own importance. They almost persuade themselves, in fact, that in taking off the cap they are performing the principal share of the work. On this point my

else did the rest—someone with whom I have nothing to do whatever.



In my last illustration the puzzle—it is not a very difficult one—is to find the face. How the face came there I do not profess to know. The same effect may be obtained by writing your signature on a piece of paper and folding the autograph exactly in half while the ink is still wet.

Even this photographic freak, however, will not discourage me; the perfection of imperfection is still to be attained.

A. W.



camera, very rightly, enlightened me. After one lesson I discreetly kept myself so far as possible in the background.

Later on I made another attempt at portraiture. I promised to gratify the vanity of a young lady whose pride was in her hands. She pleaded to be allowed to have her hands well to the fore, where, in short, they would be conspicuous. The camera has made them so. Personally, I hasten to publicly disclaim all responsibility. I pressed the button, and presumably someone



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The Shadow of the Greenback

BY ROBERT BARR.



HICKORY SAM needed but one quality to be perfect. He should have been an arrant coward. He was a blustering braggart, always boasting of the men he had slain, and the odds he had contended against; filled with stories of his own valour, but alas! he shot straight, and rarely missed his mark, unless he was drunker than usual. It would have been delightful to tell how this unmitigated ruffian had been "held up" by some innocent tenderfoot from the east, and made to dance at the muzzle of a quite new and daintily ornamented revolver, for the loud-mouthed blowhard seemed just the man to flinch when real danger confronted him; but, sad to say, there was nothing of the white feather about Hickory Sam, for he feared neither man, nor gun, nor any combination of them. He was as ready to fight a dozen as one, and once had actually "held up" the United States army at Fort Concho, beating a masterly retreat backwards with his face to the foe, holding a troop in check with his two seven-shooters that seemed to point in every direction at once, making every man in the company feel, with a shiver up his back, that he individually was "covered," and would be the first to drop if firing actually began.

Hickory Sam appeared suddenly in Salt Lick, and speedily made good his claim to be the bad man of the district. Some old-timers disputed Sam's arrogant contention, but they did not live long enough to maintain their own well-earned reputations as objectionable citizens. Thus Hickory Sam reigned supreme in Salt Lick, and everyone in the place was willing and eager to stand treat to Sam, or to drink with him when invited.

Sam's chief place of resort in Salt Lick was the Hades Saloon, kept by Mike Davlin. Mike had not originally intended this to be the title of his bar, having at first named it after a little liquor cellar he kept in his early days in Philadelphia, called "The Shades," but some cowboy humourist, particular about the eternal fitness of things, had scraped out the letter "S," and so the sign over the door had been allowed to remain. Mike did not grumble. He had taken a keen interest in politics in Philadelphia, but an unexpected spasm of civic virtue having overtaken the city some years before, Davlin had been made a victim, and he was forced to leave suddenly for the West, where there were no politics, and where a man handy at mixing drinks was looked upon as a boon by the rest of the community. Mike did not grumble when even the name "Hades" failed to satisfy the boys in their thirst for appropriate nomenclature, and when they took to calling the place

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by a shorter and terser synonym beginning with the same letter, he made no objection.

Mike was an adaptive man, who mixed drinks, but did not mix in rows. He protected himself by not keeping a revolver, and by admitting that he could not hit his own saloon at twenty yards distance. A residence in the quiet city of Philadelphia is not conducive to the nimbling of the trigger finger. When the boys in the exuberance of their spirits began to shoot, Mike promptly ducked under his counter and waited till the clouds of smoke rolled by. He sent in a bill for broken glass, bottles, and the damage generally, when his guests were sober again, and his accounts were always paid. Mike was a deservedly popular citizen in Salt Lick, and might easily have been elected to the United States Congress, if he had dared go east again. But, as he himself said, he was out of politics.

It was the pleasant custom of the cowboys at Buller's ranch to come into Salt Lick on pay days and close up the town. These periodical visits did little harm to any one, and seemed to be productive of much amusement for the boys. They rode at full gallop through the one street of the place like a troop of cavalry, yelling at the top of their voices and brandishing their weapons.

The first raid through Salt Lick was merely a warning, and all peaceably inclined inhabitants took it as such, retiring forthwith to the seclusion of their houses. On their return trip the boys winged or lamed, with unerring aim, anyone found in the street. They seldom killed a wayfarer; if a fatality ensued it was usually the result of accident, and much to the regret of the boys, who always apologised handsomely to the surviving relatives, which expression of regret was generally received in the amicable spirit with which it was tendered. There was none of the rancour of the vendetta in these little encounters; if a man happened to be blotted out, it was his ill luck, that was all, and there was rarely any thought of reprisal.

This perhaps was largely due to the fact that the community was a shifting one, and few had any near relatives about them, for, although the victim might have friends, they seldom held him in such esteem as to be

willing to take up his quarrel when there was a bullet hole through him. Relatives, however, are often more difficult to deal with than are friends, in cases of sudden death, and this fact was recognised by Hickory Sam, who, when he was compelled to shoot the younger Holt brother in Mike's saloon, promptly went, at some personal inconvenience, and assassinated the elder, before John Holt heard the news. As Sam explained to Mike when he returned, he had no quarrel with John Holt, but merely killed him in the interests of peace, for he would have been certain to draw and probably shoot several citizens when he heard of his brother's death, because, for some unexplained reason, the brothers were fond of each other.

When Hickory Sam was comparatively new to Salt Lick he allowed the Buller's ranch gang to close up the town without opposition. It was their custom, when the capital of Coyote county had been closed up to their satisfaction, to adjourn to Hades and there "blow in" their hard-earned gains on the liquor Mike furnished. They also added to the decorations of the saloon ceiling. Several cowboys had a gift of twirling their Winchester repeating rifles around the fore finger and firing it as the flying muzzle momentarily pointed upwards. The man who could put the most bullets within the smallest space in the roof was the expert of the occasion, and didn't have to pay for his drinks.

This exhibition might have made many a man quail, but it had no effect on Hickory Sam, who leant against the bar and sneered at the show as child's play.

"Perhaps you think you can do it," cried the champion. "I bet you the drinks you can't."

"I don't have to," said Hickory Sam, with the calm dignity of a dead shot. "I don't have to, but I'll tell you what I can do. I can nip the heart of a man with this here gun," showing his seven-shooter, "me a-standing in Hades here and he a-coming out of the bank." For Salt Lick, being a progressive town, had the Coyote County Bank some distance down the street on the opposite side from the saloon.

"You're a liar," roared the champion, whereupon all the boys grasped their guns and were on the look out for trouble.

Hickory Sam merely laughed, strode to the

door, threw it open and walked out to the middle of the deserted thoroughfare.

"I'm a bad man from Way Back," he yelled at the top of his voice. "I'm the toughest cuss in Coyote county, and no darned greasers from Buller's can close up this town when I'm in it. You hear me! Salt Lick's wide open, and I'm standing in the street to prove it."

It was bad enough to have the town declared open when fifteen of them in a body

Sam made good his contention by nipping the heart of the champion when opposite the bank, who plunged forward on his face and threw the cavalcade into confusion. Then Sam stood up, and regardless of the scattering shots, fired with both revolvers, killing the foremost man of the troop and slaughtering three horses, which instantly changed the charge into a rout. He then retired to Hades and barricaded the door. Mike was nowhere to be seen.



They went down the street like a tornado.

had proclaimed it closed, but in addition to this to be called "greasers" was an insult not to be borne. A cowboy despises a Mexican almost as much as he does an Indian. With a soul-terrifying yell the fifteen were out of the saloon and on their horses like a cyclone. They went down the street like a tornado, wheeling about some distance below the temporarily closed bank, and, charging up again at full gallop, fired repeatedly in the direction of Hickory Sam, who was crouching behind an empty whiskey barrel in front of the saloon with a "gun" in either hand.

Voi. I.—22.

But the boys knew when they had enough. They made no attack on the saloon, but picked up their dead, and, thoroughly sobered, made their way, much more slowly than they came, back to Buller's ranch.

When it was evident that they had gone, Mike cautiously emerged from his place of retirement, as Sam was vigorously pounding on the bar threatening that if a drink were not forthcoming he would go round behind the bar and help himself.

"I'm a law and order man," he explained to Davlin, "and I won't have no toughs



Then Sam stood up regardless of the scattering shots.

from Buller's ranch close up this town, and interfere with commerce. Every man has got to respect the Constitution of the United States as long as my gun can bark, you bet your life!"

Mike hurriedly admitted that he was perfectly right, and asked him what he would have, forgetting in his agitation that Sam took one thing only, and that one thing straight.

Next day old Buller himself came in from his ranch to see if anything could be done about this latest affray. It was bad enough to lose two of his best herdsmen in a foolish contest of this kind, but to have three trained horses killed as well, was disgusting. Buller had been one of the boys himself in his young days, but now, having grown wealthy in the cattle business, he was anxious to see civilisation move westward with strides a little more rapid than it was taking. He made the mistake of appealing to the Sheriff, as if that worthy man could be expected, for the small salary he received, to attempt the arrest of so dead a shot as Hickory Sam.

Besides, as the Sheriff quite correctly pointed out, the boys themselves had been the aggressors in the first place, and if fifteen of them could not take care of one man behind an empty whiskey barrel, they had better remain peaceably at home in the future, and do their pistol practice in the quiet, innocuous retirement of a shooting gallery. They surely could not expect the strong arm of the law in the person of a peaceably-minded Sheriff to reach out and pull their chestnuts from the fire when several of them had already burned their fingers, and when the chestnuts shot and drank as straight as Hickory Sam.

Buller, finding the executive portion of the law slow and reluctant to move, sought advice from his own lawyer, the one disciple of Coke-upon-Littleton in the place. The lawyer doubted if there was any legal remedy in the then condition of society around Salt Lick. The safest plan perhaps would be—mind, he did not advise, but merely suggested—to surround Hickory Sam and wipe him off the face of the earth. This might

not be strictly according to law, but it would be effective, if carried out without an error.

The particulars of Buller's interview with the Sheriff spread rapidly in Salt Lick, and caused great indignation among the residents thereof, especially those who frequented Hades. It was a reproach to the place that the law should be invoked, all on account of a trivial incident like that of the day before. Sam, who had been celebrating his victory at Mike's, heard the news with bitter, if somewhat silent resentment, for he had advanced so far in his cups that he was all but speechless. Being a magnanimous man, he would have been quite content to let bygones be bygones, but this unjustifiable action of Buller's required prompt and effectual chastisement. He would send the wealthy ranchman to keep company with his slaughtered herdsmen.

Thus it was that when Buller mounted his horse after his futile visit to the lawyer, he found Hickory Sam holding the street with his guns. The fusillade that followed was without result, which disappointing termination is accounted for by the fact that Sam was exceedingly drunk at the time, and the ranchman was out of practice. Seldom had Salt Lick seen so much powder burnt with no damage except to the window-glass in the vicinity. Buller went back to the lawyer's office, and afterwards had an interview with the bank manager. Then he got quietly out of town unmolested, for Sam, weeping over the inaccuracy of his aim on Mike's shoulder, gradually sank to sleep in a corner of the saloon.

Next morning, when Sam woke to temporary sobriety, he sent word to the ranch that he would shoot old Buller on sight, and, at the same time, he apologised for the previous eccentricities of his fire, promising that such an annoying exhibition should not occur again. He signed himself "The Terror of Salt Lick, and the Champion of Law and Order."

It was rumoured that old Buller, when he returned to the lawyer's office, had made his will, and that the bank manager had witnessed it. This supposed action of Buller was taken as a most delicate compliment to Hickory

Sam's determination and marksmanship, and he was justly proud of the work he had thrown into the lawyer's hands.

A week passed before old Buller came to Salt Lick, but when he came, Hickory Sam was waiting for him, and this time the desperado was not drunk, that is to say, he had not had more than half a dozen glasses of forty rod that morning.

When the rumour came to Hades that old Buller was approaching the town on horseback and alone, Sam at once bet the drinks that he would fire but one shot, and so, in a measure, atone for the ineffectual racket he had made on the occasion of the previous encounter. The crowd stood by, in safe places, to see the result of the duel.

Sam, with one revolver in his right hand, stood squarely in the centre of the street, with the sturdy bearing of one who has his quarrel just, and who besides can pierce the ace spot on a card ten yards further away than any other man in the county.

Old Buller came riding up the street as calmly as if he were on his own ranch. When almost within range of Sam's pistol, the old man raised both hands above his head, letting the reins fall on the horse's neck. In this extraordinary attitude he rode forward, to the amazement of the crowd and the evident embarrassment of Sam.

"I am not armed," the old man shouted. "I have come to talk this thing over and settle it."

"It's too late for talk," yelled Sam, infuriated at the prospect of missing his victim after all; "pull your gun, old man, and shoot."

"I haven't got a gun on me," said Buller, still advancing, and still holding up his hands.

"That trick's played out," shouted Sam, flinging up his right hand and firing.

The old man, with hands above his head, leant slowly forward like a falling tower, then pitched head foremost from his horse to the ground, where he lay without a struggle, face down and arms spread out.

Great as was the fear of the desperado, an involuntary cry of horror went up from the crowd. Killing is all right and proper in its way, but the shooting of an unarmed man

who voluntarily held up his hands and kept them up, was murder, even on the plains.

Sam looked savagely around him, glaring at the crowd that shrank away from him, the smoking pistol hanging muzzle downward from his hand.

"It's all a trick. He had a shooting-iron in his boot. I see the butt of it sticking out. That's why I fired."

"I'm not saying nothin'," said Mike, as the fierce glance of Hickory rested on him, "'tain't any affair of mine."

"Yes, it is," cried Hickory.

"Why, I didn't have nothin' to do with it," protested the saloon keeper.

"No. But you've got somethin' to do with it now. What did we elect you coroner fur, I'd like to know? You've got to hustle around and panel your jury an' bring in a verdict of accidental death or something of that sort. Bring any sort or kind of verdict that'll save trouble in future. I believe in law and order, I do, an' I like to see things done regular."

"But we didn't have no jury for them cowboys," said Mike.

"Well, cowboys is different. It didn't so much matter about them. Still, it oughter been done, even with cowboys, if we were more'n half civilised. Nothin' like havin' things down on the record straight and ship-shape. Now some o' you fellows help me in with the body, and Mike 'll panel his jury in three shakes."

There is nothing like an energetic public-spirited man for reducing chaos to order. Things began to assume their normal attitude, and the crowd began to look to Sam for instruction. He seemed to understand the etiquette of these occasions, and those present felt that they were ignorant and inexperienced compared with him.

The body was laid out on a bench in the room at the back of the saloon, while the jury and the spectators were accommodated with such seats as the place afforded, Hickory Sam himself taking an elevated position on the top of a barrel, where he could, as it were, preside over the arrangements. It was vaguely felt by those present that Sam bore no malice towards the deceased, and this was put down rather to his credit.

"I think," said the coroner, looking hesitatingly up at Sam, with an expression which showed he was quite prepared to withdraw his proposal if it should prove inappropriate, "I think we might have the lawyer over here. He knows how these things should be done, and he's the only man in Salt Lick that's got a Bible to swear the jury on. I think they ought to be sworn."

"That's a good idea," concurred Sam. "One of you run across for him, and tell him to bring the Book. Nothing like havin' these things regular and proper and accordin' to law."

The lawyer had heard of the catastrophe, and he came promptly over to the saloon, bringing the book with him and some papers in his hand. There was now no doubt about Sam's knowledge of the proper thing to do, when it was found that the lawyer quite agreed with him that an inquest, under the circumstances, was justifiable and according to precedent. The jury found that the late Mr. Buller had "died through misadventure," which phrase, sarcastically suggested by the lawyer when he found that the verdict was going to be "accidental death," pleased the jury, who at once adopted it.

When the proceedings were so pleasantly terminated by a verdict acceptable to all parties, the lawyer cleared his throat and said that his late client, having perhaps a premonition of his fate, had recently made a will, and he had desired the lawyer to make the will public as soon as possible after his death. As the occasion seemed in every way suitable, the lawyer proposed, with the permission of the coroner, to read that portion which Mr. Buller hoped would receive the widest possible publicity.

Mike glanced with indecision at the lawyer and at Sam sitting high above the crowd on the barrel.

"Certainly," said Hickory. "We'd all like to hear the will, although I suppose it's none of our business."

The lawyer made no comment on this remark, but bowing to the assemblage, unfolded a paper and read it.

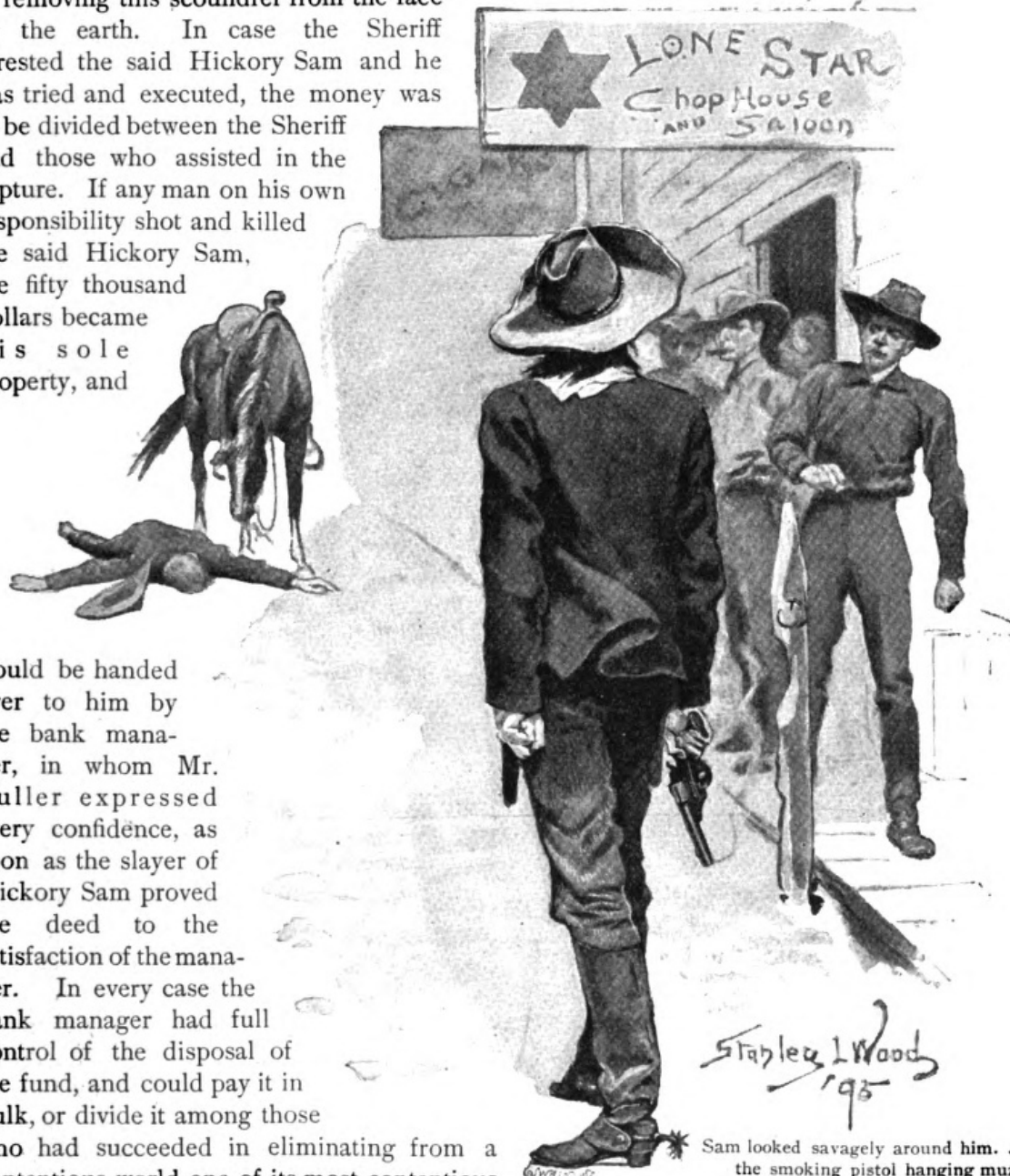
Mr. Buller left all his property to his nephew in the East with the exception of

fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks, then deposited in the Coyote County Bank at Salt Lick. The testator had reason to suspect that a desperado named Hickory Sam (real name or designation unknown) had designs on the testator's life. In case these designs were successful, the whole of this money was to go to the person or persons who succeeded in removing this scoundrel from the face of the earth. In case the Sheriff arrested the said Hickory Sam and he was tried and executed, the money was to be divided between the Sheriff and those who assisted in the capture. If any man on his own responsibility shot and killed the said Hickory Sam, the fifty thousand dollars became his sole property, and

would be handed over to him by the bank manager, in whom Mr. Buller expressed every confidence, as soon as the slayer of Hickory Sam proved the deed to the satisfaction of the manager. In every case the bank manager had full control of the disposal of the fund, and could pay it in bulk, or divide it among those who had succeeded in eliminating from a contentious world one of its most contentious members.

The amazed silence which followed the reading of this document was broken by a loud jeering and defiant laugh from the man on the barrel. He laughed long, but no one joined him, and, as he noticed this, his hilarity

died down, becoming in a measure forced and mechanical. The lawyer methodically folded up his papers. As some of the jury glanced down at the face of the dead man who had originated this financial scheme of



Sam looked savagely around him. . . . the smoking pistol hanging muzzle downward from his hand.

post mortem vengeance, they almost fancied they saw a malicious leer about the half open eyes and lips. An awed whisper ran round the assemblage. Each man said to the other under his breath: "Fif—ty—thous—and—

dollars," as if the dwelling on each syllable made the total seem larger. The same thought was in every man's mind; a clean, cool little fortune merely for the crooking of a fore-finger and the correct levelling of a pistol barrel.

The lawyer had silently taken his departure. Sam, soberer than he had been for many days, slid down from the barrel, and, with his hand on the butt of his gun, sidled, his back against the wall, towards the door. No one raised a finger to stop him; all sat there watching him as if they were hypnotised. He was no longer a man in their eyes, but the embodiment of a sum to be earned in a moment, for which thousands worked hard all their lives, often in vain, to accumulate.

Sam's brain, on a problem was not so quick as his finger on a trigger, but it began to filter slowly into his mind that he was now face to face with a danger against which his pistol was powerless. Heretofore, roughly speaking, nearly everybody had been his friend; now the hand of the world was against him, with a most powerful motive for being against him; a motive which he himself could understand. For a mere fraction of fifty thousand dollars he would kill anybody, so long as the deed could be done with reasonable safety to himself. Why then should any man stay his hand against him with such a reward hanging over his head? As Sam retreated backwards from among his former friends they saw in his eyes what they had never seen there before, something that was not exactly fear, but a look of furtive suspicion against the whole human race.

Out in the open air once again Sam breathed more freely. He must get away from Salt Lick, and that quickly. Once on the prairie he could make up his mind what the next move was to be. He kept his revolver in his hand, not daring to put it into its holster. Every sound made him jump, and he was afraid to stand in the open, yet he could not remain constantly with his back to the wall. Poor Buller's horse, fully accoutred, cropped the grass by the side of the road. To be a horse-thief was, of course, worse than to be a murderer, but there was no help for it; without the horse escape was

impossible. He secured the animal with but little trouble, and sprang upon its back.

As he mounted, a shot rang out from the saloon. Sam whirled around in the saddle, but no one was to be seen; nothing but a thin film of pistol smoke melting in the air above the open door. The rider fired twice into the empty doorway, then with a threat, turned towards the open country and galloped away, and Salt Lick was far behind him when night fell. He tethered his horse and threw himself down on the grass, but dared not sleep. For all he knew, his pursuers might be within a few rods of where he lay, for he was certain they would be on his trail as soon as they knew he had left Salt Lick. The prize was too great for no effort to be made to secure it.

There is an enemy before whom the strongest and bravest man must succumb; that enemy is sleeplessness. When daylight found the desperado, he had not closed an eye all night. His nerve was gone, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, he felt a thrill of fear. The emptiness of the prairie, which should have encouraged him, struck a chill of loneliness into him, and he longed for the sight of a man, even though he might have to fight him when he approached. He must have a comrade, he said to himself, if he could find any human being in straits as terrible as his own, someone who would keep watch and watch with him through the night; but the comrade must either be ignorant of the weight of money that hung over the desperado's head, or there must be a price on his own. An innocent man would not see the use of keeping such strict watch; a guilty man, on learning the circumstances of the case, would sell Sam's life to purchase his own freedom. Fifty thousand dollars, in the desperado's mind, would do anything, and yet he himself, of all the sixty million people in the land, was the only one who could not earn it! A comrade, then, innocent or guilty, was impossible, and yet was absolutely necessary if the wanderer was to have sleep.

The horse was in distress through lack of water, and Sam himself was both hungry and thirsty. His next halting place must be near a stream, yet perhaps his safety during the

first night was due to the fact that his pursuers would naturally have looked for him near some water-course, and not on the open prairie.

Ten days later, Mike Davlin was awakened at three in the morning, to find standing by his bed a gaunt, haggard living skeleton, holding a candle in one hand, and pointing a cocked revolver at Mike's head with the other.

"Get up," said the apparition hoarsely, "and get me something to eat and drink. Drink first, and be quick about it. Make no noise. Is there anybody else in the house?"

"No," said Mike, shivering. "You wait here, Sam, and I'll bring you something. I thought you were among the Indians, or in Mexico, or in the Bad Lands long ago."

"I'm in bad lands enough here. I'll go with you. I'm not going to let you out of my sight, and no tricks, mind, or you know what will happen."

"Surely you trust me, Sam," whined Mike, getting up.

"I don't trust any living man. Who fired that shot at me when I was leaving?"

"So help me," protested Mike, "I dunno. I wasn't in the bar at the time. I can prove I wasn't. Yer not looking well, Sam."

"Blister you for a slow dawdler, you'd not look well either, if you had no sleep for a week and was starved into the bargain. Get a move on you."

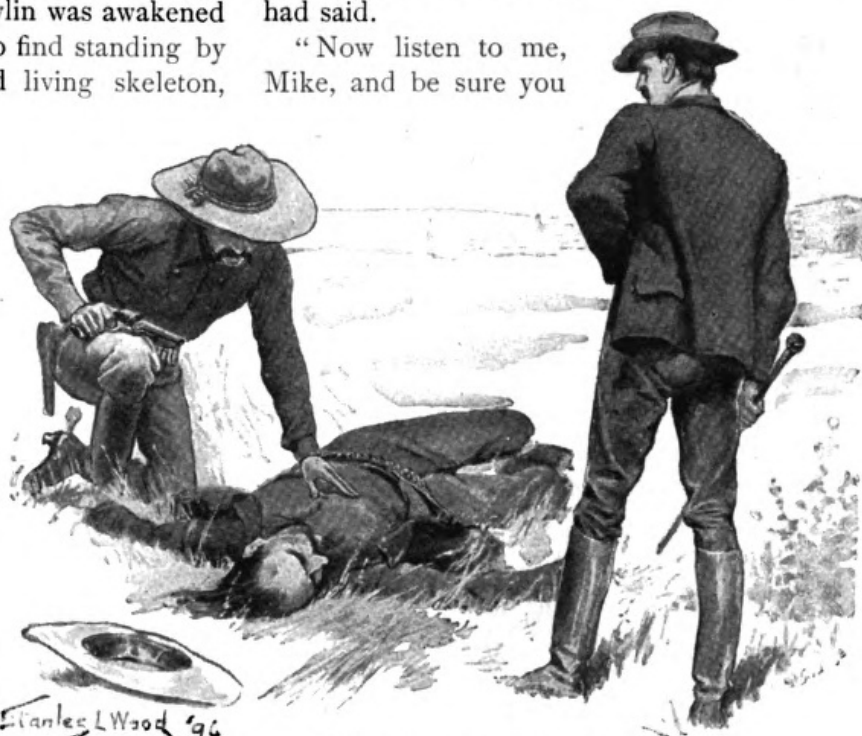
Sam ate like a wild beast what was set before him, and although he took a stiff glass of whiskey and water at the beginning, he now drank sparingly. He laid the revolver on the table at his elbow, and made Mike sit opposite him. When the ravenous meal was finished, he pushed the plate from him and looked across at Davlin.

"When I said I didn't trust you, Mike, I was a liar. I do, an' I'll prove it. When it's

your interest to befriend a man, you'll do it every time."

"I will that," said Mike, not quite comprehending what the other had said.

"Now listen to me, Mike, and be sure you



"He's done for," said the foreman.

do exactly as I tell you. Go to where the bank manager lives and rouse him up as I roused you. He'll not be afraid when he sees it's you. Tell him you've got me over in the saloon, and that I've come to rob the bank of that fifty thousand dollars. Say that I'm desperate and can't be taken short of a dozen lives, and there is no lie in that, as you know. Tell him you've fallen in with my plans, and that we'll go over there and hold him up. Tell him the only chance of catching me is by a trick. He's to open the door of the place where the money is, and you're to shove me in and lock me up. But when he opens the door I'll send a bullet through him, and you and me will divide the money. Nobody will suspect you, for nobody'll know you were there but the bank man, and he'll be dead. But if you make one move except as I tell you the first bullet goes through you. See?"

Mike's eyes opened wider and wider as the scheme was disclosed. "Lord what a head you have, Sam," he said. "Why didn't you

think of that before? The Bank Manager is in Austin."

"What the blazes is he doing there?"

"He took the money with him to put it in the Austin Bank. He left the day after you did, for he said the only chance you had was to get that money. You might have done this the night you left, but not since."

"That's straight, is it?" said Sam suspiciously.

"It's God's truth I'm speaking," asserted Mike earnestly. "You can find that out for yourself in the morning. Nobody'll molest ye. Yer jus' dead beat for want o' sleep, I can see that. Go up stairs and go to bed. I'll keep watch and not a soul 'll know you're here."

Hickory Sam's shoulders sank when he heard the money was gone, and a look of despair came into his half closed eyes. He sat thus for a few moments unheeding the other's advice, then with an effort shook off his lethargy.

"No," he said at last, "I won't go to bed. I'd like to enrich you, Mike, but that would be too easy. Cut me off some slices of this cold meat and put them between chunks of bread. I want a three days' supply, and a bottle of whiskey."

Mike did as requested, and at Sam's orders attended to his horse. It was still dark, but there was a suggestion of the coming day in the eastern sky. Buller's horse was as jaded and as fagged out as its rider. As Sam, stooping like an old man, rode away, Mike hurried to his bedroom, noiselessly opened the window, and pointed at the back of the dim retreating man a shot-gun, loaded with slugs. He could hardly have missed killing both horse and man if he had had the courage to fire, but his hand trembled, and the drops of perspiration stood on his brow. He knew that if he missed this time, there would be no question in Sam's mind about who fired the shot. Resting the gun on the ledge and keeping his eye along the barrel, he had not the nerve to pull the trigger. At last the retreating figure disappeared, and with it Mike's chance of a fortune. He drew in the gun, and softly closed the window, with a long or of regret.

Sidney P from Detroit when

he received the telegram that announced his uncle's death and told him he was heir to the ranch. He was thirty years younger than his uncle had been at the time of his tragic death, and he bore a remarkable likeness to the old man; that is, a likeness more than striking, when it was remembered that one had lived all his life in a city, while the other had spent most of his days on the plains. The young man had seen the Sheriff on his arrival, expecting to find that active steps had been taken towards the arrest of the murderer. The Sheriff assured him that nothing more effective could be done than what had been done by the dead man himself in leaving fifty thousand dollars to the killer of Hickory Sam. The Sheriff had made no move himself, for he had been confidently expecting every day to hear that Sam was shot.

Meanwhile, nothing had been heard or seen of the desperado since he left Salt Lick on the back of the murdered man's horse. Sidney thought this was rather a slipshod way of administering justice, but he said nothing, and went back to his ranch. But if the Sheriff had been indifferent, his own cowboys had been embarrassingly active. They had deserted the ranch in a body, and were scouring the plains searching for the murderer, making the mistake of going too far afield. They, like Mike, had expected Sam would strike for the Bad Lands, and they rode far and fast to intercept him. Whether they were actuated by a desire to share the money, a liking for their old "boss," or hatred of Hickory Sam himself, they themselves would have found it difficult to tell. Anyhow, it was a man-chase, and their hunting instincts were keen.

In the early morning Sidney Buller walked forth from the buildings of the ranch and struck for the open prairie. The sun was up, but the morning was still cool. Before he had gone far he saw, approaching the ranch, a single riderless horse. As the animal came nearer and nearer it whinnied on seeing him, and finally changed its course and came directly towards him. Then he saw that there was a man on its back; a man either dead or asleep. His hand hung down nerveless by the horse's shoulder, and swung helplessly to and fro as the animal

walked on; the man's head rested on the horse's mane. The horse came up to Sidney, thrusting its nose out to him, whinnying gently, as if it knew him.

"Hallo!" cried Sidney, shaking the man by the shoulder, "what's the matter? Are you hurt?"

Instantly the desperado was wide awake, sitting bolt upright, and staring at Sidney with terrified recognition in his eyes. He raised his right hand, but the pistol had evidently dropped from it when he, overcome by fatigue, and drowsy after his enormous meal, had fallen asleep. He flung himself off, keeping the animal between himself and his supposed enemy, pulled the other revolver and fired at Sidney across the plunging horse. Before he could fire again, Sidney, who was an athlete, brought down the loaded head of his cane on the pistol wrist of the ruffian, crying:

"Don't fire, you fool, I'm not going to hurt you!"

As the revolver fell to the ground Sam sprang savagely at the throat of the young man, who, stepping back, struck his assailant a much heavier blow than he intended. The leaden knob of the stick fell on Sam's temple, and he dropped as if shot. Alarmed

at the effect of his blow, Sidney tore open the unconscious man's shirt, and tried to get him to swallow some of the whiskey from the bottle he found in his pocket. Appalled to find all his efforts unavailing, he sprang on the horse and rode to the stables for help.

The foreman coming out, cried: "Good heavens, Mr. Buller, that's the old man's horse. Where did you get him? Well, Jerry, old fellow," he continued, patting the horse, who whinnied affectionately, "they've been using you badly, and you've come home to be taken care of. Where did you find him, Mr. Buller?"

"Out on the prairie, and I'm afraid I've killed the man who was riding him. God knows, I didn't intend to; but he fired at me, and I hit harder than I thought."

Sidney and the foreman ran out together to where Jerry's late rider lay on the grass.

"He's done for," said the foreman, bending over the prostrate figure, but taking the precaution to have a revolver in his hand. "He's got his dose, thank God. This is the man who murdered your uncle. Think of him being knocked over with a city cane, and think of the old man's revenge money coming back to the family again!"

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

VESTURED and veiled with twilight,
Lulled in the winter's ease;
Dim, and happy, and silent,
My garden dreams by its trees.

Urn of the sprayless fountain,
Glimmering Nymph and Faun,
Gleam through the dark-plumed cedar,
Fade on the dusky lawn.

Here is no stir of summer,
Here is no hint of spring,
Never a bud to bourgeon,
Never a bird to sing.

Dreams—and the kingdom of quiet—
Only the dead leaves lie
Over the sleeping roses,
Under the shrouded sky.

Folded and fenced with silence—
Mindless of moil and mart—
It is twilight here in my garden,
And twilight here in my heart.



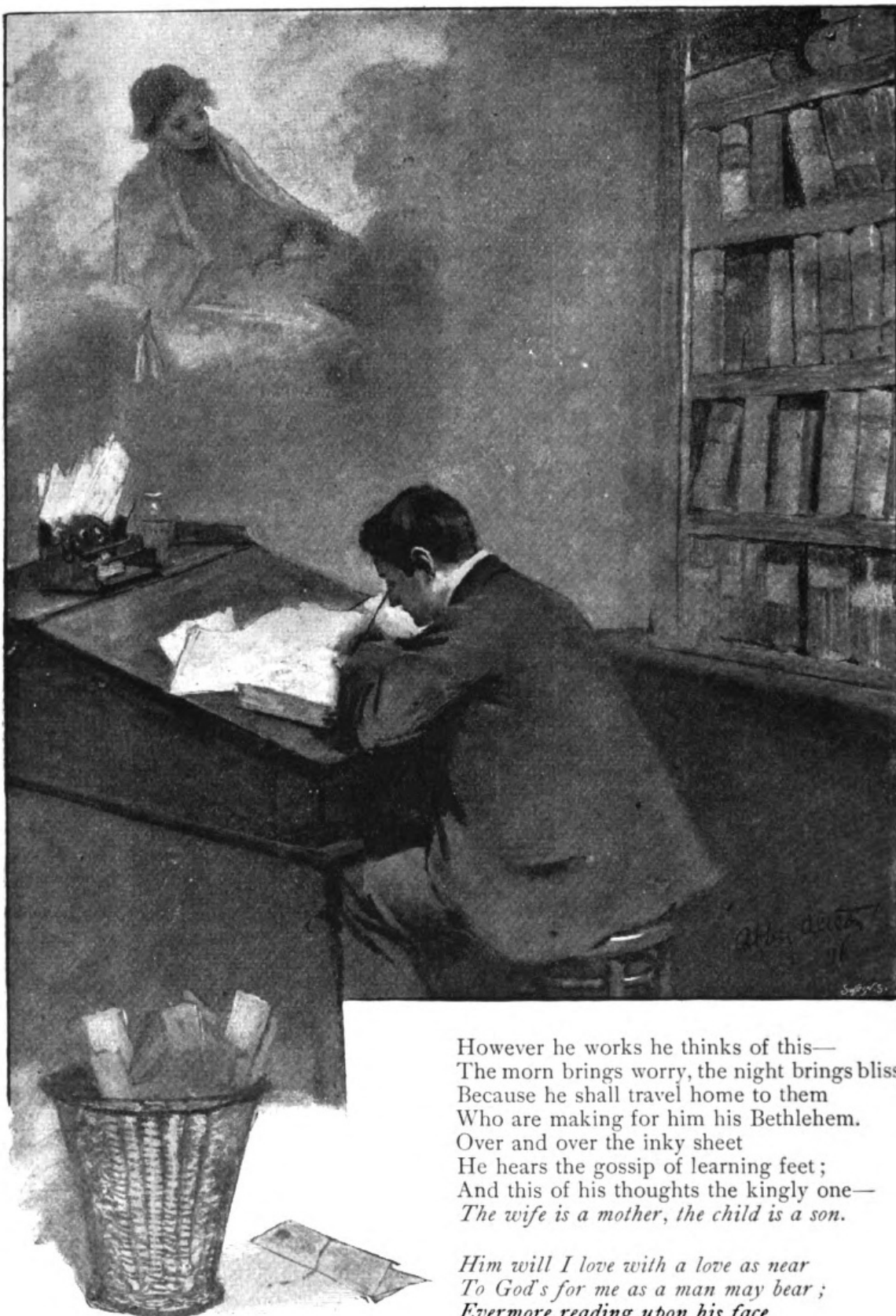
BY
NORMAN GALE.

THE CLERK'S CHILD.

AT the mother's heart the new-born guest
Found milk for his faring, milk and rest;
The mother cooed to her sleeping joy,
The heir of the house, the longed-for boy.
But Death at the afternoon came in,
Soft-footed, sudden, as dark as sin.
While the father bent at the desk for bread,
A pang and a cry—and his son was dead.

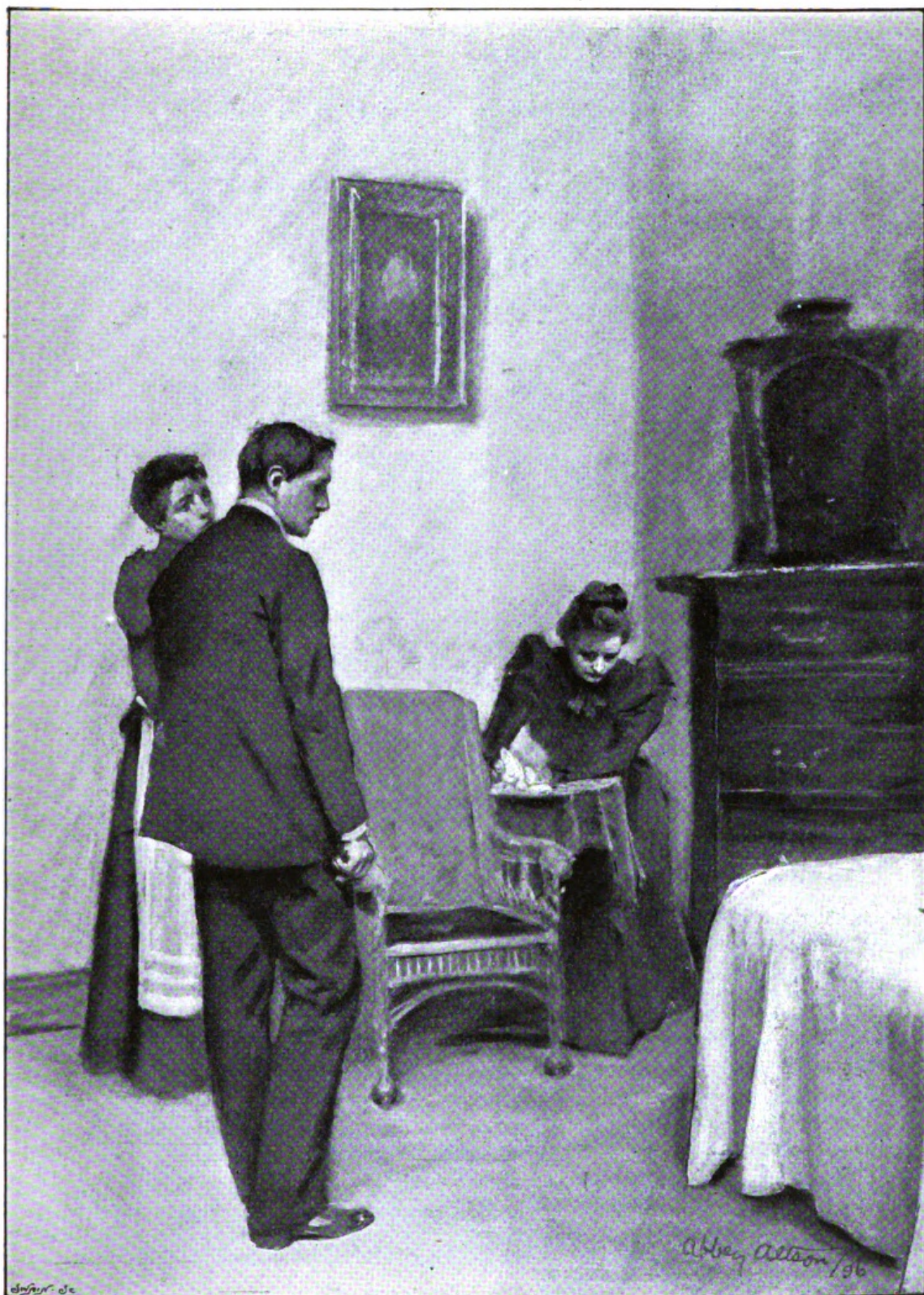


O pains of a mother, borne so long.
Borne with a smile and borne with a song,
Willingly suffered if she could give
Life to a baby that might not live!
Only the half of a week to rest
The goldening head! With peace in his
breast
The father thinks, as he toils for bread,
Of wife and son. But his son is dead.



However he works he thinks of this—
The morn brings worry, the night brings bliss,
Because he shall travel home to them
Who are making for him his Bethlehem.
Over and over the inky sheet
He hears the gossip of learning feet;
And this of his thoughts the kingly one—
The wife is a mother, the child is a son.

*Him will I love with a love as near
To God's for me as a man may bear;
Evermore reading upon his face
Heavenly characters, tokens of grace.
Full soon as a minstrel on my knee
Shall he set the tune of the house's glee;
Soon in the pink and the pansy bed
Pluck at his whim. But the boy is dead.*



Who shall reveal, when he comes at night,
His deep eyes full of that loving light?
But, as the womenfolk wailed and wept,
The news from God to the husband leapt.
Homeward he went, and he saw his child,
The innocent face so still and mild;
"I had a message from God," he said,
"Uncover your eyes. Our son is dead."

The wife lay mute. 'Twas the need of lips
Ached from her neck to her finger-tips,
So willing the cheated breast to greet
The pinch of the mouth had found it sweet.
Never a moan for herself she made,
And never a tear her woe betrayed;
This of her grief was the utterest pain,
That her husband had no son again.



The father bent to his son so cold,
And the look of the man was grey and old;
The husband turned to the mother's place,
And kissed his courage upon her face.
"Wife of mine, we have lived with bliss,
Loving and company, song and kiss;
Still is joy left though a joy be lost,
For Time takes much, but never the most."



"Greybeard Time, that is mute as a ghost,
 Takes from us much, but never the most ;
 And some of the better always clings
 Close to the worst that misfortune brings.
 So, cheer up, Love ! There's a golden view
 Opening still for me and for you,
 If in His mercy the Comforter rouse
 Good in our bosoms, and dwell in the house."





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP AINSLIE, <i>Fellow and Lecturer, Christ's College, Cambridge.</i>	ELEANOR INGRESS	} <i>American School Teachers.</i>
JAMES SEVENOKE, <i>Country Gentleman.</i>	MAMIE ELGOOD	

ACT I.

Evening. Drawing-room of Derwentwater Hotel. French windows to the ground. View of lake through the windows, which open on a lawn. Door on R.

ELEANOR and MAMIE discovered. ELEANOR sitting with her hands crossed, looking at the lake. MAMIE at window.

MAMIE. Our last evening, dear. To-morrow that hateful Liverpool. Then the transit, and then——

ELEANOR. Then to work again—the schoolroom and the children. Well, Mamie, we've had a lovely holiday; there can never, never, never happen such another.

MAMIE. London is a kind of mirage. We saw many people—interesting and otherwise—but we never got to know them. Chester—ah! that was splendid as a historical place. And the cathedrals! Oh! And the castles. Oh! They were delightful. And the Lakes—Oh! the last fortnight at the Lakes! Oh! shall we ever, ever, ever forget Grasmere, and Llewellyn, and Rydal Water? (*Clasps her hands.*)

ELEANOR (*sighs*). Impossible.

MAMIE. And (*stealing across the room, and bending over ELEANOR*) shall we ever, ever, ever forget what made that fortnight so delightful? (*ELEANOR is silent.*) Did ever two simple American girls have such an adventure before? To make the acquaintance of two young men—and such young men—and to go about with them——

ELEANOR. Mamie, dear, don't say "go about" with them. It so happened that their route fell in with ours.

MAMIE. Yes, dear, that is exactly what I meant. Their route fell in with ours. Very strange it was. Mr. Sevenoke often remarked upon the curious coincidence. Come now, Eleanor, shall we readily forget these—strangers?

ELEANOR (*rises and walks to the piano*). I don't want to forget them. (*Sits down and plays. Mamie goes to window and looks out. Eleanor drops her face in her hands. Springs to her feet; brushes away the tears.*) Why should we? I don't want ever to forget them, Mamie. How should we forget them? We are simple, casual acquaintances. Only it has been a great happiness to learn what a pleasant creature an English gentleman may be.

MAMIE. Yes, a great happiness. And now it is all over.

ELEANOR. Yes, it is all over.

MAMIE. They won't desert us on our very last evening, will they? Oh! it would be too unkind.

(*Enter WAITER with tray.*) The gentlemen ordered coffee in here.

MAMIE (*with dignity*). Thank you. (*Exit WAITER.*) What did I tell you?

(*Enter, by the window, PHILIP AINSLIE and JAMES SEVENOKE in morning dress.*)

MAMIE (*offers coffee*). Will you have coffee, Nelly? Mr. Sevenoke, coffee? Mr. Ainslie?

(*Ainslie declines. Waits on Eleanor. Takes her cup and puts it back in tray. He stands beside her in the window, and they talk earnestly. James Sevenoke and Mamie go down stage.*)

JAMES. Is it possible, Miss Elgood, that you are really going to leave us to-morrow?

MAMIE. It is not only possible, Mr. Sevenoke, it is quite certain. We have secured our cabin and we have to start at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. This day week we shall be back again in New York. (*Sighs.*)

JAMES. You take back with you, Miss Mamie, I hope, some pleasant remembrances. You will take with you, too, a broken heart. Oh! don't look surprised. Mine has gone into little bits. I wish you'd stick them together again.

MAMIE. Shall I thank you, Mr. Sevenoke, for the present of a worthless article? I believe you once told me that you were engaged to—what was her name? Hadn't you better ask her about the sticking together?

JAMES. Ah! but if I were *not* engaged.

MAMIE. *If!* such virtue—or is it the other thing?—in that *if*. But as things are we will just go on being friends, and I shall carry away not the snippets of a heart, but the recollection of a time that has been very pleasant—I suppose because the Lake country is so lovely.

JAMES. I have felt myself the strange beauty of the country. That alone, of course, has made the last fortnight the most delightful to me I have ever known.

MAMIE. Shall you tell your *fiancée* how much you enjoyed the—beauty of the country?

JAMES. My *fiancée*! I had to get engaged to her—my father was her guardian, and—well—I don't know if—

MAMIE. Yes—I quite understand. And



(*Enter, by the window, Philip Ainslie and James Sevenoke.*)
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now no more nonsense. Shall we go out on the lawn and see the sun set in the water? It's better than talking about hearts and snippets— isn't it?

(They go up stage and leave the room by the window. By this time ELEANOR and PHILIP, who have been talking earnestly, have left the window and she is sitting at the piano. He stands over her.)

PHILIP. The days have gone like a dream. It seems impossible that I have been in lake-land—with you—a whole fortnight.

ELEANOR. It is a charming country, Mr. Ainslie. I shall never forget the lakes and the mountains. There are lakes and mountains in our own country much bigger, but scarce so lovely.

PHILIP. Will you remember sometimes, Miss Ingress, your companions in this place?

ELEANOR. I shall always remember—both of you, Mr. Ainslie.

PHILIP. I wish I could have shown you Cambridge and—if you would care to see them—my rooms. You know that I am a lecturer in my college. It is not a way of life that brings riches—but it brings a sufficiency—if I could only show you Cambridge—and my place in it.

ELEANOR. Alas! Mr. Ainslie, it is impossible. I do not suppose that I shall ever again get over here.

PHILIP. Never again? Oh! But the journey is so very short—it is nothing.

ELEANOR. If it is nothing, Mr. Ainslie, why do you not cross the ocean to see the States?

PHILIP *(eagerly)*. Yes, yes. Tell me where I can find you—give me an address. Let me write to you, Miss Ingress—let me— *(He sees Mamie and James outside, and stands up)*. You will give me your address, Miss Ingress?

ELEANOR. I will write it for you. *(They cross the room to the table where there are writing materials. She sits down and takes pen and paper.)* There, Mr. Ainslie, a letter to this address will always be forwarded to me. And now, if you please, I will get my hat and we will go out into the garden with the others. *(Exit.)*

PHILIP *(left alone)*. I must speak to her this very night. I will not wait to write—I will make her mine before she leaves the country. *(Kisses the paper.)* She is a queen! She is a goddess! *(Goes to window, meets James and Mamie coming back.)*

MAMIE. Where is Eleanor, Mr. Ainslie?

PHILIP. She has gone for her hat, I believe.

(Exit PHILIP into the garden.)

MAMIE. I will go for mine too. It is getting chilly outside.

JAMES. Miss Elgood.

MAMIE. Mr. Sevenoke.

JAMES. Don't you think, Miss Elgood, that it would be a kindness to let these two



(She is sitting at the piano. He stands over her.)

go out in the boat by themselves? We can watch the sunset effect from the shore, you know. With a cigarette, perhaps.

MAMIE. If you promise to talk no more nonsense about broken hearts. Because you see, Mr. Sevenoke, if you were serious I should be a very wicked person to listen to a man already engaged. And, honestly, hearts are not things to chaff about.

JAMES. I obey, because I must. I will do it with a good grace, and only ask if there is anything I could do for you to make these too fleeting hours flit pleasantly?

MAMIE. Thank you very much, Mr. Sevenoke. If you could give us your society and Mr. Ainslie's for another week or two it would be pleasant. But you can't. We like you both very much. (*Offers him her hand.*) Now, in good camaraderie, no more about hearts. (*They shake hands.*) We are brother and sister.

JAMES. Ah! no! I'm hanged if we are.

MAMIE. Well—cousins?

JAMES. Very distant ones. But look here, Miss Elgood, I do so want to do something for you before we—part. Oh! it's an absurd thing for a poor English country squire to say to an American millionaire—but you know what I mean.

MAMIE. We are not all millionaires in America, Mr. Sevenoke—at least, I am not. (*Aside.*) Now I'll just try him. (*Aloud.*) Of course, poor Eleanor is, but she can't help it. You wouldn't think so to look at her, a millionaire.

JAMES. On the contrary, I suspected it from the beginning, because she's such good form. What is it? Silver mines? Corners in cotton?

MAMIE. Nitrate of petroleum, or something. The dollars come rolling in faster than anybody can count them—a thousand a minute, I believe.

JAMES. Oh! (*Aside.*) What will Ainslie say?

MAMIE. Yes. No end to the dollars. Don't tell Mr. Ainslie. (*Aside.*) But he is sure to tell him!

JAMES. I won't. A millionaire! Well, I'm sorry. I hoped for better things. Yet it is something to have spent a fortnight in company with a millionaire.

MAMIE. Oh! that's nothing. We think very little of millionaires. Now, Mr. Sevenoke, if you could only show me a real live lord!

JAMES. A real live lord? Why?

MAMIE. Well, you see, we expected to see them standing about at railway stations, and the people going on their knees to them, and we haven't seen one, except now and again afar off.

JAMES (*aside*). I will just try her. (*Aloud.*) Not seen one close? Oh! but (*mysteriously whispers*) don't you know? (*Points to Ainslie, who is outside the window.*) Of course, I was not to tell you—but—well—Philip Ainslie, you know. You are going away to-morrow—

MAMIE. Mr. Ainslie? What about him?

SEVENOKE. Why, he *is* a real live lord. He travels *incog*. He is the Right Honourable Philip, Earl of Carleon, Viscount Cader Idris, and Baron Barmouth. Ainslie is only his family name—

MAMIE. A real—live—lord! Oh! Is he really? A prodigal, profligate, abandoned, steeped-in-wickedness lord?

SEVENOKE. All noble lords are profligates except Philip. He isn't. He is the one exception. Hush! Don't tell anyone. Here is Miss Ingress.

(*He goes up stage and stands at the window looking out.*)



(*Kisses the paper.*)

MAMIE (*catches Eleanor by the arm, and drags her to the front*). Well! Well! Eleanor Ingress! we have been deceived.

ELEANOR. How, dear? Who has deceived us?

MAMIE. We must never—never—never trust an Englishman again—Mr. Ainslie has deceived us!

ELEANOR. What of Mr. Ainslie?

MAMIE. He isn't Mister at all. He is the Right Honourable Philip, Earl of Carleon, Viscount Cader Idris, and Baron Barmouth! There!!

ELEANOR. Nonsense! Who told you?

MAMIE. Mr. Sevenoke. I wasn't to tell anybody. Don't let it go any further, Eleanor.

ELEANOR. Oh! Mamie! And I thought—Mamie! he does not know who and what we are. We have perhaps deceived him. He must be told that we are two school teachers taking a holiday for health. Fortunately, we go away to-morrow. Oh! Mamie, dear, I'm so sorry. Is the other man a noble lord, too?

MAMIE. No, he's only a gentleman.

ELEANOR. Mamie! It must be the most miserable thing—the most soul-destroying thing—to be a noble lord, to have all this respect paid to you for nothing—for nothing at all. Oh! I am so sorry—I am so sorry for Mr. Ainslie. Let us go to our own room, Mamie. I cannot go out with him any more. It was a pleasant dream—while it was a dream.

MAMIE. An Earl and a Viscount and a Baron! Oh, Nell! the double—triple—the sextuple duplicity of the man! (*Exeunt girls.*)

(SEVENOKE *looks in.*) Where are they? Gone out by the other door. (*Comes down the stage.*) I suppose Mamie has told her. I wonder how she'll take it.

(*Enter PHILIP.*) Where are the girls, Jem?

SEVENOKE. I don't know. Thought they were in the garden with you. Come here, old man, I've got something to tell you. (*Philip comes down stage.*) Look here, Miss Ingress—you rather like Miss Ingress, don't you?

AINSLIE. Rather! Well, yes—yes—I do, as you say—I do—I rather like her. Yes.

SEVENOKE. What do you think she is? Mamie has just told me.

AINSLIE. A gentlewoman of the United States. What better could she be?

SEVENOKE. That, of course. She is also, old chap, a millionaire—as much as they make 'em—rolling and swimming in dollars.



"Eleanor Ingress! we have been deceived."



"Eleanor millionaire?"

AINSLIE. A millionaire? Eleanor a millionaire?

SEVENOKE (*nods his head*). Million—millionnaire—millionissima—three degrees of comparison in millions.

AINSLIE. A millionaire! She must think that I wanted her money. What a horrible thing—what a miserable thing—it must be to be so rich as to receive all this respect for nothing—just nothing at all of one's own doing! I am very sorry. (*Takes the address she had given him.*) I am very sorry indeed—for Miss Ingress. (*Tears up the paper.*) There's an end, Jem. It was a pleasant dream—while it was a dream.

(*Enter the two girls—without their hats. MAMIE remains near the door. SEVENOKE walks up stage as if to join her. She puts up her hand—he remains standing still. ELEANOR walks over to PHILIP, who gloomily keeps his eyes fixed on the floor.*)

ELEANOR. We have come to say good-bye, Mr. Ainslie—I suppose I may continue to call you by that name. There can be no question of any letters to me, if you please. It is always best, don't you think, to let the whole truth appear at once? However, perhaps you meant kindly—so—good-bye, Mr. Ainslie.



"I must shake hands, Mr. Sevenoke."

AINSLIE (*gives her his hand*). Good-bye, Miss Ingress. Had I known earlier—had things been explained—

ELEANOR. And had I known earlier. But, thank you for your kindness to two insignificant American girls—and again—farewell! (*Bows and retires.*) Come, Mamie.

MAMIE. I must shake hands, Mr. Sevenoke. And oh, I am so sorry! Oh, why did you tell me? Why? Why? (*Bursts into tears and exits.*)

AINSLIE. Jem—why did you tell me? Why?

SEVENOKE. Look here, old chap! I've never been in an earthquake—but—
(*Curtain as they look blankly at each other.*)

ACT II.

The hall of the Cliftonville Hotel facing the Falls of Niagara. Visitors at hotel sit and pass to and fro. Hotel clerk is writing a letter.

(*If there be no scenery obtainable the scene can be the hall of a hotel in America in summer.*)

MAMIE comes on (*sketch book in hand*). So I have done a good afternoon's work sitting on that

stand and painting. Oh! how the water raced at my feet, tearing along for the grand leap of two hundred feet. (*Black waiter brings her a letter.*) Thank you. (*Sits down on chair in front, opens letter.*) That's right, Nell will come for tea at five, after school. Poor dear Nell! (*Opens sketch book.*) This was my English sketch book last year. Here they are—the drawings I made in Lakeland. This is Jem Sevenoke. Poor old Jem—they called him Jem—with his heart in tatters and engaged all the time to another girl. Wicked, inconstant Jem! I am ashamed of Jem. They called him Jem. He'd got such an honest face. Yet it wasn't unpleasant. Heigho! I sometimes wish—heigho!—and here is the Right Honourable the Earl, and the Most Honourable the Viscount and the Great Honourable the Baron, all three rolled in one. Wretch! You spoilt it all. As if a girl with Eleanor's spirit could bear to think of aiming at a coronet. Not but what a coronet would suit her. And such a proper young man too—a lecturer in Greek he said he was—in Greek! As if any noble lord ever knew Greek! Oh! but it was a lovely time. (*Turns over the leaves and sighs.*) Here's Derwentwater! Here's the hotel where we said good-bye—a very sad and stupid good-bye it was. Those poor boys—they had been deceivers—yes, one could not forgive that—but they looked just too wretched and miserable for words. I sometimes wish—(*sighs again*). I've looked in the papers, but I have never found any mention of the noble lord. I suppose he is pursuing his profligate career in obscurity. Yet he did not look it. I declare he looked just what an honest, hardworking, truthful young man should look—that and nothing more. And there's Jem—they called him Jem—Oh well! it's no use. We shall never set eyes upon either of them any more. Yet—as to Nell—it's my belief she thinks about him still.



VOICE (*outside*). Here we are! What a splendid view! Take the "Mamie! If it isn't Mamie!" things in, will you? You go on to look at the Falls, old man, I'll join you directly.

MAMIE (*jumps*). Why—why—why—that's his voice—that's Jem Sevenoke's voice. I should know that voice anywhere. Oh! Heavens! Jem Sevenoke! We shall see him again! Jem! Oh! But I suppose he's got his wife with him—the girl he didn't care about. He must be taking his honeymoon in the States.

(*Sevenoke enters carrying a handbag, negro comes after with portmanteaux, &c. He goes to hotel clerk and converses about rooms.*)

MAMIE. Good Gracious! He seems alone. Yet he was talking to some one. He said "Old man." I wonder if an Englishman on his honeymoon generally calls his bride "Old man"? They're very unlike us. It's quite possible. Nobody shall ever call me "Old man."

(*Sevenoke concludes his business, and turning meets Mamie.*)

MAMIE. Mr. Sevenoke!

SEVENOKE. Mamie! If it isn't Mamie! I mean Miss Elgood. Who on earth would have expected—

MAMIE. Who would have expected to meet Mr. Sevenoke? You are on your honeymoon, Mr. Sevenoke? Is it your wife you have left behind in the carriage?

SEVENOKE. My wife! What do you mean? I haven't got one.

MAMIE. But—you told me—you said—that you were engaged.

SEVENOKE. So I was. But you see in this case the *expected*—at least I expected it—happened; the young lady discovered that she wanted somebody else—that's all.

MAMIE. Oh yes. Of course, that's all.

SEVENOKE. That is—it's all of that—all of that. Why, is there, if one may ask, any—has there—has there—arrived any—is there anything—?

MAMIE. I don't know in the least what you mean, Mr. Sevenoke, but—I should say—I believe—I rather imagine—that there is nothing.

SEVENOKE (*takes her hand and presses it*). Then this is, I do hope, the most providential, accidental, coincidental meeting that ever was known.

MAMIE (*shows him sketch book*). There—you see—is my old sketch book. There is the hotel where we had to say good-bye—such a dismal good-bye—all through your wicked deception. As soon as we found out, of course, there was an end. Did you suppose that Eleanor was the girl to go angling for a coronet?

SEVENOKE. Well, if that was all—

MAMIE. Well, but it wasn't all. If he really cares about her he would have come after her, lord or no lord.

SEVENOKE. He couldn't. She gave him her address, but he tore it up when he learnt the news. You don't suppose that Ainslie was the kind of man to run after a millionairess.

MAMIE. Millionairess? Nell Ingress a millionairess?

SEVENOKE. You told me so yourself.

MAMIE (*seriously*). Oh! so I did. I quite forgot it—so I did. But were you so stupid as to believe me?

SEVENOKE. I don't believe everything, but I believed *you*.

MAMIE. Nelly a millionairess! Why, she teaches school—she's got a school here. She is coming to have tea with me directly. Oh, I was only joking! But, of course, a noble lord would not stoop to an American schoolmarm.

SEVENOKE. Well, if you come to that, Ainslie is not a noble lord.

MAMIE. Not a lord? But you said he was.

SEVENOKE. So I did. I quite forgot it. So I did. But I didn't think you'd believe it. Of course, he isn't anything so disgraceful. I believe you think it disgraceful—

MAMIE. Mr. Sevenoke, there's been a very serious misunderstanding, and it's our faults—our two faults, mind. Only you and me to blame. How shall I ever forgive myself?

SEVENOKE. Well, Mamie, just to punish me, you shall devote the short remainder of your days to making me understand the full heinousness of that fault. Lifelong repentance will be a lively thing to contemplate. (*Takes her hand.*)

MAMIE. Not in the open hall, Mr. Sevenoke, if you please.



"Not in the open hall, Mr. Sevenoke if you please."

please. But let me see—Nelly is coming here—why, here she is! (*Runs to meet her.*) Nell, Nell, guess who is here! Mr. Sevenoke—you remember Mr. Sevenoke, dear? Here he is! Why, we never thought to set eyes upon him again! Nelly, say you're glad to see him.

ELEANOR. How do you do, Mr. Sevenoke? I am very glad to meet you again. Is your friend, Mr.—I mean Lord Carleon—quite well?

SEVENOKE. Miss Ingress, there has been a great mistake—a very foolish thing it was—we have only just found it out. You thought Philip Ainslie was a peer. He isn't. He is plain Philip Ainslie, the son of a country clergyman—nothing more, believe me, except Fellow and Lecturer at Christ's, Cambridge. I told Miss Elgood so, just to mystify her a little. I never dreamed of the mischief it would cause.

MAMIE. Yes, dear, and Mr. Ainslie thought you were a millionairess. It was my doing, dear, and I never thought of the mischief it would cause.

ELEANOR. Thought me an heiress—a millionairess? Oh! but how could he?

MAMIE. I told Mr. Sevenoke so. Oh! I never thought he would take it so seriously.

SEVENOKE. Fortunately, here comes Philip himself. Say you forgive us, Miss Ingress.

(*Philip sees group, hesitates.*

Then Mamie runs to meet him. Mr. Ainslie! This is just lovely! Come and make it up with Nelly. She leads him down the stage. He takes his hat off, and offers his hand coldly.)

ELEANOR. It seems, Mr. Ainslie, that we parted with some misunderstanding. I thought you were a peer.

MAMIE. Misunderstanding on both sides, Mr. Ainslie. You thought Eleanor was a millionaire.

AINSLIE. I—I was certainly told so.

MAMIE. Well—she isn't then. She's just a plain school teacher. Mr. Sevenoke—Jem—they call you Jem, you know—will you take some tea with me?

(*They go up stage.*)

AINSLIE (*after a pause, moves a step nearer.* ELEANOR stands with folded hands and bows her head. AINSIE holds out his hand). Miss Ingress—Eleanor—shall we take up our conversation where we broke it off—heiress and millionairess of every best gift that the world has to offer?

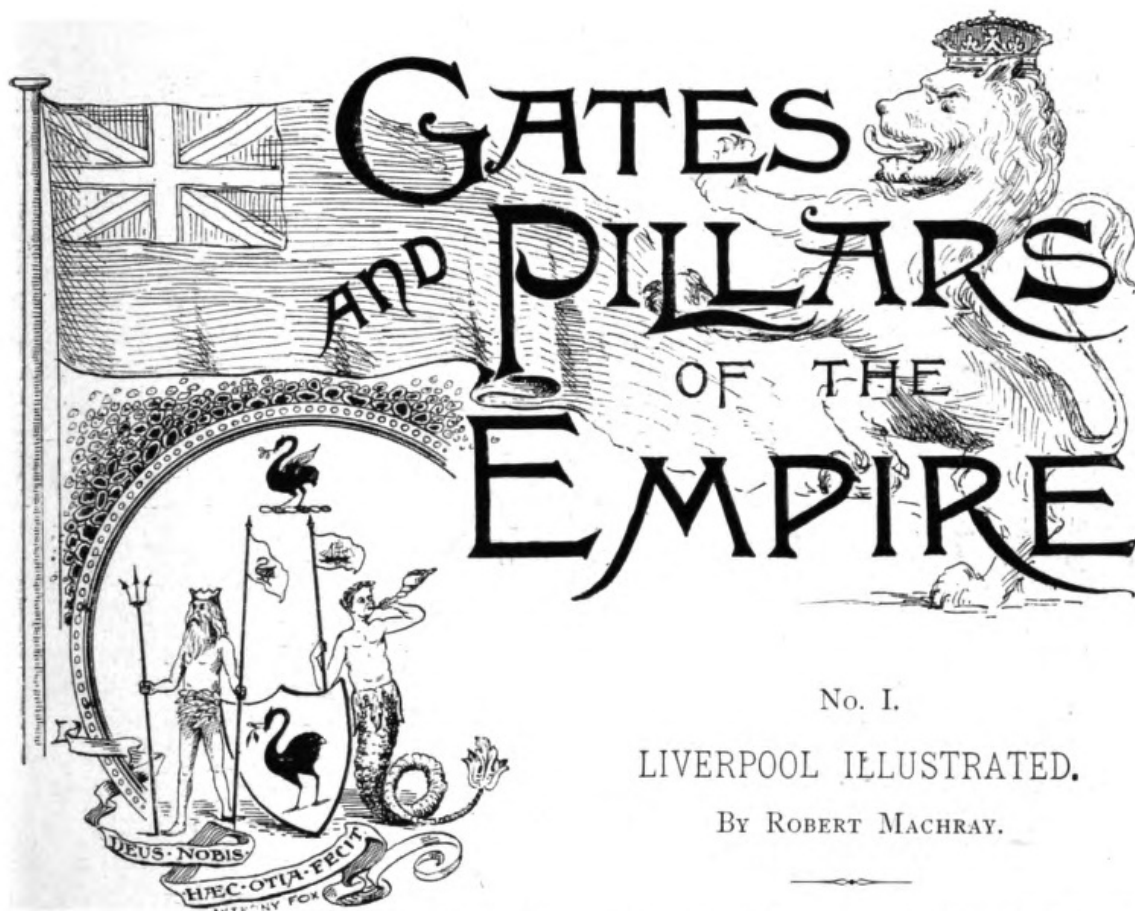
ELEANOR. If it pleases my lord.

(CURTAIN.)



THE NEW LIGHT IN THE HAREM.

By Frederick Goodall, R.A. Reproduced, by permission, from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.



THE general impression of Liverpool is that it is a very important seaport, and not much else ; a place of comings and goings without end—where, at the most, a halt is called for a brief breathing spell in the interminable processions of travellers that converge upon it, and then scatter in all directions ; or, as a

traffic along the quays under the imposing rows of sheds and streets of warehouses ; the tumult on the huge landing stage ; indeed, the whole mass of the city, resting, as upon a base, upon the sea wall which stretches vast and symmetrical for seven miles up the channel of the Mersey—all confirm the popular



From a Photo by F. Frith & Co.

great *entrepôt*, where goods of every description are received and then distributed over the country.

The long line of docks and basins decorated with the masts and spars and funnels of the vessels of all nations ; the rush and roar of

idea. Yet, like a good many other ideas, it is only partially true ; for Liverpool is not merely a port—one of the Gates of the Empire—but is in itself a great and interesting city.

It is the case, however, that the tendency is to forget this. The very completeness of

the service with which the city waits upon the passenger or the merchant, while it is no doubt what is demanded in this Age of Hurry, has the disadvantage of not suggesting that it might indeed be well to tarry here awhile to see what it has to show, and to hear what it has to say for itself. For Liverpool has plenty of local colour and a character of its own which should make it generally attractive.

The study of the most prominent feature — its noble river, with the docks and the shipping — not considered from the material point of view, though that is remarkable enough, but seen in all its ever-changing aspects with the eye and brain of a sympathetic onlooker, is in itself a perpetual delight. Then its commingling of peoples, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, of which its essentially British population is composed, presents subjects of constant interest. But in a necessarily brief magazine article it is not possible to do more than indicate in a general way the chief elements that go to the making of Liverpool.

The city is very modern; of old Liverpool there is scarcely a trace, and yet its history reaches back for seven or eight centuries at least. It is said to have received its first charter from King

John, and it was made a free borough by Henry III. in 1225. Three centuries later it describes itself in a petition addressed to Queen Elizabeth as "Her Majesty's decayed town of Liverpool."

Its importance dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century, when its first wet-dock was constructed; but even of a time as near the present as that nothing survives; the first dock itself having been filled up to form the site of the custom-house; and the houses, the residences of the merchant princes of that period, which were situated in the neighbouring streets, have either been demolished and replaced by new buildings, or where any

of the old walls stand, the interiors have been roughly transformed into warerooms and places for storage.

The air of commonplace modernity which now pervades all that once fashionable quarter, Duke Street, and Hanover Street, and Wolstenholme Square, forbids one to picture to oneself the substantial people of those days, with their powdered hair and dress of quaint and curious style, going in and out of their houses, discussing the

news of this war or that, the price of slaves (for Liverpool was a centre of that evil trade), and so forth: but that they were opulent and



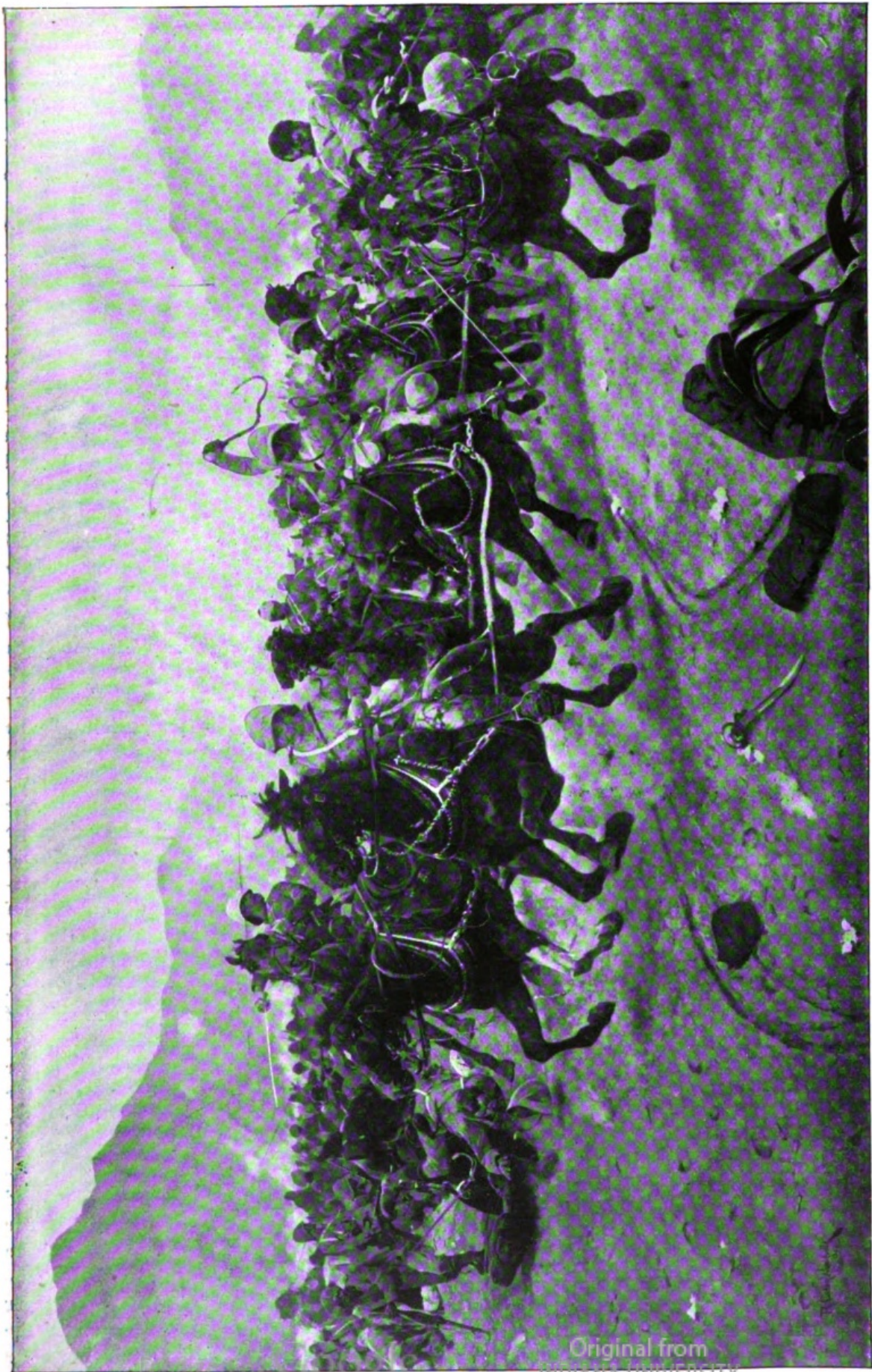
THE OLD DOORWAY IN WOLSTENHOLME SQUARE.

From a Photo by Priestley, Egremont.



THE "CLOTH HALL."

From a Photo by Priestley, Egremont.



MAIWAND—SAVING THE GUNS.

By R. Caton-Woodville, R.I. Reproduced, by permission, from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.

patriotic appears from the fact that somewhere about 1778 the merchants of Liverpool equipped 180 privateers, carrying 2000 guns, for "his Majesty's service" at the beginning of the war with France.

In Wolstenholme Square there still stands the doorway of the house which a tradition asserts was the residence of the first mayor of the town. The little known

"Cloth Hall," or "Fair," of Richmond Row, in another part of the city, has an ancient and even semi-oriental look, but it was built only a few years after the fleet of privateers went out to sea, and is now squalid and wretched. The original home of the far-famed Everton toffee, which has gladdened the hearts of many generations of boys and girls all over the English world, has been torn down; the sketch of it presented here belongs to a time when Everton was a village in the fields, and not a mere district of Liverpool.

In St. James's Cemetery, not in itself so old, but old for Liverpool, the city has a very striking, and in a solemn and suggestive way beautiful, graveyard. The grey inscribed slabs and monuments stand close together in what is veritably a Valley of the Shadow of Death, for the graveyard occupies the bed of a three-century old quarry; it is entered by a tunnel hewn out of the rock; on all

sides rise the dark time-stained walls, broken here and there by terraces and trees, of the quarry; while the tomb of Huskisson, a cylinder of pillared and windowed stone,

rears itself above all the rest.

Two things chiefly created Liverpool as we now know it; first, the introduction of raw cotton from the United States—this, of course, is true of all

Lancashire; second, the invention of the steam engine, and the application of it in a thousand mechanical forms: the period of its greatest development lies within the reign of Victoria.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the population of the town was about 6000 and the vessels belonging to the port one hundred of an average of 85 tons each, and manned by 1100 seamen; at the opening of the nineteenth century the population numbered about 80,000, while over 5000 ships of half a million tonnage were registered. The census of 1891 made the population 517,980.

Last year several of the suburbs were included in the city, and the Earl of Derby, whose family has long been connected with the district, was chosen first Lord Mayor of "Larger Liverpool." If to this there are added the burgh of Bootle on the extreme north on the Lancashire side, and the neighbouring



THE ORIGINAL HOME OF EVERTON TOFFEE.



ST. JAMES'S CEMETERY.

From a Photo by Priestley, Egremont.



RUTH AND NAOMI.

By Philip H. Calderon, R.A. Reproduced, by permission, from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.



The Earl of Derby

needs so many articles of all kinds for its own use that this creates an enormous local and coasting trade. Liverpool has comparatively little of this, its business chiefly consisting in foreign exports and imports.

If you were to place your closed hand on a table, and then, without lifting the palm, open the fingers and thumb, and spread them out so as to form a sort of fan, you would get a very fair idea of how Liverpool rises up from the Mersey, the tips of the nails forming, as it were, the sea wall, and the fingers the principal streets, all of which, with the exception of those running parallel to the docks, lead to the water's edge, and, indeed, chiefly to that part where floats the great landing-stage—in itself a notable feature—where the big ferries and steamers of every kind receive or discharge their passengers.

On the opposite, or Cheshire side of the river, Birkenhead and other places stretch along



Knowsley

The Residence of the Earl and Countess of Derby.

towns of Birkenhead, Seacombe, Egremont, and New Brighton on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, all practically forming one closely-allied community, the present population of Largest Liverpool cannot be far short of the million, that is, one-fortieth part of the total population of the United Kingdom.

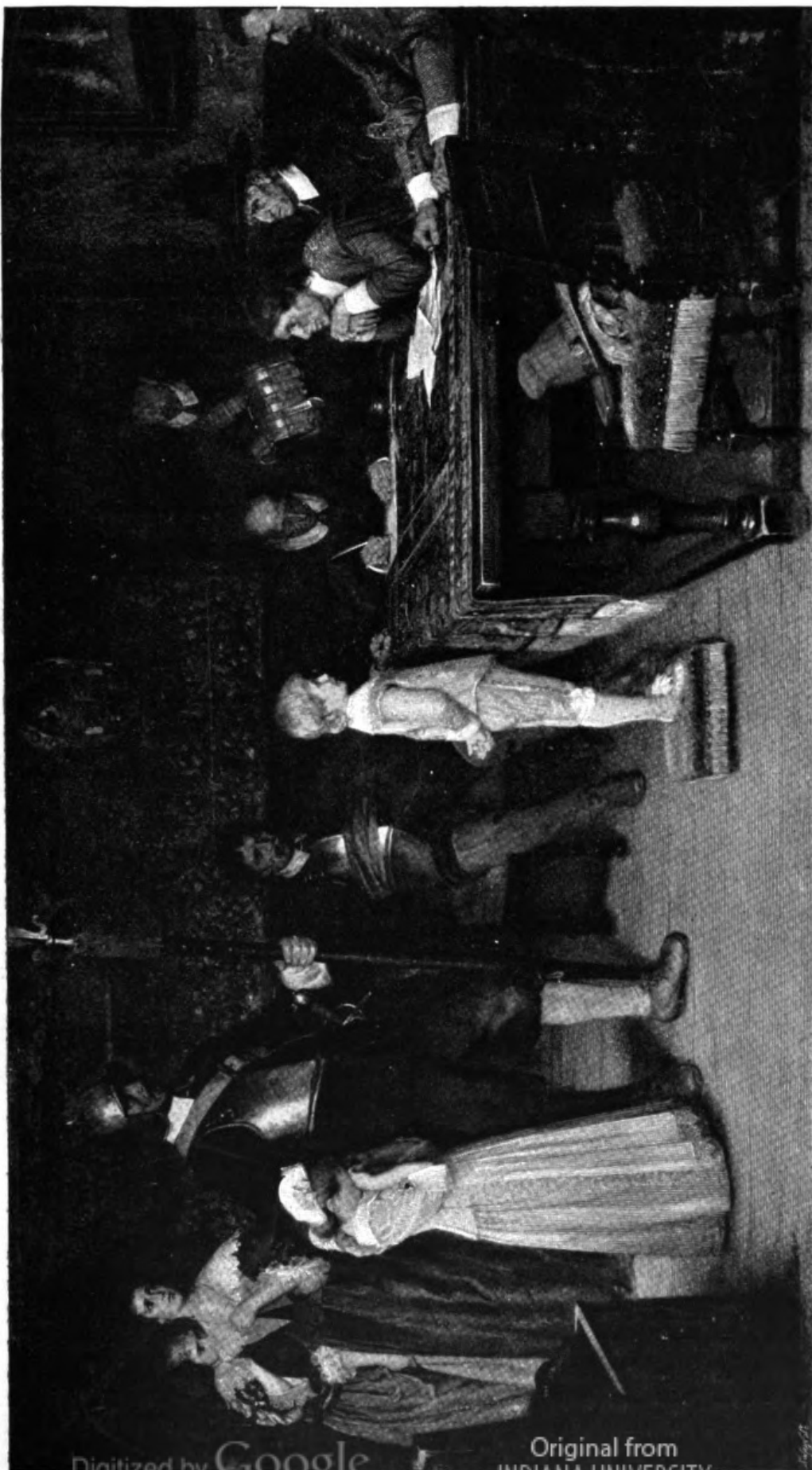
Then, with regard to the growth of the shipping interest, 23,943 vessels paid harbour dues for the year ending July, 1895, and their aggregate tonnage was nearly eleven millions. And here perhaps it may be noted that Liverpool possesses the largest individual ships sailing from any port in the world.

As compared with London, Liverpool has fewer vessels than the metropolis, but the ships belonging to the latter, though more numerous, fall far short of the tonnage of those which sail from the Mersey. London



The Countess of Derby

Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY
From Photos by Brown, Barnes & Bell, and Froom.



"WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"

By W. F. Yeames, R.A. Reproduced, by permission, from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.

the bank: and there is no more vivid picture than that of the rush, morning and evening, of thousands of people whose business lies in Liverpool, to and from the city, as they concentrate themselves for a moment on the stage—hurrying, struggling, pushing—and then pass on to or off the ferries.

You will notice how cheerful, how alert is their air: and, certainly, no people more completely give the lie to the saying that the English take their pleasures sadly than those of this district, for Liverpool loves a holiday, and knows how to enjoy it thoroughly,

was designed by Henry Lonsdale Elmes, an architect of brilliant promise who did not live to see the completion of his work.

The square in which it stands is a handsome one; on one side are three important buildings devoted to the purposes of a public lending and reference library, a natural history and antiquarian museum, and an art gallery—the last known as the Walker Art Gallery, from the name of its founder, Sir Andrew Walker, a citizen of Liverpool.

The gallery, which is reputed to be second only to the National Gallery for modern



ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

From a Photo by Priestley, Egremont.

whether it be on its own Mersey sands or over in the Isle of Man, which, of late years, has become the playground of all Lancashire.

The business portion of the city is pretty well confined to the area lying between the river and Lime Street. To say nothing of its churches, Liverpool possesses many splendid buildings, but the finest is, undoubtedly, St. George's Hall, the magnificent centre of the city. This imposing structure is said to be one of the best specimens of the classic revival executed in modern times, and

works, contains many beautiful and celebrated paintings, a few of which are reproduced in this article.

The Town Hall in Castle Street, and the Municipal Offices in Dale Street, are striking edifices, while the Exchange, whose buildings along with the Town Hall form a quadrangle, is extremely interesting, as in the inclosed uncovered space of the "quad," known as "The Flags," have hitherto been transacted the operations of the greatest cotton market of the world.



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"DON'T 'EE TIPTY TOE."

Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

By John Morgan. Reproduced, by permission, from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.

A new Cotton Exchange has been recently opened, a gorgeous affair, extremely modern, and done up with Doulton tiles in artistic fashion; and, while many of the older members still are to be seen on "The Flags," the tendency will naturally be for business to be restricted, except perhaps in summer, to the new hall of 'Change, and the many stirring and exciting scenes witnessed on "The Flags" in the past will appear no more.

The "Man in the Street" had a chance to see them, as "The Flags" were open to the public, and to share in the storm and stress

place is to be found in its docks. Space will not permit of giving any adequate description of them, but a few points may be touched upon briefly.

The docks, locks, and basins, of which there are nearly a hundred, stretch along the deep water of the channel of the Mersey on the Lancashire side for nearly seven miles, and for a width ranging from 700 to 2200 feet. The first dock constructed was only four acres in extent; the present area of the docks is over 380 acres with a lineal quayage of more than twenty-five miles. The docks on the Birken-



THE COTTON EXCHANGE.

From a Photo by Priestley, Egremont.

of a crisis in cotton; now "members only" are admitted to the floor of the new Exchange, and the "bulls" and "bears" have all the fun, or the other thing, to themselves.

The buildings mentioned are some of the landmarks of Liverpool, but the true Liverpudleian counts many others, such, for instance, as the "Vauxhall Chimney," said to be one of the tallest in existence, the "North Shore Mills," and the fort at New Brighton, at the entrance of the Mersey.

Liverpool is not a great manufacturing centre; its chief commercial interest is its shipping, and the principal feature of the

head side, which form an integral part of the Mersey harbour system, bring the acreage up to 546, and the quay space to thirty-five miles.

Some of the older docks are not suitable for berthing large vessels, but those most recently constructed—such, for example, as the Alexandra Dock, can easily accommodate several of the biggest Atlantic liners.

Vast granaries, warehouses, and sheds are provided for the storage of the multitudinous cargoes that come to the port; and a conspicuous improvement, only consummated last year, by which the landing stage is brought into close connection with a railway

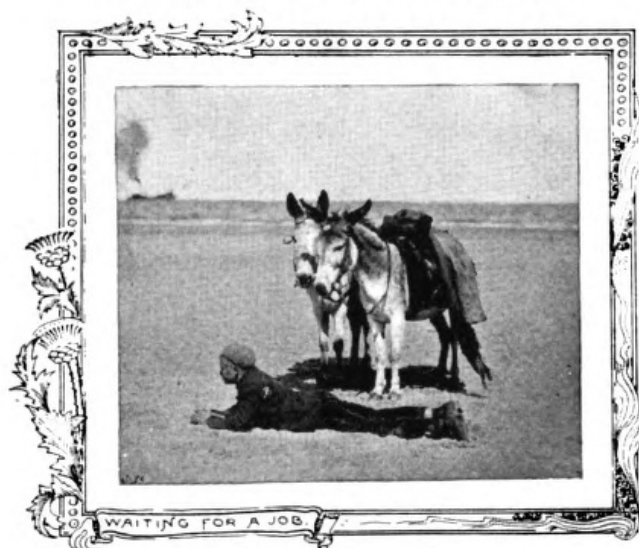


BALLAGLASS GLEN—A BIT FROM THE "PLAYGROUND OF LANCASHIRE."

From a Photograph by G. B. Cowen, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

station, open to all lines running into Liverpool, deserves special notice.

The Board which has the management of the dock system is a somewhat conservative



ON THE MERSEY SANDS.

From a Photo by Priestley, Egremont.

corporation, and the ocean traveller has probably to thank the competition of Southampton for this highly desirable change.

The total cost of the docks has been some £40,000,000; financially, as well as in every other way, they are in a flourishing condition; the debt upon them to the public is being steadily reduced; and it does not seem impossible that some day Liverpool may become a "free port."

The problem which the Dock Board are at present trying to solve is a difficult one, and, at the same time, one of very general interest. Simply stated, it is not much less than the removal of the bar at the mouth of the Mersey. There is a magnificent channel from the docks to the bar, but, as lately as 1890, there were only ten feet of water at the times of low water of the lowest tides on the bar, and for several hours, twice in each twenty-four, large vessels could not get across it.

It was thus easily possible that during stormy weather several big ships might have to dodge about outside in dangerous proximity to each other for a considerable time, waiting for the tide to rise sufficiently to enable them to get into port. Various suggestions were made with a view to obviating this, and, finally, dredging operations were begun on a

large scale, and special machinery was devised for the attack on the bar.

As the two shore lines which converge at the mouth of the river are almost at right angles, and the intervening space, known as Liverpool Bay, is pretty well filled up with shifting sands, it is not absolutely certain that the bar has been beaten, but, at present, after great expense and unremitting effort, the result of the dredging is that there is now some twenty-five feet of water at the lowest tides instead of ten, and the sand which has been removed, if piled up in one locality, would make quite a tolerable mountain. Just at the moment, as it were, the Board has beaten the Bar, but the battle is one that never ends, and finality is far away.

Before passing on from the docks, it may be noted that the Overhead Electric Railway, which parallels their entire length, besides being interesting in itself, affords a splendid view of the river and its sights, and on a clear day there is no finer spectacle in England.

Now if we try to talk of the different kinds of goods or commodities that are "handled" by Liverpool, we should find it impossible; they are literally too numerous to mention, but the principal are cotton, of which nearly the whole import into Britain comes to Liverpool, which has also the lion's share as regards the export of cotton manufactured



ON THE MERSEY SANDS.

From a Photo by Nicholls, Liverpool.

goods; corn of all kinds; meats of all sorts, particularly in the form of live cattle, for which extensive *lairages*, where the animals are slaughtered and the flesh preserved, are

provided on the Cheshire side; petroleum from the United States and Asiatic Russia, for the storage of which chambers have been hewn out of the solid rock and large tanks built at the south end of the docks; tobacco, which is made up into cigars, cigarettes, etc., in the city in several factories, besides large quantities held in bond for the whole of England; and timber, most of which comes from Quebec.

In this list it is very noticeable that the "American trade" plays a leading part, and one of the main reasons for the growth of Liverpool is, of course, the fact that from its position and other advantages it has long been the "Gateway of the West."

At one time, the city had a considerable ship-building industry, but that has almost entirely disappeared—drifted off to Belfast and the Clyde.

Besides sugar-refining, the one industry of the place is the tobacco manufacture. One does not need to be a lover of the fragrant weed to enjoy a visit to any of the tobacco factories in the city. The whole business, from the sorting of the leaves to the finished article—whatever form it takes, cake or flake, Cavendish or bird's eye, snuff, cigar or cigarette—is quite interesting. Nor is there any more cheerful sight than, say, the cigarette-makers' rooms, with the hundreds of bright girls busily at work, each putting up from 800 to 1,000 cigarettes a day—the deft, swift-handed labour broken by

the gay snatch of song or the lively bit of chaff.

The pictures on this page show a girl (in Messrs. Cope's factory) sorting the leaves taken from a hogshead of tobacco, and men (in Messrs. Hignett's factory) making hand-spun twist, preferred by many to the machine-made, for the living hand is more cunning in its skill than the dead machine.

Liverpool, like every other large city, presents the usual sharp contrasts between its rich and its poor. At the top of the scale are the members of the Palatine Club and the patrons of the Wellington Rooms, and you will see the fashion of the place, on a bright day, shopping in Bold Street—the Bond Street of Liverpool; the gigantic work-house, which is a town in itself, with a population of 5000 unfortunates, sufficiently indicates the other side of the picture.

It may be doubted if any other city can show a more noble conception of municipal duty on the part of its chief citizens, or a more intelligent benevolence among the leaders of its local society. To say nothing of the Derbys and the Seftons, the patricians of Liverpool, here we find great families, whose fortunes have been founded on commerce, but with whom devotion to a high municipal ideal has become a tradition, building and endowing colleges, establishing art galleries, hospitals, and charities of all kinds in a truly munificent way.

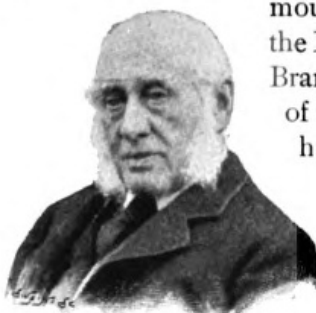


From Photos by Priestley, Egremont.

A striking instance of this is seen in the management of the harbour, which is in the hands of a committee of representative men, who give their best services to the public gratuitously and ungrudgingly.

Among these families may be mentioned the Rathbones, of whom there has already been a dynasty of six successive William Rathbones, and whose name is another way of spelling philanthropist; the Holts, identified with the cotton industry since its beginning, and whose present head, Mr.

R. D. Holt, was first Lord Mayor of Liverpool; the Earles, who gave a soldier to the Empire in General Earle, who was killed in the Soudan, and whose statue stands in front of St. George's Hall; the Langtons; the Gil-

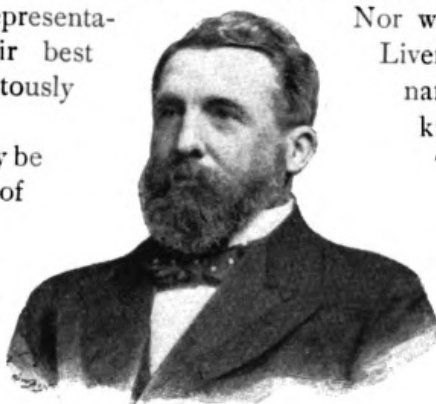


MR. JOHN BRANCKER.

Chairman of the Mersey Dock Board.

mours; the Hornbys; the Branckers—Mr. John Brancker is the chairman of the Dock Board, and has just been re-elected to that position, probably the most responsible in the City; the Brocklebanks; the Horsfalls; the Gladstones—Mr. Gladstone (there is but the one "Mr. Gladstone" of the universe) was born in Rodney Street; the Stewart and Egerton Browns; the Forwoods—Sir Arthur and Sir William, the latter a "Cunarder," are its present heads; the Tates; the Ismays—Mr. T. H. Ismay is the chief of the "White Star;" etc.

The ladies of these families are conspicuous in all charitable works, and nearly every one of them has some benevolent speciality; thus, Mrs. H. B. Gilmour is interested in district nursing, Mrs. Horsfall in the Royal Southern Hospital, Miss Stewart Brown in the Brownlow



SIR W. B. FORWOOD.
"Cunard."

From a Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Hill Workhouse, Lady A. B. Forwood in the Myrtle Street Orphanage, and so on.

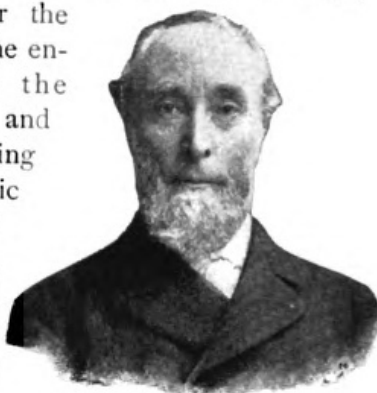
Nor would any reference to higher Liverpool be complete without naming its first bishop, the well-known Dr. Ryle. Liverpool "Society" is very extensive; it is said that there are at least 7000 people who have the right to be asked to the entertainments of the Lord Mayor.

The best life of Liverpool finds its highest expression, perhaps, in University College, which, together with The Owens

College, Manchester, and The Yorkshire College, Leeds, constitute "Victoria University."

University College was founded in 1880, the money for the buildings and the endowment of the professorships and lectureships being raised by public subscription, to which the citizens contributed in a large-hearted way; and the following inscription on one of the walls sets forth the purposes for which it was established:

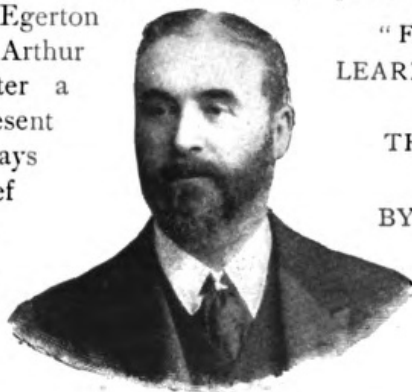
"FOR ADVANCEMENT OF
LEARNING AND ENNOBLEMENT
OF LIFE
THE VICTORIA BUILDING
WAS RAISED
BY MEN OF LIVERPOOL."



MR. R. D. HOLT.

First Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

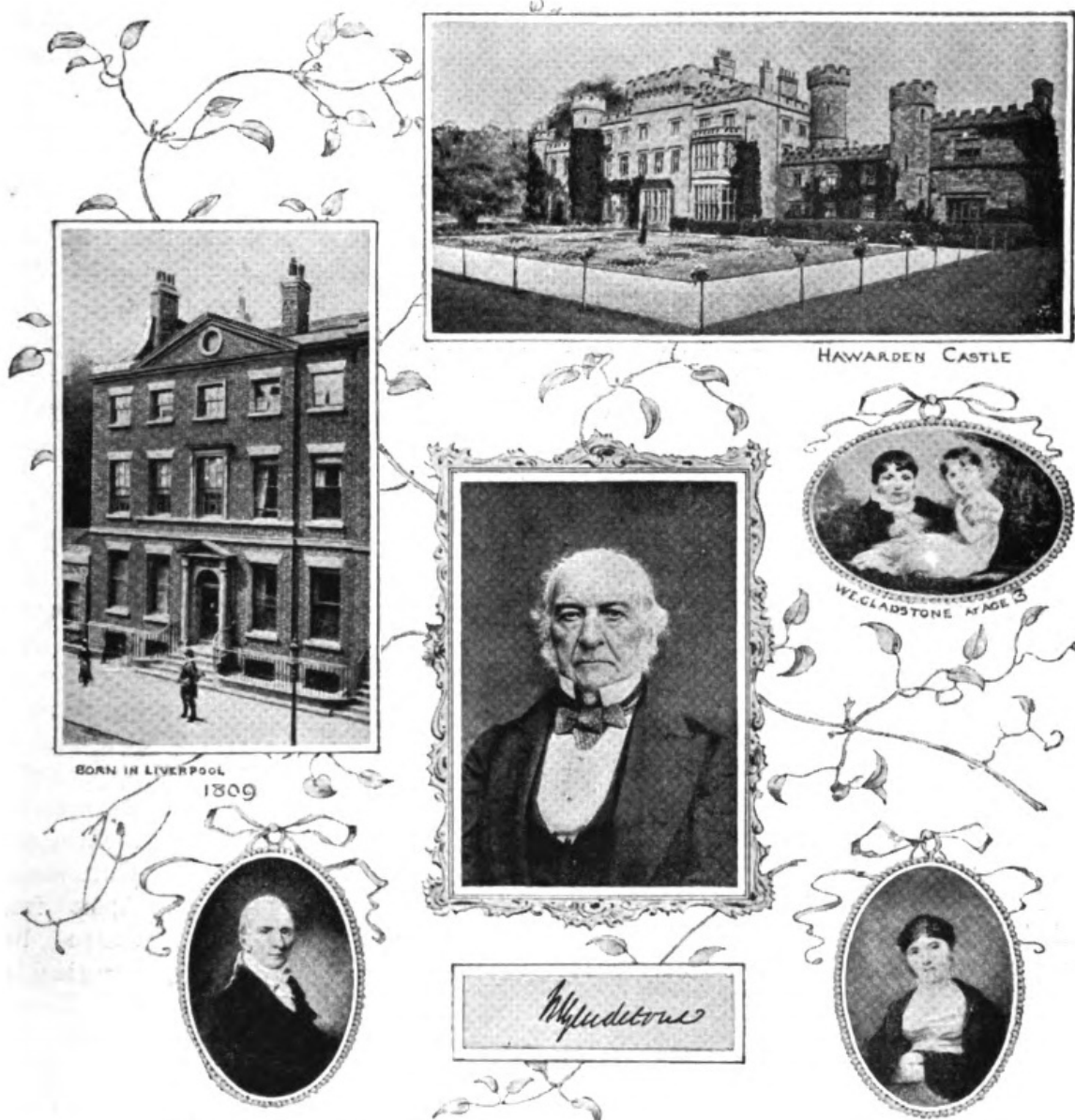
From a Photo by Brown, Barnes & Bell.



MR. T. H. ISMAY.
"White Star."

From a Photo by Walery.

Professor Rendall, a Cambridge man, is the Principal, and he is assisted by a large and able staff. These gentle men and their wives are naturally associated with an ever-widening University circle, which must strongly influence all classes of local society.



SIR JOHN GLADSTONE

LADY GLADSTONE

The above design, by Barrauds, Liverpool, shows Mr. Gladstone, his birthplace, his residence, and portraits of his father and mother.

It seems natural to pass from its splendid college to say something of what Liverpool has contributed to literature, and here, it must be confessed, that, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, we are confronted with no great name. Mr. Gladstone was born in Rodney Street, and the present occupant of the house says that, being desirous of placing the matter beyond doubt, and for the satisfaction of future generations, Mr. Gladstone was asked by him if this were indeed where he was born, and replied—characteristically on a post-card—that it was.

Liverpool, politically, is an intensely Conservative city, and it is rather striking that the

foremost Liberal of the age should have come out of it. Its Irish quarter, however, returns a Nationalist, the well-known "Tay Pay."

Among the literary and other prominent people associated by birth or residence with Liverpool are Roscoe, Mrs. Hemans the poetess, Dr. Martineau the preacher, Bishop Lightfoot, Mr. Hall Caine the novelist, who was for some years in early life connected with the *Liverpool Mercury*, "Ian Maclaren"—of whom a notice appeared in the January *Pearson's*. Hawthorne, the author of "The Scarlet Letter," was for some time stationed at Liverpool as American Consul.

Sir Edward Russell, the editor of the



PROF. RENDALL,
Principal of University College.
From a Photo by Barrauds.

Liverpool Post, is the most prominent journalist; he was for some time M.P. for a Glasgow division, but having to make a choice between journalism and politics, preferred the former. Mr. Willox, M.P. for the Everton district of the city, and editor of the *Liverpool Courier*,

manages to successfully combine the two. Mr. Wynne, the able editor of the *Mercury*, has published an excellent monograph on Liverpool.

Among the members who represent the city and neighbourhood in Parliament are the Right Hon. W. H. Long, President of the Board of Agriculture, and Sir George Baden-Powell, who is an authority on colonial questions.

No artist of world-wide fame as yet calls Liverpool his birthplace, and the painter, who, when he comes, can do justice to the river and its shipping, will

be great indeed, for the sun shines upon no more beautiful or wonderful scene.

In taking leave of this flourishing city, it may not, perhaps, be considered a matter of high treason to suggest that its tram-car service might be greatly improved by the substitution of the cable system, or electricity, for horses, and that electric lighting might with advantage replace gas in the streets.

Birkenhead, the chief town on the Cheshire side opposite Liverpool, is something more than a suburb. Its population is now over 100,000, and it may be noted, as a sign of its progressive spirit, that the "tram" was first used here in England. It is sometimes spoken of as the city of the future, and is already the seat of several considerable

manufactures. Its most prominent industry is shipbuilding, and the Messrs. Laird, from whose yards came the famous "Alabama," are celebrated for the number and speed of the war vessels of different kinds they construct both for the Imperial and foreign Governments.

In April, 1891, during the war in Chili, two of their torpedo gunboats, the "Almirante Condell" and the "Almirante Lynch," attacked and sank the armour-clad "Blanco Encalada" in Caldera Harbour.

The largest war vessel they have on hand at present is H.M. Battleship "Mars," 14,900 tons displacement, 12,000 indicated horsepower, and it is expected she will be ready in July. An illustration, for which I am indebted to the courtesy of Messrs.

Laird, shows a torpedo boat destroyer, whose guaranteed speed shall be at least thirty knots an hour, in course of construction in

one of their docks for the Imperial Government. Apart from those belonging to the Messrs. Laird, the other docks in Birkenhead are



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

owned and operated by the Mersey Board in connection with the Liverpool system. They were begun originally in opposition to the Liverpool docks, but their promoters were not able to carry out their intentions. Some six millions sterling have been spent on them, but it is understood that the returns barely



SIR E. RUSSELL.
"Liverpool Post."

From a Photo by Priestley, Egremont.

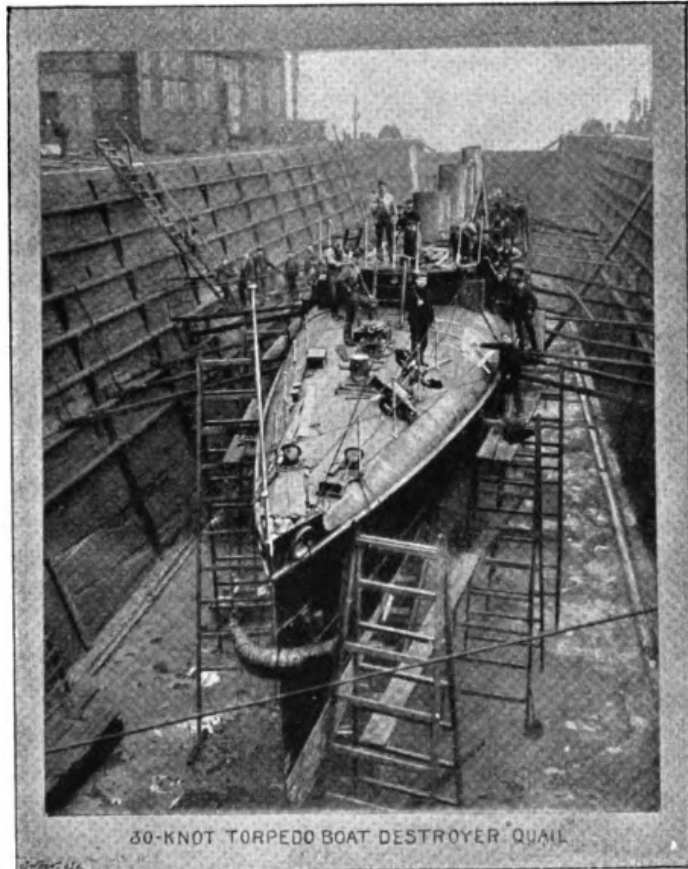
pay expenses. The two largest docks, the "West Float," of fifty-two acres, and the "East Float," of sixty acres, are the biggest on the Mersey.

Seacombe, Egremont, and New Brighton, which join on to Birkenhead, are places of some importance, the last being one of the resorts where Liverpool people disport themselves on the sands, and where all the curious and picturesque sights of the seaside are to be seen all the summer long.

Bootle, at the extreme northern end of Liverpool, is a town of over 60,000 population, and rejoices in a mayor and corporation of its own.

In conclusion, it may be observed that if a rumour, which has gained some currency lately—that Messrs. Harland and Wolff of Belfast, the builders for the "White Star" Company, are about to establish a ship-building yard on the Mersey, be correct, Liverpool, aided by the mineral resources of Lancashire, may yet become a formidable competitor in this direction with the Clyde.

The next article of this series will be "GLASGOW ILLUSTRATED."



A RETROSPECT.

Far out at sea the clouds are slowly breaking,
The red sun through them gleams;
A weird, wild scene, some memories vague
awaking
From the dark land of dreams.

A far-off vessel sails amidst the glory
That lies athwart the wave;
And, as I gaze, a half-forgotten story
Comes from the past's dim grave.

* * * *

O'er other seas a stately ship is speeding
Beneath a twilight sky;
I stand and watch the well-loved shore
receding,
And catch a last "Good-bye!"

Once more the scented haze is round me
falling,
At anchor in the bay:

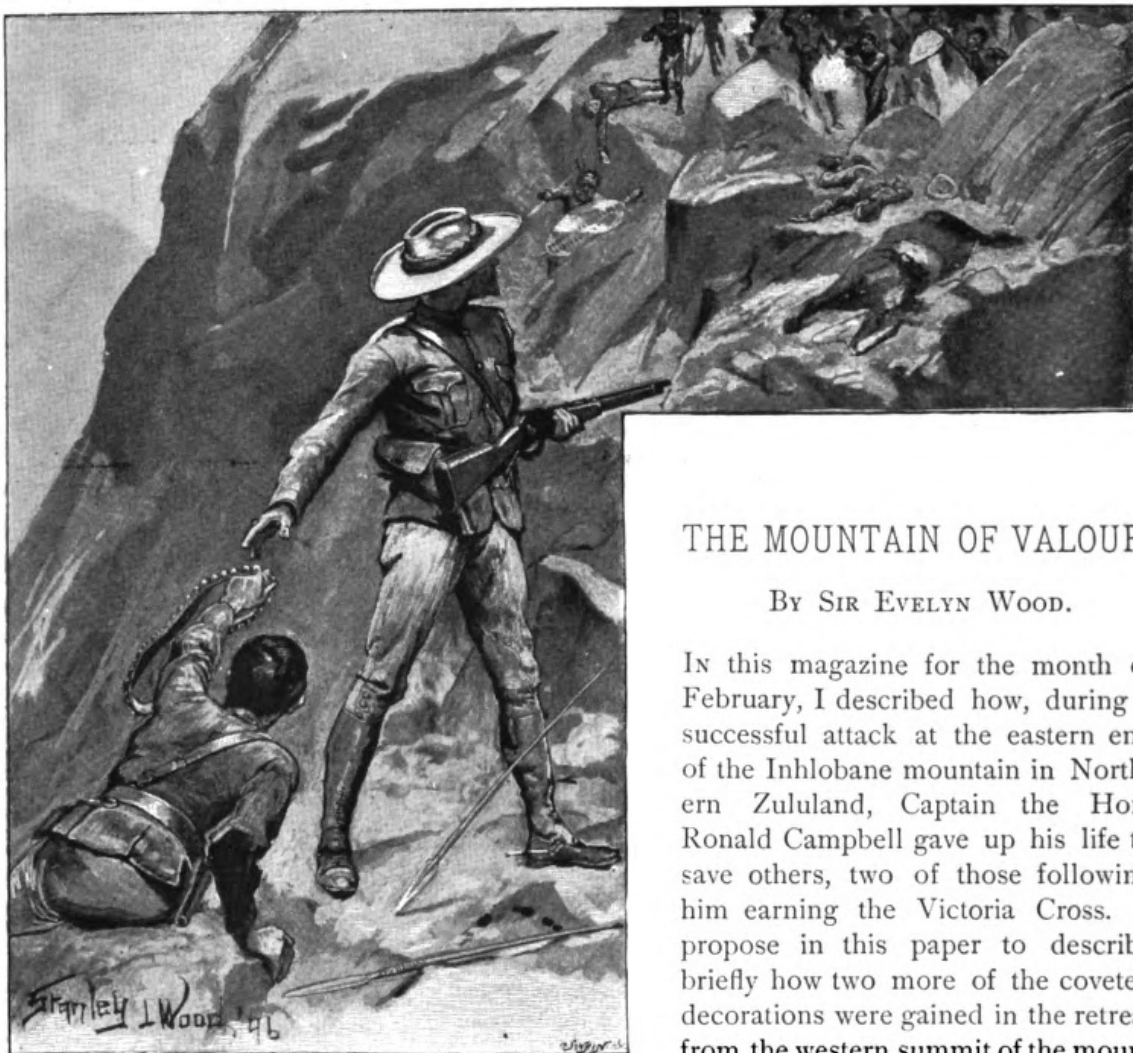
Again I pace the lonely deck, recalling
The words she said that day.

Once more I climb the mast and catch a
glimmer,
Where the great city's lights
Amidst the deepening shades are growing
dimmer,
And fading up the heights.

But one, methinks, when all the rest are dying,
Still shines the shadows through;
And 'midst the murmuring wind a voice is
sighing:
"Adieu! adieu! adieu!"

The ship sails on, the cloud-land, fields
elysian,
Grow grey above the sea,
While to the past returns once more my vision,
A dream that might not be.

GEORGE CHETWYND.



THE MOUNTAIN OF VALOUR.

BY SIR EVELYN WOOD.

IN this magazine for the month of February, I described how, during a successful attack at the eastern end of the Inhlobane mountain in Northern Zululand, Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell gave up his life to save others, two of those following him earning the Victoria Cross. I propose in this paper to describe briefly how two more of the coveted decorations were gained in the retreat from the western summit of the mountain. No other battle-field has ever

been marked by the grant of the reward "For Valour" to four persons out of a force numbering only 400 men.

The chief actor in my story, Redvers, son of Wentworth Buller, of Downes, Crediton,—who represented his fellow-countymen for many years in the House of Commons,—was born in December, 1839. After leaving Eton, he entered the army just too late for the Indian Mutiny campaigns, but he served in the China War of 1860, and ten years later, during the Red River expedition, made a reputation which has steadily grown in the last quarter of the century.

Having taken an important part in the Ashanti Expedition of 1873-4, he commanded a corps of Irregulars during the Kafir War of 1878, being actively engaged in the suppression of the Gaika outbreak. He harassed the insurgent natives continuously until, on the death of Sandilli, the Gaika Chief, the rebellion collapsed.

In Zululand he had been employed on many raids and expeditions at a distance from Colonel Evelyn Wood's camp, and, acting as that officer's right hand, came out "one of the bright spots" in the war. In an unsuccessful skirmish on the 20th January, 1879, a trooper having fallen from his horse, it escaped and galloped off towards the enemy, but Buller followed, and while under close, though badly aimed fire, turned and caught the horse, and helped the disabled man to remount and escape.

On the 27th of March, 1879, Lieutenant-Colonel Redvers Buller left Kambula camp

* Letter from Sir Garnet Wolseley, dated 9th July, 1879.

with a force of 400 mounted men and 150 friendly Zulus of Uhamu's tribe; that chief having abandoned the cause of his brother Cetewayo and taken refuge with the "flying column." After a march of thirty miles, Colonel Buller led his force, in the grey dawn of the 28th of March, up the north-eastern face of the Inhlobane mountain, which is an elevated table land of about 3000 acres. It stands 1200ft. above the surrounding country, being absolutely precipitous on the northern, and the upper part of the southern sides, and can be ascended only on its north-eastern and western extremities.

Colonel Buller cleared the top of the mountain with a loss of two officers and one man killed, and several minor casualties, and the warriors of the Amáqulisi tribe, who had held the mountain, were driven into their fastnesses amongst the bush-covered rocks, abandoning 2000 head of cattle. These were collected and driven down the western end of the mountain, on to a ridge 150ft. lower than the summit. There were goat paths at the north-western point of the mountain, nearly at the apex of the salient angle of the two long faces, and these Colonel Buller determined to use for his return to camp, thus avoiding the long round by the eastern extremity up which he had ascended.

While giving orders on the summit, he perceived a Zulu army approaching from the southward, estimated then at 20,000, but which in reality numbered 23,000. This army was still six miles off, and it was calculated that the British force on the Inhlobane would have an hour's start ere it could be seriously harassed by the oncoming Zulu columns. However, the Amáqulisi tribe, encouraged by the approach of the main Zulu army, now came forth from their hiding places to attack Buller's men as they descended the rugged paths. These paths passed over a series of ledges of rock from 2ft. to 10ft. wide, separated by vertical distances of from 3 to 6 feet.

Colonel Buller sent down first of all the native portion of his force, keeping his own personal command, the Frontier Light Horse, on the summit to form a rear-guard. The steepness of the tracks caused considerable delay, and the Amáqulisi, advancing on

either face of the mountain, occupied the rocks above and below the line of the paths, and fired at short range into the stream of straggling dismounted horsemen.

The difficulties of the descent may be partly realised from the fact that in May, 1880, when on the mountain with the then friendly Amáqulisi, I turned ten ponies loose, and drove them down, allowing them time to pick their way. Nevertheless, one only got down without a fall, and though none were hurt, some rolled for thirty or forty yards on losing their foothold, as, after jumping from the higher crags, they landed on the narrow ledges of rock.

The scene on the 28th of March, 1879, was very different. Down the rugged mountain side streamed and tumbled a resistless surging torrent of black creatures, which, constantly smitten with leaden hail, and checked by the difficulties of the descent, broke indeed, but, like a huge on-coming wave, only to spread out in encircling foam-like smaller bodies, which, gathering in volume, again swept on with renewed force down and round the track.

I will first narrate what happened to the Commandant of Wood's Irregulars.

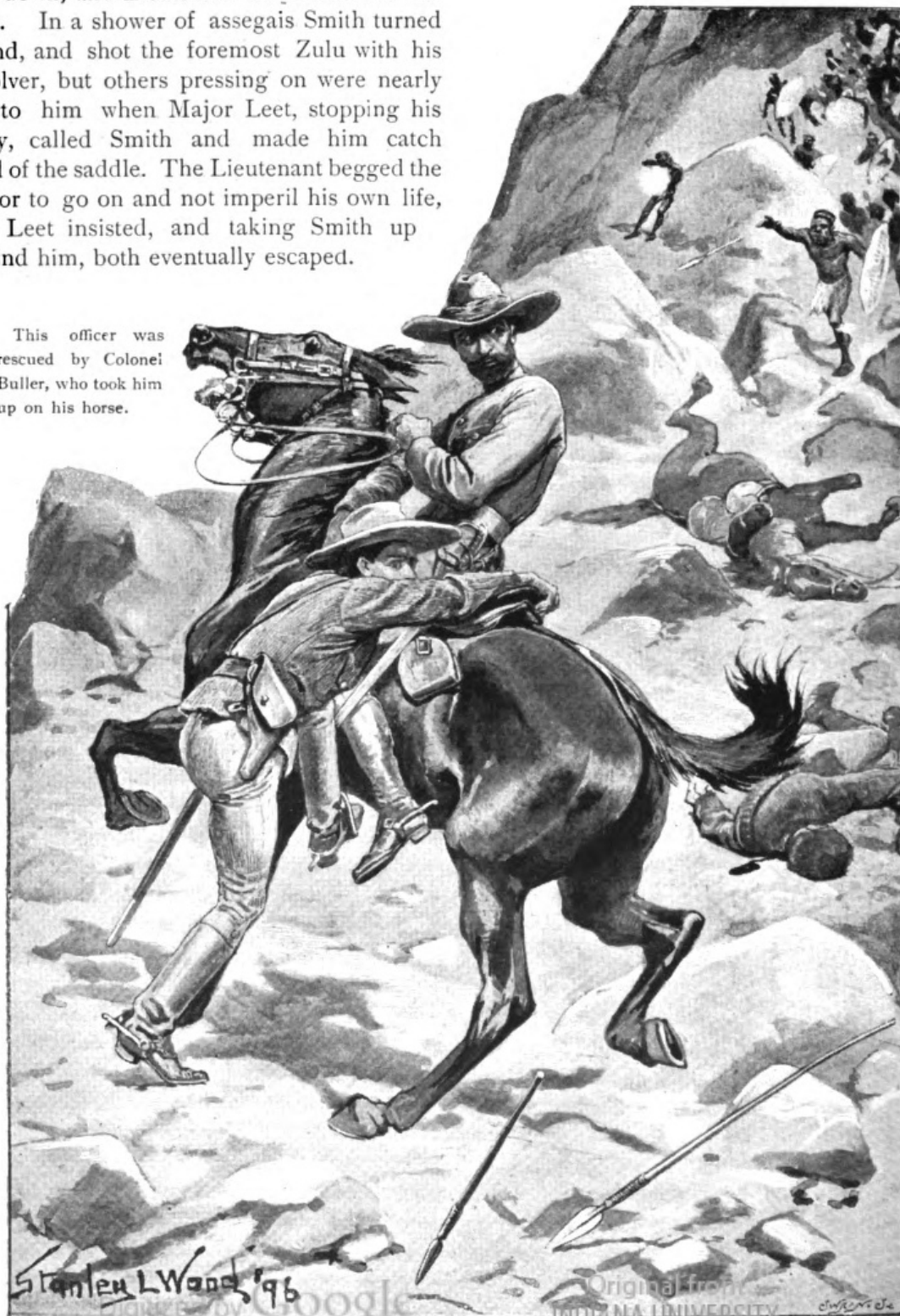
Major Leet, of the 13th (Somerset) Light Infantry, had dislocated his knee in the early part of the month, and was unable to walk; but mounted on a pony he was conspicuous throughout the day by his cool courage, and he remained on the summit of the mountain until Colonel Buller said to him: "Go down and wait for us at the bottom." There were two main goat paths down the mountain, one on the right and the other on the left, and when Colonel Buller had ordered Leet down, he himself went back to cover the retreat.

Major Leet, Lieutenant Smith, and a private of the Frontier Light Horse, descended by the right-hand path which Colonel Buller had intended should be used by all his men, but he found later, when he himself turned to retreat, that apparently the string of footmen were all moving on the left-hand path, and Major Leet and his two companions not being visible from the summit thus became isolated from the remainder of the party.

The Zulus, who were following up the

troops, being checked by the fire of Buller's covering party standing on the plateau, swarmed down the sides of the cliffs, and some of them came across Major Leet and his two comrades, who were slowly and with great difficulty descending the steep mountain side. The trooper was stabbed when about half way down, and Lieutenant Smith's horse was shot. In a shower of assegais Smith turned round, and shot the foremost Zulu with his revolver, but others pressing on were nearly up to him when Major Leet, stopping his pony, called Smith and made him catch hold of the saddle. The Lieutenant begged the Major to go on and not imperil his own life, but Leet insisted, and taking Smith up behind him, both eventually escaped.

This officer was rescued by Colonel Buller, who took him up on his horse.



When the last of the troops had left the plateau, Buller was heard to say to Commandant Piet Uys, who was in command of thirty Dutchmen: "You go down, Piet; I'll stop up here! And when you get to the bottom halt some men to cover us as we come down." Turning then to Lieutenant

Everitt, of the Frontier Light Horse, he ordered him to halt ten men, who, as a covering party, were to descend last of all. Mr. Everitt could only collect seven men, but these kept the Zulus back for some time, descending later with the enemy close upon them; four of the little party were almost immediately killed, and Lieutenant Everitt's horse was assailed.

Buller, a tall and powerful man, now seizing Mr. Everitt, who was exhausted, by the collar of the coat, pulled him out of the way of the pursuing Zulus, who were themselves greatly impeded by the rugged nature of the cliffs, and standing over his breathless Lieutenant, received from him a carbine and ammunition, saying: "Get on down as quick as you can!" and with the three men remaining alive out of the rear-guard of seven, Buller covered the retreat of the last of those descending the cliff.

As Everitt reached the lower ridge, 150ft. from the summit, he passed Commandant Uys and saw him shoot one Zulu, and then, stabbed by another with an assegai, fall dead in sight of his two sons. Uys had previously reached the lower ridge in safety, but seeing that his youngest son, sixteen years old, could not get his horse down, the Commandant had re-climbed, for a short distance, the path on which he was killed.

Buller's command was now demoralised; and one very brave officer of an Irregular corps, who had often shown great personal courage, burst into tears when his men refused to obey his order to form up to cover the retreat of the Frontier Light Horsemen, who were still descending the mountain. He himself remained, and assisted Colonel Buller in rallying the men, and had not this been effected, none of the wounded, nor those who had lost their horses, could have escaped.

Buller himself was ubiquitous, and to my knowledge rescued four men that day, three of whom lived for years afterwards; the fourth man, whom he pulled out of the middle of a struggling crowd of Zulus and carried, holding on to his stirrup, down the hill, was eventually wounded much lower down, and lost his life.

Trooper Randal, Frontier Light Horse, told me five days later, that in the retreat, his

horse was completely exhausted, when he was overtaken by Colonel Buller, who was falling back with the rearmost men, and that the Colonel put him up on his own horse and carried him for some distance; then dropping him, returned again to the fight, this time picking up Captain C. D'Arcy also of the Frontier Light Horse. This officer had lost both his horses, and when panting along on foot with the Zulus less than a hundred yards behind him, was rescued by Colonel Buller, who took him up on his horse.

The first man to ascend the eastern end of the mountain in the grey dawn, Buller acted throughout the retreat as the rearmost man of the rearguard, although he knew from experience that any man who was wounded was sure to be ripped up by the ruthless enemy.

The casualties that day were heavy. Colonel Buller lost twelve officers, and eighty of other ranks killed, and thirty of all ranks wounded, out of a total of 400. This was in addition to a large number of Wood's (native) Irregulars, who, with Messrs. Williams and Potter, were killed under the western end of the mountain.

That evening we were sitting in our sodden tents, for the rain was falling heavily. We had seen the Zulu army bivouacing seven miles off our camp, and while we did not feel doubtful of the result of any open attack, yet our native allies had disappeared, and the 1800 British soldiers had a stern task awaiting them on the morrow.

Buller and his men had been almost continuously in the saddle for 100 consecutive hours, during which time they had skirmished once, fought twice, and marched over 170 miles. Nevertheless when, at nine o'clock, a solitary fugitive from a detachment, of which some few men had escaped over the eastern end of the Inhlobane, crawling into camp reported that half-a-dozen more stragglers were trying to reach Kambula, the indomitable Buller had no difficulty in immediately mounting a dozen volunteers, whom he led forth on their jaded horses into the pitchy darkness of the night, returning later with the last of the survivors of the bloody fight of the 28th of March. Both Colonel Buller and Major Leet were granted the Victoria Cross in June, 1879.

A PHOTOGRAPH of the INVISIBLE

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

"WHY, what is this, Denton, my friend?" said the Professor. "Your holiday doesn't seem to have done you much good. Have you had a fever or anything of that sort? You were looking a little worn out and run down when you went away, but, God bless me, you look more as if you had got up from a bed of sickness, than come back from a three month's yachting cruise in the Mediterranean."

"I dare say I do," said his visitor, taking his hand out of the Professor's and pulling from his pocket a little gilt-edged sheet of note paper. The Professor saw that it had been crushed up and smoothed out again. There was a pretty monogram in the top left-hand corner, and a faint sweet scent as of dried rose-leaves and violets rose from it as the pale, haggard, bright-eyed young fellow before him put it into his hands, and said:

"Read that, and tell me if you don't think it's about enough to knock a man over. May God—"

"Hush, my friend, hush!" said the Professor, laying his left hand on the other's shoulder, and holding the little letter in his right about six inches from his spectacles. "It is bad, but not bad enough for that, and gentlemen and men of science don't do that sort of thing, you know. So she has sold you, as the man in the street would say. Ah, well——"

"Sold me, sold herself you mean! Sold herself body and soul to that German Jew brute and his millions. Sold herself more vilely and basely than the most wretched outcast of the streets, for she has cold and hunger as her excuses, and Edith had a good

home, an ample income, and a man who has loved her all his life to come to whenever she would, and she had promised to come, too. Is there any forgiveness for a sin like that, do you think?"

"That is not our business, my friend," said the Professor quietly; "and then you know I am enough of a pagan not to believe in the forgiveness of sins. Not here at least; the hereafter is another matter which is beyond our discussion. But in this world I have never seen sin and punishment as anything else than cause and effect, the one following the other as logically and as inevitably as a shock follows a blow."

"Good logic," said Denton with a short, savage laugh. "Capital logic from the physical point of view, but a trifle cold for my present frame of mind. Is that all the consolation you can give me?"

"I cannot give you any consolation, my friend; nothing but time and hard work can give that to a man in your state, but I might give you something else that would be more to your mind just now."

"What is that?"

"Your revenge. An idea that is something like an inspiration has just come to me. I can give you a revenge that shall be purely scientific, beyond the reach of all human law, and, I think I may say, absolutely unique. What do you say to that?"

"Tell me what it is; quick! I have been thinking all night and all day of nothing else. This thing has brought all the savage in me to the surface, and if I had all the arts of a Borgia, I believe I could use them just now without ruth or scruple. Now what is it?"

"Light a cigar and help yourself to whiskey and soda, and let me prescribe for once in a way to my own doctor. A combination of sedative and tonic is just what your present state of mind indicates," said the Professor, still in his dry, quiet voice, and pointing to a wide, deep arm chair on the other side of the library fire. It is not a thing that I can make you understand in a minute, and, besides, a little enforced quiet, and a turn of your attention to something else, would do you all the good in the world."

"Very well. I'll be patient and you

into it when I got home, and when I did I got *this*."

"Ah, well, that's no matter. I can soon make you understand all you need to know about it. It has been discovered, to put it shortly, that there are rays other than what we call light rays, to which some transparent substances are opaque, and some opaque substances transparent, and it has also been found that the photographic plate is sensitive to these rays. Ergo, by proper management it is possible to obtain a photograph of things invisible either to the eye or to the microscope."



"Read that, and tell me if you don't think it's about enough to knock a man over."

doctor for a bit, go ahead! Something new to think about would be a Godsend to me just now."

When they were settled in their chairs, and the smoke of their cigars was mingling about the mantelpiece, the Professor began:

"Of course you've heard something about this new photography of the invisible, as they call it, Röntgen's discovery, you know, with Crooke's vacuum tubes?"

"No, I can't say that I have, at least, nothing beyond mere rumours and newspaper paragraphs. I think it's all happened while I've been away. I did mean to look

"Wonderful, but hardly relevant, as far as I can see. What has the photography of the invisible got to do with my case and Edith's—Mrs. Goldsberg's, I mean? Oh, look here, Grantham, I can't stand science now, I want revenge, and if you can give it me, just tell me what to do straight out."

"Very well, my friend, very well. I can see you are impatient, and no doubt naturally. We'll let the explanation go for the present. After all, it's no good trying to explain a thing like this to a man who can't sit still for a minute in his chair, and lets his cigar out before he's taken half a dozen whiffs. Come

into the studio and I'll give you an object-lesson."

This will be a convenient place to say that Professor Grantham, though a chemist and physical investigator by profession, was a photographer by hobby. Not a photographer in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather an excursionist in the outer and least known realms of the science.

He had practically solved the fascinating problem of chromatic photography, and as soon as he had perfected a few details of his invention he was going to astonish the world and make his fortune with it. He could photograph people with a ghostly double of themselves looking over their shoulder, and by means of photographs of a man, and his parents, and his grandparents, he had produced a composite picture that was an excellent likeness of a remote ancestor, as proved by an ivory miniature that he had never seen.

Of course he never did this kind of thing for money, but as a matter of favour; and, for the sake of his pet art, he had now and then taken the photographs of some of the most noted beauties of Society by his unknown process, and the results, with their exquisite blending of light and shade and tinting, were the pride and glory of their originals and the envy and despair of every professional in the world. It was a natural consequence that these favours should be most eagerly sought after, all the more eagerly because they were so few and far between.

When they got into the studio, the Professor turned a switch just inside the door, and lit a single electric light. In the middle of the room there was a camera, and in front of it, on another tripod just level with the lens, was a little black wooden box standing on its end. The camera had a cap of ebonite, and two curly electric wires ran up to each side of it from a battery on the floor. The Professor went to the box, and drew a sliding lid off the top. Then he said to Denton:

"Come and put your hand inside here, and keep it there until I tell you to move."

"What are you going to do?"

"Take a photograph of your hand, that's all, but such a photograph! Ah, wait till you see it!"

The young doctor did as he was told, and the Professor took out his watch and turned a switch in the side of the camera.

"Now mind you don't move your hand; ten minutes will do it."

"Rather a long exposure, isn't it?"

"Yes, but necessary."

When the Professor's watch had ticked off the tenth minute, he said:

"Now you can take your hand out and go back into the library, and have another smoke and amuse yourself thinking about the justice of revenge while I develop the plate. Then you shall see the results."

Denton did as he was told; but when he got back to the library, instead of sitting down and trying to take things quietly, he only strode up and down the room with his hands clenched behind his back, chewing the end of his cigar and the cud of his bitter reflections, until the door from the studio opened and the Professor came in with a little square of glass in his hand.

He put it behind him, and as Denton stopped in front of him he said, much more seriously than he had spoken so far:

"My friend, do you remember what I told you after you had saved my little girl's life at the risk of your own by drawing the diphtheritic membrane from her throat through a quill? I told you if ever I could serve you you were but to ask and to have."

"Now you are in sorrow and in trouble, you have suffered the greatest wrong save one that an honourable man can suffer, and you have asked me for revenge. Very well, you shall have it, but in such a form that it shall be a just and merited punishment. This woman has committed a crime against herself and all



He only strode up and down the room.

true womanhood, and to punish her you shall wound her in the tenderest spot in such a woman's being, her vanity and the vainglory which she takes in the beauty she has sold. You shall teach her, in a word—yes, and that millionaire purchaser of hers too, that that beauty is but skin deep."

"What in heaven's name do you mean, man? I've scarcely understood a word you've said to-night. For goodness sake speak a little more plainly and let me see what you are driving at."

"This!" said the Professor, holding up the glass plate between Denton and the light of the electric chandelier that hung over the table. "There is your hand! Now, how do you think Mr. Joel Goldsberg would like a photograph of his wife done in that style, and how would *she* like it?"

Denton craned his neck upward for a moment to look more closely at the object on the plate. Then he started back, and stared at the Professor with a look of wonder that was near akin to horror in his eyes.

"Is that a fact, Grantham?" he almost whispered. "Is that really the photograph of my hand, and could you— Oh, my God, no! It would be too horrible. She has done enough to make me hate her, and I do hate and despise her as much as I loved her a couple of days ago; but if I saw that thing I believe I should go mad."

"There will be no need for you to see it, and on the presumably coarser natures of Mr. and Mrs. Goldsberg the effect would probably be nothing like so serious. She will be one of the beauties of England now that she is a millionairess. She will be only too glad of a suggestion, which can easily be managed, that I am willing to photograph her by a novel process. I will make a vignette of her—just the head and shoulders and bust, you know."

"Stop, man, for God's sake, stop! That's enough. If you tell me any more I shall relent and forbid you to do it—and yet she deserves it. After all, it will only be a sort of scientific practical joke, I suppose."

"Yes, and I can easily say that some unforeseen accident that happened in the process has resulted in a scientific curiosity, and send it to her husband with my apologies

and an offer to take her in colours, as compensation for the disappointment," said the Professor.

As Professor Grantham had shrewdly anticipated, Mrs. Joel Goldsberg, who had so unexpectedly scandalised her most intimate friends, and astonished the London world at large by developing, after an exceedingly brief courtship, into the mistress of many millions and the wife of an almost phenomenally homely and vulgar financier, jumped at the chance of having her undeniable and now universally lauded beauty portrayed in that wonderful guise which only he could give to it.

It is true that when the time for the *séance* arrived she was not a little mystified, not to say frightened, by the singularity of the methods adopted by the Professor, for she was photographed in absolute darkness, and the fact that the process seemed to take an unconscionably long time by no means made the ordeal easier.

But still she recognised that she was receiving a favour, and so, of course, there was nothing to be said beyond a few pretty little expostulations and expressions of wonder when the *séance* was over. Then she went away, taking with her the Professor's promise to send her the result of the experiment, as he called it, as soon as the operations of developing and printing off were finished.

It was about a week later that a small flat parcel, marked "Private and with care," was brought to Mr. Joel Goldsberg as he sat at breakfast with "his young and lovely bride," as the newspaper reports of their wedding had justly, if tritely, styled her.

"I think this is the Professor's writing, my dear," said the millionaire as he looked the packet over; "so I suppose it will be that new photograph of yours."

"Oh, yes, I daresay it will," she said. "Let us see what it is like." And she got up and went and leant over her husband's shoulder.

He took off the brown paper cover; then a white paper one inside that, and then he raised the sheet of tissue paper that was gummed along the top of the card.

Neither of them said anything when they first saw what was underneath, but the blood

rushed to his face till it was almost purple, and died out of hers till it was grey and white and ghastly—the face of a corpse, but for the two bright, glaring eyes that stared out of it, and this is what those eyes saw.

The photograph seemed, as it were, to be in three layers—all transparent save the third. It was a vignette, just showing the head and neck and shoulders. The dress, a most dainty morning costume, in which she had

the jagged vertebræ of her neck, and supported on the bare bones of her chest and shoulders, grinned at her through the transparent veil of flesh, and seemed to stare at her out of the sockets in which two ghostly eyes appeared to float.

A day or two afterwards Society was startled by an amazing piece of news concerning the golden idols which it had most recently set up. Mr. Joel Goldsberg had been suddenly struck down by some mysterious malady of a nervous character, and his newly-wedded bride had vanished utterly from the gaze of her worshippers. Later still it transpired, through the agency of an indefatigable society journalist, that her reason had suddenly given way from some unknown cause, and that she was now an inmate of a private lunatic asylum.

"I have it on the best authority," concluded the paragraph in which the *Gutter Gazette* gave this piquant detail to the world, "that the unhappy lady's malady is of a most singular description. She imagines that she is a skeleton, and that her clothing and skin and flesh are nothing more than transparent shadows which everybody can see through. As a consequence her physicians are obliged at present to allow her to live day and night in a dark room, since the presence of the



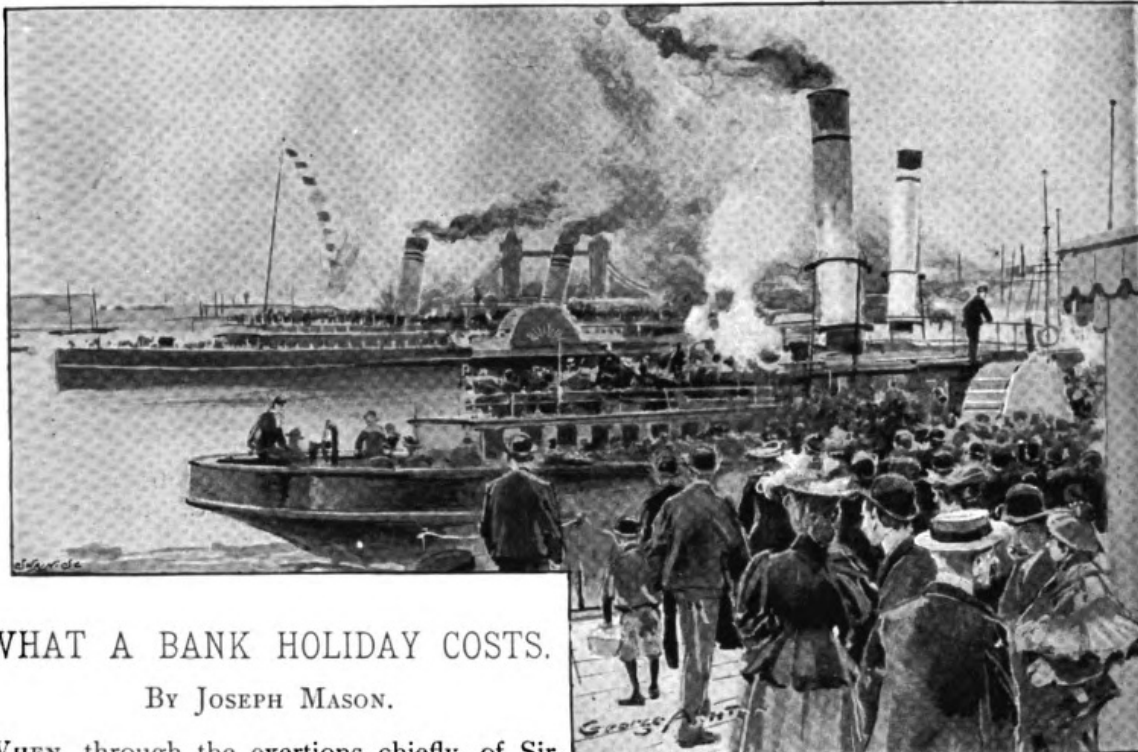
The blood died out of her face till it was grey and white and ghastly.

lected to be taken, was perfect in pattern, but diaphanous and transparent. Under this were the skin and flesh, transparent also.

Above were her features, perfect in their likeness, and the wreathed crown of golden brown hair of which she was so proud, but they were the face and hair not of a living woman, but of a ghost, and, beneath all, sharp in outline and perfect in every hideous detail, a fleshless skull—her own skull—poised on

faintest light drives her instantly into a condition of the most violent hysterics."

[NOTE.—Although this is of course a purely imaginative story, it may be as well to say that such photographs as that of Mrs. Goldsberg have been shown by actual experiment to be possible. It is hardly necessary to add that what the Professor showed Denton was a photograph of his own skeleton hand in a shadowy outline of transparent flesh.]



WHAT A BANK HOLIDAY COSTS.

BY JOSEPH MASON.

WHEN, through the exertions chiefly of Sir John Lubbock, the Bank Holidays Act became law in May, 1871, the effect was mainly to give one additional day's holiday to the great mass of workers in this country. Nominally, the Act gave the sanction of law, as Bank Holidays, to several days which from time immemorial had been in a substantial degree public festivals.

Christmas Day, Boxing Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, and Whit Monday, had always been regarded as public holidays, and, though, no doubt, the passing of the Act gave emphasis and authority to what was already a practically understood thing, the real public concession was the August Bank Holiday. And this was no small boon; coming as it does in the very prime and fulness of the year. Hitherto the toilers, unless they were in positions to take holidays on their own account, had a dreary expanse from Whit Monday till Christmas Day or a good seven months without a break, in which the routine of work must go on; and it came as a distinct advantage to the masses when one more day, at the best time of all, could be legitimately taken for recreation and rest.

This one day in the year, to which the title of "St. Lubbock" is essentially appropriate, has acquired a hold on the affections of the people which will carry the name of

its originator for a longer course through the æons of time, than far more imposing services by others, in less attractive forms, will serve to keep their memories green.

But perhaps, St. Lubbock himself, when he carried his scheme, had little idea of the cost. Long before the era of bank holidays, people were accustomed to hold high jinks on all the other days included in the list, and therefore, in forming an estimate of what a bank holiday costs, it is fairest to take that one day of early August, on which the great mass of the British public sing and laugh, and feast, and make merry to their heart's content.

Of course, everybody cannot enjoy even a Bank Holiday. First of all, there is the considerable army of those who have to work hard in catering for the enjoyment of others. Railway, tram, and steamboat employes, restaurant-keepers, publicans, and others, never work so hard as they do on a Bank Holiday. Judges on assize circuits also insist on sitting, and keeping at their beck and call many courts full of people who would fain be elsewhere.

Then there are the very aristocratic and the very rich people who would consider it quite beneath their dignity to indulge in the frivolities of such an occasion; there are the

very poor who have really no means with which to enjoy themselves; and there are the very young and the very old who either have not reached, or have passed by, the time of life when the participation in such enjoyments as involve the free spending of money is a possibility.

Taking the whole population of these Islands at forty millions, and making liberal deductions for old and young who can't, rich who don't care to, and poor who have not the means; and the numerous class who must work in order that others may enjoy themselves, it is probably well within the mark to say that when day breaks on the August Bank Holiday fully twenty millions of people scattered over the British Isles awaken with the desire and intention to enjoy themselves to the utmost of their bent and of their means.

To the great majority it is, of course, a one-day business; but to many—in the aggregate a multitude—it is made the occasion or the excuse for a somewhat longer break in the cares of life. Those who can will get afield from Friday night or Saturday till Monday night or Tuesday morning, and their expenses, though they cannot be strictly allocated to the Bank Holiday, are clearly attributable to it.

Then, of course, the scale of expenses must vary greatly: your prosperous shopkeeper or well-to-do clerk can, and will, spend as much again, or thrice as

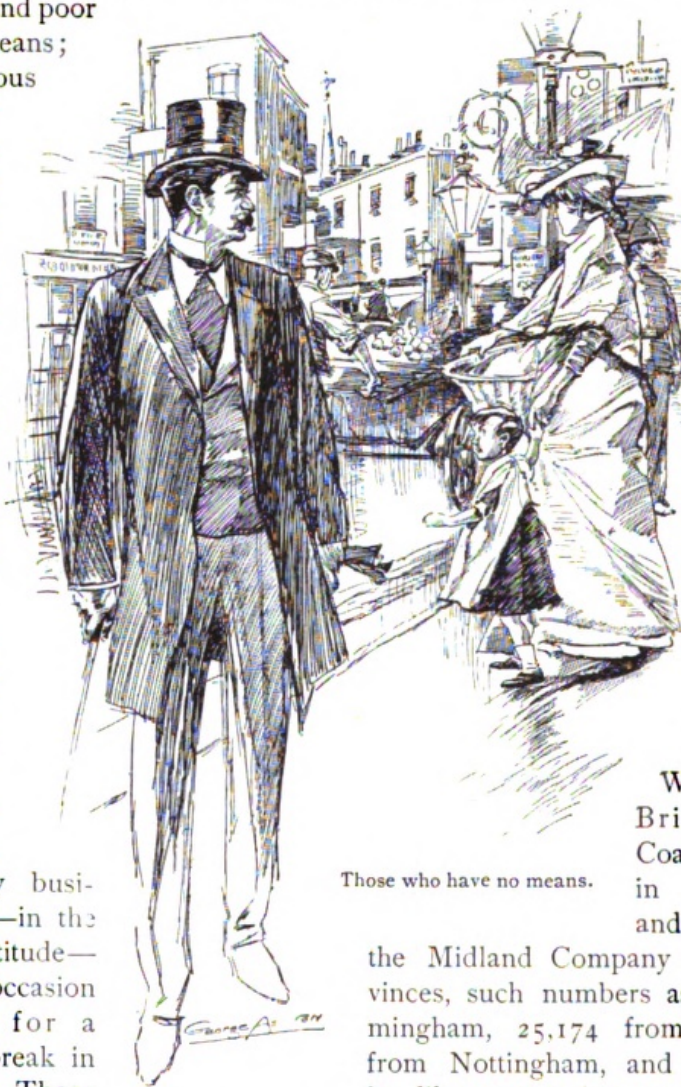
much as the junior clerk or simple working man.

The great idea of people, at this time especially, is to get away from home, to the seaside, or into the country; or if it won't quite run to that, then to some place of popular amusement, such as the Crystal Palace, or Belle Vue at Manchester.

Excursion trains at cheap rates are run, of course, and the vast majority of the passengers go third class; but allowing for all that, the takings of the railway companies on this one day must be immense. On the last Bank Holiday, for instance, the Great Eastern Railway Company carried within the ordinary excursion limit from the Metropolis some 107,000 passengers; the South-Eastern took in the same way

73,967; the Great Western 42,000; the Brighton and South Coast 31,765, and others in similar proportion; and when we find that

the Midland Company carried, in the provinces, such numbers as 36,000 from Birmingham, 25,174 from Bradford, 18,126 from Nottingham, and other great towns in like proportion, and allow a similar average for the other great lines, including those of Scotland and Ireland, and find that such towns of resort as Southport record something like 50,000 visitors each; we have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that at least five millions of passengers used the railways on that day, and if we put their fares at an average of 1s. per head, we are not likely to be accused of exaggeration. Then five millions of passengers



Those who have no means.

at 1s. each is £250,000. Deducting one-fifth as representing an ordinary day's traffic, we have a net excess expenditure on railway travelling of £200,000.



One source of enjoyment.

Next comes steamboat traffic. The Thames steamboats last Bank Holiday carried 60,000 persons; the Mersey ferries at least double the number; 25,000 went to the Isle of Man; and if we add the many other coastwise and river traffics, on the Clyde, and in fact all round the coast, we must add at least another million. It is difficult again to fix an average, ranging as the fares do from 2d. to 5s. or more; but here again, a fair average will probably be about 1s., which adds another £50,000 gross, or, allowing for an ordinary day's traffic, at least £40,000 net, to our total.

Tram and omnibus traffic in London alone on a Bank holiday is a formidable figure; and, counting in the great provincial towns, another figure of five millions at an average of 3d. a head—i.e., £62,500 gross, or deducting an ordinary day's traffic, say £50,000 must go to our totals.

In many towns, such as Sheffield, the moderately well-to-do people delight in forming parties, hiring brakes, and driving to places of popular resort in their respective vicinities. These people will tot up to the thousands in each of such places, and, on a general average of the country, can scarcely be estimated at less than half a million; and as this is rather an expensive form of amuse-

ment, their expenditure, which it must be borne in mind is almost wholly special to the day, adds another £50,000. Cabs, gigs, dog-carts, and other forms of conveyance throughout the country may be debited with an equal amount.

Bicyclists who ride their own machines are a class to themselves, because, so far as traffic expenses go, they can take their pleasure very cheaply. If we put the total number out on that day at half a million, and credit three-fourths of them with riding their own property, probably a penny a head will cover wear and tear and occasional accident. The other fourth, riding hired machines, must spend at least 5s. a head; and thus we have to add another £27,000 or so to our figures.

Pedestrians who glory in a long walk or mountain climb, cannot escape some amount of traffic charges. Consumption of shoe-leather and some extra wear and tear of apparel generally (the best available being worn as a rule) is the consequence of a full enjoyment of a Bank Holiday, and it is a traffic charge fairly distributable over the whole crowd everywhere. An average of



Another.

sixpence a head is surely not too much for this item; and twenty millions of sixpences amount to the formidable sum of half a million sterling. Thus, under our first head of travelling expenses pure and

simple, we arrive at the following startling figures:

Railway Fares	£200,000
Steamboats, etc.	40,000
Trams and Omnibuses ...	50,000
Private Conveyances ...	100,000
Bicyclists	27,000
Pedestrians, and general wear and tear	500,000
Or a total of	£917,000

But people out for a Bank Holiday are by no means content with travelling only. They must eat and drink, and smoke, and enjoy themselves in divers ways.

Two meals per head at 6d. only above the average cost of living on an ordinary day, three drinks extra, averaging 2d. each, and half an ounce of tobacco extra, at 2d., is the least that can be allowed for an average man or youth; and assuming that one fourth only of the Bank Holidayites come within this category, we have five millions at 1s. 2d. each, or £300,000 in round figures. The wives, and sweethearts, and children, etc., who make up the balance of fifteen millions, can scarcely be put down at less than 9d. per head for similar items of expenditure, or, roughly, half a million more. Thus we add to our grand total a sum of £800,000 for sustenance.

Finally we come to the item of amusements, and it is by no means the least. On Bank Holiday, if at any time, people will enjoy themselves. When as many as 56,000 visit the Crystal Palace, 23,000 the Zoological Gardens, 20,000 or 30,000 the cricket match at the Oval, and when every place of public resort, at the seaside and elsewhere, has its

hordes of purveyors of amusement in some form or other; and when we know how easily sixpences, and shillings even, slip away in these various forms of amusement, we shall not overshoot the mark if we assess the average at sixpence a head for the whole twenty millions who, in some form or other, spend money in amusements pure and simple on Bank Holiday. This makes another small item of £500,000, so that now we have

Traffic	£917,000
Sustenance (extra) ...	800,000
Amusements	500,000

or £2,217,000. We have still to allow for lodgings of those who stay away from home over-night; illness, of not a few, resulting from cold, or excess, and other odds and ends which cannot fail to bring our sum total up to a round figure of two and a-half millions sterling, which, at the very least, is spent on every August Bank Holiday in Great Britain and Ireland.

Whitsuntide and Easter are not such general holidays, being less observed at any rate in Scotland, but on the other hand they are more prolonged; and Christmas Day and Boxing Day make up in home festivities what

cannot so well be spent abroad.

We have six Bank Holidays in the year, and not one of them can be put down as involving an expenditure, above the ordinary daily average, of less than two millions sterling, or twelve millions in all.

"What frightful waste; what fearful extravagance," some careful bodies may exclaim. Fudge—nonsense; you forget the magic of numbers. It takes twenty millions of people a full week of holidays to spend that twelve



A fair participant.

millions; and surely a week's relaxation at a cost, beyond the ordinary, of only 12s. per head is not excessive. Of course, my figures may be an under-estimate; but I was anxious not to err on the side of excess.



in my computations. That our six Bank Holidays, and their equivalent days in Scotland, cost the people at least twelve millions sterling is beyond doubt or question.

But it by no means follows that, because a pound is spent in festivity and enjoyment which could have been avoided, it is therefore money wasted. Looked at from the standpoint of the individual, much of the money might, perhaps, be ill-spared; but we cannot afford to take these narrow views, and certainly the community, as a whole, cannot be said to suffer through any amount of Bank Holiday expenditure.

There are thousands upon thousands of people to whom these great public holidays bring welcome and profitable employment; and anything which puts money into free circulation cannot be a serious evil, regarded from the popular standpoint. Even from the position of the man of limited means, who, perhaps in the height of his enjoyment

rather impoverishes the family exchequer, there is something to be said. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a very truthful old saying; and after his day's "spree," in most cases with his sweetheart, or with his wife and little ones, he returns to his toil a happier and, except for the temporary leanness of his pocket, in every sense a better man; whilst, as for the family, whose only chance it is perhaps to get a sight of things so new and strange, it is a red-letter day from the time that one has passed till another comes round.

The preparations which many people make for a good holiday time, show how keenly they appreciate the boon. In the manufacturing districts especially, the saving up of holiday money has developed into quite a fine art. Originally instilled into the people no doubt by the weekly demands of the friendly societies, and the occasional substantial benefits which they derive from these accumulations of weekly pence, this principle of systematic saving up has been largely carried into the domain of pleasure, and holiday societies and holiday clubs have become quite a feature of the humble life of many of our large towns.

It is, in fact, no unusual thing for the holiday clubs of Oldham alone to have in the spring, and up to shortly before Whitsuntide, more than £20,000 banked to their credit. This represents about 4s. per head of the entire population, and therefore, of course, very much more per head of the actual subscribers.

Of course, as the summer advances, these balances rapidly deplete until after Oldham "Wakes," which take place some time in September, and are looked upon as the wind-up of the holiday season. Then the funds begin to swell again, and so *da capo*.

Though Oldham may be regarded as the centre of co-operation in this as in many other things, the notion is spreading rapidly, and, if I mistake not, holiday clubs will ere long become a feature of industrial life all over the country. In nothing can combination effect greater things than in the enjoyment of a holiday on the most economical terms.

"SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO"

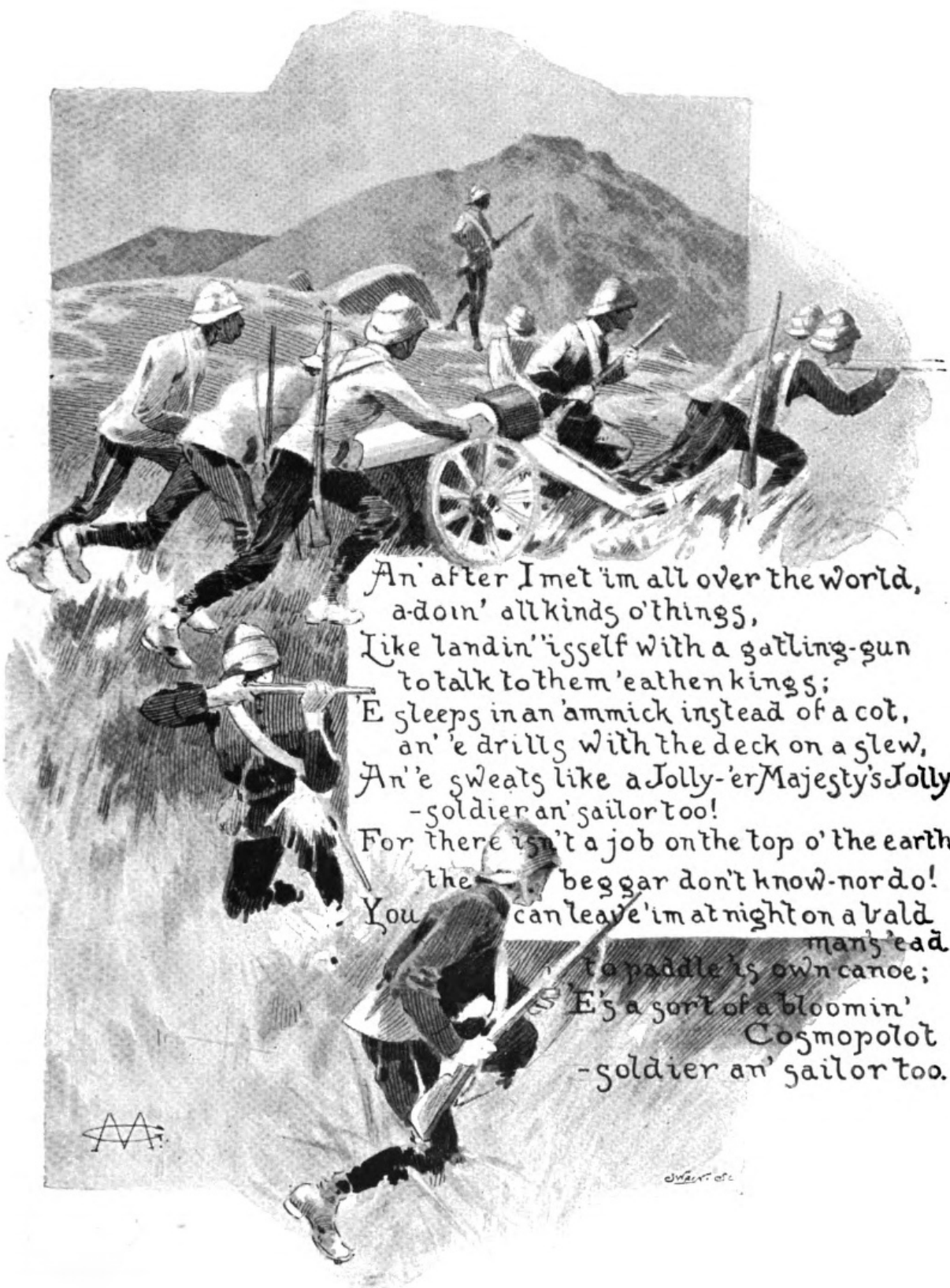


As I was spillin' into the
ditch aboard o' the *Crocodile*,
I seed a man on a man-o'-war
got up in the Reg'lars' style.
'E was scrapin' the paint from off
of'er plates an' I sez to'im: "Oo are you?"
Sez 'e: "I'm a Jolly 'Er Majesty's Jolly
-soldier an' sailor too!"
Now 'is work begins at Gawd knows
and 'is work is never through^{when,}
'E isn't one o' the Reg'lars' line
nor 'e isn't one of the crew—
'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite
-soldier an' sailor too!

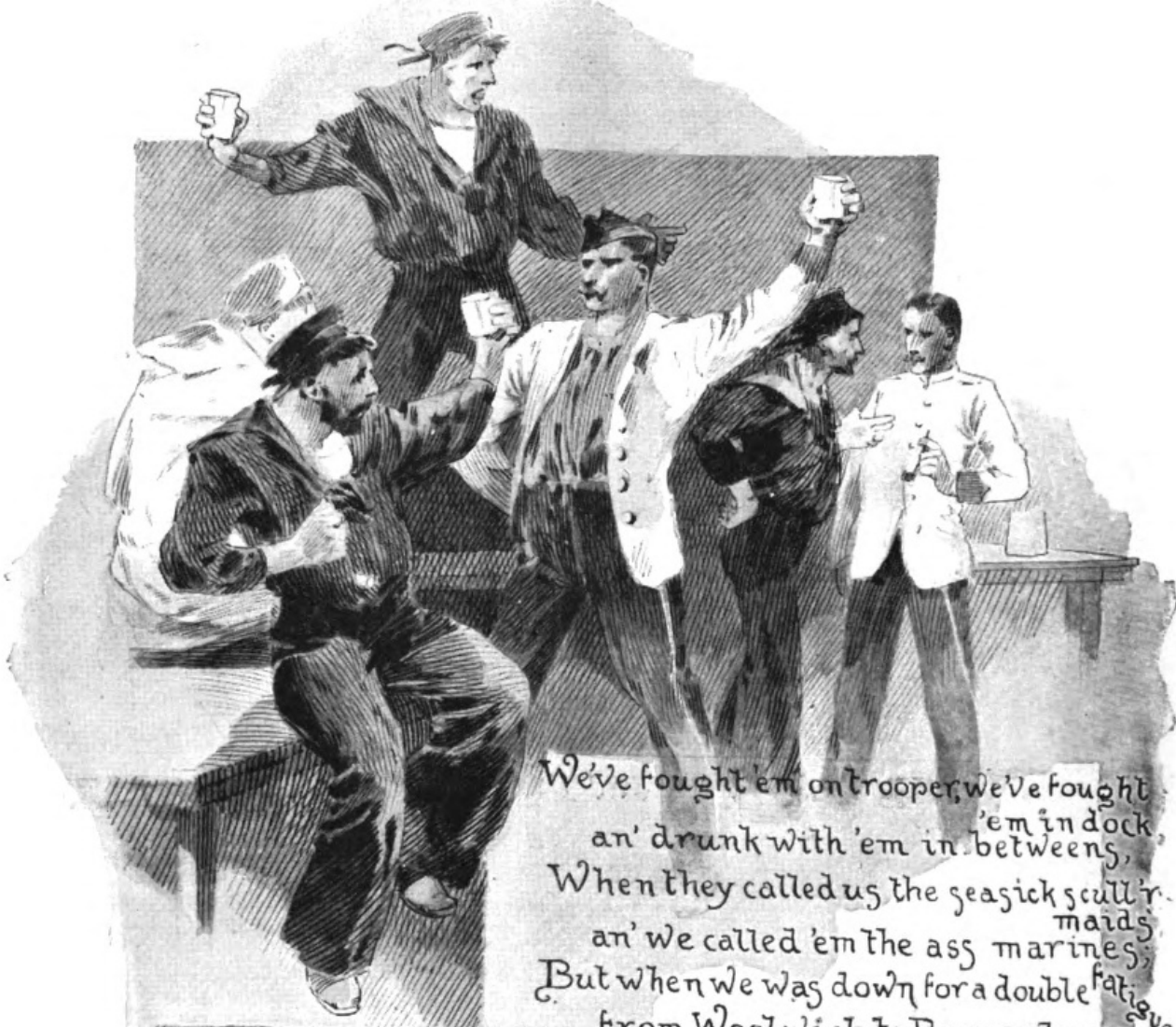
BY
RUDYARD KIPLING

G. MONTBARD.

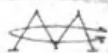
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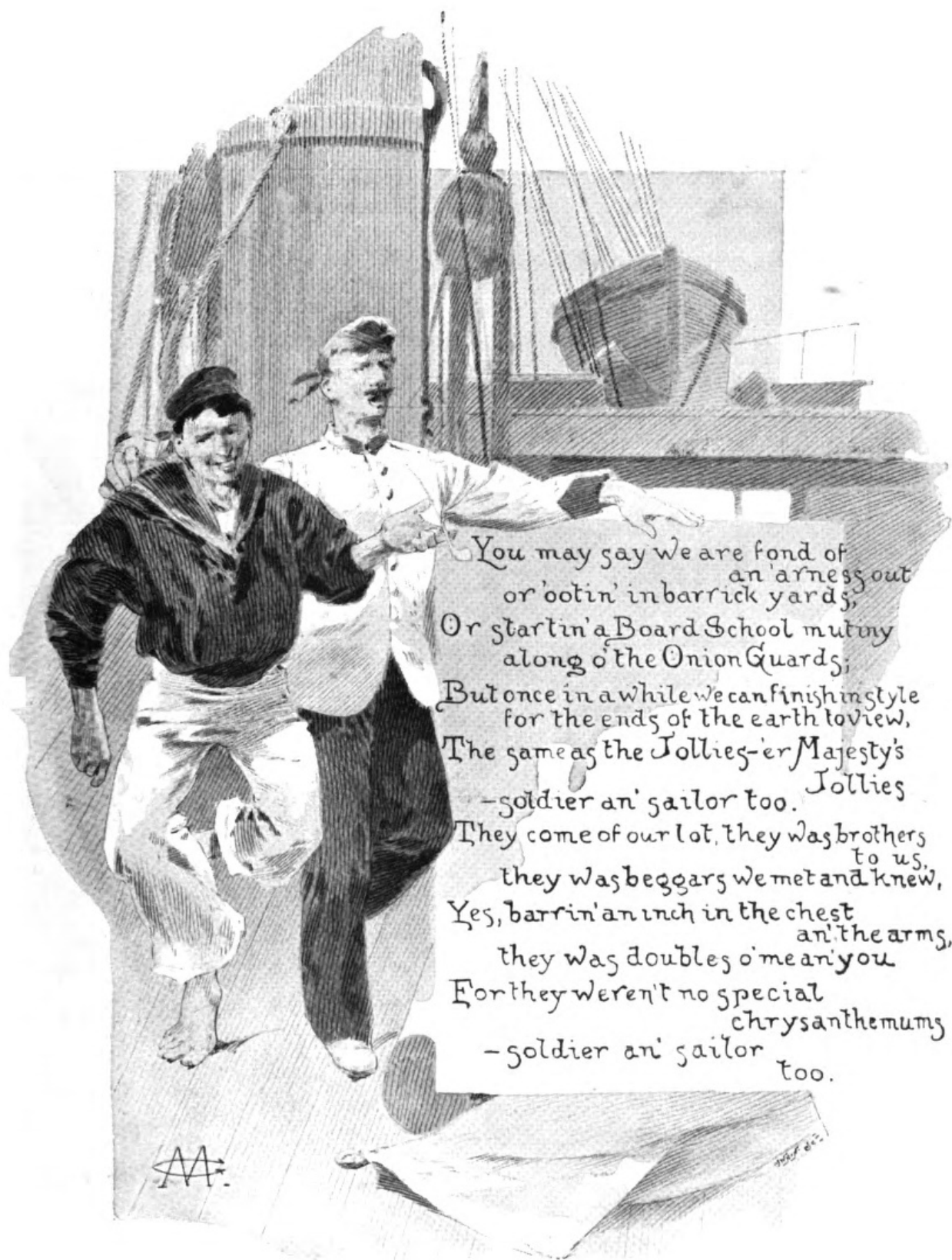
An' after I met 'im all over the world,
a-doin' all kinds o' things,
Like landin' 'isself with a gatling-gun
to talk to them 'eathen kings;
'E sleeps in an 'ammick instead of a cot,
an' 'e drills with the deck on a slew,
An' 'e sweats like a Jolly-'er Majesty's Jolly
-soldier an' sailor too!
For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth
the beggar don't know-nor do!
You can leave 'im at night on a bald
man's 'ead
to paddle his own canoe;
'E's a sort of a bloomin'
Cosmopolot
-soldier an' sailor too.



We've fought 'em on trooper, we've fought
 an' drunk with 'em in 'em in dock,
 When they called us the seasick scull'r
 an' we called 'em the ass maids;
 But when we was down for a double f'atigue
 from Woolwich to Bernard myo,
 We sent for the Jollies—er Majesty's
 Jollies
 —soldier an' sailor too.



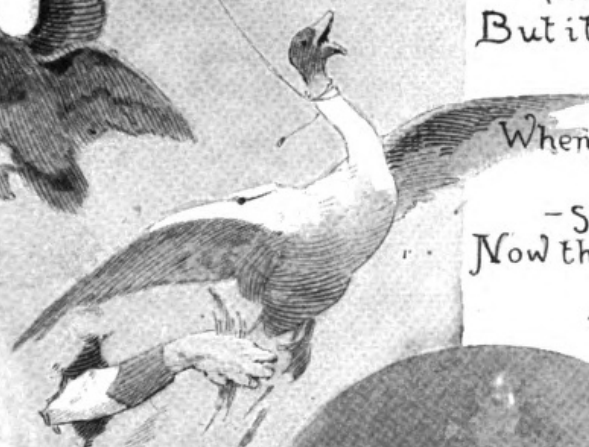
They think for 'emselves
 an' they steal for 'emselves,
 an' they never ask what's
 to do,
 But they're camped an' fed
 an' they're up an' fed
 before our bugles blew.
 Ho! they ain't no limpin'
 Procrastitudes
 —soldier an' sailor too.



You may say we are fond of
an 'arness out
or 'ootin' in barrick yards;
Or startin' a Board School mutiny
along o' the Union Guards;
But once in a while we can finish in style
for the ends of the earth to view,
The same as the Jollies-er Majesty's
-soldier an' sailor too. Jollies
They come of our lot, they was brothers
to us,
they was beggars we met and knew,
Yes, barrin' an inch in the chest
an' the arms,
they was doubles o' mean i' you
For they weren't no special
chrysanthemums
-soldier an' sailor too.



To take your chance in the
 thick of a rush
 With firing all about,
 Is nothing so bad when you've cover
 to and,
 and leave an' likin' to shout;
 But to stand an' be still to the
 Birken'ead drill
 is a damn tough bullet to chew,
 And they done it the Jollies
 -'er Majesty's Jollies
 -soldier an' sailor too.
 Their work was done when it adn't
 begun,
 they was younger nor me an' you;
 Their choice it was plain between
 drownin' in eaps
 an' bein' mashed by the screw,
 So they stood an' was still to the
 Birken'ead drill,
 soldier an' sailor too.

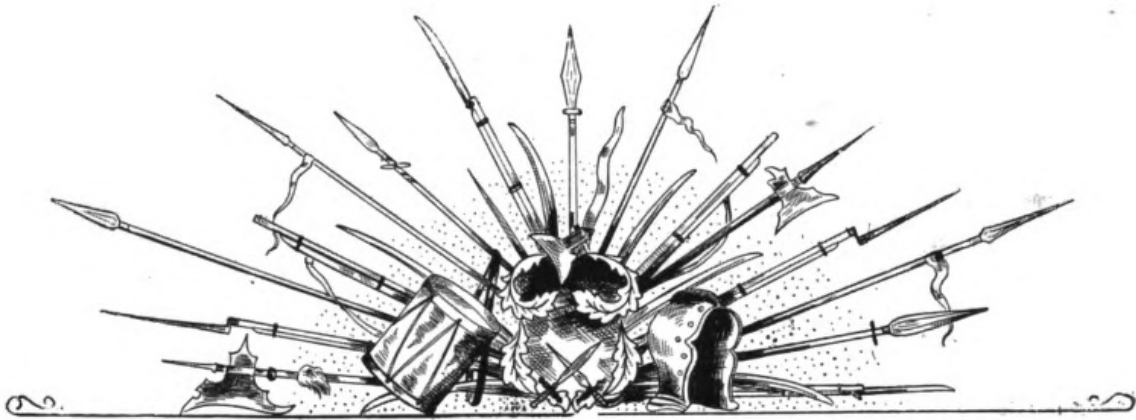


We're most of us liars, we're arf
of us thieves,
an' the rest are as rank as can be,
But once in a while we can finish in style
(which I ope it won't appen to me),
But it makes you think better o' you
an' your friends
an' the work you may ave to do
When you think o' the sinkin' Victoriers
Jollies

-soldier an' sailor too.
Now there isn't no room for to say yer
don't know-
they've proved it plain and true-

That whether it's Widow,
or whether it's ship,
Victorier's work is to do
An' they done it the
Jollies-

er Majesty's
Jollies-
soldier an' sailor too.



THE MEN WHO WILL LEAD IF WAR COMES.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.



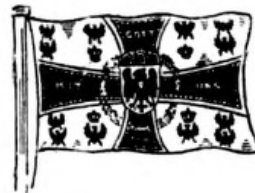
TO-DAY the dullest ear cannot but hear the brooding muttering of the impending rupture of the world's peace. Everywhere the earth sullenly echoes to the tramp of armed men. Three millions of soldiers belonging to the five great Powers of Continental Europe are standing at attention, while the inevitable stroke of war lowers nearer and more near.

And this vast mass of men, with weapons in their hands, is but what, surely in grim mockery, is termed the "peace strength" of the armies of the five great Powers. In less than a month devoted to mobilisation, those three millions constituting the so-called "peace strength" of the armament of the Powers, can swell into a "war strength" amounting to the stupendous total of ten and a half millions of armed men, with the terrible complement of nearly 18,000 guns.

And those all but incalculable figures apply only to the armaments of the five great Powers. Few civilian readers take any serious account of the military potentialities of the minor States of Eastern Europe. Yet the armed strengths of Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro collectively furnish a total of nearly 900,000 fighting men, with 1,200 guns.

Try to think of it! The "war strength" of mobilised Europe would consist of close on eleven and a half millions of soldiers,

and those exclusively field troops, with an artillery complement of 19,200 field guns.



In round numbers, the GERMAN EMPIRE on mobilisation can bring into service a strength of two and a half millions of men. There are in all twenty Army Corps, of which nineteen are territorial, while the Guard Corps recruits picked men throughout the Empire, and has its headquarters in and about the Capital. Each Army Corps, with a war strength of about 33,000 men, is a small but complete army, sufficient unto itself in so far as its numerical strength allows, and the Corps Commander is always a full General.

The German army has not seen a shot fired in anger since the great war of 1870-71, but probably all the Corps Commanders of to-day took part in that war, although in comparatively subordinate positions. Since, however, his accession in 1888, the present Emperor has been gradually sending into retirement the old warriors whom he considers past work, or behind the times. But a Corps Commander must be a man of great experience, and promotion is slow in the German army, so that for the most part the Army Corps are commanded by veterans, who, however, are still hale, active in body and mind, and fully abreast of the times.

The Emperor is the head of the army, and a most active and vigorous head he is. He

has seen no real war, but he has been a close student of war from his youth, and in peace manœuvres he has proved over and over again his practical skill and knowledge of warfare as regards both strategy and tactics. In the event of actual war, it is certain that, as the phrase goes, he will be "his own Commander-in-Chief."

Under him the Chief-of-Staff of the German army, whether that position be held, as now, by Lieutenant-General Schlieffen, or by any other officer, will have to take his orders from his Imperial—and imperious—master, and have no such relations with Wilhelm II. as Moltke had with Wilhelm I.

In the event of war, the Emperor would certainly take command of the principal German army, and it is not less certain that the command of the army of the next importance would be intrusted to that grand old warrior, Albert, King of Saxony. He is the only chief now in activity who commanded an army in the Franco-German war. He it was who, being then Crown Prince of Saxony, with his own, the Saxon Corps, on the bloody day of Gravelotte-St. Privat, turned Bazaine's right flank, and at the head of his gallant troops, stormed in upon Canrobert's stronghold in the fortress-like village of St. Privat.

He it was who, having succeeded to the command of the army of the Meuse, on the

the Meuse held the northern and eastern sections of environment; and, then honoured by being attached to his staff, I had daily opportunities of noting the Crown Prince's quiet, steadfast alertness, not to speak of his skilled valour in thwarting Ducrot's great sortie on the east of Paris. King Albert is now in his sixty-eighth year, but he is full of vigour and activity, and he is not the man to shun a campaign.

It is highly probable that, in the event of war, Count Waldersee would obtain high command. Indeed, it has been stated, and no contradiction has ever been made, that the Emperor has definitely promised him the command of an army should war occur.

His tact and suavity made Waldersee very useful in difficult conjunctures in the course of the war of 1870-71: and both King Wilhelm and Moltke gave him awkward missions in which he acquitted himself to their high satisfaction. He was recently made a field-marshal, and at present commands the Sleswig-Holstein Army Corps. His age is fifty-six, although he looks younger; he is handsome, active, ambitious, and married to a lady who was originally an American.

Field-Marshal Prince Albert of Prussia was the brilliant commander of a crack cavalry brigade in the Franco-German war, during the advance on Paris, in the Orleans region, and, later, in the bitter winter, on



THE KING OF SAXONY.

From a Photo by Stereoscopic Co.



COUNT WALDERSEE.

From a Photo by Reichard and Lindner.



PRINCE ALBERT OF PRUSSIA.

From a Photo by Otto Mayer.

day of Sedan, crushed in the French left, and completed the cincture of blood and iron within which MacMahon's ill-fated army was penned. Later, during the siege of Paris, the army of

the Somme, against the French General Faidherbe. At the age of fifty-eight the dash requisite for a cavalry chief is no longer conspicuous, but he is an excellent and hard-

working soldier, for he is on duty in the Hanover army inspection, commands the Westphalian Army Corps, and has been Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick since 1888.

In the latter capacity it must be confessed

Besides commanding the Saxon Corps, Prince George is in charge of the Dresden Army Inspection. In case of war he would probably have an important command, for, although sixty-three, he is still vigorous, and is a very keen soldier.



PRINCE FREDK. OF HOHENZOLLERN.

From a Photo by C. Grimm and Co.



PRINCE GEORGE OF SAXONY.

From a Photo by Otto Mayer.



FIELD-MARSHAL BLUMENTHAL.

From a Photo by Loescher and Petsch.

that he is cordially disliked by the people of Brunswick, but that does not make him any the worse soldier. In the event of war, he would be certain of an important command.

Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern is at a certain disadvantage, as being successor in the command of the 3rd (Brandenburg) Army Corps to that noble and brilliant soldier, General Alvensleben II. But the Prince is a very capable officer, and has a distinguished record as a cavalryman.

He was for years in command of that fine regiment the 2nd Dragoon Guards, which, on the day of Mars-la-Tour, when Wedell's infantry was sore pressed, supported the heroic advance of its sister regiment, and covered the retreat of the latter by repeated and brilliant charges. Prince Frederick is only fifty-two, and in the event of war would probably receive an important cavalry command.

Although, like his father King Johann, Field-Marshal Prince George of Saxony is a man of letters, he is also an exemplary soldier, and the Royal Saxon Army Corps, which he commands, is equal in every respect to any corps of the German Reich. He highly distinguished himself in 1870 in the repulse of Ducrot's famous sortie from Paris, but on that night there were many empty chairs round the dining table in the château of Chelles, the Prince's temporary headquarters.

General Prince Arnulf of Bavaria, who commands the 1st Bavarian Army Corps, is, at the age of forty-three, an exceptionally young corps commander. He is an ardent soldier, as behoves a son of gallant old Prince Luitpold, Regent and virtual Sovereign of Bavaria since 1886.

In addition to the officers specified above as likely to obtain high positions in the event of war, three present corps commanders are spoken of in the German Army as being of exceptional capacity:—Generals von Schlichtling, now commanding the 14th (Baden) Army Corps; von Haeseler, 16th (Lorraine); and von Lentze, 17th (Prussia Proper).

Among comparatively junior officers, Colonel Huningen von Huene, Chief of Staff of the 16th Army Corps, is considered in German military circles as an exceptionally capable man for whom a brilliant future may be expected, especially in the event of war.

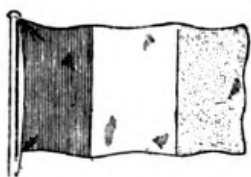
One cannot leave off writing about German officers without a cordial word concerning the senior of all of them still in service, stout old Field-Marshal von Blumenthal.

He is in his eightieth year, but, like old "Papa" Wrangel, he scorns to die. He has a quasi-sinecure as chief of the Berlin Army Inspection, and considers himself on active and important duty. He was an elderly man when I heard him, near the end of the Franco-

German War, reply to a question as to Garibaldi's immediate future, in the grim words—yet words no grimmer than his face: "If he is catchet, he will be shoted."

Again, when as he was riding about one day on the "Hog's Back" during the Aldershot autumn manœuvres of 1871, a busybody ventured to ask him what he thought of our British performance.

I heard the old gentleman reply: "It ees a very fine day, sir!" as he wheeled his horse with a grunt in which was no amiability. But he could be amiable when he chose; and a few minutes later he was in friendly converse with a dapper, young-looking officer who is now Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Rugged person as he was, Blumenthal has been known to place a knapsack under the head of a wounded soldier on the battle-field.



In the course of the last two or three years the FRENCH ARMY has suffered from the retirement of several of its most conspicuous chiefs. Gallifet, the chivalrous cavalryman who, on the afternoon of Sedan, so heroically led the French squadrons in their final fierce charge down the slope from the calvary of Illy, has been retired from the service; and Davout, who confronted him in command of an army in the brilliant manœuvres of 1891, has accompanied him into retirement.

As well as those two distinguished soldiers, Generals Bellot, Thomassin, and Carré de Bellemare, the last of whom fought so brilliantly on MacMahon's right flank in the battle of Wörth, would have had high commands in the event of war before their retirement occurred.

To fill their places adequately, has not in every case been possible. In the manœuvres of last autumn, in the Charmes region,

Generals Duchamel and Du Benoist proved themselves capable cavalry leaders, but neither displayed the flashing *coup d'œil* and brilliant dash of the absent Gallifet.

The chief desideratum in the higher commands of the French army, is, in a word, younger men; but that is a desideratum which seems strangely difficult of attainment. The Commander-in-Chief of the French army, or, as he is termed for some occult reason, "Commander-in-Chief Designate," is General Saussier. The following is a description of this high officer, extracted from an authentic document:



GEN. SAUSSIER.

From Photo by Eug. Pirou.

"General Saussier is about seventy"—to be accurate, he is in his sixty-eighth year—"about 5ft 11 in., very unhealthy-looking, enormously stout, mounts his horse with difficulty, driving when possible in an omnibus horsed by the artillery. During an action, he remains sitting on the ground. To the casual observer, he appears physically incapable of commanding an army in the field; and in spite of good antecedents and undoubted ability, reasons of health, in any other army, would have shelved him long ago."

This portrait resembles in some respects the figure of Pélissier in the Crimea; but, nevertheless, the indomitable Saussier, in the manœuvres of last autumn, exercised the chief command of two armies in the field, with a united total of 120,000 men.

One of those armies was commanded by General de Négrier, who owes his rapid advancement to his gallant conduct in Tonquin, and who, at the age of fifty-seven, is regarded as comparatively young.

General Jamont commanding the other of the two armies under Saussier, of last autumn, is an older man. Opposed to Saussier's two armies in the manœuvres of 1895 there was a "skeleton army" of 20,000 men, under the command of a comparatively young officer, General Giovannin Elli, who



GENERAL TROCHU.

displayed exceptional ability, and more than once had the better of Saussier.

In the event of early war, Saussier, in spite of his disabilities, would probably still be commander-in-chief *en titre*; De Négrier would probably command the principal army; and Jamont and Elli, in all likelihood, would each have a separate army command.

Duchesne, now commanding the 5th corps as a reward for his conduct in Madagascar, although a very young general of division, is highly thought of; and possibly would have a separate command. If M. Cavaignac, the present War Minister, should succeed in his design of substituting a colonial army for the Algerian Army Corps, Duchesne might have the command of the former.

It may be interesting to mention that the 6th French Army Corps, whose headquarters are at Châlons, is at least three times as strong as any other corps. Its positions are right on the frontier facing Germany. Constantly on the alert, its cavalry and infantry are maintained at war strength; and its rôle at the beginning of war would be that of a "Covering Army," behind which the concentration of the armed strength of France would be made. Its command is the most responsible position of any in all France. At present it is held by General Harvé.

It is a curious feature of the French military organisation, a phase, probably, of the democratic character of the Republic, that in the army there is no higher nominal rank than that of General of Division. Thus Saussier, although he is the Commander-in-Chief of the whole French Army, holds no higher titular grade than that possessed by, for instance, a comparatively young officer such as Duchesne. Saussier and Duchesne are therefore of the same rank—surely a strange and inconvenient anomaly. The Commander-in-Chief is simply *primus inter pares*, and thus must arise continual jealousies and intrigues.

General Trochu, who is still alive, although long past work, was the mock and gibe of Paris during the great siege of 1870-71, when

that capital was beleaguered by the German hosts. He and his plan, of which he was ever talking but never executing, have been forgotten by swift-living Paris; yet Trochu was the notable man of a notable period. He was Governor of Paris and Commander-in-Chief of its garrison during the long memorable siege, and he deserved infinitely better of his country than many men who have occupied high places in its temple of fame. Hurriedly summoned to his thankless duty, he found Paris alike bewildered and defenceless. He restored calm, and organised a defence so efficient that Paris held out for as many months as the Germans had expected weeks. After the final sortie of

Buzenval on the 19th January, Trochu resigned his position as Governor of Paris, or was dismissed, because he declined to enter into negotiations with the enemy. But it ought never to be forgotten that it was Trochu who not only saved the honour of Paris, but achieved for her the attribute of heroism.

In one important respect we are certainly nearer to the abstract possibility of war, than was the case three years ago. Then there was not a maga-

zine rifle in the Russian Army. But Russia retained the memory of her fearful losses before Plevna from the "Remingtons" which America placed in the hands of the Turks, and with which her obsolete "Krenkes" could not cope.

After much tedious experimenting, the definite selection was made of a weapon known as the "three line" rifle, the production and issue of which has been pushed forward with great energy. You cannot, however, order in two and a half million rifles as you can a bundle of toothpicks; but the Russian artificers have now at length all but completed the production of that vast quantity of up-to-date arms, and the new rifles are in course of issue to the Russian infantry.



GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR.
From a Photo by Levitsky.



In the event of war, it is improbable that the present Emperor will take the field; the warning experience of his grandfather alone should deter him from that species of folly. His eldest uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, a wise man of high character, who served with credit in command of an army corps in the Russia-Turkish war of 1877, would probably have the high position of Commander-in-Chief.

The present chief of staff, General Obrutcheff, probably the best strategist and tactician in the Russian army, would retain his position in war as in peace. Wise and cool-headed Miliutin, for many years war minister, is gone, and his place is now occupied by General Vannovski, who fought on the Lom in 1877.

For some years past the greater part of the army of European Russia has been quartered on the westward frontier from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and the three most important military districts, as being closest to the German and Austrian border lines, are those of Vilna in the north; Warsaw in the centre, in the region where Russia projects a great salient into Prussia and Galicia; and Vilna in the south-east.

The three best Generals the Empire possesses command these three important districts, and would no doubt do so in the event of war. General Trotskii commands

the Vilna Province; General Paul Schuvaloff, Gourko's second-in-command in the Russo-Turkish war, in the Warsaw Province; and in the Kieff Province, brave old Dragomiroff, whom, when his knee was shattered in the Shipka Pass, I helped to carry into comparative safety.



EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

In the Asiatic possessions of the Empire, General Prince Kuropatkin, Skobelev's comrade, and a man of that great soldier's style of fighting, is now Governor-General of Transcaspia, while General Vreskii is Governor-General of

Turkestan. Glorious Skobelev, alas! is in his grave, and Gourko can never again ride out on the war-path.

With the ITALIAN commanders of the period I have but slight acquaintance. King Humbert, in the event of war, would probably himself take the field in the nominal character of Commander-in-Chief; but the principal actual command in the European campaign would be vested, no doubt, in General d'Oncieu de la Bâtie, who was the chief umpire of last year's manœuvres, when he more and more confirmed the impression that he is a judicious and skilful soldier.

Probably, however, the best soldier of the Italian army is General Baratieri, now commanding in Erythrea, as the country interior from Massowa and the region about the Abyssinian confines has come to be called. The conviction is unanimous among soldiers that no blame attached to him, or to his efficient second-in-command, General Arimondi, in connection with the recent reverse.

AUSTRIA swarms with Generals who differ from their fine soldiers, in that they themselves are seldom of distinguished merit. There are, however, some notable exceptions, but most of the good men are old. Field-Marshal Baron von Beck has had a long and distinguished career, having served in the successive campaigns of '49, '54, '59, and '66. In the event of war he would probably be either himself Commander-in-Chief or Chief of the Staff to the Emperor. He is in his sixty-sixth year.

Field-Marshal Baron Schönfeld is one of the two "Inspector-Generals of Troops," and



GAZI OSMAN PASHA.



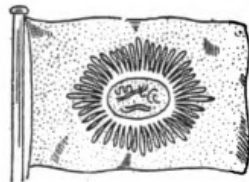
has seen much war. He is esteemed a very competent officer, but his age, sixty-eight, tells against him.

Field-Marshal Anton Galotzy, who commands the 10th Corps, is considered next to Schönfeld, the most competent General, and, being only fifty-seven, is regarded as comparatively a youth.

The Emperor's chief favourite is General Baron von Appel, but he is now commanding in Bosnia, whence it is improbable that he would be removed. He is close to the period named by the Psalmist.

General-of-Cavalry Prince Ludwig Windischgrätz has been famous as a cavalry chief, and, although in his sixty-fifth year, seems to have lost little of his pristine fire.

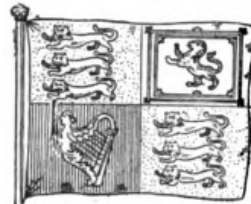
Field-Marshal Edler von Kreighammer is also an old cavalry officer, who distinguished himself in the campaigns of 1859 and 1866; he is now War Minister, and would take a leading part in case of war, although probably in an administrative rather than in a purely military position.



If TURKEY should be involved in war, the chief command would doubtless be intrusted to Gazi Osman Pasha, the famous defender of Plevna. His first campaign was in the Crimea; he served during the Syrian war of 1860, in the Cretan

Plevna position on July 20th, 1877, holding it against vastly superior numbers in three great battles and during five long months, until the end came after a furious but unsuccessful sortie, on the morning of December 10th.

Gazi Mukhtar Pasha, the hard-fighting commander of the Turkish army in Asia Minor, still survives. Osman is in his fifty-eighth year; Mukhtar's age I do not know.



In the event of war, GREAT BRITAIN might be able in a month or six weeks to prepare for service an army corps of a strength of about 35,000 men, with about 4500 additional troops to protect the line of communication. This body would consist, to a great extent, of reservists, who would no doubt readily return to the colours in compliance with the mobilisation order, but of whom a large proportion would be more or less rusty.

A second army corps might be gradually mobilised in the course of a couple of months later, but its composition would be of a somewhat miscellaneous character.

It would remain to be seen in whom among the superior officers would be vested the principal commands in the field. If precedent were to be regarded, the present Commander-in-Chief would remain at his



LORD WOLSELEY.

From Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.



H.R.H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

From Photo by Bassano.



LORD ROBERTS.

From Photo by Bassano.

insurrection of 1866, and in the Yemen campaign of 1871-72. In the Servian war of 1876 he was victorious in the pitched battles of Isvor and Zaitschar; and he occupied the

post in Pall Mall. Lord Hardinge, a soldier of exceptionally varied active service, was Commander-in-Chief from 1853 until the virtual end of the Crimean War. That he

was an abler soldier than any of the successive commanders in that war is unquestionable, yet he remained at home in the capacity of Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of the nation; and it may be

Redvers Buller, Sir R. Harrison, and Sir A. J. Lyon-Freemantle; Major-General G. Luck commanding the Cavalry Division. The command of the 2nd Army Corps, when mobilised, would probably be assigned to



COL. E. MARKHAM.

From a Photo by Bassano.

COL. DAVIS, A.D.C.

From a Photo by Bassano.

MAJOR-GEN. GOODENOUGH.

From a Photo by Bassano.

assumed that Lord Wolseley would follow the precedent.

In that event the 1st Expeditionary Army Corps would probably be commanded by Lord Roberts, with Lieutenant-General E. F. Chapman as his Chief of Staff, the divisional commanders being Lieutenant-Generals Sir

General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, with Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood as Chief of Staff. Its Divisional Commanders might be selected from a list comprising Lieutenant-Generals Stevenson, Sir H. Brackenbury, Col. Davis, Col. Markham, Major-General Goodenough, and others.

A WAKING DREAM.

Beneath the moonbeams falling white around
me,
I stand with her again,
Striving to break the bonds that one time
bound me
Faster than forged chain.

Once more that sweet sad face in all its
beauty
Says mutely: "Dear one, stay!"
And Love, in answer, cries out: "Yes!" but
Duty,
With calmer voice, says: "Nay!"

"Farewell." 'Twas done; the fatal word
was spoken
That ended in a sigh.
The right was done; but youth's first vow
was broken
With that last long "Good-bye."

A moon-ray through my study window
gleaming
Lies white across the walls,
Just o'er a girlish face; and I've been
dreaming
Of all that face recalls.

Of Love and Hope and Faith that trusted
madly
Fate's future path unseen;
Of hours of pleasure now remembered sadly,
And all—that might have been!

CLARENCE HOPE.



THE RETIRING OF DOMSIE.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

It was an ancient custom that Domsie and Drumsheugh should dine with Doctor Davidson in the Manse after the distribution of prizes at the school, and his companions both agreed afterwards that the Dominie was never more cheerful than on those days. There was always a review of stories when the Doctor and Domsie brought out their favourites, with Drumsheugh for an impartial and appreciative audience, and every little addition or improvement was noted in a spirit of appreciative criticism.

During the active operations of dinner, talk was disjointed and educational, hinging on the prospects of the calf crop in the school, and the golden glories of the past, ever better than the present, when the end of each University session showered medals on Drumtochty. When the Doctor had smacked his first glass of port, having examined it against the light, and the others had prepared their toddy in a careful silence, broken only by wise suggestions from the host, it was understood that genuine conversation might begin.

"Aye, aye," Domsie would remark, by way of intimating that they, being now in an open and genial mind, were ready to welcome one of the Doctor's best stories, and Drumsheugh became insistent.

"A'm no wantin' tae tribble ye, Docter, but ave never got ower that sermon on the

turtle, Docter. Ye micht let's hear it again. A'm no sure gin the Dominie ever herd it." May Drumsheugh be forgiven!

Whereupon Domsie went on the back trail, and affected to search his memory for the traces of the turtle, with no satisfaction. May he also be forgiven!

"Toots, Drumsheugh, you are trying to draw my leg. I know you well, eh? As for you, Dominie, you've heard the story twenty times. Weil, well, just to please you; but mind you, this is the last time.

"It was the beginning of a sermon that old MacFee, of Glenogie, used to preach on the Monday after the Sacrament from the text 'The voice of the turtle is heard in the land,' and this was the introduction.

"There will be many wonders in the latter day, but this is the greatest of them all—the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land. This marvel falls into two parts, which we shall consider briefly and in order.

"I. A new posture evidently implied, when an animal that has gone upon its belly for ages shall arise on its hind legs and walk majestically through the land, and

"II. A new voice distinctly promised, when a creature that has kept silence from generation to generation will at last open its mouth and sing melodiously among the people."

"It's michty," summed up Drumsheugh, after the exposition had been fully relished.

"Ye'll no hear the like o' that noo-a-days in a coonty. It's weel telt also, and that's important, for the best story is no worth hearin' frae a puir hand. The corn needs to be cleaned afore ye tak it tae market.

"The story is not without merit," and the Doctor's modesty was all the more striking as he was supposed to have brought the turtle into its present form out of the slenderest materials, "but the Dominie has some far neater things." Anything Domsie had was from Aberdeen, and not to be compared, he explained, with Perthshire work, being very dry and wanting the fruity flavour of the Midland County; but he could still recall the divisions of the action sermon given every year before the winter Sacrament in Bourtrie-Lister:

I. "Let us remember that there is a moral law in the universe."

II. "Let us be thankful there is a way of escape from it."

And then Domsie would chuckle with a keen sense of irony at the theology underneath. "For the summer Sacrament," he would add after a pause, "we had a discourse on sin wi' twa heads, 'Original Sin' and 'Actual Transgressions'; and after Maister Deuchar finished wi' the first, he aye snuffed, and said with great cheerfulness: 'Now let us proceed to actual transgressions.'"

Although Domsie's tales had never in them the body of the Doctor's, yet he told them with such a pawkie humour, that Drumsheugh was fain between the two to cry for mercy, being often reduced to the humiliation of open laughter, of which he was afterwards much ashamed.

On the day Domsie made his lamentable announcement, it was evident to his friends that he was cast down, and ill at ease. He only glanced at a Horace which the Doctor had been fool enough to buy in Edinburgh, and had treasured up for Domsie's delectation at the close of the school year—the kind of book he loved to handle, linger over, "return to gaze at," for all the world like a Catholic with a relic.

"Printed, do you see, by Henry Stephen, of Paris, there's his trademark, a philosopher gathering twigs from the tree of knowledge—and bound by Boyet—old French morocco.

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There is a coat of arms—I take it of a peer of France;" and the Doctor, a born book-collector, showed all its points, as Drumsheugh would have expatiated on a three-year-old bullock.

Domsie could not quite resist the contagious enthusiasm; putting on his spectacles to test the printing; running his hand over the gold tooling as one strokes a horse's glossy skin, and tasting afresh one or two favourite verses from a Horace printed and bound by the master craftsmen of their day. But it was only a brief rally, and Domsie sank again into silence, from which neither kindly jest nor shrewd country talk could draw him, till at last the Doctor asked him, which was going far for us, who thought it the worst of manners to pry into one's secrets:

"What ails you, Dominie? Are any of your laddies going back on you?" and the Doctor covered the inquiry by reminding Drumsheugh that his glass was low.

"Na, na, they are fechtin' hard wi' body and mind, an' daein' their verra best, accordin' tae their pairts. Some o' the Drumtochty scholars lived and some dee'd in the war, but there wasna ane disgraced his pairish."

"They have made it known in every University of Scotland," broke in the Doctor, "and also their master's name."

"Ye've aye made ower mickle o' my wark, but a'm grateful this nicht an' content to tak' a' ye say in yir goodness, for a've sent oot ma last scholar," and Domsie's voice broke.

"Not a bit of it. Man alive, you're fit for ten years yet, and as for laddies, I know four in the school that'll do you credit, or I'm not minister of Drumtochty."

"If it's the siller for their fees," began Drumsheugh, inwardly overcome by Domsie's unexpected breakdown.

Domsie waved his hand. "The laddies are there and the twa or three notes 'ill be gotten as afore, but it 'ill no be me that 'ill furnish them."

"What is the meaning of this, Mister Jamieson," demanded the Doctor sternly, for the woful dejection of Domsie was telling on him also.

"It's been on ma mind for years, an' maybe I should hae dune it lang syne; but it was hard on flesh an' blude. I hev taught

ma last class, and ye will need to get another Dominie," and Domsie, who was determined to play the man, made a show of filling his glass.

"Ye're an Aiberdeenshire mon a ken, though maist fouk hae forgotten that ye're no ain' o' oorsels, but div ye tell me that ye're gain' tae leave us after a thae years an' a' the bairns ye've educat," and Drumsheugh grew indignant.

"Dinna be feared, Drumsheugh, or think me ungrateful. I may gang north tae see ma birthplace aince mair, an' the graves o' ma fouk, an' there's another hoose in Aberdeen I would like tae see, and then I'm comin' back to Drumtochty to live an' dee here among the friends that hev been kind to me."

"This has come suddenly, Domsie, and is a little upsetting," and Drumsheugh noticed that the Doctor was shaken. "We have worked side by side for a long time, church and school, and I was hoping that there would be no change till—till we both retired altogether; we're about the same age. Can't you—eh, Dominie?"

"God kens, Doctor, a dinna lik' the thoht o't, but it's for the gude o' the schule. A'm no hearing sae weel as aince a did, an' ma hands are shakin' in the writin'. The scholars are gettin' their due, for a'm no failin' in humanity (Latin) but the bairns are losing, and ma day's dune.

"Ye'll say that a'm retirin' an' thank a body for their consideration, and Doctor a've juist a favour tae ask. Gin a new schule an' maister's hoose be built wull ye lat me get the auld ane; it 'ill no be worth much an' . . . I wud like tae end ma days there."

"Whate'er you want, Domsie, and ye 'ill come to the Manse till it be free and we 'ill have many a night among the classics, but . . . this is bad news for the Glen come who may in your place," and then, though each man did his part, it was a cheerless evening.

Next day Domsie left to make his pious pilgrimage, and on the Sabbath there was only one subject in the kirkyard.

"Div ye no think, neebours," said Hillocks, after a tribute had been paid to Domsie's services, "that he oucht tae get some bit testimonial. It wudna be wiselike tae let him slip oot o' the schule withoot a word frae the Glen.

Hillocks paused, but the fathers were so much astonished at Hillocks taking the initiative in expenditure that they waited for further speech.

"Noo, Pitscoarie is no a pairish tae pit beside Drumtochty for ae meenut, but when their Dominie gied up his post, if the bodies didna gather fifty pund for him; they ca'd it a purse o' sovereigns in the *Advertiser*, but that was juist a genteel name for't."

"A'm no sayin'," continued Hillocks; "that it wud be safe tae trust Domsie wi' as mickle siller at a time; he wud be off tae Edinburgh an' spend it on auld bukes, or may be divide it up amang his students. He's careless, is Domsie; but we micht gie him somethin' tae keep."

"What wud ye say," suggested Whinnie, when the kirkyard was revolving the matter, "if we got him a coo 'at wud gie him milk and be a bit troke tae occupy his time? What he didna need cud be made into butter and sent tae Muirtown; it wud be a help."

"Ye have an oreeginal mind," said Jamie, who always on those occasions pitied the woman that was married to Whinnie, "an' a'm sure yir perposal 'ill be remembered. Domsie feedin' his coo on the road-side, wi' a Latin buke in his hand, wud be interestin'."

"It's most aggravatin'," broke in Hillocks, who was much annoyed at the turn things had taken, "that ye winna gie me time tae feenish, an' 'ill set Domsie stravaging the roads at the tail o' a coo for his last days."

"It was Jamie," remonstrated Whinnie.

"Haud yir tongue." Hillocks felt the time was short, and he had an idea that must be ventilated. "A was considerin' that Domsie's snuff box is gey far thro' wi't. A'm judjin' it has seen thirty years, at ony rate, and it was naethin tae boast o' at the beginnin'. A've seen fresh hinges pit on it twice masel."

"Now, gin we bocht a snod bit silver boxie ain pit an inscription on't wi'

PRESENTED TO

MR. PATRICK JAMIESON,

LATE SCHOOLMASTER OF DRUMTOCHTY,

BY A FEW FRIENDS.

it wud be usefu' for ae thing, it wud be bonnie for anither, aye, an' something mair," and Hillocks grew mysterious.

"A legacy, div ye mean," inquired Jamie, "or what are ye aifter?"

"Weel, ye see," explained Hillocks with much cunning, "there's a man in Kildrummie got a box frae his customers, an' it's never oot o' his hand. When he taps the lid ye

"I wud hae the box wi' the words, but Domsie's a queer body, an' a'm jalousin' that he wud never use yir grand silver box frae the day he got it, an' a'm dootin' it micht be sold fer some laddie to get him better keep at the college."

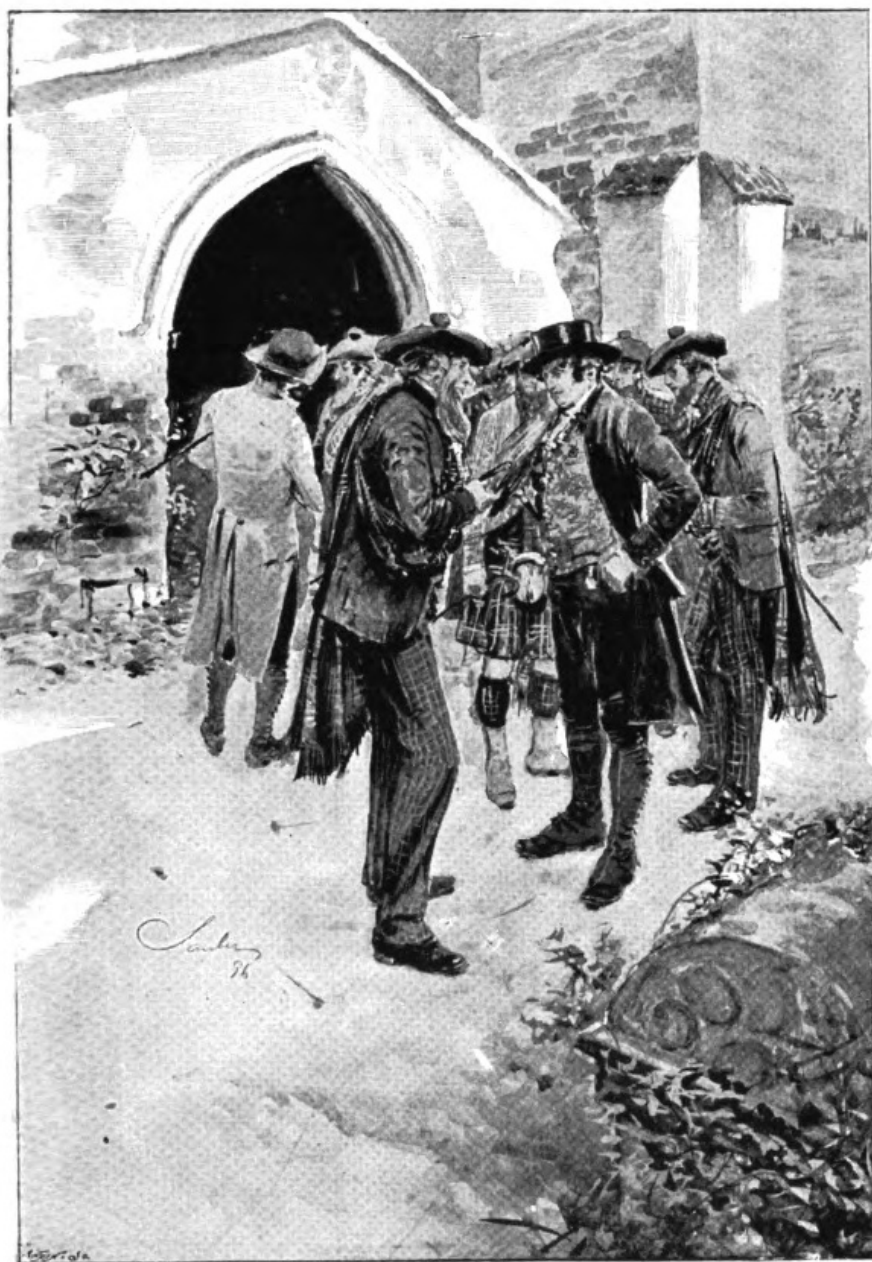
"Besides," continued Jamie, thoughtfully, "a'm no sure that ony man can tak up wi' a new box after fifty. He's got accustomed tae the grip o' the auld box, and he kens whar tae pit in his thumb and finger. A' coont that it taks aboot fifteen year tae grow into a snuff box."

"There's juist ae thing Domsie cares about, an' it's naither meat nor drink, nor siller snuff boxes; it's his college laddies, gettin' them forrit and payin' their fees, an' haudin' them in life till they're dune."

By this time the kirkyard was listening as one man and with both ears, for it was plain Jamie had an idea.

"Ca' on, Jamie," encouraged Drumsheugh, who had as yet given no sign.

"He's hed his ain time, hes Domsie, gaein' roond Muir-town market collectin' the notes an' seein' the scholars hed their



On the Sabbath there was only one subject in the kirkyard.

can see him reading the inscription, and he's a way o' passin' it tae ye on the slant that's downricht clever. Ye canna help seein' the words."

"Gin we were thinkin' about a present tae a coal agent or a potatoe dealer," said Jamie,

bukes. A'm no denyin' that Domsie was greedy in his ain way, and gin the Glen cud gither eneuch money tae foond a bit bursary for puir scholars o' Drumtochty, a wudna say but that he micht be pleased."

The matter was left in Drumsheugh's

hands, with Doctor Davidson as consulting counsel, and he would tell nothing for a fortnight. Then they saw in the Dunleith train that he was charged with tidings, and a meeting was held at the junction, Peter being forbidden to mention time, and commanded to take the outcasts of Kildrummie up by themselves if they couldn't wait.

"The first man a mentioned it tae was oor Saunders, an' he said naethin' at the time, but he cam up in the forenicht, and slippit a note in ma hand.

'He didna pit mickle intae me,' says he, 'but he's daejn' fine wi' the bairns.' Neebur a kent that meenut that the Glen wud dae something handsome.

"Next morning a gied a cry at the Free Manse, and telt Maister Carmichael. If he was na oot o' the room like a man possessed, and he gied me every penny he hed in the hoose, ten pund five shilling. And at the gate he waved his hat in the air, and cries 'The Jamieson Bursary.'

"It was ae note from one man an' three frae his neebur, an' twa shilling frae the cottars. Abody has dune his pairt, one hundred an' ninety-two pounds frae the Glen.

"We sent a bit letter tae the Drumtochty fouk in the Sooth, and they've sent fifty-eight pounds, wi' many good wishes, an' what na think ye hev the auld scholars sent? A hundred and forty pounds. An' last nicht we hed three hundred and ninety pounds."

"Ma word!" was all Hillock found him-

self able to comment, "that wad get a richt snuff-box."

"Ye hev mair tae tell, Drumsheugh," said Jamie; "feenish the list."

"Yere a wratch, Jamie," responded the treasurer of the Jamieson Bursary Fund. "'Hoo did ye ken aboot the Doctor,' says he tae me laist nicht, 'here's a letter to Lord Kilspindie. Give it to him at Muirtown, and

I would not say but he might make the sum up to four hundred.' So a' saw his lordship in his room, and he wrote a cheque and pit in a letter, an'

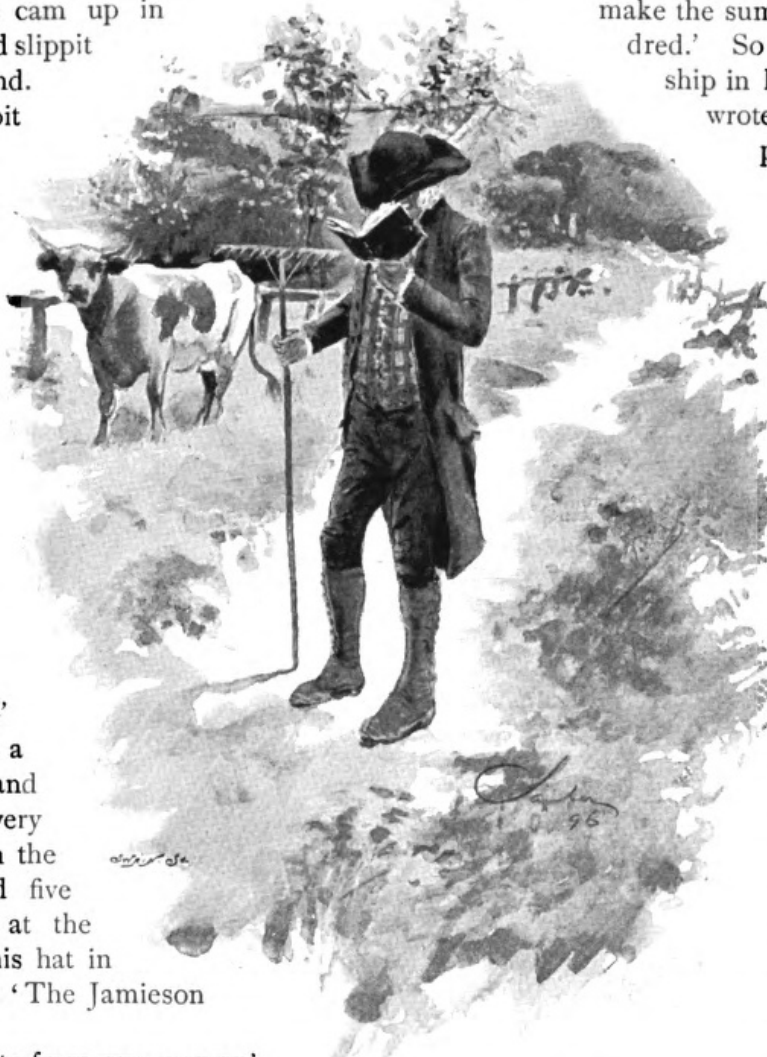
says he, 'open that in the Bank, Drumsheugh,' an' a' did. It was for ten pounds, wi' a hundred on tae't, making up £500. Twenty pund a year tae a Drumtochty scholar for ever. Jamie," said Drumsheugh, "ye've gotten yir bursary."

It was arranged that the meeting should be in the parish kirk, which in those days was used for nothing except Divine worship; but the

Doctor declared this to be no exception to his rule.

"Kirk and school have been one in Scotland since John Knox's day, and one they shall be while I live in Drumtochty; we'll honour him in the kirk, for the good the Dominie has done to the bairns, and pure learning."

The meeting was delayed till Professor



"Domsie feedin' his coo on the roadside, wi' a Latin buke in his hand."

Ross had come home from Australia, with his F.R.S. and all his other honours, for he was marked out to make the presentation; and every Drumtochty scholar within reach was enjoined to attend.

They came from Kildrummie at various hours and in many conveyances, and Hillocks checked the number at the bridge with evident satisfaction.

"Atween yesterday and the day," he reported to Jamie, in the afternoon, "aucht and twenty scholars hae passed, no including the Professor, and there's fower expected by the next train; they'll just be in time," which they were to everybody's delight.

"It's a gude thing that bridge was mended; there's been fifty degrees gane over it the day, Hillocks! to say naithin' o' a wecht o' knowledge."

The Doctor had them all, thirty-three University men, with Domsie and Carmichael and Weelum MacLure, as good a graduate as any man, to dinner, and for that end had his barn wonderfully prepared. Some of the guests have written famous books since then, some are great preachers now, some are chief authorities to science, some have never been heard of beyond a little sphere, some are living, and some are dead; but all have done their part, and each man that night showed, by the grip of his hand, and the look on his face, that he knew where his debt was due.

Domsie sat on the Doctor's right hand, and the Professor on his left, and a great effort was made at easy conversation, Domsie asking the Professor three times whether he had completely recovered from the fever which had frightened them all so much in the Glen, and the Professor congratulating the Doctor at intervals on the decorations of the dinner hall. Domsie pretended to eat, and declared he had never made so hearty a dinner in his life, but his hands could hardly hold the knife and fork, and he was plainly going over the story of each man at the table, while the place rang with reminiscences of the old school among the pines.

Before they left the barn, Doctor Davidson proposed Domsie's health, and the laddies—all laddies that day—drank it, some in

wine, some in water, every man from the heart, and then one of them, they say it was a quiet divine—started, in face of Doctor Davidson, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and there are those who now dare to say that the Doctor joined in with much gusto, but in these days no man's reputation is safe.

Domsie was not able to say much, but he said more than could have been expected. He called them his laddies for the last time, and thanked them for the kindness they were doing their old master. There was not an honour any one of them had won, from a prize in the junior humanity to the last degree he could not mention.

Before sitting down he said that they all missed George Howe that day, and that Marget, his mother, had sent her greetings to the scholars.

Then they went to the kirk where Drumtochty was waiting, and as Domsie came in with his family the people rose, and would have cheered had they been elsewhere and someone had led. The Doctor went into the precentor's desk and gave out the hundredth psalm, which is ever sung on great days and can never be sung dry. After which one of the thirty-three thanked the Almighty for all pure knowledge, all good books, all faithful teachers, and besought peace and joy for "our dear master in the evening of his days."

It was the Professor who read the address from the scholars, and this was the last paragraph.

"Finally, we assure you that none of us can ever forget the parish school of Drumtochty, or fail to hold in tender remembrance the master who first opened to us the way of knowledge, and taught us the love thereof.

We are, so long as we live,
Your grateful and affectionate
SCHOLARS."

Then came the names with all the degrees, and the congregation held their breath to the last M.A.

"Now, Drumsheugh," said the Doctor, and that worthy man made the great speech of his life, expressing the respect of the Glen for Domsie, assigning the glory of a brilliant idea to Jamie Soutar, relating its triumphant

accomplishment, describing the Jamieson Bursary, and declaring that while the parish lasted there would be a Jamieson scholar to the honour of Domsie's work. For a while Domsie's voice was very shaky when he was speaking about himself, but afterwards it grew strong and began to vibrate, as he implored the new generation to claim their birth-right of learning and to remember that "the poorest parish, though it have but bare fields and humble homes, can yet turn out scholars to be a strength and credit to the commonwealth."

The Professor saw Domsie home, and noticed that he was shaking and did not wish to speak. He said good-bye at the old schoolhouse, and Ross caught him repeating to himself :

Eheu fugaces, Postume,
Postume,
Labuntur anni.

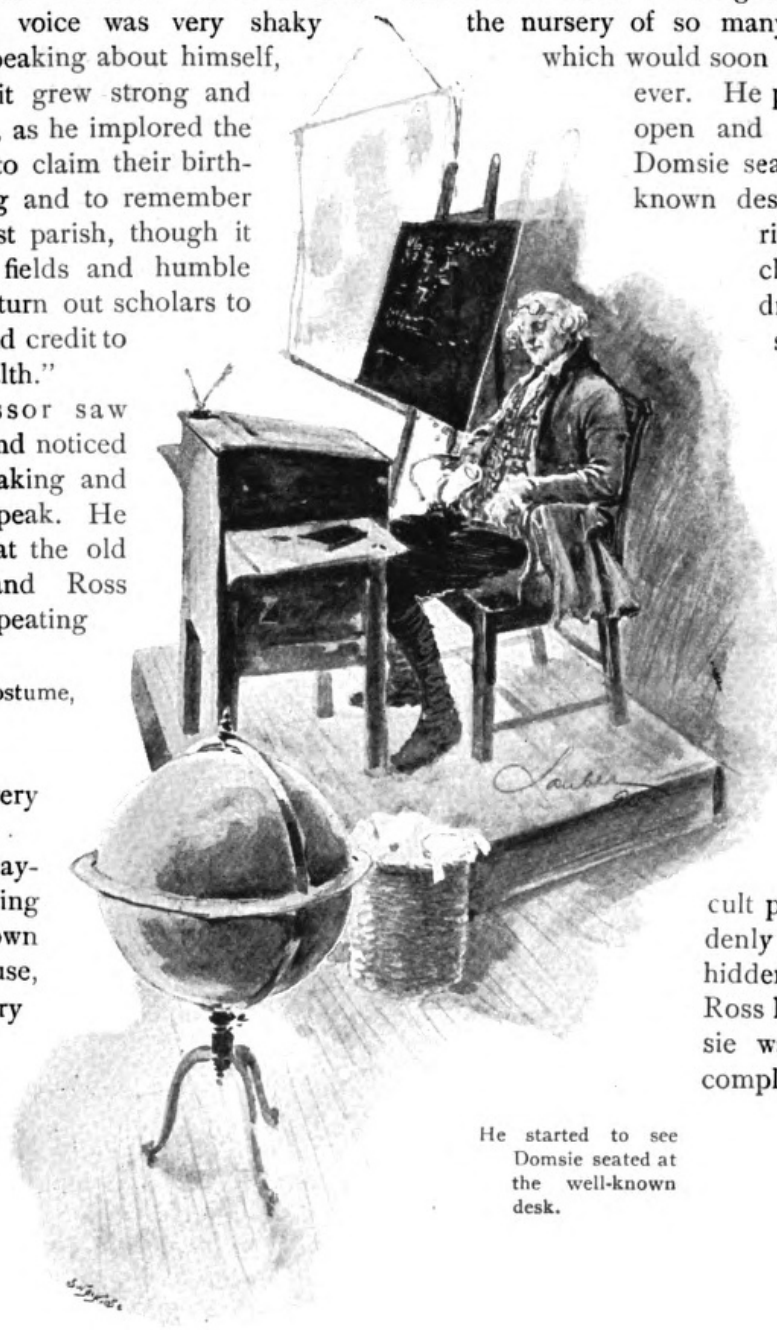
but he seemed very content.

Ross rose at day-break next morning and wandered down to the schoolhouse, recalling at every step his boyhood and early

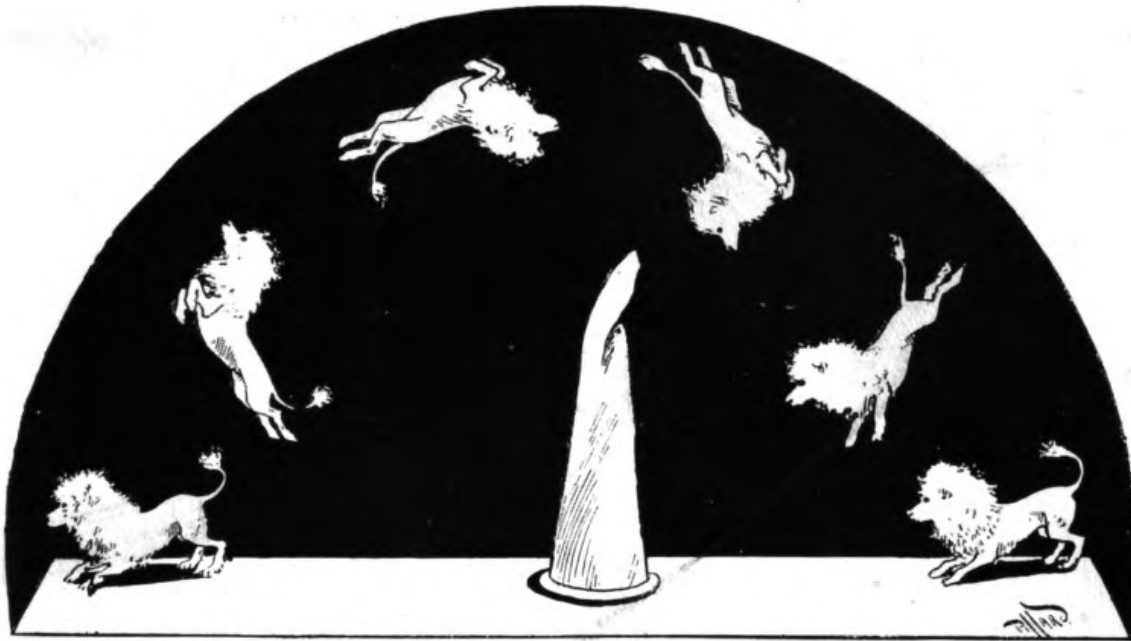
struggles, the goodness of Domsie, and his life of sacrifice. The clearing looked very peaceful, and the sun touched with beauty the old weatherbeaten building which had been the nursery of so many scholars, but which would soon be deserted for

ever. He pushed the door open and started to see Domsie seated at the well-known desk, and in his right hand firmly clasped the address which the scholars had presented to him. His spectacles were on his forehead, his left elbow was resting on the arm of the chair, and Ross recognised the old look upon his face. It came like a flash when a diffi-

cult passage had suddenly yielded up its hidden treasure, and Ross knew that Domsie was at last and completely satisfied.



He started to see Domsie seated at the well-known desk.



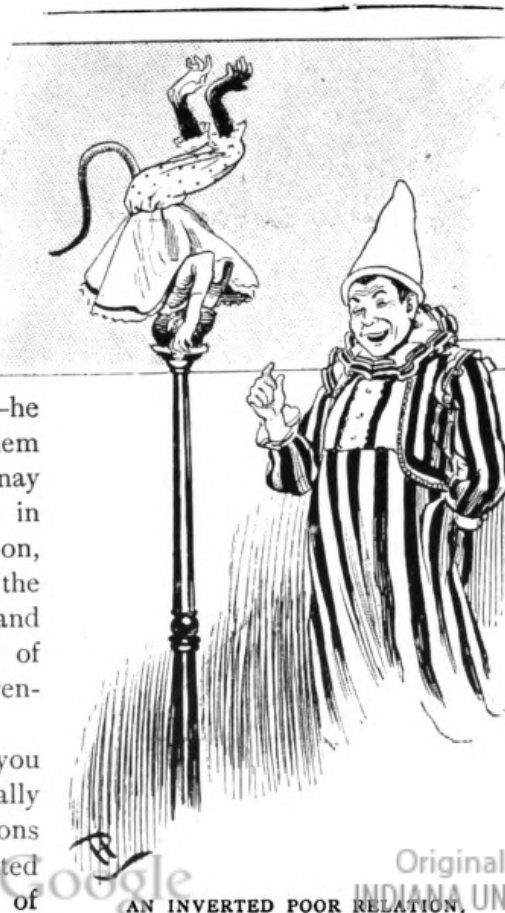
ANIMAL ACTORS.

By H. J. MILTON.

IMPELLED, perhaps, primarily by the undesirable but unavoidable necessity of providing himself with one or more meals a day, and after that by a genuine interest in a most fascinating pursuit, man has discovered that certain members of that section of animate society which he is pleased to call the lower animals may be successfully taught by his superior intellect to emulate the pursuits of his lighter fancy. And not only this—he has found that some of them actually take an interest, nay more, a positive pleasure in forsaking, under his tuition, both the traditions and the postures of their race, and that, too, for the sake of making, or at any rate enlivening, a human holiday.

Thus, for instance, you would hardly think on casually looking over the illustrations to which these printed lines are but a sort of

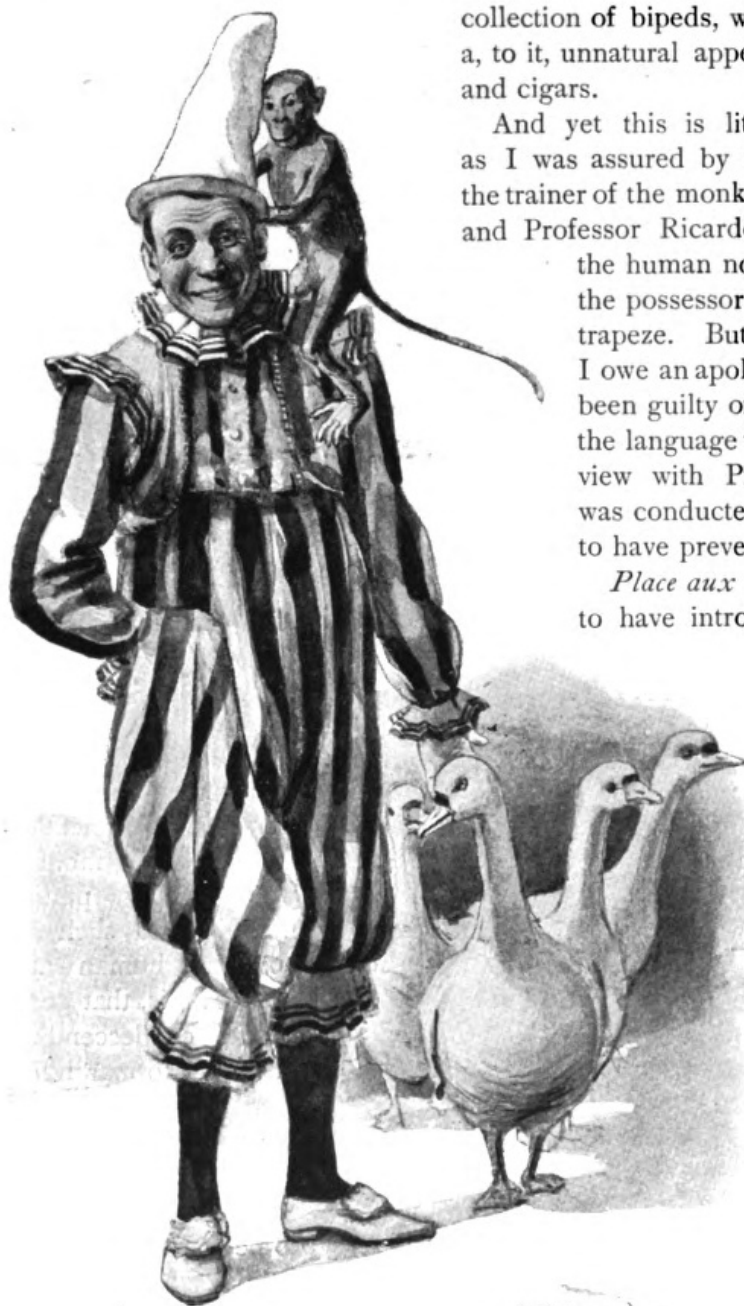
verbal accompaniment—even as indifferent music may be made an accompaniment to good words—that any self-respecting monkey would enjoy putting himself into such an absurdly human attitude as this, that geese would condescend to be drilled to march like German soldiers, to do the goose-step, in fact, or that a dog, usually and justly considered to be a most intelligent animal, should experience the slightest satisfaction in sitting in an attitude of supplication on the top of a long stick poised on the bridge of a human nose, nor yet that it should choose to forsake the firm ground of quadrupedal standing and learn to balance itself on its hind legs on an inconveniently mobile trapeze, just to gain the applause of a



AN INVERTED POOR RELATION.

Original from

INDIANA UNIVERSITY



HERR JIGG AND HIS MARCHING GEESE.

collection of bipeds, which indulges in a, to it, unnatural appetite for whiskey and cigars.

And yet this is literally the case, as I was assured by Herr Karl Jigg, the trainer of the monkey and the geese, and Professor Ricardo, the owner of the human nose aforesaid and the possessor of both dog and trapeze. But here I find that I owe an apology, since I have been guilty of a lapsus which the language wherein my interview with Professor Ricardo was conducted ought by rights to have prevented.

Place aux dames!—I ought to have introduced the ladies

first. The young lady who poses on the pole is Mademoiselle Marquise, a most dainty little French poodle of the purest breed and an equability of temper which is only paralleled by the perfection of



physical equilibrium to which she has attained under the Professor's tuition.

The damsel on the trapeze is Mademoiselle Blanche, and she, by the way, if you take another look at her portrait, appears also to have mastered the art of performing the elevated kick with her tail in a style worthy of exciting the envy even of a skirt dancer without a tail.

It took her nearly a year to learn this, and a glance at the illustration on page 410 will show you how, clothed in her native charms, she began to acquire the really difficult art of which she is now a past mistress.



Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY
MDLLE. MARQUISE ON THE PINNACLE OF
FAME.

First she sat up on a chair-back as though she was expecting sugar, which was the invari-

able reward of diligence, then the chair was tilted very slowly backwards and forwards, and when she had become sufficiently accustomed to this, she stood up and, sup-



ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR INCHES.

ported by a cord passed under what, in this connection, I must call her arms, the to and fro motion was repeated. Then she proceeded from the chair-back to the trapeze, supported by the cord as before till the bar became to her as the chair-rail.

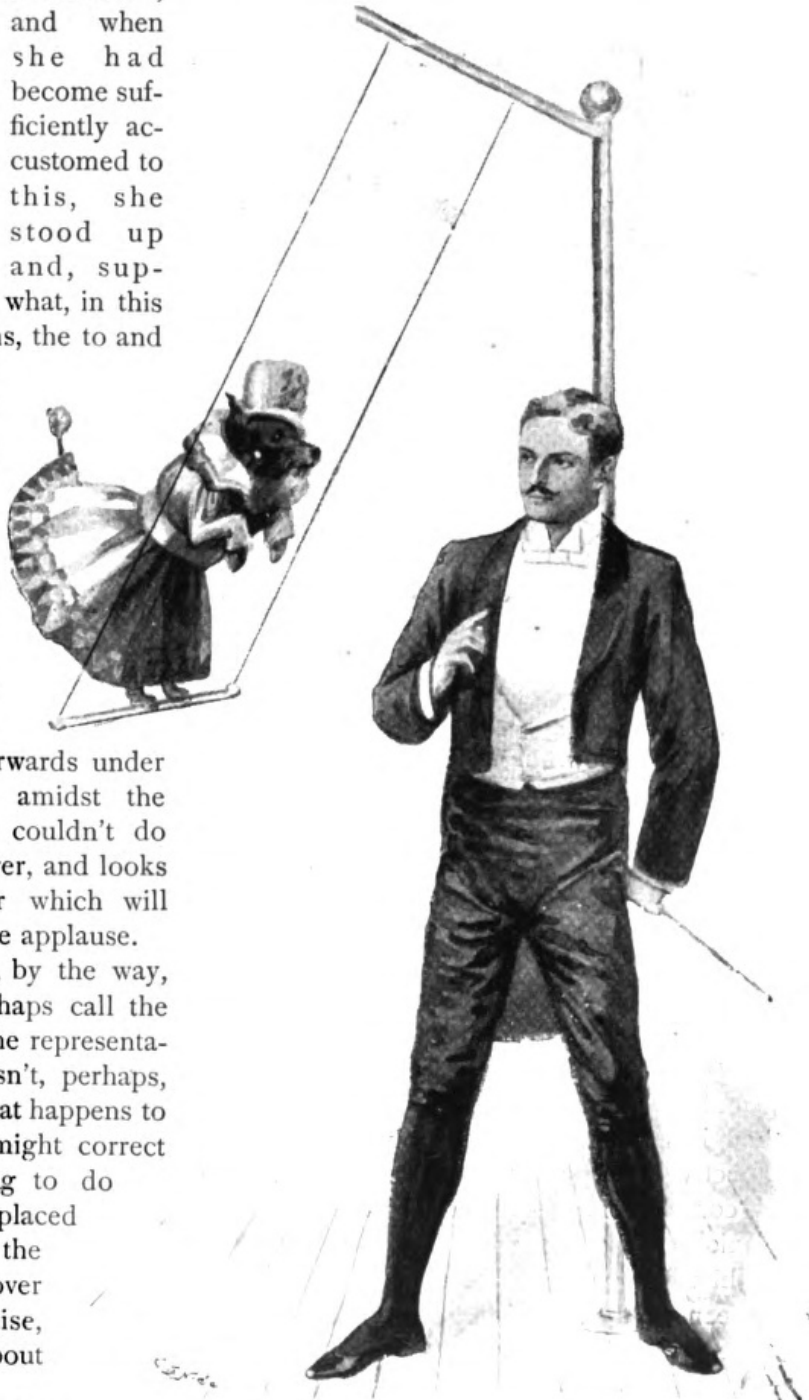
Then came a little swing and then a longer one, and so on, first with the cord and then without it, until now at last she reaps the reward of her labours, as she sails backwards and forwards under the limelight in airy space, amidst the plaudits of many bipeds who couldn't do anything of the sort half so clever, and looks forward to the piece of sugar which will perhaps prove sweeter than more applause.

It is Mademoiselle Marquise, by the way, who performs what I may perhaps call the canine extension act, of which the representation is hereto annexed. It doesn't, perhaps, look very much to do, but, if that happens to be your opinion, reader, you might correct your first impressions by trying to do likewise, say, between two chairs placed apart at a distance equivalent to the excess of your own longitude over that of Mademoiselle Marquise, who, when extended, covers about twenty-four inches.

There was a time, not very far distant, when agile and ingenious

femininity gave the pleasure-seeking world a new sensation that was called the serpentine dance. Certain ladies, well known to fame, made considerable reputations, and, I believe, salaries to match, by the development of this new management of diaphanous draperies.

Some of them still do so, but the field is no longer theirs exclusively, for here you have a portrait taken from the life of another



Original from
MOLLE. BLANCHE BRINGING THE HOUSE DOWN.



HOW SHE LEARNT TO DO IT.

of Professor Ricardo's quadrupedal young ladies, Mademoiselle Black, skipping about over the stage and whirling her multitudinous gauzes under the limelight with the best of her two-footed prototypes.

I asked the Professor why he hadn't christened her Loïe Fuller, and I understood him to reply that he thought La Loïe might possibly have objected—not perhaps on the score of comparison, but on that of complexion. Mademoiselle Black hasn't a white hair on her from the tips of her ears to the tuft on the end of her tail. I ought to add that she is frequently accompanied in her nebulous gyrations by Mademoiselle Blanche and another artiste not

represented here, Mademoiselle Venus by name.

But I am not quite correct in saying this; although there is no actual portrait of her hereto attached, she does appear, and somewhat conspicuously too, but in complete disguise. She is the elephant that you may see casting that fond upward glance at the Professor's shapely person, and, though you might not think it, she is called upon to display considerable intelligence in this turn of hers, for she comes on in the Professor's hands as an automaton—a clock-work elephant, in fact, and, until her tutor has audibly wound her up, the clever little brute—I beg a thousand pardons, the accomplished little artiste—never moves a leg or wags a hair of her tail. When she is wound up she stalks across the stage with a ludicrously mechanical gait which must have taken a good deal of learning.

A man who could teach dogs to look round serenely over a crowded music-hall from the top of a balanced pole or the bar of a swinging trapeze, might also be expected to teach them to throw back-somersaults, and this Professor Ricardo, with the assistance of the inverted young lady, whose name



Original from
MDLLE. BLACK AS LA LOÏE.
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

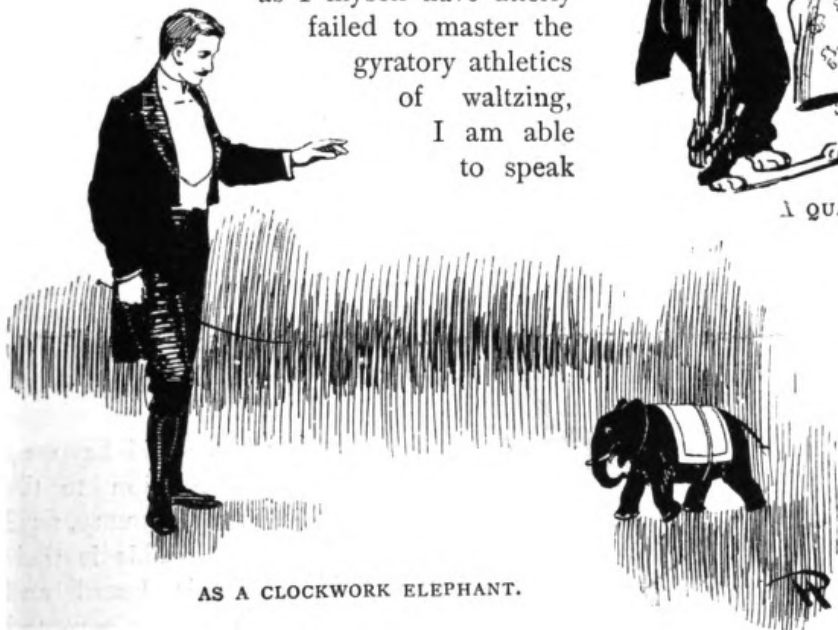


ON THEIR HOBBIES.

is Mademoiselle Vermouth, has accomplished. It was done in the first place with the assistance of two cords, one round her neck, and the other—well, we will say round her waist. It took seven months to do it, but Mademoiselle Vermouth can now make the visible universe circulate round her as neatly as any one-forked acrobat on the stage.

After feats like this, the comparatively commonplace accomplishment of waltzing, even in the most approved style and costume, seems somewhat easy of achievement. But,

as I myself have utterly failed to master the gyratory athletics of waltzing, I am able to speak



AS A CLOCKWORK ELEPHANT.



À QUATRE PATTES.

of the performance of the dainty couple here represented with conscientious respect.

From pole-balancing, trapeze - bar - swinging, somersault-turning, and the other sort of turning which is called waltzing, to steeple-chasing and hobby-horse riding, is



THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

but a few steps, technically speaking, for the Professor's four-footed artistes, in witness of which you may see them here hopping imaginary fences in good cross-country style, and drawn up in martial array, with a wooden dignity and diversity of equipment worthy of the most eccentric traditions of a regiment of South American regulars.

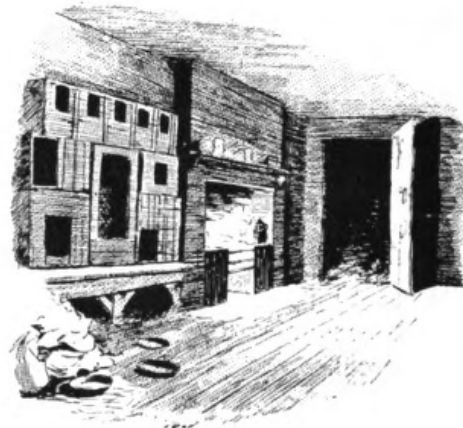
From the glory of the footlights and the dazzle of the limelight, the plaudits of the admiring audience, and the dizzy fame of ærobatric achievement to the peaceful retirement of an underground chamber, is a change which probably appeals more directly to the animal senses—I use the term with all respect—of the artistes, than to their ethical sensibilities. Yet I doubt not that it is none the less welcome on that account.

This is where they retire to, each to be lodged warmly and cosily in a separate chamber in many roomed mansions like exaggerated dolls'-houses, designed with a strict attention to that personal exclusiveness which is popularly, if not altogether correctly, ascribed to the stars of that profession of which Professor Ricardo's doggies are such justly distinguished ornaments, and this is how they go—doggies pure and simple now, with

the glories of their stage triumphs for a time behind them, and the prospect of a good meal sweetened with kind words and sugar, a convivial conversational bark, and a good, long, cosy night's rest before them.

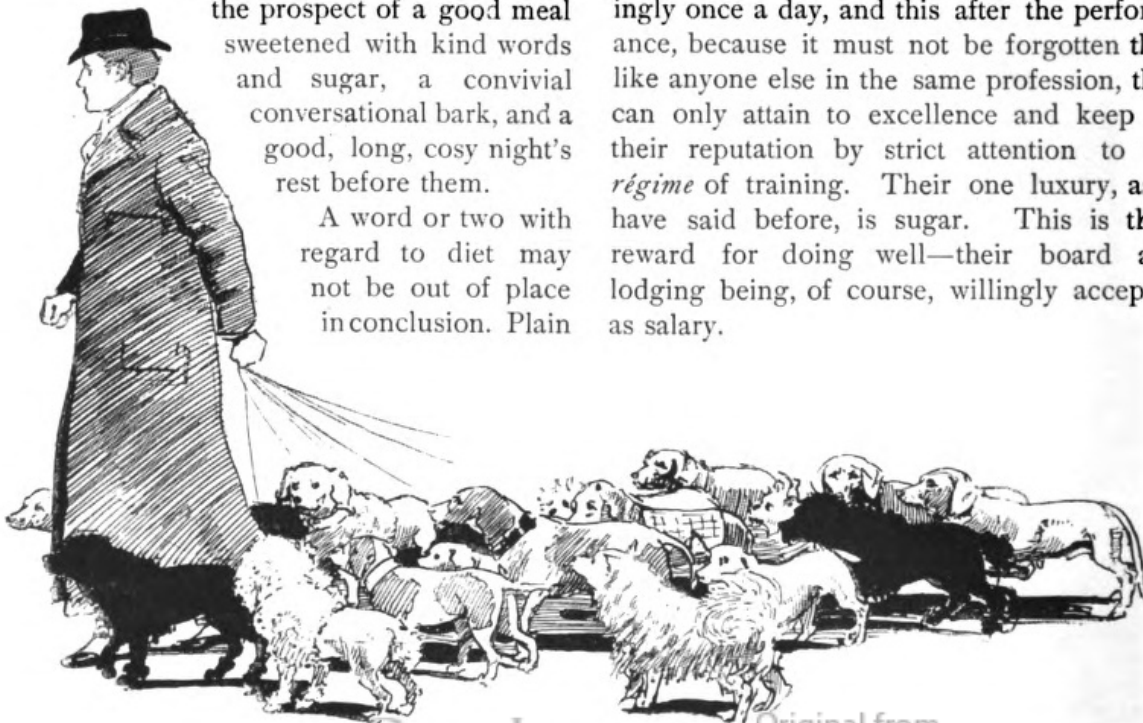
A word or two with regard to diet may not be out of place in conclusion. Plain

living and high art about sums up the matter. Naturally such artistes as these are exempt from one of the principal afflictions which



FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

beset certain of their bipedal fellow professionals. Alcohol has for them no charms, and I doubt not that they would look with profound contempt, not perhaps unmixed with pity, on many a German student's dog that I have seen stumbling and lurching about a pavement in a condition mournfully resembling human drunkenness. Their chief, almost their only, drink is milk, and bread-and-milk might almost be described as their staple article of diet. Meat they eat of sparingly once a day, and this after the performance, because it must not be forgotten that, like anyone else in the same profession, they can only attain to excellence and keep up their reputation by strict attention to the *régime* of training. Their one luxury, as I have said before, is sugar. This is their reward for doing well—their board and lodging being, of course, willingly accepted as salary.



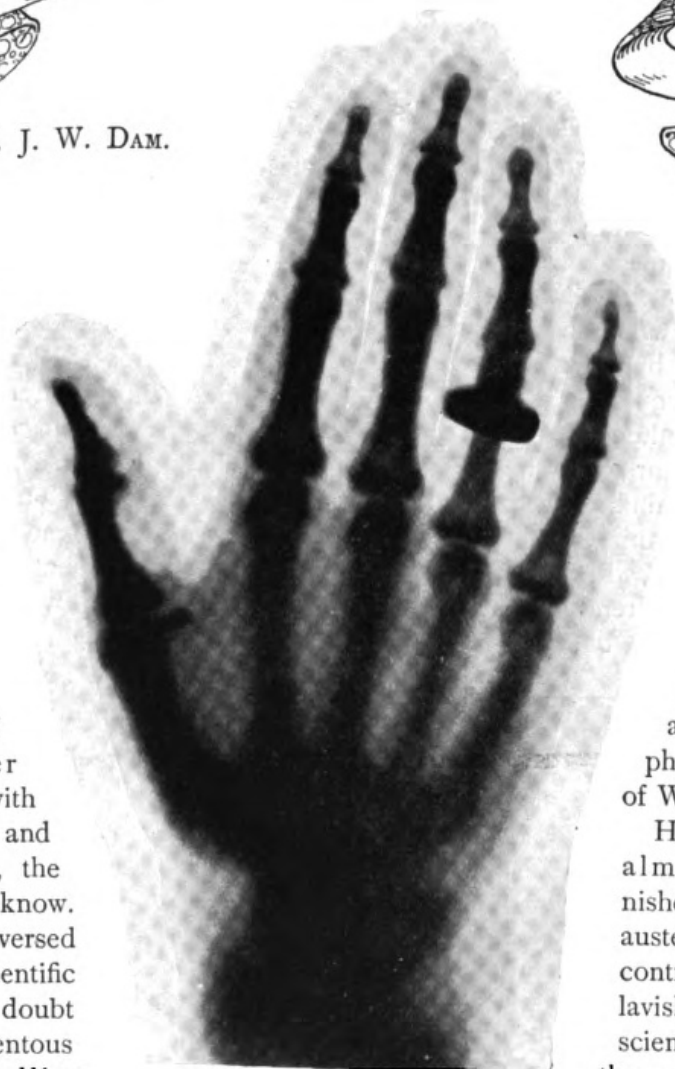
A WIZARD OF TO-DAY

By H. J. W. DAM.

ANTHONY
FOX.

How many of the miracles of Science, wrought by the white magic of genius and patience, have been delayed for centuries or lost altogether through fear of that armed ignorance which once blocked the path of the seeker after Nature's secrets with the dungeon-door and the martyr stake, the world will never know. And yet no one versed in the history of scientific discovery could doubt that many a momentous secret, whose telling might have revolutionised human affairs, has for this reason been carried to the grave untold, as a fatal possession whose revelation would have sent its possessor to the rack and the flames.

How easily, for instance, could one imagine the fate in such times as those of the man who had made possible the making of such a picture as the one on this page—the picture of the bones of a living woman's



From a photo by Prof. Spies.

hand*—but to-day, happily, not only for him, but for humanity, he is one whom kings have delighted to honour, although three or four months ago he was only locally known as a clever physical investigator and a professor of physics in the University of Wurtzburg, in Bavaria.

Here, in a little plainly, almost meagrely, furnished laboratory, whose austere simplicity would contrast strikingly with the lavish magnificence of the scientific departments of the universities of France, England, or America, Dr.

William Konrad Röntgen made that discovery about which all the civilised world has

* The photograph shows the hand of the wife of Professor Spies, of the Urania Institute of Berlin, one of the most successful exponents of the photography of the invisible. He also took the photograph on page 414. The small speck beside the bone in the latter, is a piece of glass which had been in the flesh for years. Its extraction was the first illustration of the practical value of the new art as an aid to surgery.

lately been reading or writing or talking, and whose results men of science are only just dimly guessing at, but which, even in its infancy, has already enlarged the borders of human knowledge, and come to the relief of human suffering. Dr. Röntgen has, in a word, taught the world that it will have to entirely revise its ideas with regard to the most familiar phenomenon within the scope of human consciousness—light.

Not many months ago we were wont to classify substances as transparent and non-transparent, or, to be more correct, translucent and non-translucent; that is to say, those which light would pass through, and those which were impervious to it. This classification still holds good as far as our unaided vision is concerned, but Dr. Röntgen has demonstrated that beyond this it is of no use at all; that there are other rays—it may be of light, or of electricity, or something else that is only just coming within human ken—which, as everyone knows by this time, produce no effect on the human eye, will not pass through glass and other transparent substances, and yet slip through a deal board, a sheet of leather, or a book of some hundreds of pages with as little difficulty as a ray of sunlight passes through a sheet of plate-glass.

But by far the most interesting fact in connection with these unknown, or *x*-rays, as their discoverer calls them, is their property of passing through flesh and being stopped by bones.

It is on this fact that Mr. George Griffith has based the story, "A Photograph of the Invisible," which appears in another part of this issue. Not long ago this story would have been read with utter incredulity, possibly not unmixed with ridicule, but by the time

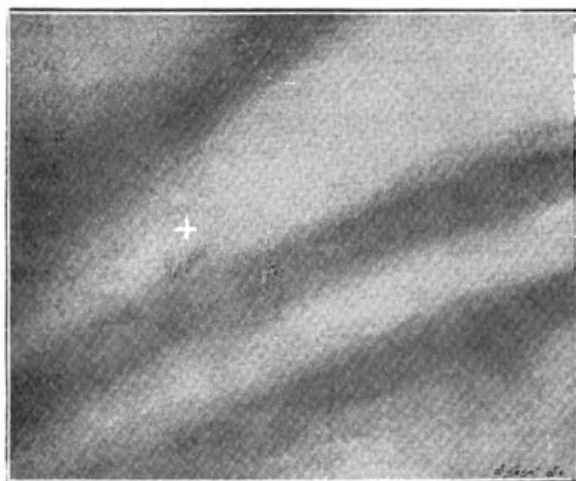
the reader has reached the end of this article he will have learned that the story might, without the alteration of a single detail, be accepted as a narrative of actual fact. Nay more, during the six weeks or so that must elapse before this article sees the light, it may well be that further developments of the discovery, which are now daily succeeding each other, will have removed it from the region of romance to that of the commonplace.



PROFESSOR SPIES.

At the invitation of the Editor of this magazine, I set out some weeks ago for Wurtzburg, to see the now famous discoverer and his laboratory. I found the town to be a neat and thriving city with forty-five thousand inhabitants, which, for some ten centuries, has advanced no further claims to the admiration of the world, than those based upon the hoary grandeur of its ancient castle, and the excellence of its local beer.

The Physical Institute, the Doctor's particular domain, is a modest building of two storeys and a basement. On the upper floor are the Doctor's private rooms. The remainder of the building is wholly devoted to science. An old serving-man led me through a long, wide, bare hall running the length of the building and then into a small room on the right. From this, another door led into a larger room, the now historical laboratory itself. There was a wide table-shelf running along the further side under two high, ample windows. In the centre was a



The small speck can be seen just below the white cross.

stove; to the left a little cabinet on whose shelves stood various bits of apparatus which the Professor had been using. Another little table stood in the left-hand corner, and near the stove yet another one—the one on which living bones were first

photographed—and to the right a Ruhmkorff coil.

In the absolute plainness of the laboratory and its furniture was an eloquent object-lesson in which the seeing eye could scarcely fail to read the oft-repeated truth that elaborate apparatus is, after all, only an accessory to the march of science; that it is the genius of the investigator, and not the multiplicity and complication of his tools that breaks new ground in the vast territory of the Unknown. In fact, Dr. Röntgen's laboratory contained but three really necessary factors in one of the greatest discoveries that has ever increased the knowledge and the power of man—a Ruhmkorff coil, a Crooke's vacuum tube, and the man himself.

For the information of the unscientific, I had better say here that Crooke's vacuum tube is a glass tube, from which the air has been so far withdrawn that it contains only one-millionth of an atmosphere. A platinum wire is fused through the glass at each end, and when an electrical discharge is passed through these into the tube, the anode, or positive wire, emits bands of light varying in colour with the colour of the glass.

But from the cathode, or negative wire, there streams a brilliant glow which excites a phosphorescent radiance in glass and other substances. Now it is not these cathode rays, as they are called, which pass through ordinarily opaque materials and photograph objects beyond them, but others very different

from them. These, in a word, are the x -rays, the last new mystery that human genius has summoned across the border which separates the unknown from the known.

But now it is high time for me to step aside, to make way for a far more interesting personality.

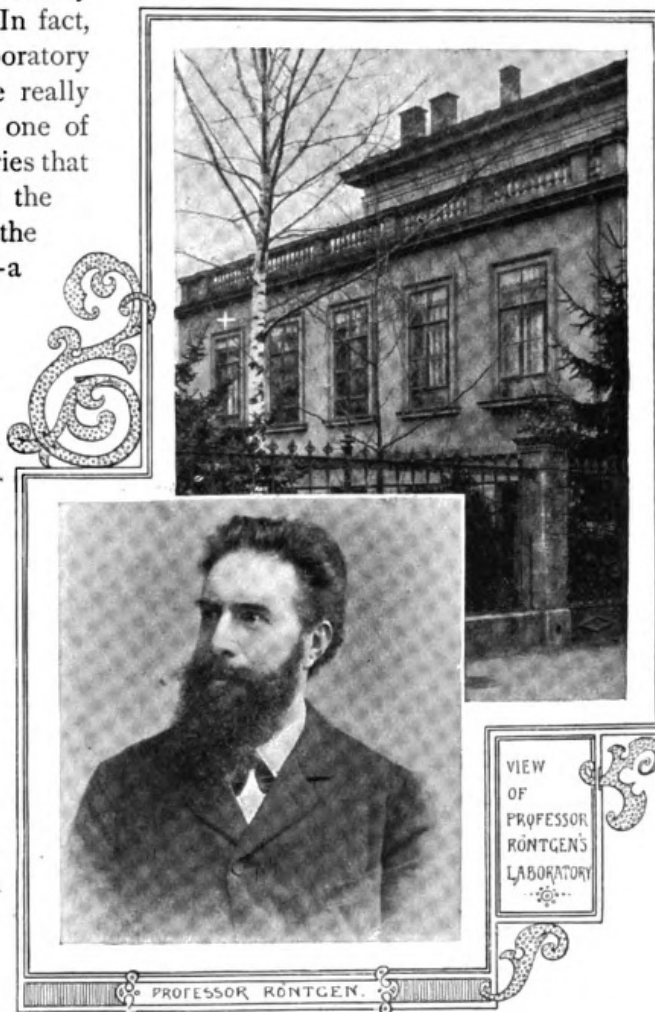
I had only been waiting for a minute or two when the Doctor entered the laboratory hurriedly, something like an amiable gust of

wind. He is a tall, slender, loose-limbed man, whose whole appearance bespeaks enthusiasm and energy. He was wearing a dark blue sack suit, and his long, dark hair rose straight up from his forehead, as though he were permanently electrified by his own enthusiasm.

His voice is full and deep. He speaks rapidly, and is clearly a man who, when he once gets on the track of a mystery, will hunt it down with unremitting vigour and tireless patience. His eyes are kind, quick, and penetrating, and his manner cordial and hearty. He is married, and

fifty years old, but his enthusiasm is that of twenty-five. He was born at Zurich, but he completed his studies and took his degree at Utrecht. He had been at Wurtzburg for about seven years prior to his great discovery.

These details he gave me under good-natured protest, for he quite failed to understand why his personality should interest the public. He declined to admire himself or



The white cross indicates the window of the room in which Professor Röntgen's experiments were conducted.

his results in any degree, and laughed at the idea of being famous. He is too deeply interested in science to waste any time in thinking about himself. His Emperor had fêted, flattered, and decorated him, and he was loyally grateful. It was evident, however, that fame and applause had small attractions for him compared with the mysteries still hidden in the vacuum tubes in the other room.

"Now then," said he, smiling and with some impatience, when the preliminary questions at which he chafed, were over, "you have come to see the invisible rays."

"Is the invisible visible?"

"Not to the eye, but its results are. Come in here."

He indicated the induction coil with which his researches were made, an ordinary Ruhmkorff coil with a spark of four to six inches, charged by a

current of twenty *ampères*.

Two wires led from the coil

through an open door

into a smaller room on

the right, and these

we followed.

In this room

was a small

table carrying

a Crookes' tube

connected with

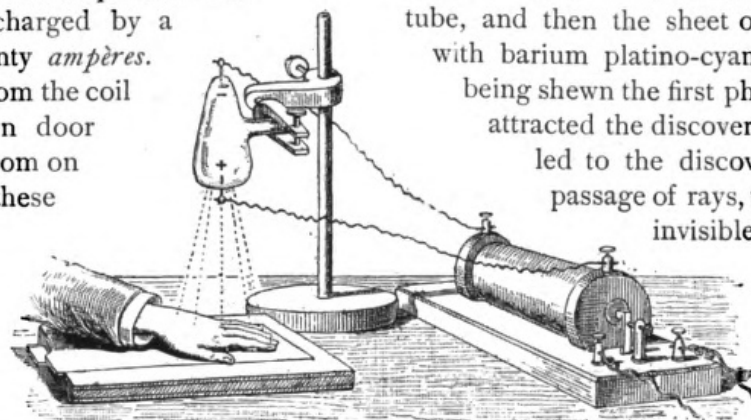
the coil. The

most striking

object in the room, however, was a great tin box about seven feet high and four feet square. It stood on end like a huge packing case, its sides being perhaps five inches from the Crookes' tube.

The Doctor explained the mystery of the tin box, by saying that it was a device of his own, for obtaining a portable dark-room. When he began his investigations, he used the whole room, as was shown by the heavy blinds and curtains, so arranged as to exclude the entrance of all interfering light from the windows.

In the side of the tin box, at the point immediately against the tube, was a circular sheet of aluminium, one millimetre in thickness, and perhaps eighteen inches in diameter, soldered to the surrounding tin.



Design showing one method of photography.

To study his rays, the Professor had only to turn on the current, enter the box, close the door, and in perfect darkness inspect only such light, or light effects, as he had a right to consider his own; hiding his light in fact, not under the Biblical bushel, but in a more commodious box.

"Step inside," said he, opening the door, which was on the side of the box farthest from the tube. I immediately did so, not altogether certain whether my skeleton was to be photographed for general inspection, or my secret thoughts held up to light on a glass plate. "You will find a sheet of barium paper on the shelf," he added, and then went away to the coil. The door was closed, and the interior of the box was in black darkness. The first thing I found was a wooden stool, on which I resolved to sit. Then I found the shelf on the side next the tube, and then the sheet of paper prepared with barium platino-cyanide. I was thus being shewn the first phenomenon, which attracted the discoverer's attention, and led to the discovery, namely: the passage of rays, themselves wholly invisible, whose presence

was only indicated by the effect they produced on a piece of sensitised photographic paper.

A moment later the black darkness was penetrated by the rapid snapping sound of the high pressure current in action, and I knew that the tube outside was glowing. I held the sheet vertically on the shelf, perhaps four inches from the plate. There was no change, however, and nothing was visible.

"Do you see anything?" he called.

"No."

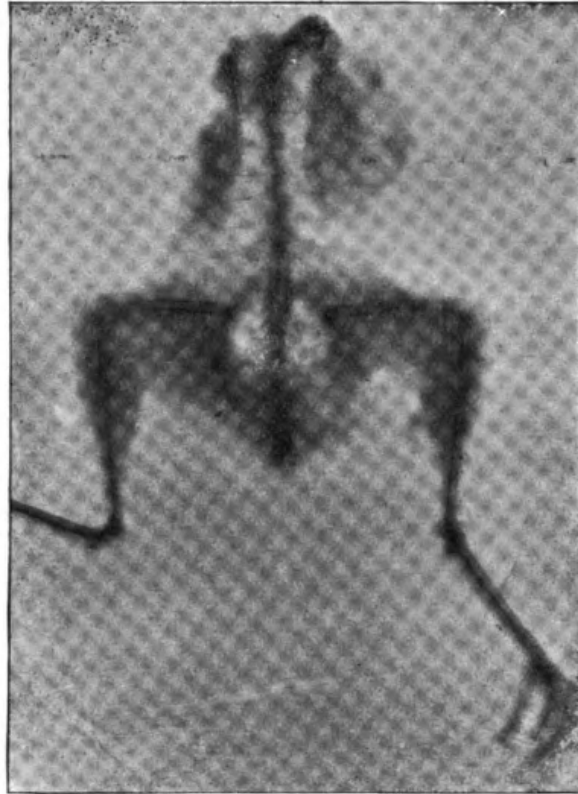
"The tension is not high enough," and he proceeded to increase the pressure by operating an apparatus of mercury in long, vertical tubes acted upon automatically by a weight-lever which stood near the coil. In a few moments the sound of the discharge again began, and then I made my first acquaintance with the Röntgen rays.

The moment the current passed, the paper

began to glow. A yellowish green light spread all over its surface in clouds, waves, and flashes. The yellow-green luminescence—all the stranger and stronger in the darkness—trembled, wavered and floated over the paper in rhythm with the snapping of the discharge. Through the metal plate, the paper, myself, and the tin box, the invisible rays were flying with an effect, strange, interesting, and uncanny. The metal plate seemed to offer no appreciable resistance to the flying force, and the light was as rich and full as if nothing lay between the paper and the tube.

"Put the book up," said the Professor.

I felt upon the shelf, in the darkness, a heavy book, two inches in thickness, and placed this against the plate. It made no difference. The rays flew through the metal and the book, as well as if it had not been there, and the waves of light, rolling cloud-like over the paper, showed no change in brightness. It was a clear, material illustration of the ease with which paper and wood are penetrated, and then I put book and paper down, and put my eyes against the rays. All was blackness, and I neither saw nor felt anything. The discharge was in full force, and the rays were flying through my head, and for all I knew, through the side of the box behind me. But they were invisible and



Photograph of a lark.

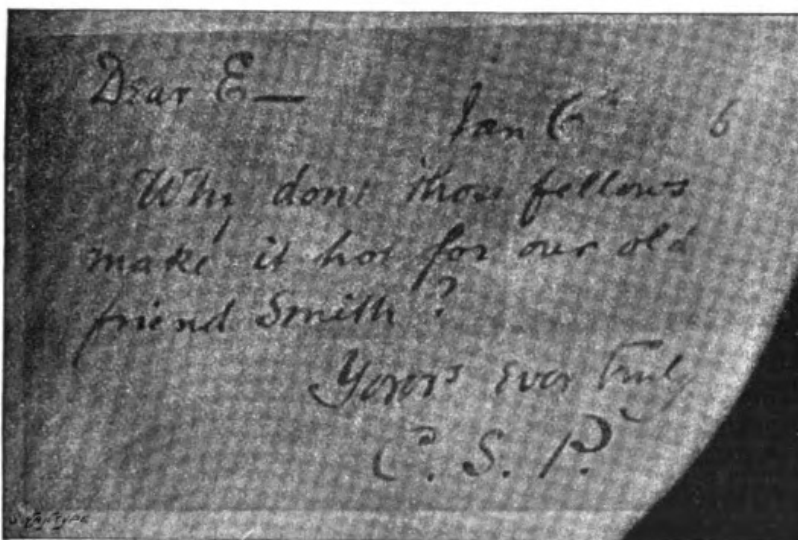
(Specially taken for PEARSON'S MAGAZINE by M.M. Bar and Oud'n.)

are not to be seen, and are to be judged like the truly good among men, only by their works.

I was loth to leave this historical tin box, but time pressed. I thanked the Doctor,

who was happy in the reality of his discovery and the music of his sparks. Then I said: "Where did you first photograph living bones?"

"Here," he said, leading the way into the room where the coil stood. He pointed to a table on which was another small and short-legged wooden table, which had more the shape and size of a wooden seat. It was 2ft. square, and painted coal-black. I viewed it with interest. I would have bought it, for the little table on which light was first sent through the human



Photograph of a letter taken through the envelope.

(Specially taken for PEARSON'S MAGAZINE by A. A. C. Swinton.)

impalpable. They gave no sensation whatever. Whatever the mysterious rays may be they

body will some day be a great historical curiosity, but it was nicht zu verkaufen."

A photograph of it would have been a consolation, but for several reasons one was not to be had for the present. However, the historical table was there, and was duly inspected.

"How did you take the first hand-photograph?" I asked.

The professor went over to a shelf by the window, where lay a number of prepared glass plates closely wrapped in black paper. He put a Crookes' tube underneath the table, a few inches from the under side of its top. Then he laid his hand flat on the top of the

studied by Hertz and Lenard. I had followed theirs and other researches with great interest, and determined, as soon as I had the time, to make some researches of my own. This time I found at the close of last October. I had been at work for some days when I discovered something new."

"What was the date?"

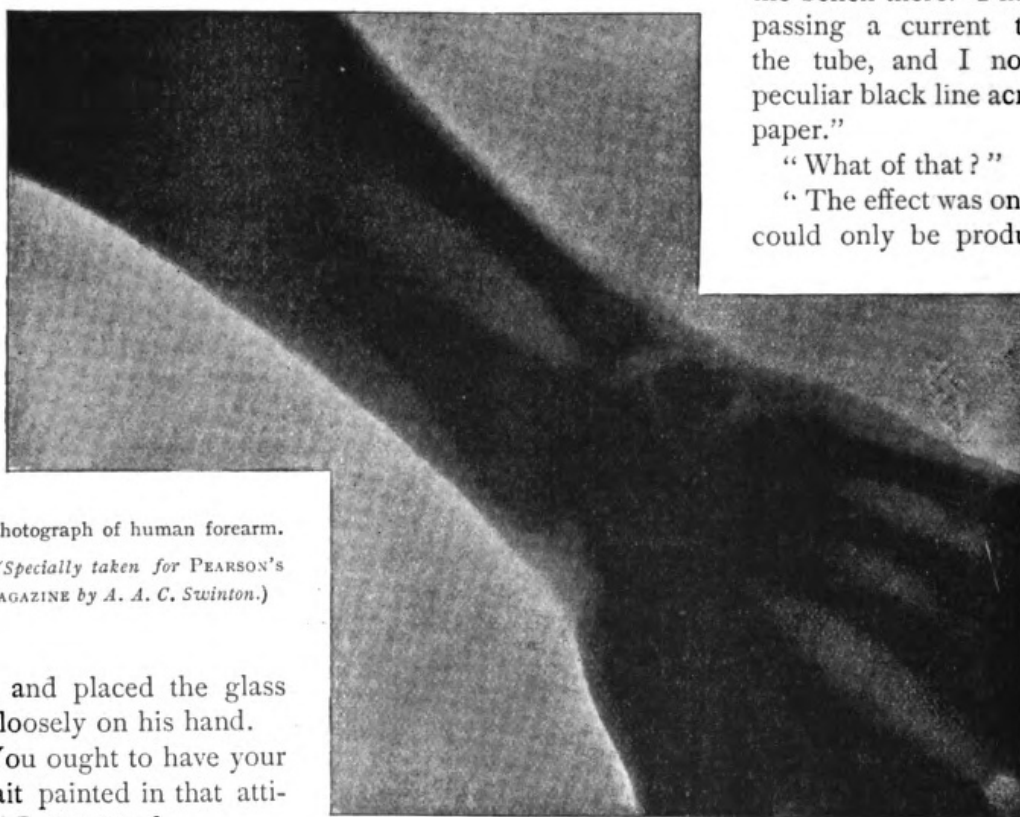
"The 8th of November."

"And what was the discovery?"

"I was working with a Crookes' tube covered by a shield of black cardboard. A piece of barium platino-cyanide paper lay on the bench there. I had been passing a current through the tube, and I noticed a peculiar black line across the paper."

"What of that?"

"The effect was one which could only be produced in



Photograph of human forearm.
(Specially taken for PEARSON'S
MAGAZINE by A. A. C. Swinton.)

table, and placed the glass plate loosely on his hand.

"You ought to have your portrait painted in that attitude," I suggested.

"No, that is nonsense," said he smiling.

"Or be photographed." This suggestion was made with a deeply hidden purpose.

The rays from the Röntgen eyes instantly penetrated the deeply hidden purpose. "Oh, no," said he, "I can't let you make pictures of me, I am too busy." Clearly the Professor was entirely too modest to gratify the wishes of the curious world.

"Now, Herr Doctor," said I, "will you tell me the history of the discovery?"

"There is no history," he said, "I have been for a long time interested in the problem of the cathode rays from a vacuum tube as

ordinary parlance by the passage of light. No light could come from the tube, because the shield which covered it was impervious to any light known, even the electric arc."

"And what did you think?"

"I did not think, I investigated. I assumed that the effect must come from the tube since its character indicated that it could come from nowhere else. I tested it. In a few minutes there was no doubt about it. Rays were coming from the tube which had a luminescent effect upon the paper. I tried it successfully at greater and greater distances, even at two metres. It seemed at first a new

kind of invisible light. It was clearly something new, something unrecorded."

"Is it light?"

"No."

"Is it electricity?"

"Not in any known form."

"What is it?"

"I don't know."

And the discoverer of the x -rays thus stated his ignorance of their essence, as calmly as has everybody else who has written on the phenomena thus far.

"Having discovered the existence of a new kind of rays, I of course began to investigate what they would do." He took up a series of cabinet-sized photographs. "It soon appeared from tests that the rays had penetrative power to a degree hitherto unknown. They penetrated paper, wood, and cloth with ease, and the thickness of the paper, and even printed books, made no perceptible difference within reasonable limits. Wood they passed through with facility," and he showed me photographs of a box of laboratory weights of platinum, aluminium, and brass, they and the brass hinges all having been photographed from a closed box, without any indication of the box. Also a photograph of a coil of fine wire wound on a wooden spool, the wire having been photographed, and the wood omitted.

"The rays," he continued, "passed through all the metals tested with a facility varying, roughly speaking, with the density of the metal. These phenomena I have discussed carefully in my report to the Wurtzburg Society, and you will find all the technical results therein stated."

He showed me a photograph of a small sheet of zinc. This was composed of smaller plates soldered laterally with solders of different metallic proportions. The differing lines of shadow caused by the difference in the solders was visible evidence that a new means of detecting flaws and chemical variations in metals has been found. A photograph of a compass showed the needle and dial taken through the closed brass cover. The markings of the dial were in red metallic paint, and thus interfered with the rays and were reproduced. "Since the rays," he added, "had this great

penetrating power, it seemed natural that they should penetrate flesh, and so it proved in photographing the hand as I showed you."

All detailed discussion of the possible characteristics of his rays the Doctor considered unprofitable and unnecessary. Nor was he in the least disposed to exercise his imagination upon the great future possibilities of the discovery. Whatever he may already see in the way of future developments he declines to formulate until the developments are obtained. In answer to all questions on this branch of the subject, he said, smilingly :

"When I have done it I will tell you," and then at last his eyes began to wander lovingly and longingly towards his inside working-room, and his hand was extended in farewell as he said :

"There is much to do and I am busy, very busy." So then I took a prompt but cordial leave of him, thinking how those three words "I am busy," said in simple sincerity, described in their brief phrase the essence of his character and sounded the life-note of a very uncommon man.

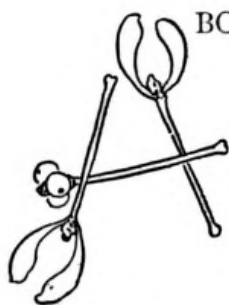
The first successful modification of the action of the rays, so that the varying densities of bodily organs will enable them to be photographed, will bring all such morbid growths as tumours and cancers into the photographic field, to say nothing of vital organs, which may be abnormally developed or degenerate. Diagnosis, long a painfully uncertain science, has received an unexpected and wonderful assistant, and how greatly the world will benefit thereby, how much pain will be saved, and how many lives saved, the future can only determine.

To the physical investigator a new door has been opened where none has been known to exist, and a side light on phenomena has appeared, whose philosophical results may prove as penetrating and astonishing as the Röntgen rays themselves. The most agreeable feature of the discovery is the opportunity it gives for other hands to help, and the work of these hands will add many new words to the dictionaries, many new facts to science, and in years long ahead of us, fill many more volumes than there are paragraphs in this brief and imperfect account.



Illustrated by CHAS. MAY.

THE PERILS OF KISSING—THE PLEASURES OF FALSE TEETH—THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MONROE DOCTRINE—MUST WE GO BACK TO CAVE-DWELLING?—THE PARROT NUISANCE—ABOUT BOAT-RACING AND CUPS—THE DELIGHTS OF THE COUNTRY.



ABOUT a year ago a scientific person discovered that kissing was one of the most dangerous occupations in which a man or woman could engage. The danger lies in the fact that the microbes of all sorts of diseases heartlessly take advantage of the facilities which a kiss offers for their migration from one pair of lips to another. The American inventor has already grappled with this great danger, and now offers to the cautious public, "Gomper's Patent Safety Kisser."

This is an improved form of the respirator which is commonly worn by Londoners whose lungs will not tolerate the London atmosphere. It is, however, somewhat thinner than the ordinary respirator, and is provided with a small reservoir of diluted carbolic acid, which on the slightest pressure, fills the interior of the "Safety Kisser" with a fine disinfecting spray. The inventor proposes that this useful contrivance shall be worn on ordinary occasions around the neck as if it were a neck-lace. When the wearer meets some one whom



it is necessary to kiss, or by whom he or she must be kissed, the "Safety Kisser" is quickly adjusted over the mouth, and the subsequent proceedings are unattended by the slightest danger, for the reason that nothing discourages a microbe so much as carbolic acid.

Doubtless this invention is ingenious and practicable, but it is probable that most people would prefer never to kiss at all, rather than to kiss through a carbolised respirator. The true remedy for the evils of ordinary kissing would be the substitution of the South Sea practice of rubbing noses for the civilised but dangerous practice of kissing. The human nose offers no temptations to the microbe, and to touch noses would be perfectly safe.

Of course, it will be at once said that this practice would have none of the charms which are rumoured to be connected with kissing, but a little reflection will show that this is not true. There is no anatomical reason why the contact of loving noses should not be as pleasing as the contact of loving lips. Doubtless the South Sea islander burns to press his nose in one long passionate rub against the nose of his beloved object, quite as fervently as the European lover longs to press his beloved's lips. Let the custom of nose-rubbing be once introduced in fashionable circles, and in course of time we shall all look upon kissing as a relic of barbarism.



THIRTY or forty years ago, what were called "Poems of the Pleasures," constituted a favourite Christmas gift. "The Pleasures of the Imagination," "The Pleasures of Hope," "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Sea-sickness," were, I think, the titles of these favourite poems: though to tell the truth, I may have made a mistake in the title of the last mentioned one. Nobody reads these poems nowadays, and it is probable that few of the readers of *Pearson's Magazine* have heard of their existence.

I have sometimes thought of adding a new poem to the list, to be entitled "The Pleasures of False Teeth." It is a subject which, if properly handled, would make the reputation of any new minor poet. I have a friend whose teeth are all false though fair, and I daily, and more frequently nightly, envy him. When I eat an ice, it invariably awakens at least two teeth to fiendish activity; but that man can calmly fill his mouth with Neapolitan cream, and deliberately chew it. I have seen him do this time and again, and thirsted for his blood.

At frequent periods I am compelled to go to the dentist, and undergo grinding and filing, and artesian well-sinking torments; whereas my friend, when there is anything the matter with his teeth, sends them by special messenger to the dentist, with the request that they be returned in time for dinner.



There are occasions when every man wants to gnash his teeth, as, for example, when he reads the press-clippings concerning his last book. I cannot gnash my private teeth without running the risk of starting some sleeping nerve into action; but my friend can take his teeth out, and gnash them together for any length of time. He tells me that he once knew a man who, being absolutely penniless, pawned his teeth for sufficient money to tide over his temporary

embarrassment. No such resource is open to the man who has nothing better than natural teeth.

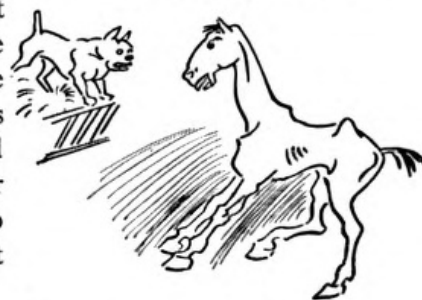
Depend upon it, art is as much superior to Nature in teeth as she is in almost everything else, and I respectfully suggest to any minor poet in search of a subject for a poem, that he write "The Pleasures of False Teeth," and make himself a name that will shine by the side of Rogers and Akenside, and pave the way for his elevation to the Laureateship.



THERE is no doubt that the Americans are extremely ingenious in the matter of inventions. It sometimes happens, however, that their habit of ignoring effete Europe, betrays them into inventing things that were invented long ago on this side of the Atlantic.

The Monroe doctrine is a case in point. It is believed in America to be a purely American invention, both in its original form as propounded by President Monroe, and its later form as set forth by President Cleveland.

Now the truth is, that the Monroe doctrine is between two and three thousand years old, and was invented in Greece, and not in America. Its real author was an eminent, or perhaps it would be better to say notorious, Greek dog. This free and independent animal informed a horse, who was seeking access to a manger which had belonged to him for many years, that any attempt on the part of any horse to meddle with that manger would be regarded as an act of hostility. The dog did not propose to eat the oats that were in the manger, but he felt that it was unnatural and inexpedient for any horse to approach that manger.

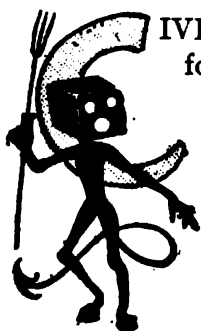


With the right or wrong of the dog's conduct I have nothing to do. Whether he

was bidding for popularity with the Irish setters of his acquaintance, who were the avowed enemies of the horse, and were perpetually barking at his heels; or whether he was honestly following the dictates of his eccentric canine conscience, the fact remains that he was the real and only original inventor of the Monroe Doctrine.

Neither would I presume for a moment to express any opinion as to the merits of the doctrine itself. I understand that there are Americans who consider it the only doctrine that can sustain a man through life, and smooth his pillow at death; and that there are other Americans who not only disbelieve it, but openly deride it. I merely point out, in the interests of historic truth, that President Monroe was not the inventor of the doctrine that bears his name.

* * * * *



CIVILISATION is the relentless foe of privacy. Man has never enjoyed complete privacy except when he was a cave dweller, and lived in his solitary cave. In those happy days, if a prying neighbour ventured to enter the cave, the proprietor knocked him on the head

and ate him, and thus kept his privacy unimpaired. With the progress of civilisation, privacy has become more and more difficult of attainment, and now the last blow has been struck at it by the invention of the new method of photographing objects shut up in boxes or behind stone walls.

We are told that by this new method a man's bones can be photographed, no matter how carefully he may conceal them under successive layers of clothes and flesh. It was sufficiently unpleasant to know that your face might be photographed at any moment by a wretch with a kodak; but how infinitely worse it will be when your entire skeleton can be surreptitiously transferred to paper, and any defects in your ribs or your vertebræ exhibited to the general public.

Hitherto a man who shut himself up in his room was reasonably safe so far as the hostile kodak was concerned; but hereafter he will

be liable to be photographed through the front wall of his house, and probably through half a dozen partitions.

Mr. Weller, when he explained to Sergeant Buzfuz that, his eyes, not being "a pair of double million magnifying gas microscopes of extra power," were unable to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door, little knew that in the near future a German photographer would construct an instrument which could photograph a landlady and a reluctant lover, no matter how many deal doors and stairways might be in the way. With the advent of this awful instrument privacy will vanish for ever, and we might as well tear down our houses and live in the open streets.

Of course this state of things will in time lead to the passage of a law declaring all photographers, whether amateur or professional, to be outlaws, and authorising every decent citizen to shoot them on sight. Some little good will be done in this way, but it will be impossible to prevent criminals from carrying concealed cameras, and photographing the interiors of persons and houses, without danger of detection. We must go back to cave-dwelling and cannibalism if we wish to recover the pleasures of privacy.

* * * * *



ABOUT six years ago a mysterious and fatal disease made its appearance in Paris, and was finally proved to have been communicated by a sick parrot to its human acquaintances. It killed some half a dozen parrot fanciers, and then unfortunately disappeared. I am pleased to learn that it has lately reappeared at Bordeaux, and there is reason to hope that it will strike a serious blow at the popularity of parrots.

Why it is that communities, calling themselves civilised, tolerate the existence of parrots, is something that I cannot understand. Is there not enough idle chatter among

men and women without encouraging a species of bird that talks as incessantly and as idiotically as a professional female reformer?

The parrot's conversation is not, however, his worst offence. It is his fondness for screeching in a tone that would loosen the rivets of an ironclad battleship, that constitutes his chief atrocity. The screech of the parrot is even more abominable than that of the milkman, and no one who lives within range of it can either sleep or think.

If the parrot were ever put to any use, there might be something to be said in his defence. If, for example, the French were to use the parrot as a legislator, and convert their Chamber of Deputies into an aviary, where representative parrots could discuss the Panama scandal, and denounce the perfidy of England, not only would a sphere of usefulness be found for the parrot, but the affairs of the French nation would be managed in a decidedly more quiet and respectable manner than they are at the present time.



As for our own parrots, we could encourage them to hold mass meetings in Hyde Park, where they could make speeches pointing out to Lord Salisbury his duty in regard to all great political questions. They would make almost as much noise as is made at the average political mass meeting, and their proceedings would be of very nearly as much consequence. But the parrot fancier never dreams of making any use of his wretched pet, except in those occasional instances where a wily speculator has used a parrot to lower the value of the neighbouring property, with a view to purchasing it, and holding it for a rise.

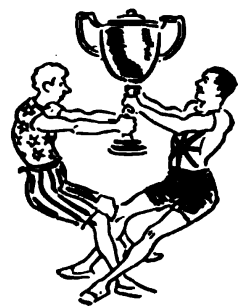
It is therefore encouraging to find that the fatal parrot disease has broken out in Bordeaux. When once it becomes generally known that it is almost as dangerous to keep a parrot as it is to keep a mad dog, the days of the parrot as a pet will be numbered.



I AM glad to hear that Yale University intends to send a crew to Henley, for the Yale men know how to row, and are free from the delusion that the main object of rowing a race is to win the prize. Unfortunately that delusion is rather common among American sportsmen. The Cornell men were a prey to it when they rowed over the course last year without an opponent. From their point of view they were quite right. They were declared to be the winners, and that seemed to them vastly preferable to being beaten in a fair race.

The New York Yacht Club was formerly under this delusion—that to win a race is the one thing to be desired. That was the reason why, when Mr. James Ashbury challenged for the America Cup some twenty-five years ago, the New York Yacht Club claimed the right to name, on the morning of each of the five races, the yacht which should sail against Ashbury's yacht. Thus, if there was a stiff breeze, the club selected the *Sappho*, a heavy keel schooner, and if the breeze was light, the *Madeleine*, a shallow skimming dish, was selected. Poor Ashbury never had the ghost of a chance, and the Yacht Club kept the cup.

That the object of offering a cup is simply to bring about a good race evidently never occurred to the members of the club. Their sole object was to keep the cup, and therefore they adopted a plan which made it almost absolutely certain that Ashbury would be beaten in a majority of the five races.



I am not saying that this conception of sport is wrong, but that it is prevalent in America. It certainly does tend to make international contests unsatisfactory to both parties, and it is therefore pleasant to know that if the Yale men come to Henley they will come to row rather than to win. I am by no means sure that they will not win, for they are far and away the best college oarsmen in America. If, however, they are beaten, they will take their defeat like sportsmen and gentlemen, and will not go home complaining that they were treated unfairly.



NOW is the time when the early Spring poet sings of the superiority of the country to the town, and calmly assumes that Nature is pure and holy and beautiful, and that the works of man are more or less detestable. I am not bigoted, and I do not deny that the country has its uses. We need it for the purpose of raising vegetables, and for furnishing roads over which the bicyclist can ride without fear of traffic.

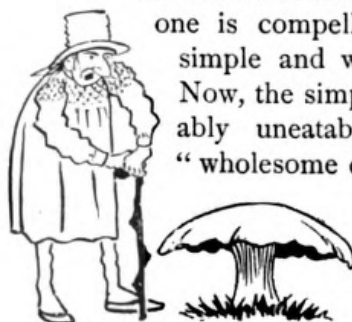
But I fail to understand what other useful purpose the country serves. It has no system of sewage, and, consequently, the man who drinks from the "sparkling spring," or from the "cool, moss-grown well," simply invites the typhoid fever to come and take up its abode with him.

The country is not lighted at night, except with such miserable makeshifts as the moon and stars. Then, too, it is pervaded with the raw scent of grass and flowers, which some people affect to like, but which has none of the homely and homelike suggestiveness of the perfume of the pavement and gutter. I remember when I was serving out a medical sentence of sixty days, with hard idleness, in the country, that at times the longing for one whiff of the Fleet Street sewers seemed to be more than I could bear.

I need hardly say that cookery is an unknown art in the country, and that one is compelled to live upon simple and wholesome dishes. Now, the simple dish is invariably uneatable, and as for "wholesome diet," it is revolting in the last degree to the properly educated stomach.

Then, again, there is the awful silence of the country. After ten o'clock at night you listen in vain for the rattle of the cab, the lumbering thud of the omnibus, and the cheery and consoling oaths of the exasperated drayman. In the daytime a lot of maddening little birds whistle perpetually, but the inspiring strain of the milkman, and the dreamy crooning of the chimney-sweep are wanting.

Of course the air of the country is pure, but what man of taste wants pure air? Give me air that is scented with smoke, and has been warmed by the breath of millions of people and thousands of chimneys. Nature may mean well, but she needs a great deal of culture before she becomes presentable. Raw natural scenery is not to be named in the same day with good architecture, and there isn't a mountain, or a valley, or a lake that can compare in beauty with St. Mark's at Venice, or Westminster Abbey—provided we do not look at its towers. The country is for Vegetables, and the town for Man, no matter how absurdly poets may write to the contrary.



SECRETS OF THE COURTS of EUROPE

THE CONFIDENCES
OF AN
EX-AMBASSADOR

ELICITED
BY
ALLEN
UPYARD



No. IV.—THE TRUE STORY OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S FALL.

"THEY call that situation improbable," observed the Ambassador, turning round in his chair as the curtain fell on the first act of Sardou's *'Cherchez la Femme'*—we were in his Excellency's box at the Comédie Française. "Yet in what is it more extraordinary than some of the scenes which I have myself witnessed during my diplomatic career."

"For instance?" I suggested, seeing that he was in a communicative mood.

"For instance, in the affair which led to the downfall of the Bismarck family, regarding which so many absurd accounts have appeared in the ill-informed press. Some of

those accounts," the Ambassador added, taking up his opera glass, "have no doubt been inspired by those who had their own reasons for not desiring the truth to be known; nevertheless, they ought not to have imposed on persons of intelligence."

He directed his glass towards a box on the opposite side of the theatre in which were seated two ladies, apparently mother and daughter, attired in the latest confections of M. Worth.

"I gather that you are possessed of better information," I murmured.

"That is a fine woman," remarked his

Excellency, laying down the glass. "The daughter is pretty, but without style. Believe me, my young friend, it is not till she is forty that a woman becomes truly interesting."

"You were saying something about Prince Bismarck," I ventured to remind him.

"Ah, yes! Do you care to hear the story? There is, perhaps, time for it before the next act."

"It would give me the greatest pleasure."

I settled myself comfortably to listen, and the Ambassador, after tapping thoughtfully with his fingers on the ledge of the box for a few moments began.

"It is tolerably well known that ever since the Prince von Bismarck perceived the marvellous recovery of France from the disasters of 1870, he has lived in perpetual terror of the revenge we might be inspired to take. It is this which has caused him to cherish the idea of again attacking France at a disadvantage, and finally crushing her by a dismemberment, which would reduce her to the rank of a second-class Power.

"M. de Blowitz, the correspondent of the *Times*, and a man who must not be despised, has already told the world of the scheme which this Prussian conceived for falling upon us in 1875, while we were still weak from the effects of his former crime, a calamity which was only averted by the personal intervention in our favour of Alexander II. of Russia.

"The relations between the two countries were consequently still very strained when, shortly after the accession of the present Kaiser of Germany, our Foreign Office was agreeably surprised to receive an intimation that this policy of hatred inspired by fear was to be abandoned, and that the Imperial Government was now anxious to work cordially with ours in the field of European politics.

"The portfolio of Foreign Affairs was at that time in the hands of M. Fleuriot, a worthy and patriotic man, but liable to fits of imprudence. He has not held a post in any recent Cabinet.

"M. Fleuriot was charmed to receive the assurances tendered to him by the German Ambassador, assurances which were confirmed by Bismarck himself in a confidential

interview with our representative in Berlin. The German Chancellor explained, with characteristic bluntness, that this change of front must not be attributed to him, but to the personal initiative of Wilhelm II.

"These admissions of the Chancellor convinced M. Fleuriot that Bismarck's influence on the foreign policy of Germany was on the decline. He therefore embraced, with all the more confidence, the offers of friendship and alliance which were made to him by the Imperial ambassador. This personage even went so far as to hint to our Minister that it was not intended that Bismarck should be privy to all the details of future negotiations between the two Governments.

"Matters having arrived at this stage, the ambassador commenced to throw out suggestions that the friendly understanding arrived at should be put upon a practical footing. He invited M. Fleuriot to indicate some object which Germany might co-operate in securing for France, as the price of her definite abandonment of Alsace-Lorraine. M. Fleuriot at once thought of Egypt, that prey so treacherously seized upon by the British lion.

"You, my friend, are well aware that I do not share in the general feeling of my fellow-countrymen towards Great Britain. On the contrary, I lament the hatred with which your nation has pursued us ever since their defeat at Waterloo."

"Defeat, M. l'Ambassadeur?" I ventured to interject.

"Defeat, without doubt," returned his Excellency, with firmness. "Do you pretend that, if the Prussians had not arrived, a single one of your countrymen would have been left alive?"

I preferred to waive this discussion.

"It is this recollection, so galling to a brave people, that has doubtless prompted the incessant intrigues of your Government against the greatness of France. Fortunately, a Frenchman knows how to be magnanimous in the face of provocation. Surrender Egypt to us, and we consent to overlook the other aggressions of Albion."

The Ambassador paused, and glanced round the theatre before resuming his narrative.

"The English Ambassador in Paris at this time was a close personal friend of mine. Being at the moment unattached to any foreign mission, I was living here, and it was my custom to dine every Sunday at the English Embassy. To this circumstance is owing the salvation of Europe from the most desolating war in history.

"On a certain Sunday about the time I have indicated, I was dining at the Embassy as usual. During the meal I observed that my host was very distracted; and, as soon as it was over he rose up and, taking me by the arm, led me into his private study. I at once guessed what was coming, and, while accepting a cigar, determined that nothing should be extracted from me respecting the negotiation I have described, and of which M. Fleuriot had kept me partly informed.

"Lord Soames came to the point with the directness of his countrymen.

"My dear Baron," he commenced, "you and I are old friends. We should both be equally distressed if war were to break out between our two countries."

"Without doubt," I replied, affecting to consider the remark a mere chance observation. "Let us be thankful that such an event

is not in the least likely to take place." And I added to myself: "Unless you refuse to give up Egypt."

"He glanced at me with some suspicion.

"How far you are in the confidence of your Foreign Office," he said, "I neither know, nor do I ask you to tell me. I desire to give you information, not to receive it."

"You are too good," I murmured, more on my guard than ever.

"I hope, at the same time," he went on, "that what I have to say to you may cause you to take action in what I believe to be the interest of both countries. I am sure that if you use this information you will not allow its source to be discovered."

"On the honour of a Frenchman!" I replied, beginning to be really interested.

"Thank you. Let me say at once then that I have reason

to believe that your Government has recently proposed to the Court of Berlin an offensive alliance against England, with a view to compelling us to evacuate Egypt in your favour."

"I was thunderstruck at the accuracy of his information.

"But, my lord, this is some chimera,



A box in which were seated two ladies.

some delusion!' I cried, affecting the utmost incredulity. 'Such an idea is too extravagant for a *feuilleton*!'

"Lord Soames smiled coldly.

"I have already said that I do not ask you to commit yourself, my dear Baron,' he replied. 'I will assume, if you prefer it, that all this is news to you. But you have not yet heard what I wanted to tell you. As you know, Great Britain has hitherto steadfastly refused to join the Triple Alliance for fear of being dragged by Germany into a war against France. It is to your interest, I think you will admit, that we should continue to hold aloof.'

"I shrugged my shoulders without expressing any opinion on this point.

"Now,' pursued Lord Soames, 'we suddenly find ourselves placed in this dilemma. Prince Bismarck has informed our ambassador in Berlin that he will accept your proposal unless England accedes to the Triple Alliance within a week from to-day, and undertakes to employ her navy in a blockade of the French coast as soon as war is declared.'

"I was overwhelmed. The revelation of this atrocious duplicity on the part of Bismarck completely stunned me. Knowing what I did of his character, it was impossible to doubt the truth of Lord Soames's disclosure. It was evident that the whole of the negotiations with our Foreign Office had been a deliberate ruse in order to obtain the means of discrediting us in the eyes of Great Britain. It was the Belgian trick of 1870 over again!

"I could have wept. It was with the utmost difficulty that I concealed my con-

sternation from the keen eyes of the Englishman.

"You have been deceived, my friend,' I answered, in a tone of great confidence. 'That Bismarck should make such assertions does not surprise me in the least. But it is a mere invention of his own, believe me. If such a thing had been on the carpet, I am the first person with whom M. Fleuriot would have communicated.'

"Lord Soames listened to me with an air of indulgence, as if I had been a child.

"Again permit me to remind you that I am simply giving you a warning for your own benefit,' he said. 'I have only to add that the Prince has promised to show our Ambassador the written French proposal, signed by M. Fleuriot, next Saturday. Unless you can reclaim that document by then, England will join the Alliance, and war will be declared within a fortnight.'

"It was useless for me to make further protests. They were wasted on this man of ice.

"I am obliged to you for your kindness,' I said, rising. 'No doubt the whole story is some clumsy

fabrication of Prince von Bismarck's which it will be easy to disprove. If I should chance to meet M. Fleuriot, however, I will inform him of these slanders.'

"We returned to the drawing-room, and I chatted with Lady Soames for twenty minutes, in order to show that my mind was at ease. I then announced that I had a headache, and took my leave.

"I refused to allow the servants of the Embassy to call me a cab, lest they should overhear my destination. I walked down the



"I chatted with Lady Soames for twenty minutes."

street for a hundred yards, jumped into the first empty one I met, and drove furiously to the Quai d'Orsay.

"I was lucky enough to find M. Fleuriot there, and at once communicated to him the terrible news which I had just heard.

"The Minister was absolutely stupefied.

"Did Lord Soames tell you this?' was his first question.

"Lord Soames! No, I have not seen him for days,' I answered, remembering the caution I had received. 'The intelligence reached me direct from Berlin, by a channel which I am not permitted to disclose. But you may rely upon its absolute truth.'

"M. Fleuriot tore his hair.

"Beast that I am!' he cried despairingly, 'I ought to have suspected that this pretended alliance was one of Bismarck's vile traps. And I believed in the faith of that Prussian!'

"Then there is such a document?' I exclaimed, little less dismayed than he was.

"Alas, yes! Their Ambassador insisted that the first written proposal should come from us. I placed it in his hands four days ago, and doubtless it is by this time in Bismarck's possession. I have betrayed my country to this wretch!'

"I exerted myself to soothe him. Finally I said:

"Give me a letter to our Ambassador in Berlin, and I will go there myself and regain this paper from Bismarck's clutches.'

"You will? Baron, you are an angel! Do this, and you shall have the Grand Cross of the Legion, I swear it. Your Fleuriot will regard you as his saviour! His children shall be taught to introduce your name into their prayers!'

"He embraced me with tears. Then he wrote the letter at my dictation, and also another document which I thought it well to have in reserve. Armed with these letters, I left him.

"On the second day I arrived in Berlin. My first step was to see our ambassador there, an upright and painstaking diplomatist, but a man who was by no means a match for the infernal craft of Bismarck. It was necessary for me to obtain certain information from him before proceeding to carry out the plan which I had formed in my mind.

"My sudden appearance naturally caused him the greatest astonishment, which was changed into chagrin as I explained to him how he, like M. Fleuriot, had been duped by the perfidious Chancellor.

"But what you tell me is impossible,' he exclaimed. 'I know the character of Wilhelm II. too well. That he should conceive the idea of transforming the foreign policy of Germany does not surprise me, but that he should have the cunning to contrive a plot of this kind is incredible. He is a Charles XII., not a Machiavelli.'

"This was the very point on which I desired to sound the Ambassador. I fixed on him an ironical smile.

"And what part has the Kaiser taken in this affair, then?' I asked him.

"He gazed at me in bewilderment.

"Why, Prince von Bismarck informed me,' he began, and stopped short, chilled by the sarcasm of my look.

"Bismarck informed you that he was acting under the Kaiser's instructions. But what assurance have you that this was not part of the trick?' I retorted. 'Has the Kaiser himself spoken to you on the subject? Have you any proof that he has heard one word about this affair?'

"This time he grasped my point. He passed his hand across his brow, as if striving to recollect the events of the last few weeks.

"You must be right,' he exclaimed at length. 'The Kaiser never has referred to the matter, though I have twice conversed with him since it was broached.'

"I was satisfied. It only remained for me to put in execution the design which I had conceived. I parted from my colleague, merely warning him to be careful not to betray the least distrust in any dealings with the Chancellor.

"The following morning found me at the Imperial Palace."

At this moment the curtain rose on the second act of M. Sardou's play. My companion hesitated, and half turned towards the stage. But we had both witnessed the performance before, and for my part I felt more interested in the political comedy which my friend was unfolding, than in the somewhat mechanical plot of the dramatist.

"Go on with your story, I beg of you," I urged. "There is nothing of importance occurring on the stage."

His Excellency appeared flattered by my interest. He took another glance through his lorgnette at the lady who had already interested him, and then returned to his tale.

"I had not seen the young ruler of Germany since he was a mere prince. At that time he had honoured me with a slight degree of his intimacy, and we had even shared in certain adventures—but all this has nothing to do with my narrative.

"As soon as I had sent up my name, I was ushered up the great main staircase of the Palace to the first landing stage, and brought into his Majesty's private cabinet. The Kaiser, as I entered, started up from a table on which lay the design of a battleship, and welcomed me with effusion.

"I am charmed to see you once more," he exclaimed. "You behold me just putting some final alterations to the plan for a new cruiser, on some details of which I find myself in disagreement with my naval constructor. Now,"—he consulted his watch—"in fifteen minutes I am due at the theatre to superintend the rehearsal of Goethe's 'Faust,' in which I am making certain improvements. Till then let us chat. Will you sit down here or come out into the Park and see my new petroleum carriage, which I invented myself, with a little assistance from Herr Maxim?"

"I think, sire, I should prefer to remain here," I replied, as soon as he gave me an opportunity to speak. "The fact is I have come on a rather delicate mission, not exactly official in its character, but one to which my Government attaches much importance."

"The Kaiser's manner changed at these words. He threw at me a quick glance of suspicion, and prepared to listen with an air of reserve.

"I thought it well to commence by administering a compliment.

"My Government," I observed, "entertains sentiments of the most profound respect for your Majesty, and it believes that you cherish no hostile feeling towards France."

"Your Government is right," he inter-

jected. "So long as France conducts herself with propriety, and refrains from indulging in disturbing projects, she may assure herself of my goodwill."

"I affected to receive this condescension with delight.

"Ah, sire," I exclaimed, "if my countrymen could only hear those gracious words! Such kindness makes my present mission easy. It is no doubt an irregular thing for my Government to communicate with your Majesty, except through the official channels. Our excuse is the high regard in which France holds your Majesty personally, and the belief that, in matters of foreign policy, it is no longer the Prince von Bismarck who exercises sole control."

"The Emperor drew himself up.

"I am the only person who exercises sole control in my empire," he remarked with haughtiness. "My Chancellor simply acts under my instructions."

"So my Government was assured, sire, and that being so, it entertained a negotiation, which, had it proceeded from the initiative of Herr von Bismarck, we should have unhesitatingly declined."

"What negotiation do you refer to?" asked the Emperor, surprised.

"I assumed my most innocent expression.

"To your Majesty's proposal of a joint war against England, with the object of restoring Egypt to France."

"The Kaiser bounded in his seat.

"I propose a war with England! To restore Egypt to you! I never heard of such madness! Who has dared——"

"He broke off, evidently realising that he was committing himself. I affected to be equally astounded with his Majesty.

"But this is incredible!" I cried. "Can the Prince have dared to commit Germany to this undertaking, without even consulting you? This is worse than the time of the old Kaiser. And my Government was assured that this new policy was due to your Majesty's direct initiative."

"The Kaiser sat like one thunderstruck. It was easy to see that he was struggling between his rage against Bismarck, and his dread of letting it be publicly known how the Chancellor had slighted his authority.

"I had now, of course, satisfied myself that Bismarck was acting without his master's knowledge. It remained for me to secure the Emperor's confidence, and deprive the Chancellor of any chance of winning his approval for this audacious intrigue.

"I turned to Wilhelm II. with an expression of deep regret.

"Sire, I am overwhelmed to think that you, as well as my Government have been deceived by this minister, who has acquired the habit of overstepping his powers. But I know my Government too well to believe it capable of taking advantage of this situation. I was sent here to obtain your



"Go on with your story, I beg of you."

Majesty's personal confirmation of this treaty. I learn that the entire negotiation has been without your sanction, and, however disappointing for France this may be, I have no hesitation in saying, on behalf of my Government, that it will consent

to treat the affair as if it had not taken place.'

"You are very good, M. le Baron,' murmured the Emperor, evidently relieved by this declaration, but still embarrassed by the consideration that I had penetrated the state of his relations with the Chancellor.

"It only remains for me to satisfy you of the truth of my words,' I resumed, 'and to afford you an opportunity of terminating a scandalous situation. Let me propose to you, sire, a little conspiracy against this gentleman who has so nearly made us dance to his music.'

"The Kaiser smiled, and listened with approval while I unfolded the plan which I had formed, and which I think was not without ingenuity. You will bear in mind that it was of the last importance to prevent any explanation between Wilhelm II. and Bismarck until I had reclaimed the document fraught with so much danger to France.

"During the time of my connection with our Embassy in Berlin, I had become well acquainted with the Chancellor's habits. Among other things, I was aware that when he had any documents to which he attached special importance he did not leave them in the safe at the Chancellory, but carried them about in a certain yellow dispatch-box, which never left him day or night. It was in reliance on this fact that I had proposed to myself the little scheme to which I now sought the Kaiser's assent.

"As soon as he understood what I proposed, he requested me to ring the bell, and dispatched a messenger to request the instant attendance of the Chancellor at the Palace. I remained conversing with the

Kaiser until Bismarck was announced, and then withdrew into a small room adjoining, from which I could hear and see everything that passed.

"The old Chancellor came puffing into the room, carrying his eternal yellow dispatch-box

under his arm. He did not appear to have changed in the least during the six years since I had seen him; his figure was not less burly, and his eyebrows not less bristly than of old. He carefully deposited his yellow box upon a table, before advancing to greet his Majesty.

"Well, Prince, how is the rheumatism to-day?" inquired the Kaiser.

"Bad, very bad, sire," grumbled the old Minister. "But at my age what can I expect? I have served your House faithfully for forty years, but the time is coming when you will have to look out for a younger man."

"Do not let us speak of it, my dear Bismarck," returned the Kaiser, not very heartily, I thought.

"He then, without inviting the Prince to be seated, put a question to him about some pending commercial treaty with Russia, which necessitated a reference to the contents of the yellow box. The Prince fumbled for his keys, unlocked the box, and took out the paper which his master had inquired for. The Kaiser, after barely glancing at it, suddenly took the old man by the arm, and commenced to draw him out of the room.

"Come upstairs for a moment," he cried, "you must positively hear the Empress play my last composition. The Court are enraptured with it, and the Royal organist tells me it will replace the *"Wacht am Rhein"* as the National Anthem of Germany."

"The Prince hesitated, and glanced at his dispatch-box, which still lay unlocked on the table.

"That will be all right," said the Kaiser, impatiently. "See, I will lock the door of the room from outside."

"Too much accustomed, no doubt, to these sudden freaks on the part of Wilhelm II. to suspect anything, the old courtier yielded, and suffered himself to be dragged away.

"The instant the door closed behind them, I darted from my hiding-place and pounced on the yellow box. There, lying close to the top, was an envelope bearing the French official seal, and torn open at the end. I snatched it up, and the next moment the fatal document was in my hands.

"While I was drawing it out of the envelope, the key turned in the door, and the Kaiser burst in. As had been arranged between us, he had left the Chancellor half-way up the stairs, in the confidence that the old man's movements would not be quick enough for him to interrupt us for a minute. The Emperor's pretext for returning, was that he had forgotten his musical manuscript.

"I had just time to unfold the paper and point to the words by which it was headed: 'Proposal for an Offensive Alliance between France and Germany,' and to the signature, 'Jules Fleuriot,' at the foot, when we heard the ponderous footsteps of Prince Bismarck outside.

"Now was the time for my great stroke. Before the astonished Kaiser could tell what I was about I had swiftly crumpled the all-important document into one pocket, while from another I drew a paper similar in appearance, and coolly slipped it into the envelope, which I restored to the dispatch box under his very eyes. There was just time for me to regain my hiding-place before the door was burst open and the old Chancellor stalked in.

"He was panting from the exertions he had made, and looked angry and disgusted. By this time Wilhelm II. was busily turning over some papers in a drawer at the other end of the apartment. Casting an indignant glance at his back, the Prince went straight up to his precious yellow box, locked it, and restored the keys to his pocket, at the same time tucking the box under his arm. Then, and not before, he growled out to the absorbed Kaiser:

"If your Majesty can't find the music, I will come to hear it another time."

"The Kaiser turned round.

"Do not do that, Prince. Go up to the Empress, who has not seen you for some time. I shall join you in two minutes."

"The Chancellor could not well refuse, and stumped away, pretending to groan at his rheumatic pains as he went.

"Now the time had come for an explanation with the Kaiser, my abstraction of the document having been an unrehearsed effect for which I had not prepared him. He

directed a stern look at me as I came out into his presence.

"'Sir,' he began angrily, 'why did you take that paper?'

"I gazed at him as if in pained surprise.

"'But, sire,' I exclaimed, 'you have just repudiated this treaty which Prince von Bismarck proposed in your name, and I have agreed that my Government shall accept your decision. Naturally it is my duty to reclaim this document, obtained from my Government by fraud, and to which your Chancellor is no longer entitled.'

"'That is all very well, M. le Baron, but this is not the way to go to work,' returned the Kaiser, still angry.

"'Perhaps not, sire. But if it comes to that neither of us has much to gain by proclaiming this morning's work,' I replied boldly. And seeing that this shaft had gone home, I continued: 'The document which I have substituted bears a similar heading and is equally in the writing of M. Fleuriot, so that the exchange is not likely to be detected just at present. In the meantime if you, sire, will overlook my having possessed myself of this paper, I will tell you beforehand of another little measure on which, perhaps, this faithful Bismarck has forgotten to consult you.'

"The Kaiser's face flushed darkly.

"'I will say no more about that paper. What else do you refer to?'

"'Simply this, sire, that on Saturday next the Prince expects to receive England's adherence to the Triple Alliance. In that I have reason to think he is deceived.'

"And before Wilhelm II. had time to take in the bearing of this piece of news, I had bowed myself out and left the Palace.

"I drove straight to the telegraph office, whence I dispatched the following message to Lord Soames:

"'You have been misinformed. There is no such letter.'

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"And I was right. For on the way from the Palace I had torn up the paper into a hundred fragments, and had swallowed them every one."

The Ambassador stopped abruptly, and made as if he would turn his attention to the stage.



There was just time for me to regain my hiding-place.

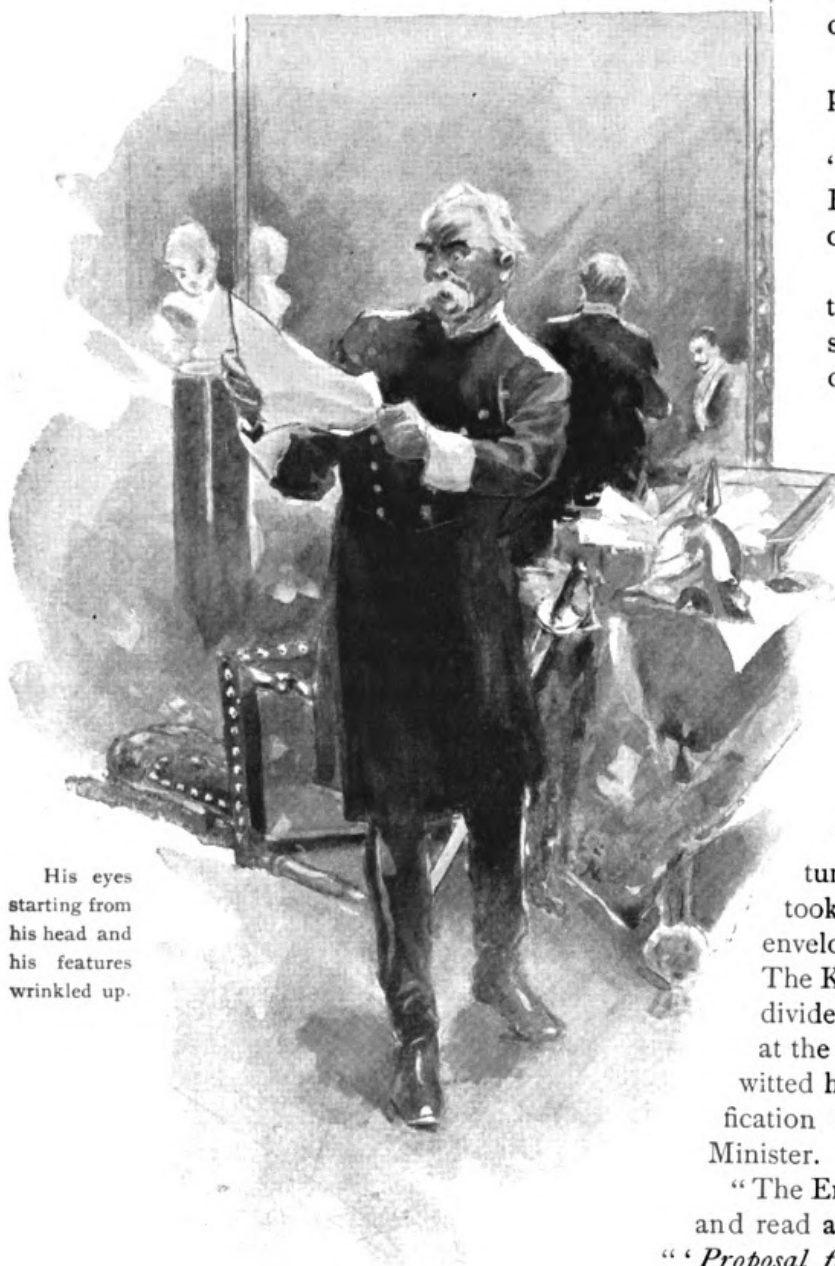
"Surely that is not all?" I said. "Can you not tell me what occurred on the Saturday?"

His Excellency smiled pleasantly.

"I had the account some time after through my friend Soames, who got it from his colleague in Berlin. It appears that Bismarck never once looked inside the envelope till he and the English Ambassador met in the Kaiser's presence at the time appointed.

"The old Chancellor had not informed his master of the precise nature of the business to be transacted. He resented this young monarch's attempts at an interference in the affairs of his department, which poor old Frederick William never dreamed of. Accordingly he had conceived the idea of crushing Wilhelm II. by a grand stroke of diplomacy carried out entirely without his

knowledge. He relied, of course, on England's accession to the Triple Alliance as a triumph which would atone for everything.



His eyes starting from his head and his features wrinkled up.

"Prince Bismarck opened the interview, therefore, by explaining to the Kaiser the purpose for which he had summoned the meeting. Then turning to the British envoy, he added with confidence:

"Well, sir, what is your answer? Will England join us?"

"The Englishman kept perfectly cool. He had of course been warned by Lord Soames how matters stood.

"Before you have any right to demand my answer,' he said, 'you must fulfil your undertaking to produce some evidence that France contemplates an attack on us.'

"Thereupon the Prince tapped his famous yellow box.

"I have here,' he returned, 'a written proposal from the French Government for an offensive alliance against you.'

"This was the first hint to the Kaiser of the real significance of the mysterious document he had allowed me to recover. He drew back in his chair and began to gnaw his moustache.

"But the Englishman merely smiled.

"Excuse me, Prince, but I really think you have been imposed upon,' he replied quietly. 'I cannot believe that the Government of the Republic would be guilty of such folly.'

"Bismarck now smiled in his turn, and, with an air of triumph, took out the paper from its envelope, and passed it to the other. The Kaiser looked on, helpless, and divided, no doubt, between anger at the manner in which I had outwitted him, and pleasure at the mortification in store for his overbearing Minister.

"The Englishman unfolded the paper and read aloud:—

"*Proposal for an Offensive Alliance between France and Germany—*'

"Ha! What did I say!' interrupted the Chancellor.

"—The French Government, after according due consideration to the proposal laid before it on behalf of the German Government, has decided to absolutely decline entering into any such alliance as —"

"He had got to there when the overwhelmed Chancellor, uttering a cry of rage, snatched the paper from his hand, and fastened upon its contents, with his eyes starting from his

head, and his features wrinkled up in a look of positively ludicrous consternation.

"Then Wilhelm II. saw his chance.

"*'Herr Prince,'* he said sternly, *'what is the meaning of this comedy? What are these proposals which you have made without my authority, for an alliance against the Government of a country which I regard with friendship?'*

"The Prince flung down the paper with a growl like that of an infuriated mastiff.

"*'For the first time in my life, sire, my dispatch box has been tampered with,'* he rapped out in surly tones. *'At this moment I can only assure you and the Ambassador here that the proposal came, not from me, but from the French Government.'*

"At this point the Kaiser turned away and ceased to listen. The Englishman shrugged his shoulders with an incredulous air, and rose to go.

"The audience broke up. England remained outside the Triple Alliance, and before a month was over all Europe was astonished to hear that Prince Bismarck was no longer Chancellor of the German Empire.

"You understood," added my friend, after a minute, "that it is only because of the recent death of poor Soames that I am able to tell you all this."

"I understand perfectly."

As I was helping his Excellency on with his overcoat at the conclusion of the performance, my eye happened to fall upon the decorated buttonhole.

"By-the-bye, M. l'Ambassadeur, did M. Fleuriot fulfil his promise about the Grand Cross?"

The Ambassador turned round with a momentary look of annoyance.

"My friend, you should restrain your too great curiosity. Believe me, it is a

detestable vice. No, unfortunately, he did not. But it was scarcely his fault. The fact is that, during the few days I was absent in Berlin, there occurred a change of Government. Poor Fleuriot lost his portfolio, and my services were forgotten."

He sighed with a noble air of resignation. Suddenly his glance became fixed on a point at the other side of the crowded corridor into which we had just plunged.

"Ah?" he exclaimed, beginning to detach



It was the lady opposite.

himself from my side and take an oblique course through the moving throng. "Pardon my leaving you so abruptly, but I see a friend coming out to whom it is imperative that I should speak."

It was the lady opposite.



The Bravest Deed

I ever saw. BY THE MARQUIS of LORNEK.T

"WELL, sir, it's a common quality."

"Is it, indeed? Then why do people admire it so when it's shown?"

"It is a quality possessed by many brutes, human and other."

"Sir, I say it is the noblest quality man has."

"Depends how shown, often only the sign of ignorance and barbarism."

"No, sir; it's the conquest of the brute in man."

This was part of a conversation that grew rather warm in the captain's cabin of the mail boat *La Palma*. The captain, indeed, had been betrayed, during a game at whist, into speech, and had praised courage as almost peculiar to his own countrymen, and had been told by an eminent man of science that it was "universal among brutes when their blood is up," and neither Captain

nor Professor would give in, to the disgust of the two others who were playing, the one a young man from an English University, and the other an agent going out to a sugar plantation to look after the interests of his employers, before the days when the growing of sugar became hopeless in the British West Indies on account of the protection given by other nations to their own planters.

The agent looked too much reduced by fevers to demonstrate courage except in the passive continuance in his office, but he had no other chance of livelihood, and grumbled, and went back gloomily to the place where he had often been ill before.

"In my opinion it shows great courage to talk when you're playing whist," said the young man, who had been rather noted during the voyage as the teller of what most of us regarded as "tall stories" of his own achievements as an athlete and sportsman. To hear him talk, you would think that no one could swim, ride, or shoot so well as he did himself, and though his companions smiled when he broke out with his last impatient remark, they each thought that it would be a rare sight to see him show some of that quality which the Professor declared so common, and which the youth, to judge by his talk, deemed a thing he possessed to a much greater degree than did others. But the rubber went on more smoothly after his reproof, and the Captain wished them good night as he



They saw a long, grey thing, like a modern torpedo.

remarked that they would be in port the next morning, and he feared they would be glad to part company with him.

There was the usual mixture of people on board—Spaniards going to Cuba, and suspecting an American or two who were passengers having sinister designs on the stability of the Spanish Government in that island. There was, of course, a Jew, and he was also bound to Havana, and seemed determined to exhibit a diamond, offering it to all whom he thought wealthy, asking each of them not to mention the fact to any others, but the ring was for sale. There were a few emigrants, two missionaries, and some planters, one of whom had with him a charming, bright-eyed English boy, who was the cause of the incident I will relate.

For twenty-one days after leaving Southampton, the paddles of the steam packet had thrashed the waters and throbbed amidships, before they turned slowly, and finally remained motionless in the harbour of St. Thomas in the West Indies. All on board had delighted in the change from the grey of the Channel, to the blue of the Caribbean Sea, and were thronging the deck, which, sheltered by awnings, enabled them to enjoy

the intense sunlight that poured down on the harbour and inclosing land.

The passengers were eager to disembark to see the sights of the little white town, whose houses were built in terraces on the slope of the rocky hill before them. But immediate landing was not allowed, except to a very few, who, coming back, declared that it was too hot for words, and that after a limp stroll in the blaze, and a sight of a few humming birds flitting about scarlet cactus blossom, and a

Sydney Cowell

look at the market, where they had fallen in love with the colour of the shoulders of the negresses selling fruit, they had had enough, and would wait on board until it got cooler.

"Take care you don't fall into the water as you get into the boats, that's all," said one. "For I am told there's lots of sharks in this place."

"I'll show you one now," said an officer of the vessel, "if you will come aft with me;" and, accompanied by a little group, among which were the young English University man, and the boy, he went to the stern and pointed at the water just below.

Peering down, and shading their eyes from the glare, there, just under them, they saw a long, grey thing, like a modern torpedo, motionless and apparently not far from the surface. The young fellow became much excited. The boy shouted out: "Oh, can't we catch him. O do, Mr. Henry, try to catch him? Do ask the Captain's leave!" Mr. Henry said he thought he would like to gaff him, as he had caught fish almost as big in Norway! The Captain came and smiled, and told him he must buy the meat if he wished to hook the fish, as he did not want his stores broken into; and the crew would have too much to do to attend to his sport.

By this time Mr. Henry had conceived such a dislike to the shark that he vowed to do him some damage, and begged that he might have a boathook and a cutlass. "Yes," said the Captain, "if you'll return them soon," and, eager as the boy, Henry went with the lad below, got a cutlass, lashed it to a boathook, and hauling up the rope of a little dinghy at the side ladder, they pushed themselves slowly over the monster, and there made utterly futile attempts to reach him.

The clearness of the water had, of course, deceived them, and they only got chaff from the fellows who watched them from over the vessel's side, and the grey torpedo moved back so gently that it seemed as though a current had made it drop more astern. "By Jove I'll be even with him yet. We'll try the bait," shouted Henry, and mounting the steps was soon again on deck, undoing the lashings of the cutlass.

While this was being done the boy had

gone to get a hook and meat and a rope, but, desiring to have another look at the enemy, he ran down the ladder again, intending to call his friend to have another survey to try if they could not work the fishing gear from the small boat. The idea was foolish, and the excited lad jumped into the little craft and overbalancing himself fell into the water, but soon rose and grasped the gunwale.

People who had seen this from the deck raised warning cries, which grew loud when they saw the shark move nearer, as though it had seen the boy's accident. Henry, with the cutlass in his hand, rushed down the steps, and even as he went, saw from the height at which he yet was above the sea, the ominous shape moving, as it seemed, quickly to the dinghy.

He had no time for thought, or fear, or plan, but felt only hate of the monster, and confidence in his own powers and, putting the cutlass between his teeth he closed his hands before him, "took a header" straight into the water, and could be seen by those above to dive in front of the shark's path.

Another moment he was under the dread shape, which, to everyone's astonishment, turned and allowed Henry's form to be seen rising, while the water around grew red! He had struck the fish from beneath just as it was about to roll over to attack the lad, and had given it a thrust that had fairly put the terrible thing to flight.

The lad clung, conscious of his danger, for he had understood the full significance of the warning shouts, and when Henry appeared, called to him to look out, and cling to the boat also, imagining that gave safety. He had not seen the result of the dive, for the shark had never shown above the surface; and now, only when the bravos and cheers from the hands on deck told him that the trouble had passed, he began to laugh and cry.

Not so Henry, who swam to him and told him he was a fool; but it showed him how easy it was to frighten away a shark, and then, both were hauled in by eager hands, and they sat on the footboard beneath the ladder, the one silent and shivering, not with cold, for it was too warm for that, but with fright that seemed

to exert its full effect only now when peril had past; and the other laughing, chaffing, and cheering, and vowing that he had put the cutlass in up to the hilt, and that he must have that shark!

"I told you I had always heard they are easily scared—and I tell you it is so. Why, I believe any good splashing is enough to frighten any of them. Do you see that buoy?" and he pointed to one that served for moorings to a ship not far off.

"Well, what of that? Guess there's plenty of those demons round that ship too."

"Never mind if there are. See if I don't make a splash and frighten them off."

"Done with you; no splash will be enough," answered a voice.

"Bet you five to one it does," Henry calmly sung out in reply; "and I'll swim round that buoy to prove it!" and, to our amazement, he plunged in again, and, placing his cutlass between his teeth, struck out for the buoy! It was too late to stop him, and the lad and those still on the ladder, with all on deck watching his progress, expected him to be taken down every moment. As he swam, he splashed vigorously, and the captain ordered a man to push off to him with the dinghy at once. He was close to the mark he had pointed out and was round it in another moment.

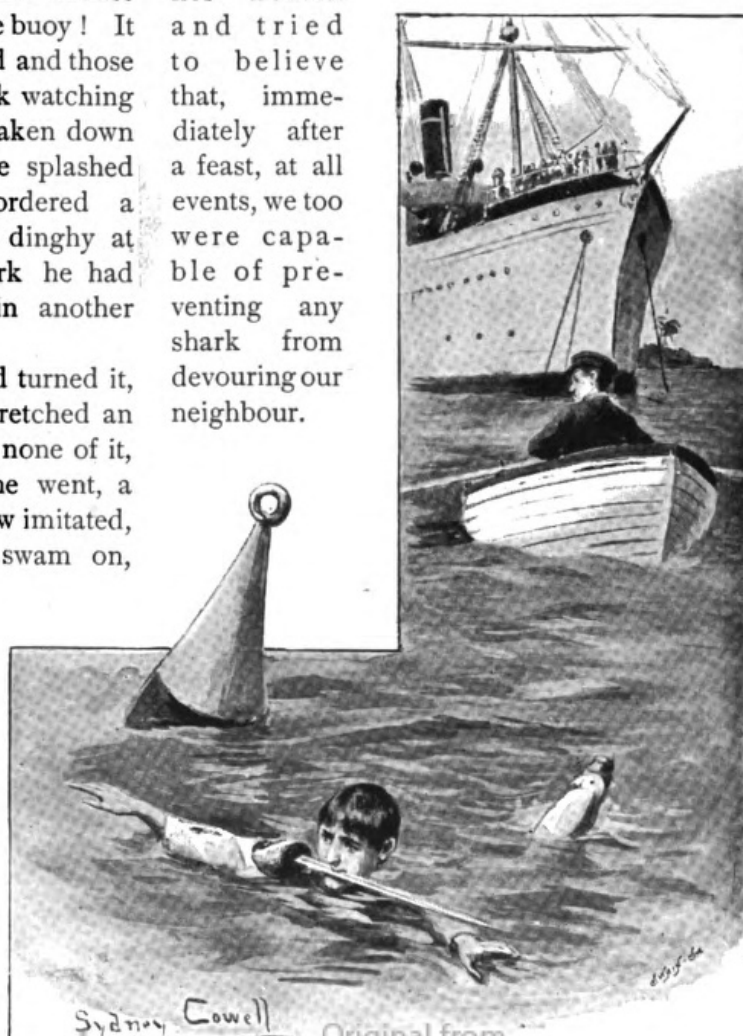
The dinghy met him after he had turned it, and the man in the little boat stretched an oar to him, but Henry would have none of it, but, ever lashing the water as he went, a proceeding the man in the boat now imitated, to help him scare the fish, he swam on, cursing the dinghy, and all concerned in sending it to his aid. He reached the ladder, and was soon in safety, not a bit the worse for his foolhardiness. But here was a case of folly joined to calculating bravery, proved in saving the lad from what was evidently an attempt by the shark to take a prey.

"Not a bit of it," Henry averred. "If the boy had splashed as I did, nothing would have come near him."

But none of us believed that

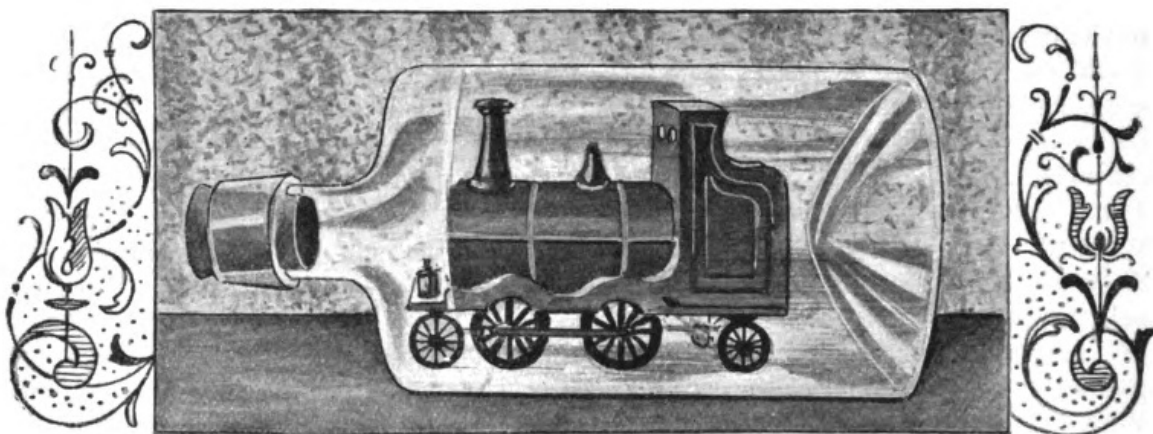
he was speaking except with that bravado which we had falsely attributed to mere vain-glory when he had bragged to us during the voyage. Yet here was a braggart who could perform a gallant deed—with "a gallery," to be sure, to look on—but yet in a way that proved a dare-devil or "dare-shark" recklessness, which had the saving of life as motive, although afterwards repeated merely to back up random words.

This man did not weigh words or difficulties, and accomplished things that a man with perhaps more imagination and less "brutality" would have hesitated in trying to perform, and therefore would probably have not dared at all. But as it was the pluckiest thing we had seen done, we forgave him his previous boasting, and as he had not been made a dinner for a shark, we gave him a dinner on shore, and all drank his health and tried to believe that, immediately after a feast, at all events, we too were capable of preventing any shark from devouring our neighbour.



The captain ordered a man to push off to him.

Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



NO. 1.—A NOVELTY IN MODELS.

THE FRONT PARLOUR WINDOW.

Written and Illustrated by JAMES SCOTT.

WHEN the editor asked me to prepare an article dealing with parlour window attractions and curiosities, I believed that there must be some dozens of suitable objects shown among the thousands of windows in our country, and I still adhere to the belief. But

have come under my notice, I select the following, which may be taken as characteristic examples.

Some of the sketches have been drawn by me from minute descriptions supplied by friends; others from window-adornments which have come under my personal observation.

I have observed well-made models of buildings and of various scenes standing in parlour windows, but they hardly present enough novelty to merit illustration here, although interesting in themselves.

I remember seeing, some years ago, a model of a railway engine, the representation of which heads this article, encased in a glass bottle, exhibited in a parlour window. It was interesting, for of course one naturally formed conjectures as to the way by which it had been introduced into the bottle. Undoubtedly, the bottom of the receptacle had first been removed, and sealed again after the insertion of the



NO 2.—A SHELL AQUARIUM.

the difficulty is to encounter them. One cannot walk through the whole network of streets, even in the Metropolis, on the chance of espying a curiosity, for such a course would entail years of labour. I have made extensive search and inquiries, however, and from among the novelties which



NO. 3.—AN INGENIOUS COMBINATION.

engine. No. 1 shows its appearance as accurately as I can remember it.

The second on my list is a drawing of what I believe to be a unique kind of aquarium, and one which possesses a great degree of attractiveness. It is a large imitation scallop shell, from the centre of which springs a fountain-jet that falls over the gold and silver fish swimming within it.

A really clever and extremely peculiar idea is embodied in the article portrayed in sketch No. 3. It also possesses the merit of being a pretty arrangement. As will be seen by a reference to the picture, it consists, broadly speaking, of an oblong aquarium surmounting one birdcage, and capped by another. The birds have a free passage through the aquarium from the bottom to the upper inclosure, and appear to be flying in the water among the fish.

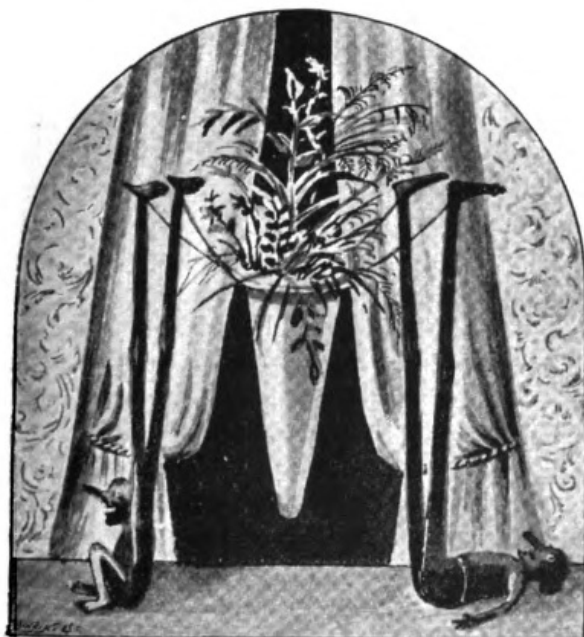
This delusive arrangement, however, is easily explained. Where the cage passes through the aquarium, glass is substituted for wire, with the result that the water is held back, and a clear space maintained for the birds to fly up and down the cage.



NO. 4.
A UNIQUE
ATTRACTION.



NO. 5.—A WARLIKE TROPHY.



NO. 6.—A RATHER FUNNY SHOW.

The object depicted in No. 4 has some novel features in its construction. In formation it is a marble pillar supporting a lily-shaped dish, from either side of which issues a rose-capped pipe. A large and brilliant butterfly is suspended by a fine wire over an artificial fish, and, as the jets of water springing from the pipes coalesce and fall in a sheet over the fish, their

impact causes the latter to oscillate and sparkle in the light, whilst, simultaneously, the delicately-balanced butterfly is jerked spasmodically about.

As I anticipated when I set about the preparation of this article, the majority of parlour window attractions take the form of vases for holding plants and grasses. Not content, however, with a mere show of growing or dried plants and flowers, many people adopt the plan of exhibiting them in very curious receptacles.

One of the most charming of these ideas, according to my way of thinking, is shown

in drawing No. 5. The vase consists of a mediæval helmet, supported by portions of three ancient patterns of weapons of warfare, which serve as cross-legs. Of a similar character to this ornament is a display embrac-

No. 7. A china clown, pantaloon, and fairy support a huge plum-pudding, which serves as a receptacle for a dwarf palm.

In the peculiarly gruesome "vase" shown in No. 8, we have the two extremes of nature



NO. 7.
A PLUM-PUDDING VASE.

ing a fireman's helmet as a vase, and three hatchets as supports, but as there is not enough diversity between this flower-stand and the one illustrated, I refrain from giving a drawing of it.

It is a jump from the sublime to the ridiculous to gaze on No. 6 after looking at No. 5. The "vase" in this case assumes the character of a clown's hat, upheld by cords supported by two exceedingly quaint figures. The arms of the curious gentleman who squats on his haunches extend to an abnormal length, whilst a similarly characteristic absurdity is noticeable in the case of the legs of the fellow who lies on his back.

Of a more pleasing type, and rather pretty in its design, is the article shown in drawing



NO. 8.
A GRUESOME GARNISHMENT.

thing which would cheer the spirits of a crestfallen man who might chance to look upon its bright smile!

Those whose occupation necessitates much walking among the bye-streets of our towns must be aware that a comparatively common sight outside parlour and upper windows is a

—decay, as represented by the skull; and life, as indicated in the growing plants, which flourish in the embrasures of the skull.

No. 9 claims attention by reason of its quaintness. It illustrates a hanging vase consisting of a grinning head, the ears and nose of which extend upwards to undue lengths and act as supporting connections. It is a decidedly novel affair, and is the sort of

NO. 9.
YE GRINNYNGE FACE.

flower-box constructed to represent a miniature garden gate and fence. There are variations of this pattern, but No. 10 will convey an idea of its appearance.

There seems to be no limit to the number of strange clocks. One which my numerous inquiries have brought me into contact with is quite novel. It is, moreover, very simply constructed. An illustration of it appears as a tailpiece to this series. The dial, which is a clear glass plate, revolves, whilst the one solitary hand is a fixture. You are supposed to base your opinion of the time of day upon the proximity of the point of the hand to the hour-figure slowly proceeding towards it or slowly receding from it, as the case may be.

To all appearances the clock is controlled by a fine stream of water playing on the side of the central rod, but in reality its mode of

working is far different. The friend who supplied me with particulars stated that at the back of the bottom vase is a door giving access to the works of an ordinary clock, from which the minute-hand has been removed. Round the spindle of the hour hand is wound a strong, fine thread, which proceeds up the neck of the vase, and through a thin glass pipe (meant to represent a stream of water), and then round the central

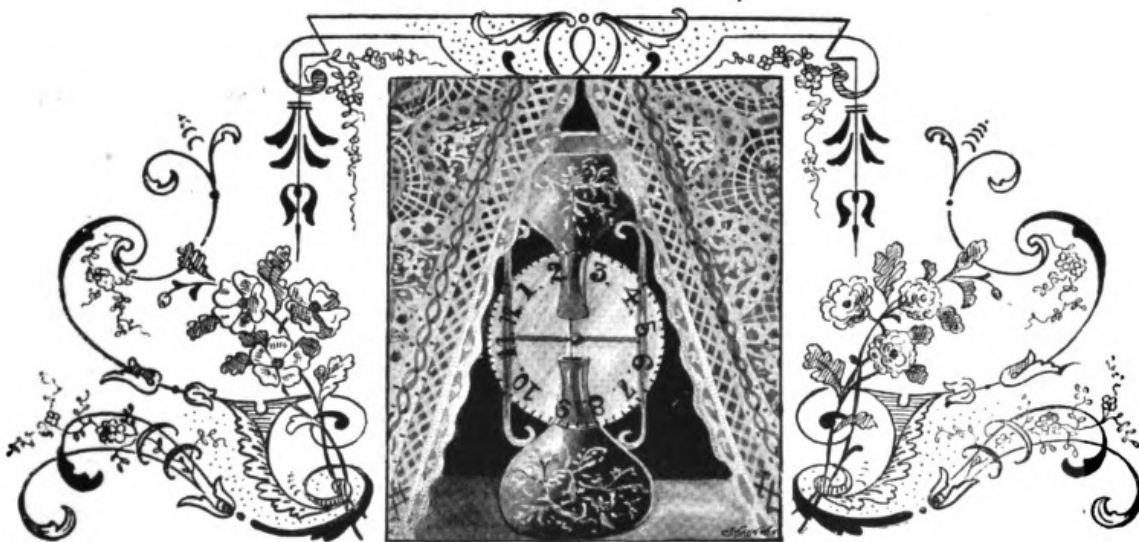
spindle of the glass dial, in such a way as not to reveal its purpose.

When the interior clock is wound up, its hour spindle revolves and winds the thread round it, with the natural result that the glass dial revolves once in every twelve hours.

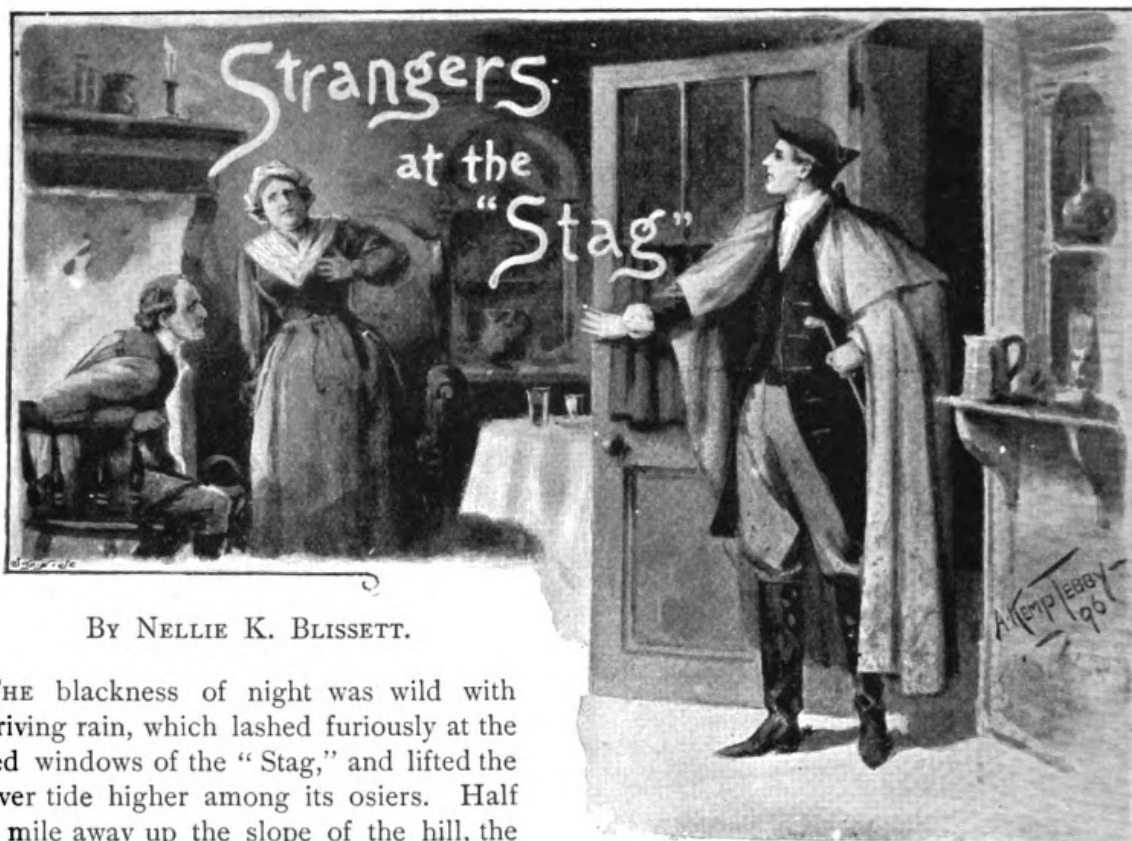
People unaware of these details, imagine that water runs from the upper vase into the lower one, until the latter is full, and that then the whole apparatus is inverted.



NO. 10.—AN ORDINARY AFFAIR.



NO. 11.—A CURIOUS CLOCK.



BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

THE blackness of night was wild with driving rain, which lashed furiously at the red windows of the "Stag," and lifted the river tide higher among its osiers. Half a mile away up the slope of the hill, the lights of a shepherd's hut flickered through the wet, with damp, uncertain fires. The Inn was fast closed—door and window—for no passenger would be abroad on such a night. On one side of the hearth, the landlord dozed in his big chair; opposite him, his wife slept openly in hers. The servants had been sent to bed, for the old clock in the corner ticked slowly towards midnight.

As they sat thus, the fire between them glowing down to warm embers, the sound of a horse's hoofs beat rapidly along the soaking road. It splashed through shining puddles beneath the elms in the lane, and grew louder on the gravel near the house. Finally it ceased under the great swinging sign by the door, and then came a shaking of bridle-reins, and a hammering upon the bolted oak.

The landlord, waking suddenly, sat up and listened; his wife fell out of her chair and screamed. Then old Joe, the ostler, who chanced to be in the bar, left his post of vantage and unbarred the door. A gust of rainy air came in as it opened, making the kitchen lights swerve and flicker.

There was a confused sound of voices, one masterful, the other asthmatic, and neither too well pleased; and then Joe went off with

the stranger's horse, and its owner came through the darkened passage into the warmth and brightness of the kitchen.

He was a tall, powerful man, with hard features, and eyes that would not look frankly before him. He was muffled in a dripping cloak, and his long riding boots were splashed to the knees with mud. The landlord of the "Stag" welcomed him with some astonishment, and not a little fear, for his like had not stopped at that inn before.

He flung himself into a chair, stretched his feet to the fire, and so sat, wrapped in moody silence, while his host and the plump and placid landlady fried bacon, and spread the table in curious haste. Not a word did he speak until told that his supper was ready, and then he drew his chair up and fell on the steaming dish with a will. He ordered spiced ale, and drank it hot, and the bacon was fast dwindling, when the kitchen door opened again and a second stranger entered, this time silently, and almost sadly. The new-comer was a boy of about eighteen, long and thin, with a colourless face and pale blue eyes. He was dressed all in black, and the landlord noticed that here and there on his

wet coat was a green stain as of water-weed. He took off his three-cornered hat and hung it behind the door, and they saw a dark patch on his fair hair just above the ear, which showed as he sat down in the light. He looked at the stranger, who laid down his knife and fork quickly, with a whiteness on his dark face.

"How did you get here?" he asked, and the landlord thought his voice trembled.

The boy smiled, looking at him with wide, vacant eyes.

"It is wet down there," he answered, with a jerk of his head towards the valley where the river ran black through the heart of the marsh—"wet—and cold. I am very cold."

He stretched out his hand, and laid it on the other's wrist for a second. His companion drew away quickly, with a shudder.

"Warm yourself, for Heaven's sake," he said harshly.

The boy glanced at the hearth.

"That fire won't warm me, Everard," he replied.

"Then drink this."

He pushed a steaming tankard across the table, but the boy only shook his head. The man he had called Everard was watching him with furtive eyes.

"You'll have something to eat?"

"No," and he waived the dish aside with pale, bony fingers. "No. There's nothing to eat down there, Everard."

Everard said nothing, but the landlord interposed:

"There's plenty of fish in the river, sir, if that's where you're from—fine fish, too."

The boy laughed; his laughter sounded curiously mirthless.

"You are right: there are plenty of fish—strange fish too. Aren't there, Everard? Why don't you eat your supper? You've ordered a room?"

"That he has," put in the landlord, cheerfully. "It'll be ready by now. You're tired, sir?"

The boy passed his hand across his forehead, and rose from the table.

"I'm very tired. Come, Everard."

He took the candlestick, and passed from the kitchen, the elder man following him like

one in a dream. They went up the narrow stairs to the best bedroom of the "Stag," where a fire, hastily lighted, was etching bars of red and black upon the walls. The boy put the candlestick upon the mantelpiece, and, going back to the door, locked it, while Everard watched him, with a growing horror in his eyes.

Then the black figure came and stood before him. The white face, with its blue, staring eyes, confronted him coldly. The firelight shone on the mark which barred the fair head; the water—was it only rain?—dripped from the boy's clothes upon the floor, and the marsh-weed upon them showed a dreadful slimy green.

For a moment the two stood opposite each other in silence.

The rain stopped dully against the window, and a muffled roar rose from the swollen river beneath. It sounded like the footsteps of an avenging fate coming steadily nearer in the darkness, shrouded by the icy driving of the rain.

The boy held out his hands.

"Everard! Everard!" he said, with a strange sob in his voice, "did I ever hold back from you anything that was mine? Did I ever distrust you or reproach you, when what was once mine was lost to me? Did I ever ask any account at your hands? For your own ends you have ruined me, body and soul, and now it has come to this!"

The man in the cloak shrank away from him, and hung his head; but he could not shut out from his sight those wide, sad eyes, and the thin hands stretched towards him across the hearth. And the sound of the river rose and overflowed his silence like a distant accusation.

"You shared my purse," the boy went on, "You shared my pleasures, and you drew me on to share your crimes. When the money was gone, it was for you that I forged, and lied, and stole. It was you who drove me to the road—you who kept me there, and plunged me into bloodshed." He wrung his hands, and the firelight touched them with sudden red. "There's blood on my soul, Everard, and it's you who have laid it there!"

Again the man in the cloak shrank back

and averted his sullen eyes: and the voice went on, pathetically sweet and clear.

"And it's ended now, Everard, and you've murdered my body as well—drowned it in the cold river down there, as you drowned my soul in violence and crime—the dark waters go over me, and the weeds wash to and fro—. It's very cold down there, Everard—very cold—."

The man lifted his head with a great start, and looked at him with dilated eyes. There was an awful question in his face, and his heart thumped and stood still.

"But you're here—" he gasped—"you're alive—I didn't—"

The boy moved towards him.

"Yes, I'm here. But you struck hard, Everard, and the river is deep—very deep—and swift—and cold."

Nearer and nearer came the thin, black figure; Everard crouched against the wall, staring at it with dazed, fascinated eyes. The white face bent over him; the damp fingers clutched his in a grasp of ice; the room began to sway round in the firelight; and it seemed to him that the river roared in his ears and the green waters floated over him and choked him, and drenched him with the chill waters of death.



* * * * *

At nine o'clock on the next morning a farmer came galloping up the hill, and into the inn yard. His round face was white, and he stumbled as he sprang from his horse, and called for the landlord of the "Stag."

That worthy came out with a cloth in his hand, and apprehension in his mind.

"Any strangers at the inn?" the farmer inquired.

"Two. They came last night."

"One a tall man with—?"

"With a face I don't like, to speak freely to a friend, Farmer."

"Black hair, black eyes, and a white scar on his chin?"

"The same."

"That's right. Why, man, it's Dick Everard, the highwayman. He's murdered a boy down to the village; my shepherd found him washed up on the riverbank."

"There's a boy—"

But the sturdy farmer had rushed upstairs, and was already pounding at the bedroom door.

There was no answer to his summons, and he lifted his fists and sent the door flying into the room in splinters.

At first it seemed to be empty, and then they caught sight of a dark figure lying crouched up against the wall. It was Everard—dead—with a green tangle of water-weeds at his throat.

The two men stood and stared for a moment; then the landlord glanced round the room.

"Why, where's the boy?"

"What boy?"

"A tall lad in black, with a hatchet face, and pale blue eyes—why! Farmer! what have I said?"

"My shepherd found him drowned, at twelve o'clock last night!"

"Good Lord, Farmer! It was at twelve o'clock they came!"

"There was no boy with him—he was drowned dead by then."

The landlord shuddered.

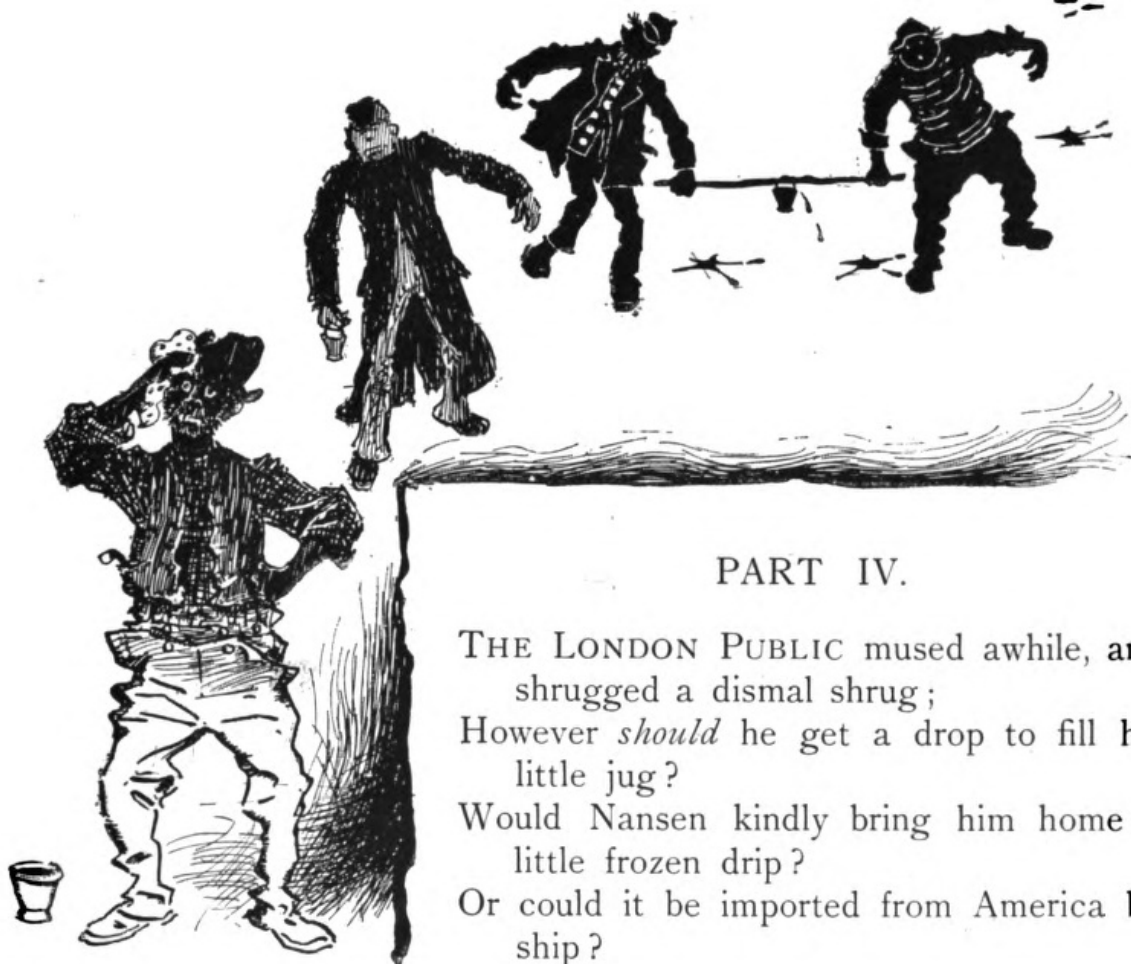
"Alive or dead, the lad was here with him. Yes, and I noticed that there was marsh-weed on his coat."

Then they looked at each other, and at the dead man at their feet, and went silently out of the room.

* * * * *

But sometimes a horse still rattles, on wet nights, over the flying stones of the hill, and stops before the great farm-house, which stands in the place of the inn. It is no earthly steed, and no human rider guides it to the door.

And when it is heard, those within, draw closer to the fire, and tell, in lowered tones, of that stormy night a hundred years ago, and of the two strangers who took refuge at the "Stag."



PART IV.

THE LONDON PUBLIC mused awhile, and
 shrugged a dismal shrug;
 However *should* he get a drop to fill his
 little jug?
 Would Nansen kindly bring him home a
 little frozen drip?
 Or could it be imported from America by
 ship?

"I'll solve it," said the faithful Board, "by getting it from Wales;
 I *might* induce the Unemployed to carry it in pails;
 They'd condescend to do it for a fiver each per day——"
 But when he met the Public eye he wisely crept away!

And then the cheerful German came, escorted by his band,
And kindly offered water from the teeming Fatherland;
He said he'd do it cheaper than the parties hereabout—
Which doesn't seem astounding, if you only think it out.



He sent it from the Fatherland—a sea of it, in fact—
All labelled "Made in London" (in compliance with the Act),
The PUBLIC tried to wash in it, but prudently forbore;
It made him twenty-seven times as dirty as before.

And then another Company—the pigeon-hole type—
Proposed to carry water from Sahara in a pipe;
But shortly its directorate, by meeting unawares,
"Were sadly forced to reconstruct"—and confiscate the shares.



The Public pondered for a time; and then a passer-by
 Observed an inspiration-flash illumine his haggard eye.
 With all his visage lighted up by strange prophetic fire,
 He murmured: "Why, confound the thing! I see what I require!"

"No end of Public Boards and things I've had from time to time;
 They've represented Party Spite—and Jobbery—and Crime—
 Adulteration—Tyranny of large or small degree;
 I've never yet elected one that represented ME!"



"I've had unnumbered Boards composed of Smith, and Jones, and Brown ,
 (And zealous Boards they've ever been as any in the town)—
 The work they gaily undertook was all connected with
 The individual interests of Jones, and Brown, and Smith.

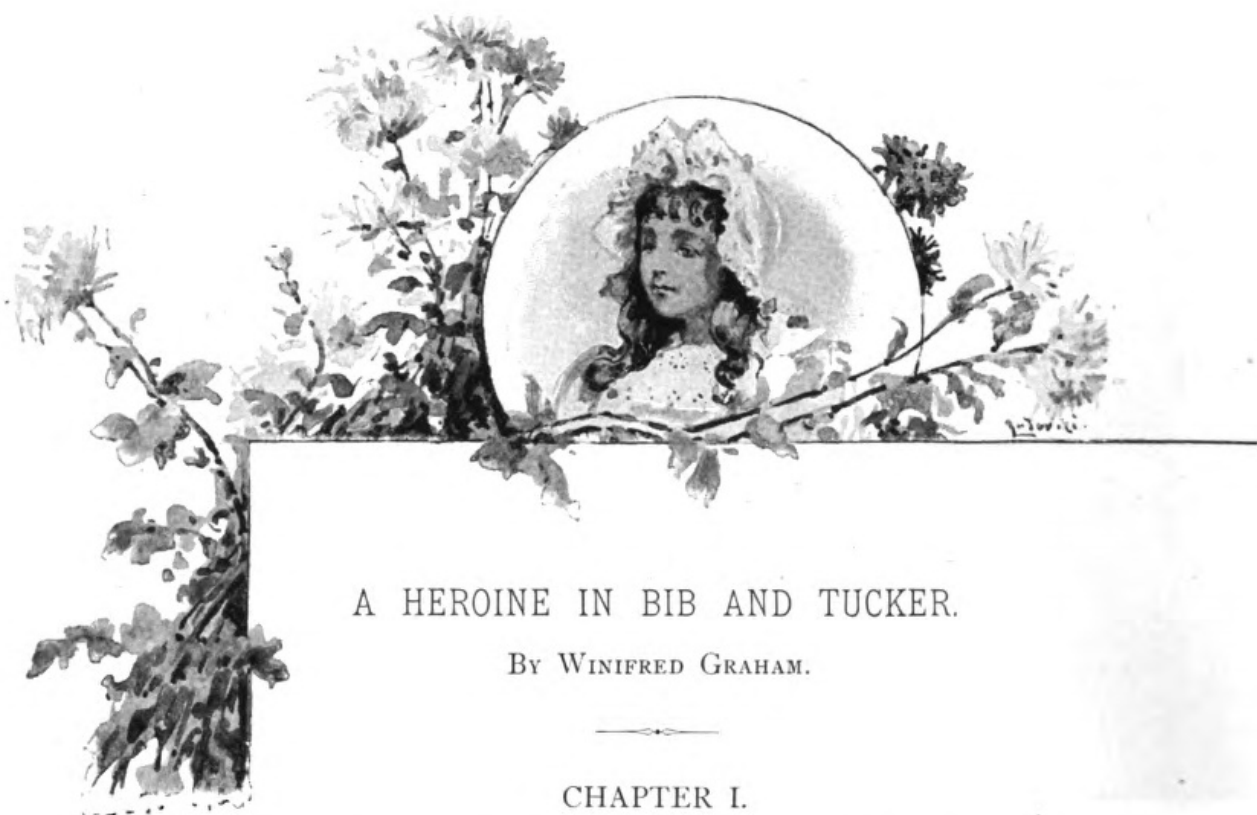
"It must have been an oversight; it wasn't by design;
 I never had a single Board that represented MINE!
 I'll just proceed to go and hang the whole confounded hordes,
 The L.C.C., the B. of T., the Commons, and the Lords.



"I'll see about this Board at once. I fancy, on the whole, I'd better take a patent out before I tell a soul. Of all the plans I've ever had it surely is the best—A Board that really represents the PUBLIC INTEREST!"

He's working out the novel Board—he only needs provide The necessary members, and the thing is cut and dried. Some absolutely honest souls required to fill the ranks. Does anybody volunteer? Eh—Ev'rybody? Thanks!

THE END.



A HEROINE IN BIB AND TUCKER.

BY WINIFRED GRAHAM.

CHAPTER I.

"IT'S somethink cruel to my mind," said Sarah the housemaid, "the way Missus uses that poor child—never noticing of her except to find fault, and treating her more like an idjit than a sane little body of nine! But there! you can't put the blessed love of motherhood into a heart of stone."

She shook her head from side to side, till nurse, who was warming her hands over the fire, began to think she would shake it off.

"Your cap puts me all of a fidget, Mary," she declared, "when it waggles."

Mary glanced round the nursery, remarking on the lack of toys.

"There ain't much for 'er to play with, either," she continued, nodding towards the dimly-lighted room in which the child was sleeping. "The fact is, I've heard say that Mrs. Stebbing was just mad at not having a boy—she would hardly look at the girl."

"You'd think in nine years she ought to be gettin' over the disappointment. Anyway, we shall see."

"I don't know what will become of that poor child when you goes," continued Sarah dolefully. "I'll try and keep a heye on her; but what with a new nurse and a new— Did any one call?"

"No!"—rising, and listening at the door of the night nursery—"she is fast asleep."

"Dear little lamb, it is 'ard for a child not to be loved, very 'ard."

"There is more in 'er than what anyone thinks for. You mark my words, she'll make 'er way in the world as sure as my name is Eliza Pocket. Yet really, nurse, without joking, I do believe them 'cartless parents think as she's a bit balmy on the crumplet."

As they talked, the child in the next room lay with her head over the edge of the bolster, her ear straining to catch their murmured conversation, and on the alert to feign sleep.

At last she sat upright, clasping her small hands over her knees, with a strangely old expression on her features. She stared at the shadows blankly, and shivered—a frail specimen of childhood, torn by the miseries of life at the early age of nine.

"What did it mean—all they were saying in the next room?" Her red hair, curly and thick, clustered round her face; she pressed her sharp little chin upon her knuckles, doubling herself up in a sitting posture.

Nurse was going—nurse, the only person who had ever been kind to little Beatrice—

and then she would be left to the tender mercies of a stranger—and her mother!

The thought appalled her, for she was terribly sensitive over slights, though in her life they were many.



A white clad figure stood between them.

"Yes," Sarah's voice continued, "this ain't what I call a happy home, not for servants nor child, though I'm not one to murmur. Oh!"—springing to her feet—"I thought it was a ghost!"

A white clad figure stood between them, a cold little hand was laid on the arm of Sarah's chair.

"It's true," cried the child, in a voice that no longer sounded young in tone, so strangled was it with sharp pain.

"Oh! Miss Bee, you naughty girl," said nurse lovingly, gathering the small form in her arms, and holding the pink toes to the fire. "What are you doing out of bed?"

Beatrice buried her face on the woman's shoulder, and sobbed aloud.

"You're go-o-ing away!"

"No, no," murmured nurse uneasily.

"No, no!" echoed Sarah, taking up the cue, "nurse won't ever leave you, ducky."

"It is wicked to tell stories," Beatrice declared, "you *said* it,—and—and——"

She could not finish her sentence for choking over the words.

"There, there; I'll come back anyway soon," kissing away the child's tears.

She carried her back to bed, tucked her up, and waited beside her till she fell asleep.

When Beatrice woke again it was dark, the house still; she lay for a while staring at a chink of light by the window.

Suddenly the sound of running feet on the passage below startled the sleeping household, a pealing of bells, and her father's voice speaking to the servants.

Beatrice sprang from her bed, and running to the banisters peeped over.

The lady in the grey dress, with the white collars and cuffs, that had lately come to the house, looked out of her mother's room and whispered something.

"Mother is ill," thought Beatrice, creeping back through

the dark. "I hope she will die!"

* * * * *

The following morning when nurse came to call Bee, she told her she had a little brother.

* * * * *

Beatrice gazed wonderingly on the queer pink thing that would some day be a man, lying in its white berceauette, doubling two tiny fists ferociously, and making grotesque grimaces.

"Isn't he lovely?" she said to the new nurse.

The woman took no notice of the remark, she was stitching prosaically.

"I don't like you nearly so much as Eliza," continued the child in the same grave tones. "Her name was Miss Pocket, you know, and she was not half as ugly as you."

"You're a very rude little girl!" cried the new nurse, "and you shan't speak another word the whole afternoon, to teach you manners. Now mind, if I hear a sound I will tell your mamma."

Thus relegated to silence, little Beatrice crept to the window, and flattened her face against the pane. It was raining outside, a steady, uninteresting downpour. How cold and bleak the sky looked, grey, leaden, cloud garbed.

A feeble bluebottle, which had survived the cold, crept like a remnant of dead summer on the glass.

"It must be very hungry," thought Beatrice, "to be so weak." She saw a small piece of bread lying on a side table.

Noiselessly securing a round soft ball of dough, she placed it by the bluebottle. Yes, surely the fly was eating it, clinging in starving anguish to the proffered food.

Then, as though too weak for the exertion, the dying fly fell to the ground, struggling on its back at Bee's feet.

"Poor thing," she whispered softly, bending down. "Do you want to be killed?"

The fly struggled on to its feet and crawled nearer the little outstretched hand.

Then Beatrice saw that one of its wings was broken.

"You can't want to live," murmured the

child, "in this nasty, cold, miserable world. You have nothing to eat, and no one to care for you. You are in pain. Shall I end your suffering?" It had reached the tip of her nail, and so intently was she watching its movements, she did not perceive the new nurse turn and eye her severely. "I don't like doing it—I

don't like killing you; but it would be so kind!"

For a moment there was a struggle in the child's breast, while something very like a tear glistened in the corner of her eye. Then the resolution was made. She seized the bluebottle between her finger and thumb, and crushed it to death!

"Oh! you nasty little demon," cried the nurse, starting up and shaking her crossly. "Have you nothing better to do than kill flies? You are a naughty, cruel girl—and you have dirtied your fingers. Go and wash them at once. You shan't talk after tea now—not till six o'clock."

But Beatrice smiled, in her odd, unchildish, enigmatical way. What

did the punishment matter? She had saved the fly!

CHAPTER II.

"If you're not a good girl, I'll tell some big goblins to come, and they will cut you up in pieces and carry you away in a basket," said the strident voice of the new nurse.

"No, they won't," replied Beatrice, with a wise little shake of her head.



Yes, surely the fly was eating it.

"Why not, indeed, Miss Impudence?"

"I wouldn't go. I'd kill them, I'd kick them, I'd pick out their eyes with brooches!"

Bee stamped her foot as she spoke, and breathed hard. She looked a perfect little fury standing in the firelight.

"Stay and mind baby, then, while I go downstairs with his bottle, and if you move away from him I will give you what for when I come up. There! stand at the foot of his cradle—so, and don't take your eyes off him."

Beatrice never seemed to tire of watching by her brother, and the nurse knew well it was safe to leave them alone under those conditions.

Baby opened his eyes wide and stared at Bee. She made a little cooing sound in her throat that brought a smile. She loved the tiny human body, resting under the blue curtains, and would hold his fingers for hours, laughing to feel their pressure.

"Everybody loves you, baby," she said, "*even* mamma!" her eyes expanding at this wonderful intelligence. "'Praps that's just 'cause you're little; 'praps she didn't mind me when I was only so big. When you are as old as I am, everybody scolds you, unless there is a Sarah in the house—and some little boys haven't any Sarah—and then it's *awful*. I've only just thought of that, baby, about its being so bad for you when you grows."

A look of intense pity steals over Bee's face.

"They'll punish you a lot, and make you do lessons with the governess. There are those sums, too, that never come right; you won't get any jam for tea on 'sum' days. She will make you play scales on cold mornings when your chilblains ache—well, like teeth, when the chemist pulls them out. Then when you're bigger still, they will send you to school—I am going to school soon. Schools are places where old women live, and bother all the children just like if you were at home, only sometimes it's worse. There are never any Sarahs there to kiss you good-bye; they don't have them, 'cause they are kind to the children, and then it isn't a school."

Baby puckered up his face and looked as if he were going to cry.

"Yes, it is bad for those big children, isn't

it, baby? Nurse says you grow so fast, just twice the pace of most babies, so you will be old quicker. Then mother won't love you any more, and you'll be just as miserable as I am!"

Beatrice stopped speaking as the rustle of a silk gown sounded in the passage.

She recognised the tread instinctively; it always made her heart beat a little faster with fear.

She drew nearer to baby, as if to protect him from something, she knew not what.

A moment later and Mrs. Stebbing, tall and gaunt, swept towards the cot.

A look of pride softened her hard face as she bent over her infant son, without glancing at the girl. For some cause unknown, the baby broke into a prolonged wail, as his mother stooped to kiss him.

Bee thought that perhaps the prim peck which Mrs. Stebbing occasionally bestowed upon her, had chilled and frightened the drowsy child.

But the touch of Bee's soft warm fingers soothed his cry, and baby was silent again, as if induced to slumber by the caressing pats of that small hand.

"What are you doing?" asked Mrs. Stebbing.

"Minding baby while nurse is downstairs," replied Beatrice meekly.

As she looked from the tiny features on the pillow to her mother's bullet eyes, she realised for the first time what it would mean parting from baby, and going to school. "He will have no one to watch over him then, when nurse is out of the room. Perhaps he will die, or be very ill, and need her help, her protection!" she thought. She advanced timidly towards her mother, the tears standing in her eyes, and a sob choking her speech.

"If you please," she began, "I don't want to go to school."

"*Indeed!*" exclaimed Mrs. Stebbing, placing a pince-nez on her high bridged nose, and looking down on Beatrice disapprovingly. "And is it for you to say what you like or dislike?"

"It is baby, you see," faltered the child. "I *can't* leave him, he wants me. Oh! don't send me away!"

The tears now coursed down her cheeks, but she brushed them aside with her knuckles.

"You are a very untruthful child," said Mrs. Stebbing, "trying to make believe that baby is your reason for shirking the studies at school."

"But he is, he is!" declared Beatrice, passionately, clutching with sudden boldness at her mother's dress, as she moved towards the door. "I love baby, and baby loves me. We want to be together, 'cause there's lots of things might happen if I left him. What's the good of me if I go away and don't look after him?"

Mrs. Stebbing was amazed at the child's persistency. She was not accustomed to be argued with.

She pulled her dress aside from Bee's detaining clasp, speechless with astonishment. Then she answered acidly:

"It is very rude of little girls to dispute with their elders. All arrangements have been made for you to go to Miss Seager's Boarding School at Streatham, and it is to be hoped you will learn manners there, and behave better than you do at home."

To her surprise, Beatrice did not take these words as final, but, flinging herself on her knees, continued to plead for a brief respite.

"Let me wait just a wee bit longer," she cried, clasping her hands; "only a little while, till baby grows big enough to come too. He'll be all right with me. I'll fight for him ever so if the other children tease, and keep him warm, and good, and comfy."

Mrs. Stebbing laughed in the cold, freezing manner that was worse to Beatrice's sensibilities than a blow. It seemed to stun her.

"Don't make yourself so utterly ridiculous, Beatrice. Get up off the floor at once; you are tumbling your clean frock, and behaving very naughtily. If I hear any more of this nonsense from you I shall send you straight to bed."

The child rose slowly, stood in the centre of the room, and stared at her mother silently in a manner that made Mrs. Stebbing feel at a disadvantage. Those green eyes of Beatrice were strangely penetrating for one so young.

"Now mind what I say—not another word," continued the gaunt woman, almost wishing that Bee would speak in spite of the command.

She walked haughtily from the room, still followed by the mute appeal of her child's glance.

As the door closed, Beatrice beat her clenched fists on her small forehead, and rushed up and down the nursery like a creature possessed.

"What *will* become of him, what will happen to poor baby?" she cried. "Oh, I can't go, I can't, I can't!"

For the thought of the men that were to come for her and Sarah, and which she had feigned to disbelieve, crept back into her heart with lurking terror.

What if nurse should be right, and while she was safely in the school at Streatham, baby was cut up in pieces, and sacrificed to those horrible goblins?

When the new nurse returned, and Beatrice saw her quietly seated on guard by the sleeping child, she slipped noiselessly away, and went in search of Sarah.

She met her on the back staircase.

"Sarah, do you love me?"

"To be sure, Miss Beatrice; who could 'elp it, with them pretty little ways?"

"Do you love baby too?"

"Yes, bless 'is 'eart!"

"Then I want you to help me, and him. He would like you to ask mother to keep me at home. I've asked, and it is no good, but if *you* were to, 'praps she might change her mind. Oh, Sarah, do, for baby's sake!"

Sarah looked amused at the strange request.

"Me!" she gasped, open mouthed. "Oh Lor!"

Then she burst into a spasm of hilarious mirth, while Beatrice felt her last hope shiver and die.

She turned away to hide her disappointment, pressing her hand to her heart under her brown holland pinafore.

"I think," she whispered to herself, "it's broke."

CHAPTER III.

MRS. STEBBING had not been feeling in the best of health, and was reclining on the sofa in her boudoir when her cousin Edith Bartlett, accompanied by a gentleman friend, drove over to call.

"I did so want to see the dear baby," explained Edith, "and I was sure you wouldn't mind my bringing Mr. Compton, too. May I take him up to the nursery, Clara? It would be such fun. We'll go and astonish 'the treasure.' Don't you come, dear; you must be so tired of showing it off—I beg its pardon, I mean 'him.'"

"I never weary of worshipping the sweet mite," murmured Mrs. Stebbing, "but perhaps I had better stay here. Nurse objects to a crowd in the nursery; it upsets her equanimity."

"Come along, Mr. Compton," said Edith gaily, and the young man followed her upstairs.

Bee ran out to greet them, and nurse, who was in one of her surliest moods, retired to the night nursery.

"Come and see my beauty," cried Beatrice, dragging Edith by the hand. "Isn't he fat and pink?"

"Yes, just like those little round worms you use for bait," said Mr. Compton.

"Don't be silly," answered Edith, laughing.

She bent down over Baby.

"Don't you love him, Bee?"

"Eversomuch," replied the child.

"I always think it is a dreadful thing to look at an infant," drawled Mr. Compton.

"Why?"

"It makes me soliloquise! Now only think, Miss Bartlett, of all the horrors in store for that poor little beggar. To begin with, he has got to die—he was only born for that—he has got to suffer, we *know*. Can any man escape? Some pretty woman will

probably break his heart at one-and-twenty, then he will go to the dogs for a bit, and enjoy himself. When he has enjoyed himself he will have run through his money. Then he will begin to work. Imagine the struggles, the disappointments, the heart burnings, the strife. Think of the sleepless nights and

long, weary, unsuccessful days. Hardly a soul living would willingly go back one year of his life to traverse it again, yet that helpless creature with a bottle, for no fault of his own, must drag through perhaps eighty or ninety of them. He will have an enemy—many enemies—and the woman he loves will be the worst

among them. A lion may tear him in South Africa, he may be buried at sea after a parching fever, or, worse still, slowly decay in a little village a victim to old age."

"Don't draw such dreadful pictures, Mr. Compton, it is very gruesome of you," Edith protested.

"We passed a child's funeral to-day, and I looked with envy on the little shell," he murmured. "But forgive me, Miss Bartlett, it is only one of the usual ruminations in which I indulge

when in the presence of infantile beauty."

Beatrice listened. The words, uttered, oh so carelessly, burnt like fire in her soul. The two visitors had forgotten the presence of the little girl, standing quiet as a mouse behind them.

At last they turned, and Edith kissed Bee's auburn curls, murmuring a word of envy for their rich colour.



"There are never any Sarahs there to kiss you good-bye."

"Artists will go mad over that child when she is a woman," said Mr. Compton. "The hair and the eyes are superb."

"I wonder if she will have a happy life?"

"No! That sort of mouth is born miserable. Its very smile is a tragedy. No one could be really peaceful with those lips and chin."

"Stay one moment," said Edith.

"I have heard you say you are a phrenologist. Can you tell the meaning of this extra large bump at the back of Baby's head?"

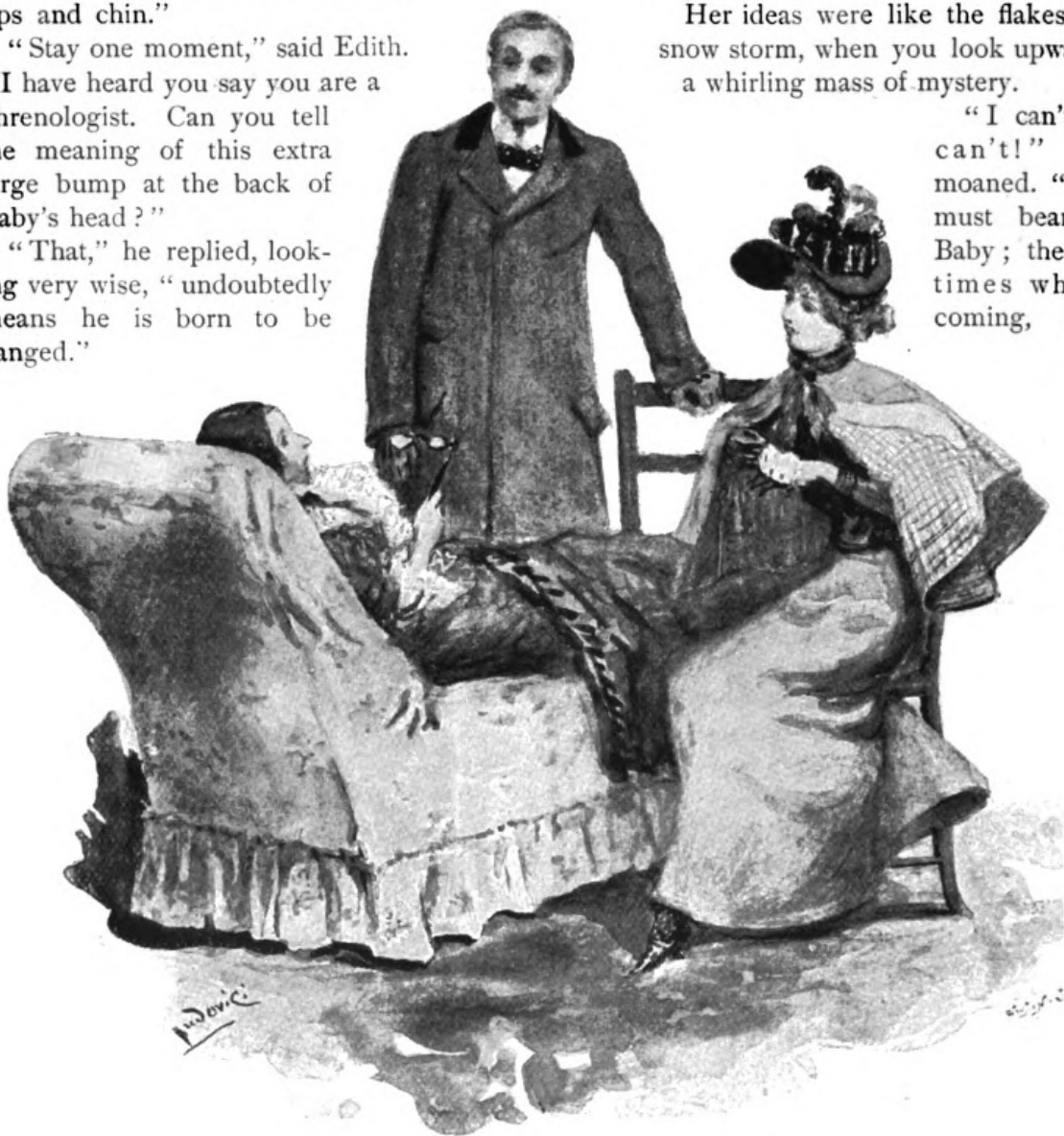
"That," he replied, looking very wise, "undoubtedly means he is born to be hanged."

How little he knew of the thorny paths, the rough ways. Why had he been born to suffer? Why *should* he suffer if she could prevent it?

The thought paralysed her small bewildered brain, while a hundred half-formed schemes rushed through it.

Her ideas were like the flakes in a snow storm, when you look upwards, a whirling mass of mystery.

"I can't! I can't!" she moaned. "You must bear it, Baby; the bad times what's coming, even



"I did so want to see the dear baby," explained Edith.

"Baby! Baby!" cried Beatrice, as their light chatter sounded down the stairs, "did you hear them, Baby? what they said."

She held her brother's tiny fingers in her trembling hands.

Her face might have been carved in stone, so strangely white was it.

Her eyes dilated as they rested on the peaceful features of the unconscious infant.

the ha—ha—hanging. It will be awful hard to die then, when you are a great big man. Thomas always drowns our kittens when they're small, 'cause they don't suffer—they don't mind—they don't know! But the old cats can't die for ever so long, and then it is cruel."

Nurse came rustling into the room, carrying an armful of clean white pinafores.

The infant moved in its cot and wailed.

"Why is baby crying?" asked Bee.

"He is cutting his first tooth, I reckon," replied nurse. "It is a bad time for babies; they fret and scream, and keep you awake most like all night. It goes hard with them when they are teething."

The simple words decided Beatrice—her own feelings should be laid low, sacrificed, trampled under—Baby should be her first care.

"I'll do it," she whispered, through the lace of his curtains, "before to-morrow, darling, and the bright angels——"

"Come and hold this box open," cried nurse in the next room.

But as Beatrice slowly obeyed her, she shook her head wisely, and a look of infinite love passed over her face, as she repeated slowly to herself:

"The bright angels!"

* * * * *

It was night, and Beatrice lay awake, still busily planning Baby's safety.

How should she do it?—how rescue him from the pain and sorrow, and give him up to the fair home she had heard was called "Heaven"? The kittens had been drowned in the tank in the yard. Thomas said they felt nothing, and it was better than letting them live to be starved.

Perhaps if she said a prayer it would come quite easily. Bee folded her hands, and whispered her evening hymn.

"I'll go now," she said.

But how could she get out of the house? All the shutters were bolted, and to-morrow she would be sent to school. If only it were possible to get into the garden, Baby should rest in the peaceful river which flowed at the end of the shrubbery. It was very deep. He would sink directly if she dropped him from the wall.

The slight figure, gowned in white, crept like a silent moonbeam through the passage.

Her bare feet made no sound on the thick stair-carpet as she slowly descended to the hall.

"What was that light in the dining-room?"

Beatrice stole behind a curtain and watched.

Three men with black masks over their faces came out and passed through the hall, one carrying a bag.

She watched them out of sight, marvelling at their silent tread, then peeped into the dining-room curiously.

Dinner knives were lying in confusion, used to wrench open locks, and a perfect show of rejected electro-plate.

But what was far more wonderful and fortunate, too, the shutter was torn open, and the cold night air rushed in upon Bee's quivering form. "How good the angels were to Baby; they had arranged it purposely so!"

Swiftly she fled upstairs, and passed breathlessly into the nursery.

"Don't cry, little brother," she whispered tenderly, "or we shall be lost."

The baby seemed to understand, or was it that her gentle arms never roused him from his midnight slumbers? She knew not, for it was dark, and she was afraid to touch his eyes.

"It is all right," she whispered, "they have opened the window for us, and they're dressed like men. I never thought angels were like *that*."

Staggering under her burden, yet fired by enthusiasm, she bore him below unheard, and clasping her treasure tighter to her heart, her lips pressed to his warm flesh, faced the bitter blast without.

"*Now*, Baby," she cried, running with her bare feet on the hard gravel, "now we can do it, darling. Now you shall go to God!"

How dark it was in the shrubbery, she stumbled every moment, and her resolve wavered as she reached the dark stream.

"It is hard to part, sweetest," she whispered, "but we must do that either way. They won't let me stay by you, Baby, or it might have been different."

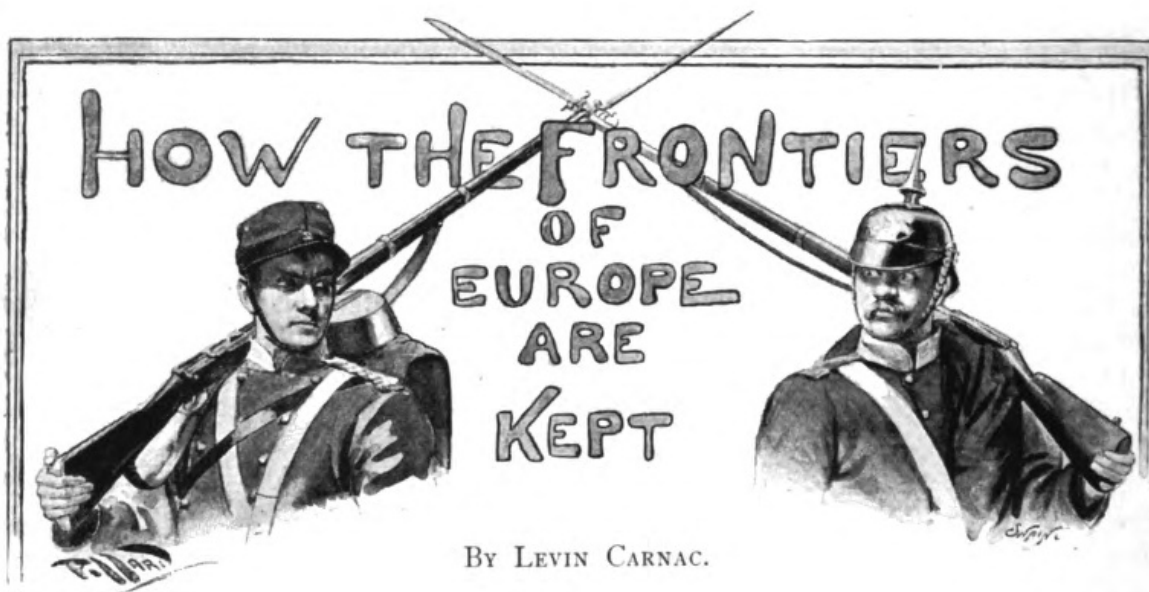
Here a fresh idea—one of infinite delight and glorious possibilities—broke in upon the child's intelligence.

"Why not go together?" she cried, quivering with sudden relief and joy. "I will carry you into heaven, Baby, in my own arms."

She gazed into the swollen river, a smile parting her lips, and she kissed her brother for the last time.

Then she sprang forward into the rushing tide, and girl and boy were swept together down the icy stream.

No cry, no sound, only the gurgling water, and the gates of paradise.



BY LEVIN CARNAC.

It is hardly necessary to say that the best possible frontier a country can have is that which forms the hitherto impregnable bulwark of our own Isle Inviolable, for the history of warfare has over and over again conclusively proved that a properly guarded sea-frontier is impassable to all enemies save those whose relative strength is overwhelmingly superior. Next to the sea, the best frontier that a nation can possess is a river, the bigger and broader the better, and next to that a range of high mountains with easily defended passes, or a desert constructed on a liberal scale.

Naturally the very worst is an arbitrary line drawn with either the pen of a treaty or the sword of war. Such a frontier as this is at once the most expensive to guard and the most liable to violation. Thus, for instance, not the least of the burdens imposed upon France by her defeat in the war of '71 was that laid on her by the absolute necessity of building, arming, and maintaining the chain of huge fortresses which guard the new frontier of her diminished borders from Belfort to Longwy. About a third of this is formed by the Vosges Mountains, but the rest

of the line is drawn through forests and along roads, across which the Teuton and the Gaul look at each other armed to the teeth, the former doubtless with not a little pride in the consciousness that the ground on which he does his sentry-go was once French, and the latter with looks of longing, probably not



A French officer was shot dead for refusing to stand.

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unmingled with thoughts of the ever hoped for *revanche*.

Where the line runs through forests, a broad belt is kept absolutely clear of trees and undergrowth, and along the centre of this a line of stones something like mile-stones is erected, marking the actual boundary. When the frontier is a road, sentries are stationed at all the crossways, and wooden posts, painted on the one side with the French colours, and on the other with the German, mark the exact touching-points of the two countries, and, in addition to these stations, all the main roads and lines of traffic are further guarded by the jealously-watched Custom Houses, one on each side of the frontier road.

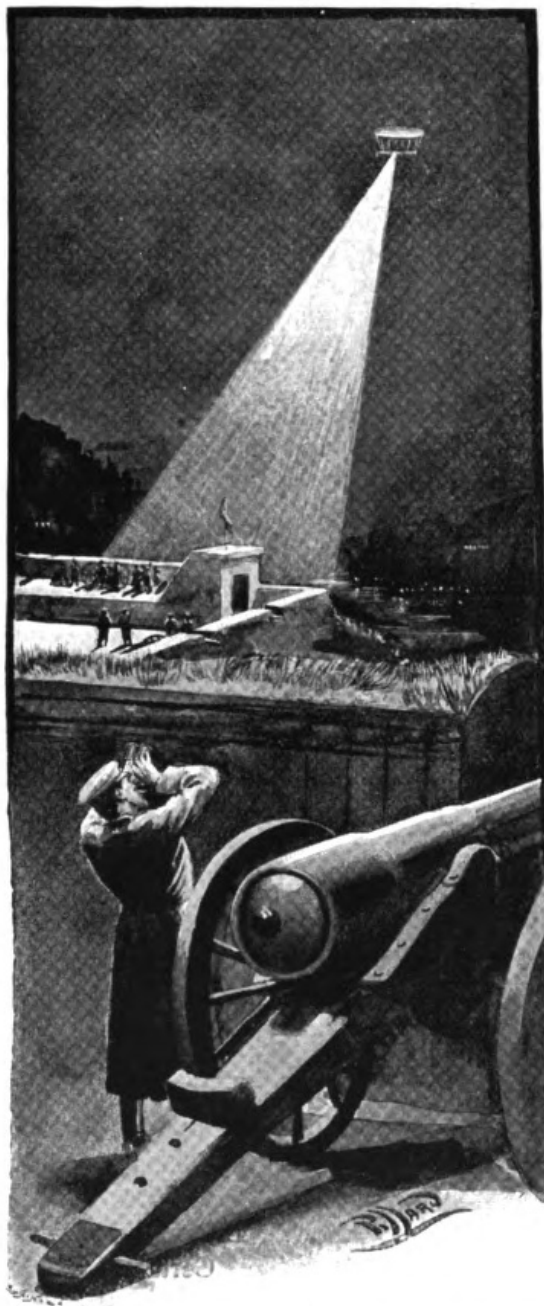
This is perhaps the most strictly-guarded frontier in the world, and next to it would come the lines along which Russia adjoins Germany and Austria. These are kept in practically the same fashion, with the exception that for very considerable distances they are formed by rivers, as for instance, the Pruth, from Galatz to Tsernowitz; the Vistula, from near Krasnik to Cracow; and the Prosna, from Peisern nearly to Tsenschow.

It is, of course, such frontiers as these that are the scenes of the ever-recurring "in-

cidents," some of which are important enough to make a breach of the European peace almost inevitable, and others too trivial to find their way into the newspapers. Thus, for instance, everyone will remember the Schäbele

affair, in which a French chief of police was literally kidnapped and dragged across the frontier by German spies dressed as peasants, and then arrested and carried off to duress in the fortress of Metz.

More recently than this, a French officer, while hunting deer, galloped across the frontier in the excitement of the chase, and was challenged by a German Grenzjäger, or frontier-guard, and shot dead for refusing to stand. Not very long ago on the Austro-Russian frontier, a body of Austrian cavalry out for exercise, quite inadvertently crossed the sacred line. In an instant the alarm was given, the Cossacks turned out and charged down upon the unconscious invaders, who, finding no dishonour in such a retreat, got back into their own territory as fast as their horses' legs would carry them, after

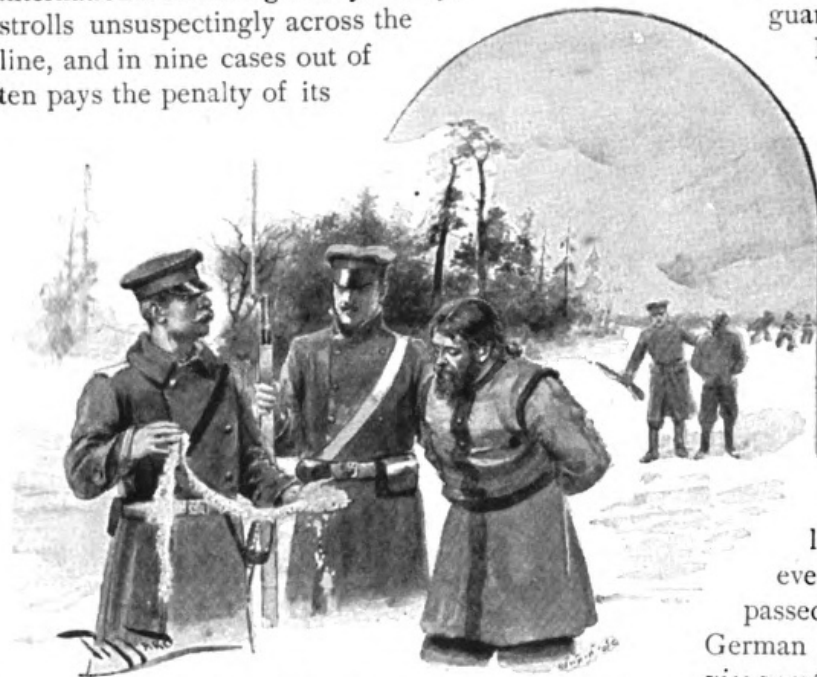


They threw powerful search-lights on the fortifications.

which apologies and compliments were exchanged across the frontier.

No much more cheerless and monotonous occupation falls to the lot even of the overworked, underpaid, and wretchedly clad and fed Russian soldier, than the task of guarding

the frontier line between Russia and Germany where it runs across the bleak plains of Masuria and Lithuania. A good deal of bad blood is aroused locally by the Russian frontier-guards' efforts to improve their miserable rations at the expense of the Prussian farmers, and midnight raids on farm-stock are of by no means infrequent occurrence. Sometimes, too, a Prussian goose, or hen, or pig, ignorant of international bickerings and jealousy, strolls unsuspectingly across the line, and in nine cases out of ten pays the penalty of its



The snowballs were a mixture of snow and valuable Brussels lace.

violation of the frontier with its life, and ends its days in the flesh-pots of the hungry Cossacks or moujiks.

During the Russian manoeuvres of 1892, the fact that frontiers do not extend up into the air was rather unpleasantly brought home to the Tsar and his generals by a very annoying way the Germans had of going up in balloons and taking stock of everything that the Russians did not want them to know. At night they took up powerful searchlights, which they threw on the fortifications, so that they could sketch them at their leisure, and over towns and into camps in a most exasperating fashion.

Whether this was a violation of frontier or not, the Russians took it as such, and blazed away at the balloons, without doing either them or their occupants the slightest harm. This is, perhaps, the only modern instance

on record of the soldiers of one nation deliberately firing on those of another in a time of perfect peace.

By far the most interesting frontier station in Europe, and certainly the most rigidly guarded, is that of Wirballen, on the line from Königsberg to St. Petersburg. The platform is divided in the middle by a high, strong, iron fence, and in this is a sliding gate which is drawn back when a train comes in.

On one side of it stand two German guards, and on the other two Russian, all with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. On the German side the standard gauge for the European railways ends and on the other the broad Russian gauge begins.

Once through the gate no passenger can return on any pretence without first having his passport viséd and obtaining official permission to enter or leave the Russian territory, and every article of luggage has to be passed through the grille from the German porters to the Russian, or *vice versa*, as the case may be, for none are allowed to go and come through,

and hence there are no such opportunities here for seemingly harmless diversions, such as were once found on the Lithuanian frontier by a party of German peasants. They started a snowballing match with some Russians on the other side, which came to an abrupt conclusion on the discovery by a sentry of the fact that the German snowballs were a mixture of snow and valuable Brussels lace.

Certainly the most curious frontier line in Europe is the one between Hanover and Holland on the lower Rhine. It is marked by a row of boats chained together and anchored to moorings in mid-stream. The theoretical line runs from stem to stern of the boats. The German halves are painted in the German colours and the Dutch halves in the Dutch colours.

There is one piece of frontier line which

is perpetually shifting, and that is up in the extreme north where Scandinavia and Russia come together. In consequence of the migratory habits of the Norwegian Laplanders, they are constantly giving Russia an excuse for making complaint of violation of territory against the Norwegian Government, and these usually resulted in disputes and commissions, out of which Russia generally managed to filch a few versts of rock and ice and snow by shifting her neighbour's landmark until the matter was taken up by England and one or two other Powers and the encroachments put a stop to.

In some cases, though not in many, land in Europe being too jealously sought after, frontiers are marked by a strip of neutral ground, or "no man's land." The two most notable instances of this species of demarcation are the low, sandy isthmus which unites Gibraltar with Spain, and the mountain tract between France and Italy, which is pierced by the Mont Cenis tunnel.

There are, of course, not a few places on the continent of Europe where several frontier lines intercept. Thus, for instance, there is a spot a few miles from Bâle, in Switzerland, where a person may, by taking as many strides, step into and out of three different

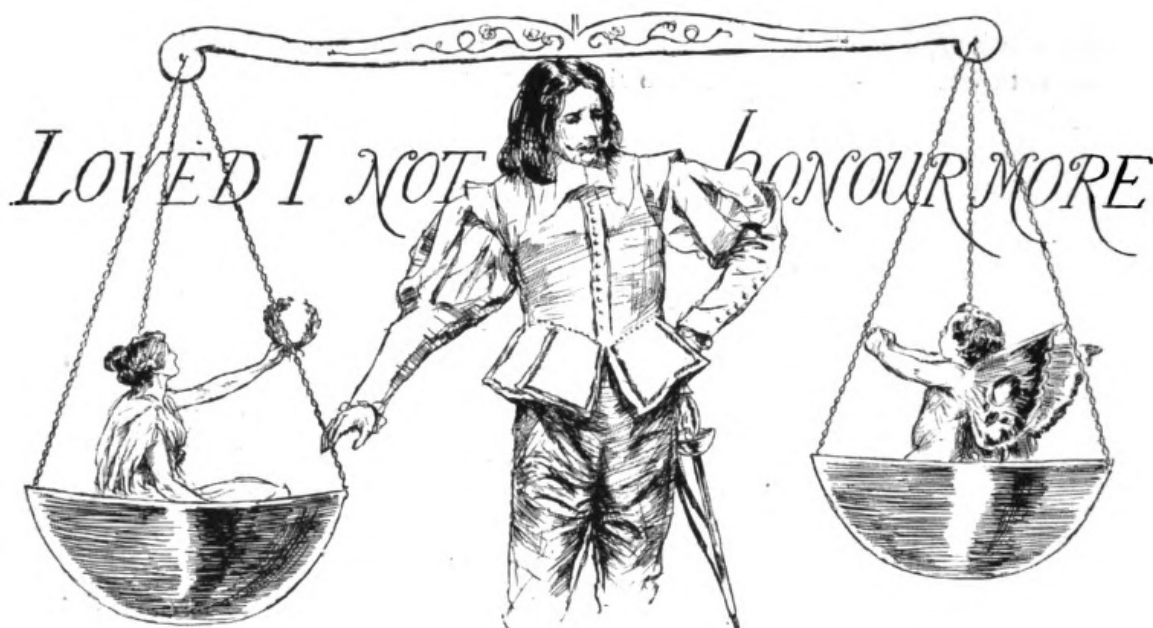
countries and states: Switzerland, the Duchy of Baden, and the Province of Alsace. In this connection it may not, perhaps, be amiss to point out the fact that Mont Blanc, which is nearly always spoken of as being in Switzerland, is really on the frontier line between France and Italy.

There is one spot on the frontiers of Europe, without some mention of which no article on the subject would be complete. In a forest clearing on the way from Ekaterinburg, in Russia, to Tiumen, in Siberia, there stands an obelisk built of brick. On the western face is carved the word "Europe," and on the eastern, "Asia." This is the famous "Pillar of Farewell," standing on the frontier, not of two countries, but of two Continents.

Probably no other structure in the world has been looked upon by so many tearful

eyes as this has been, for it is here that the unknown multitudes of the victims of Russian tyranny have looked their last before turning to face the dreary prison-land, from which so few return. It is more than a frontier mark: it is a monument at once famous and infamous to the most savage cruelty and the most innocent suffering that disgraces the modern world.





BY WALTER BESANT AND WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HAROLD ANQUETIL (<i>Dramatist. Owner of a ruined sugar estate in the island of Palmista</i>)	Aged 25.
DR. WALFORD (<i>General Practitioner</i>)	Aged 45.
MR. THOMAS VIGORS (<i>Financier</i>)	Aged 36.
EDITH ALGAR (<i>Harold Anquetil's fiancée, a nurse</i>)	Aged 22.
BOY MESSENGER.	

HAROLD is dressed in a brown velvet jacket, without waistcoat, silk scarf round waist, slippers. He is pale and weak. **EDITH** is dressed as a nurse, with long white apron. **DR. WALFORD** is in ordinary morning out-door dress. **MR. THOMAS VIGORS** wears a profusion of jewelry and a fur overcoat.

Scene. A poorly furnished room in a lodging-house on the second floor. An easy chair with pillow before the fire. A horse-hair sofa—a table with papers—a chiffonier with tea-pot and tea-cups upon it. A kettle on fire—an empty book-case. Two doors—a bedroom door and a door to the stairs. *Time—Afternoon.*

EDITH (*tidying the room*). My patient asleep at last, after his restless night. (*Opens door and looks in, leaving it open*). Yes, sleeping like an infant. He is certainly better, and so I shall soon have to tell him what I have done. Every single thing pawned: his clothes, his watch, his books—nothing left. What will he say when I do tell him? And—will it throw back his recovery? Or—will he indeed recover? It is a terrible thing to nurse your own lover. I would not trust him to strange hands—no—no—(*rises and walks about*); and yet—and yet—to sit by his bedside night and day—to watch the light of life flickering: to feel that any moment may extinguish it, and to keep all this pain and anxiety to oneself! If even now Harold should die! Harold! My Harold! Oh! no—no—no! And now there is no money, and I know not where to turn for more. Harold has no friends that I know of. Nobody can be more friendless than a colonist newly arrived in London. His estate produces nothing, I know. Not one single

friend has he in all London, except me. Well, he must go back to his native island again. The Doctor says that his one chance is a return to the warm air of the West Indies.

(*Sound of steps outside, as on a carpetless stair. Knock at door. Enter DOCTOR WALFORD.*)

DOCTOR. What a day! Snow and a black north-easter. How's your patient, nurse?

EDITH. He is asleep. He had a bad night. Now he has slept for five hours.

DOCTOR. Good. No return of fever? Good. (*Warms his hands at the fire.*) But, no doubt, still very weak?

EDITH. Yes.

DOCTOR. Well, you know what may happen. This cold weather is most unfortunate for him. Most unfortunate. With warm, dry weather he might recover strength. As it is—(*shrugs his shoulders—warms his hands by the fire*)—as it is—an interesting case.

EDITH. Yes: an interesting case.

DOCTOR. He is a man—to the medical student all men are interesting—and he has got a disease which ought to be driven out. Therefore he is doubly interesting.

EDITH. Ought to be driven out?

DOCTOR. But there is only one way. He must be sent back instantly to his native place, where there is no winter. (*Warming his hands—turns.*) Why—what on earth are you crying about? Nurses don't cry over their patients.

EDITH. No—no—but you don't know, Doctor Walford. I have never told you. Harold is more than my patient. He is—my—lover. I am engaged to him.

DOCTOR. Oh! I see. Yes. Oh! Yes—Yes. Ah!

EDITH. When he fell ill I could not leave him in strange hands. So I came—and you know the rest.

DOCTOR. You have nursed him night and day for six weeks. But for that he would have died.

EDITH. Oh! Doctor Walford—if he is to die after all!

DOCTOR. There is one chance for him. Take him on board ship and carry him back to the West Indian sunshine.

EDITH. Oh! If I could—if I could.

DOCTOR. May I, without impertinence, learn something of the position of affairs with our patient?

EDITH. His estates have become worthless. They produce nothing. He is a poet and a dramatist—as yet—without success. When I came, there was some money—a few pounds. That is all gone, and I do not know if he has any left.

DOCTOR. All gone?

EDITH. And to-morrow a week's rent due.

DOCTOR. I have observed (*warms hands at fire*)—we general practitioners do notice things—a gradual disappearance of various objects—eh? (*Turns and waves hand around.*) There was a watch and chain on the dressing-table, a dressing case, a portmanteau, great coats and things hanging behind the door, a case full of books. Where have those things gone?



"Yes, sleeping like an infant."

EDITH. They are pawned. I had to find money for the daily necessities.
 DOCTOR. There was another gold watch and chain—and a ring or two.
 EDITH. Mine are gone the same way. But that matters nothing—if only—(*sighs*).
 DOCTOR. My dear young lady, all this is very serious. Is there no one who will lend you—or him—the money?
 EDITH. No one. My own friends are in Australia. His are in his West Indian Island. There is no one to whom I can turn.
 DOCTOR. It is very—very serious. Let me look at you. What did you have for dinner to-day!

(*Harold opens bedroom door and stands listening.*)

EDITH. Some bread and butter. There is no money.
 DOCTOR. And yesterday?
 EDITH. Oh! what does it matter? Bread and butter.
 DOCTOR. Good Heavens! What are you going to do, then?
 EDITH. I don't know. Perhaps Harold can get at some money.
 DOCTOR. You don't know—you don't know! Are you going to starve then? Pretty sort of nurse you are. (*Grumbles and warms his hands.*) Well—about this rent. If it is paid to-morrow you will be undisturbed for a week. That will allow time for developments. (*Aside.* If he remains another week in this cold, with insufficient nourishment, a week will settle him.) (*Aloud.*) Observe, Miss Algar, the G.P.—the man with the Red Lamp—never has any money to spare. Else he wouldn't be a G.P. But he can sometimes help. Just now, I remember, rather luckily, that the landlady down below owes me a trifle for medical attendance. I will speak to her as I go out. It will be all right about the rent.

EDITH. Oh, Doctor Walford, but you cannot keep your patients as well as cure them.

DOCTOR. Well, well, we won't talk of that; but now I remember, there was a little hamper came up from the country this morning—birds, sausages, eggs—country produce in fact. They will be just the thing to tempt your patient.

EDITH. But, Doctor Walford, this is too generous. How can we take these things?

DOCTOR. Yes, yes—quite so. (*Warms his hand and talks into the fireplace.*) Ah! by the way, I've got in my cellar some port—in pints—just the thing for your patient. I'll send him some. Oh, I've got a great cellar full. Well, that's all—feed him up—feed him up. That's all. But remember—(*HAROLD is still listening at the open bedroom door*)—the only chance that remains for him—a good chance it is; I'm sure it would give him a complete recovery—is to put him on board at once, and pack him off to his native island, where there is sunshine all day long—the only chance, mind.

EDITH. Is there no hope—else?

DOCTOR. None. He may die in a day or two—or in a week—but in this cold air—die he must—

and die he will unless you take him to a warm climate. (*HAROLD, unseen, listens and nods his head.*) Give me my gloves. So—now I go out again on my tramp. Courage, Miss Algar, courage. He is young, and youth is life. Courage, courage! (*Exit.*)

HAROLD (*At door.*) Edith!



"It is very—very serious. Let me look at you."

EDITH. (*Jumps up with assumed cheerfulness.*) Harold! You are awake? You are out of bed? Come. (*She leads him to the easy chair.*) Now sit down and keep warm. (*She arranges the pillow for him.*) You are to take strengthening food and—and—(*HAROLD looks strangely at her. She stops, confused, and turns her head.*)

HAROLD. Edith, I was not asleep. I heard all that Doctor Walford said.

EDITH. All? You—heard—all!

HAROLD. All. Your devotion—and my doom.

EDITH. Oh! no—no—no—not your doom.

HAROLD. Yes—my doom. I am to go back to the West Indies. It is my only chance. Else I must die—in a week—in a month. It is my only chance. My dear—I cannot take that last and only chance. I must die.

EDITH. But it wants only a little money—just a little money.

HAROLD. I have no money. When I fell ill there were a few pounds. We have spent them. You have pawned or sold the things. There is now nothing. I have nothing in the world but an estate that has gone to jungle, on which no one would advance a shilling.

EDITH. Harold! Nothing? No help anywhere?

HAROLD. No help anywhere. My poor Edith, it is sad for you—but—perhaps—you will forget me—after a while——

EDITH. Oh, Harold, you break my heart. How can I leave you? Let me stay with you . . . till—till the end. I will try to find some way to get money; there must be some way. If I could die for you, Harold! Oh, if I could die for you! Cannot Love help somehow? Is Love to be nothing but anguish?

HAROLD. No, dear; Love is not all anguish. At such a time as this, it is Love the Consoler. My dear, it makes me happy only to think that I shall live in your heart. Perhaps—who knows?—I shall take your love away with me. Let us think so. Let us speak of love while an hour remains of life. Think only that you have made me happy in these last days.

EDITH. Harold! You must not—you cannot die!

HAROLD. We will not talk of that. Meantime I must make my will. What have I got to give you? A bit of jungle land, where there were once flourishing canefields, and a portfolio full of papers—the poems that nobody will publish, the play that nobody will produce. I give these precious treasures all to you, dear. You are my only reader.

EDITH. Harold!

HAROLD. And there they are—for you. When you read of love in them, remember that you were in my mind. When you read of fair women, remember that there was only one woman in the world for me. If you find anything that is good and true in them, remember that it was inspired by you. A poor gift, Edith, but it is—myself.

EDITH. Harold—you break my heart!

HAROLD (*laying portfolio on his knees, and turning over leaves*). They are all here—the “Song of the Coral Reef,” the “Song of the Flowering Cane,” the “Song of the Trade Wind.” I thought to win fame and fortune by these songs. What fame! What fortune! Well, everything is here except the play, and that is on its travels. You’ll get it back before long, however. Fame and fortune! What a dream! And now I



(*She stops, confused, and turns her head.*)

drop into the ocean of the past without a splash, without a ripple, unnoticed, unknown, unremembered. (*Closes portfolio.*)

EDITH. Not unremembered, Harold.

HAROLD. Ah! (*Pause.*) Now we must be practical. I believe there is an institution somewhere called the Workhouse Infirmary. You must go there and arrange for my admission. I must not live out the last few days on charity. Go, dear. There need be no shame—I feel none. I have got to lie down and die somewhere. Why not among the other wrecks and failures of the world? Go this very afternoon, Edith.

EDITH. (*Rises.*) Yes, Harold, if it must be so. (*Puts on her bonnet and cloak.*)

(*Servant enters.*)

SERVANT. Please, there's a gentleman down below—name of Vigors—wants to see you.

EDITH. Vigors? Who is he?

HAROLD. Vigors? There was a man of that name at home. He kept a general store. Perhaps it is his son, Tom Vigors.

(*Enter Vigors, answering.*)—

VIGORS. Yes, Tom Vigors—Tom. Always Tom to you, my dear fellow. Why—what is it? (*Looks round.*) (*Aside.*) Seems down in his luck.

(*Aloud.*) You don't look well. How are you? (*Shakes hands with a great affectation of friendliness.*) Considering the news, I expected to find you jumping and dancing. What is it? Let us sit down and have a talk of old days. You don't look as if the news had pulled you together. Ah! the old days, when you used to gallop in on your pony to my father's office. What wonderful news, isn't it? Who would have thought it in the old days?

HAROLD. Yes, the old days. You at any rate seem prosperous. This looks like a change from the old days—from the days when—

VIGORS. (*Quickly.*) From the desk—yes.

HAROLD. (*Aside.*) And the white apron. (*Aloud.*) The desk—yes. As for myself, you see I am ill. And I am not—prosperous.

VIGORS. Not prosperous? Why what would you have? Well—never mind old days. Let's begin with the new days. Of course, you guess what I have come about?

HAROLD. You will tell me. Sit down. Don't go, Edith.

VIGORS. Thankye, I'd rather stand. I mean business. Quite simple business. Directly I saw it in the paper yesterday (*pulling out paper which he hands to HAROLD*)—but of course, you have seen it. (*HAROLD opens paper, reads without showing the least sign of astonishment, and lays it on table.*) Yes—you saw it yesterday, of course—and you've had twenty-four hours to turn it over.

HAROLD. Go on!

VIGORS. Have you formed any plan of action? If so, I'm your man to carry it out. No plan?

HAROLD. No.



'Unknown, unremembered.' (*Closes portfolio.*)



(*Enter Vigors, answering.*)

VIGORS. Then listen to my plan. I got your address from your lawyers, who told me that you were pretty low down. I said: "Now is the time for an old friend. Strike while the iron's hot. Strike for your old friend, Tom. Strike at once, I said. All the more if he is down on his luck." That's what I said.

HAROLD. Strike at once—if you please.

VIGORS. There's nothing sentimental about Tom Vigors. But where an old friend is concerned—why then you see——

HAROLD. Then you have a plan.

EDITH. (*Takes up paper and reads it.*) Gold in Palmiste Island! Rich veins of gold—great nuggets found. Why! on your island, Harold? Rush of people—formation of companies. Enormous rise in the value of estates.

Harold! Oh! have you read it? Have you seen it?

HAROLD. (*Quietly.*) I have just read it, Edith. Mr.

Vigors comes to tell me about it.

VIGORS (*aside*). He knew nothing about it! Fool! Ass! Thickhead! I might have got the estate for a song!

EDITH. Then you are rich, Harold, and we need not—— Oh! (*Takes off her bonnet and cloak, and lays them down.*)

HAROLD. It appears, Edith, that there is gold on the island.

VIGORS. Gold! I should think so. They are flocking to the place from every quarter. Gold! There just is gold. Now don't interrupt for ten minutes. This is my plan. You can't work a gold mine. I can't work a gold mine. You can't find those who will. I can find those who will. So we shall all stand in together, you and I, and the man who will take it over. That's fair, isn't it? Of course it is. They've begun, already, to buy up the estates. Very good. Now I shall give you £40,000 do you hear?—£40,000 (*brings out pocket-book and gold pencil-case*) for your estate. I have just come from the City, and I've seen my man. £40,000 down, as soon as the title deeds are in my hands.

EDITH (*snatches HAROLD's hand*). Forty thousand pounds! Oh! It is a miracle!

HAROLD (*quietly*). Go on. Please go on.

VIGORS. I am quite fair and straight with you, honest Tom always. Honest Tom. Everything is in your interest. (*More play of pocket-book and gold pencil-case.*) I shall transfer the estate to my name for £80,000. You can't do without me; I can't do without you. So we share alike. That's fair, isn't it?

HAROLD (*coldly*). Go on, if you please.

VIGORS. Then my man, who is behind me all the time, forms a company with a capital of £150,000, fully paid up—£1 shares—to catch the multitude. Now do you see?

HAROLD. Not quite. But pray go on.

VIGORS. Why, you get £40,000 for an estate gone back to jungle, and I get £40,000 for my share in the job, and my man gets £70,000. So, you see, we can't do without each other, and so we all share.

HAROLD. And the shareholders?

VIGORS. Oh! the shareholders! Well, shareholders are generally people who think they can get thirty per cent. instead of three—and there you are.

HAROLD. Yet there is a rush, you say.



"Forty thousand pounds!
Oh! It is a miracle."

- VIGORS. At first. It's this way. When you've paid the directors and the secretary and the office expenses at home, and the engineers out there, and the labour expenses, it will turn out that the gold costs more to dig up than it can fetch to pay any dividend. So—in fact—well, you see.
- HAROLD. I *do* see—Honest Tom! Always Honest Tom!
- VIGORS. What do you mean? If it wasn't for the blessed Juggins who lives in the country, and believes everything that's printed in the prospectus, what would become of the company promoters?
- HAROLD. What, indeed? This, then, is what is called business in the city?
- VIGORS. Of course it is. And very good business too.
- HAROLD. What do you think of it, Edith?
- EDITH. Oh! Harold, it's like a dream. All this money flowing in—just now. It's like a dream.
- HAROLD. A nightmare, rather. Come, Mr. Vigors, let me explain your scheme to you.
- VIGORS. Well, show me that you quite understand it. We can't pay up, you know, till the conveyance is effected. But something down—say a hundred or two—or—not to haggle with an old friend——
- HAROLD. There will be no occasion for haggling. This is how the matter strikes me, who am not a business man. You propose to me that for the consideration of £40,000 I should join you in a conspiracy for the ruin of a great many ignorant and credulous persons, whom you will entice to their destruction by a flaring prospectus. It is a conspiracy for wholesale robbery.
- VIGORS. Robbery? Robbery?—really—Mr. Anquetil—we never use that word in the city. We offer shares—that is all. And this is plain biz. You are a poor man—that is quite clear. You are weak and ill—you want things. I offer you £40,000. You have got nothing in the world to do for it but sign a conveyance of your estate as soon as it can be got ready. Meantime you shall have whatever you want in advance.
- HAROLD. I am a very poor man, Mr. Vigors. I am on the verge of destitution. I am at the very gate of death. Perhaps because these portals are opening for me I see somewhat more clearly than you the nature of the transaction which you propose, and I decline.
- EDITH. Harold! Your life depends upon it. Oh! Harold—and mine.
- VIGORS. Don't be a fool. But of course you won't be, when you reflect a little.
- HAROLD. I have reflected.
- VIGORS. Come, Mr. Anquetil, no one would believe such a thing of you. Come now, your ancestors had no compunction in driving hundreds of slaves. They got rich by their slaves' labour, why shouldn't you get rich by the ignorance and greed of the world? It serves these people right: they want to get money without working for it: they want to get the niggers to work for them in the mines. Well, what do we do? We find 'em the niggers and we find 'em the mine, and if the mine don't pay after all, why we've done our part and we've got our part.
- HAROLD. Say our plunder. Your city view is not mine.
- VIGORS. Well; but do you mean to throw away this chance? Make me a proposal—only a proposal. Find some other way, man. It is a fortune that we throw away.
- HAROLD. Say no more. I will have no hand in this iniquity.
- VIGORS. If you won't play, I can't. Mr. Anquetil (*changing his tone*), remember—we belong to the same island. Oh! I know. Your father was a rich man and proud of his descent, and mine kept the general store, and was a ship's steward to begin with. But we do belong to the same place. Remember that—and I'm really a very poor man. These fine furs and things—I put on to make people think I am rich. It is my only chance. I shall never get another.
- HAROLD. No.

VIGORS. You must agree. Come, I will give you fifty thousand pounds—sixty thousand pounds—for your share. The estate is right in the midst of the gold; we can get the two estates on either side—but without yours the company can't be floated. Oh! You *must* consider me.

HAROLD. I am sorry for you. But—No.

VIGORS. Young lady—persuade him. It is for his advantage.

EDITH. Harold, it is for your life.

HAROLD. No, Mr. Vigors, I shall probably be finished off in a week or two. You can then make the same proposal to this young lady, who will be my heiress.

VIGORS. In a week? (*Looks at him doubtfully. Aside.*) Humph! If one was sure we could wait a week or a month before the run begins to slacken. (*Looks carefully at Edith.*) Perhaps the girl won't be such a fool. (*Aloud.*) My dear friend, you must not talk that way. Of course you will get well. Let me be your banker meanwhile. And you will think over the scheme—this brilliant scheme.

HAROLD. To ruin the widows and the helpless? Oh! yes. I will think it over.

VIGORS. Fifty thousand—

HAROLD. Had I fifty thousand lives to lose, they should all go rather than I would join you in this.

EDITH. Harold, perhaps this gentleman may be wrong.

HAROLD. Do not trouble me any longer, Mr. Vigors.

VIGORS. Well, I will call again in two or three days and see. After a little reflection you may come down from your heroics. For the moment, good-bye—and I wish you a return to common sense. (*Exit.*)

HAROLD. (*Leans head on hand—silence for a minute. Looks up.*) Is he gone, Edith?

EDITH. Oh, Harold! Is it impossible?

HAROLD. Quite impossible. Forget it, Edith. We are just as we were—that is all. Forget that man with his tricks and conspiracies.

EDITH. Oh! It is too cruel. Think again, Harold! It is your life, my dear—your life—and mine. How can I live without you? And there is no other way.

HAROLD. No other way. Yet not this way. My dear—my love—in the years to come, when I have long been laid in an obscure grave, remembered by none but you, it will be a happiness for you to think that your lover would not sell his honour even to save his life. No, dear; not even to save your dear self from grief.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

EDITH. No, dear, you could not. Yet—yet—oh, it is so cruel—so cruel! (*Sinks upon his shoulder.*)



HAROLD. Come, dear—what were we doing? I remember. You were going off to the infirmary. Well—we are just where we were. Put on your bonnet. It is not quite the ideal end—a bed in a workhouse infirmary, but these things move me not. Go, dear.

EDITH. (*Rises and puts on her bonnet and cloak—hesitates. Then leans over his chair.*) Harold! I am unworthy of you. I never knew till now how much unworthy. Forgive me. Yes—I will go—I will go at once—to—to—the Workhouse Infirmary.

(*Noise below—trampling of feet.*)

Boy (*Outside*). No, I won't leave it, I've got to give it to the gentleman myself and to wait for an answer. (*Noise of steps on stairs. Boy opens door.*) Mr. Harold Anquetil?

EDITH. Yes. What is it?

Boy. From the Prince Theatre Royal. Wait for an answer. Immediate, please.

EDITH. It is a letter, Harold, from the Prince Theatre Royal.

HAROLD. I suppose they are sending back the play. Yes, read it, Edith.

EDITH. There is no parcel with it. It is only a note. (*Reads.*)

DEAR SIR,

I have read your play and am greatly struck by the situations and the dialogue. I propose, as soon as we have agreed upon terms, to put it in rehearsal, and to announce it as following the present piece—perhaps in six weeks. I should like to see you as soon as possible. There are certain slight changes which I would suggest. Can you come here this afternoon?—Very faithfully yours,

KEMBLE CARLYON.

"Loved we not honour more!"

EDITH. Harold!

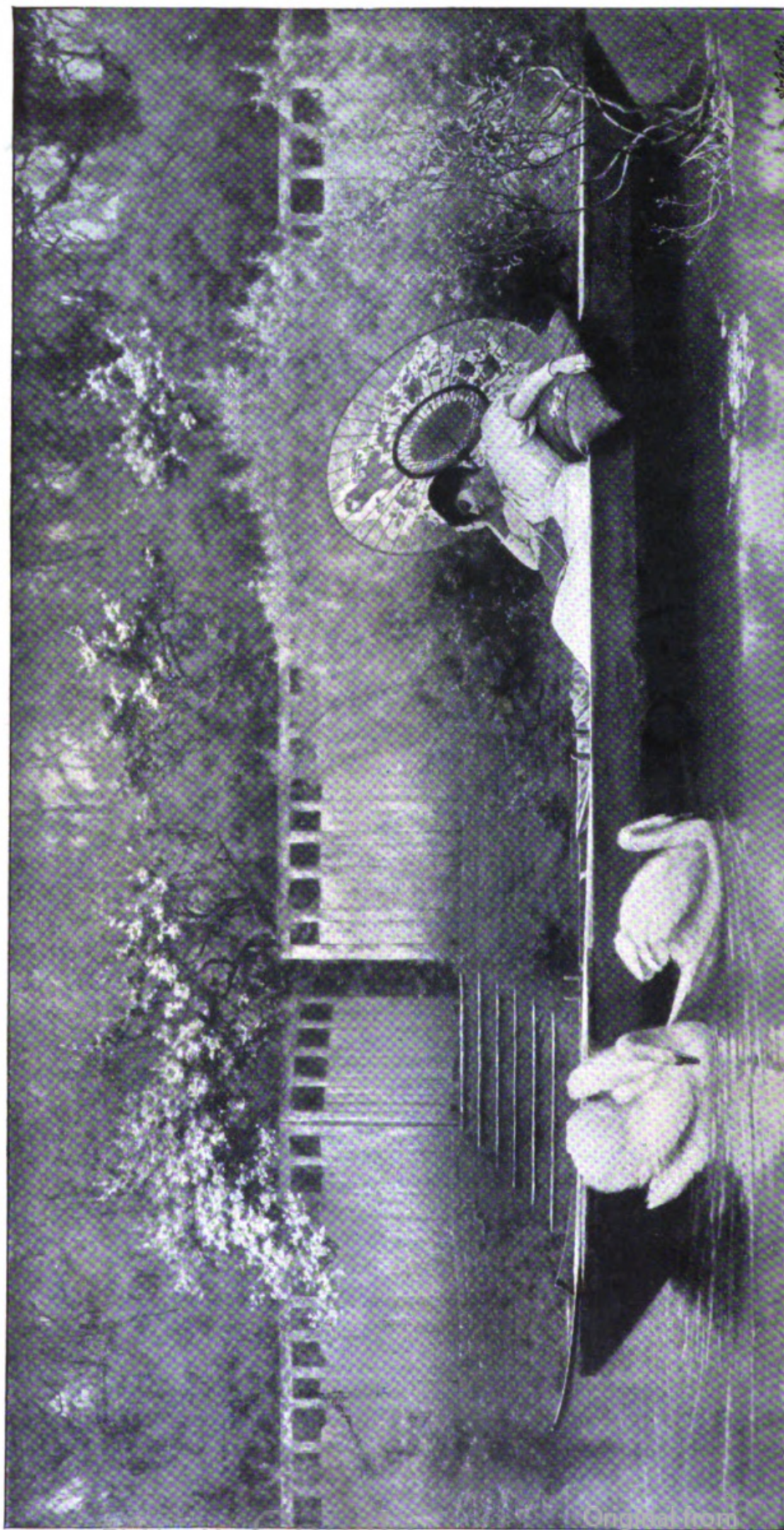
HAROLD. You can take off your bonnet and cloak, Edith. So, now sit down and write a note. Tell Mr. Carlyon that I cannot get out of doors just now. He will come here. (*EDITH writes quickly. Gives note to the boy who runs off.*)

(*EDITH turns to HAROLD. He holds out his arms. She bends over and kisses him.*)

HAROLD. Edith, the accursed gold shall lie under the jungle that hides it. As for me, my life is saved. I know that my life is saved. It would have been lost—"Loved we not honour more!"

CURTAIN.





A FORETASTE OF SUMMER.

From the Painting by L. C. Nightingale. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

GATES & PILLARS OF THE EMPIRE



No. II.

GLASGOW ILLUSTRATED.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT makes the action of the story of "Rob Roy" lie within the earlier years of the eighteenth century; and, in the course of the narrative, Frank Osbaldistone asks Andrew Fairservice "the nearest way to a town in your country of Scotland called

Glasgow." To which Andrew replies: "A town ca'd Glasgow! Glasgow's a ceety, man."

"Rob Roy" was published two or three years after the battle of Waterloo, when that amazing development in these kingdoms, with which we are all familiar, had hardly begun; but if Glasgow deserved to be called a "ceety" then, much more so now.

In the well-known romance, Chapter XIX., Scott, writing of Glasgow, speaks of the "commercial eminence to which, I am informed, she seems now likely one day to attain."

As a matter of fact, just a year or two before "Rob Roy" was added to the Waverley novels, an event, of which the Clyde was the scene, had transpired—the importance of which not only to Glasgow, but to all the world, neither Scott nor any of the then on-lookers at the passing show could appreciate. And small blame to them; it is so easy to be wise—afterwards.

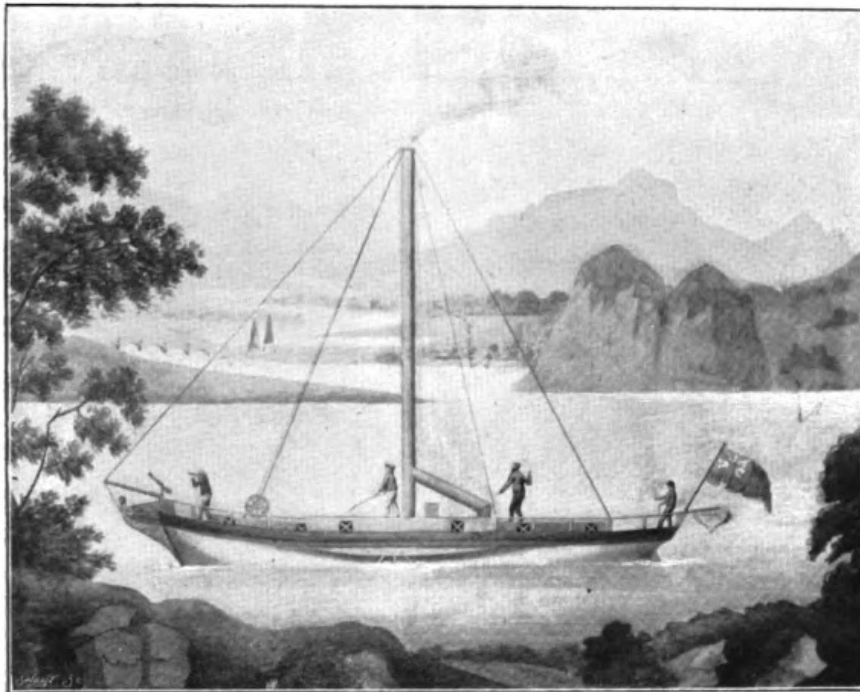
That event was the appearance in 1812 of a wonderful, of an almost magical, craft on the Clyde—the first of the kind launched in Great Britain propelled by steam, making the astonishing speed of seven and a half knots an hour when tide and wind were

favourable—called the *Comet*. Certainly no other comet has ever had such a wonderful tail, or tale, if you like.

more grimy than gay in its outward aspects, there is nothing grim about Glasgow. Its very history begins with mythological incidents, which, however beautiful and touching they may have seemed to a less sceptical age than ours, can hardly now be read without a smile. One will suffice:—

If you will look at the city arms on the front page of this article you will see amongst other things a fish with a ring in its mouth; and this is the interpretation thereof.

Hundreds of years ago, St. Kentigern or St. Mungo—and Glasgow is frequently spoken of as the city of St. Mungo—established himself in



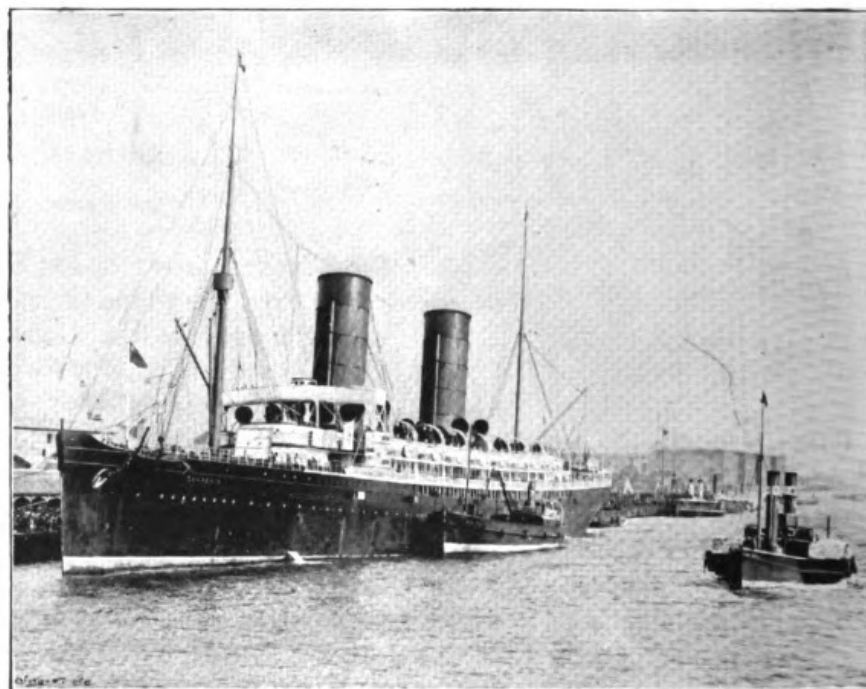
THE "COMET," 1812.

(From a photo by Warneuke, Glasgow, from an old print.)

For that tail, or tale, stretches over the last eighty years, and includes in it the biggest battleship of the line, as well as such monster passenger vessels as the *Campania*; and what shall yet be no man knows or even guesses, any more than Sir Walter did in his day. Our illustrations at least indicate the suggestive contrast between the *Comet* of 1812 and the *Campania* of 1893, both products of the Clyde yards, the first word, and, thus far, the last word, in steamship construction.

A recent writer characterises Glasgow as "Glasgow the grimy," and, while a great commercial manufacturing centre must be

the valley of the Clyde. He soon obtained a great reputation in his own particular line of business, a good one in those days,



THE "CAMPANIA," 1893.

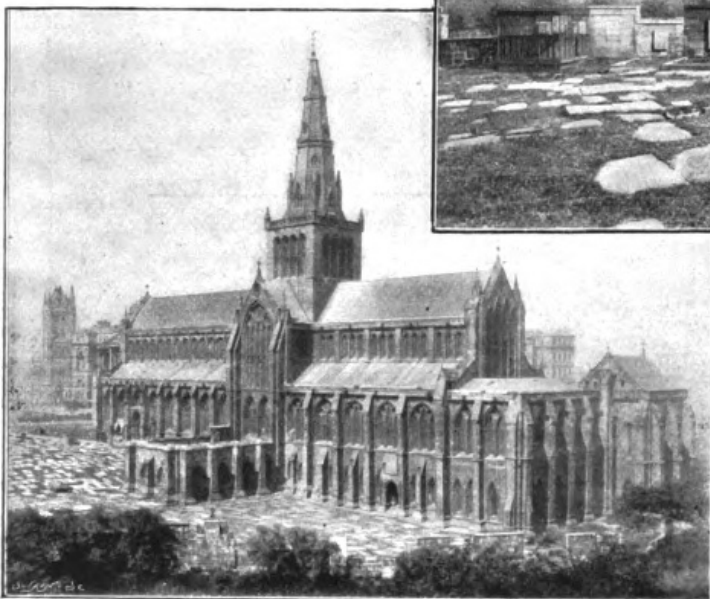
(From a Photo by Priestley, Egremont.)



TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.

(From the Painting by John Petrie, R.A. Reproduced by permission from the Glasgow Corporation Art Galleries.)

of saint and wonder-worker—and his services appear to have been in much request. Thus, when Queen Langueth had incurred the jealous suspicions of her husband on account of the disappearance of her wedding ring, and was cast into prison, the saint, interfering—which is not generally supposed to be a wise thing even for a saint to do—between husband and wife, sent a man down to the river from which he drew forth a salmon, and inside that highly intelligent fish was found the missing ring. And if you are not inclined to believe this, you have only to glance again at those city arms, and your doubts will vanish when you notice how the fish triumphantly



THE CATHEDRAL.

(From a photo by Morrison, Glasgow.)

holds the ring up in his mouth towards you.

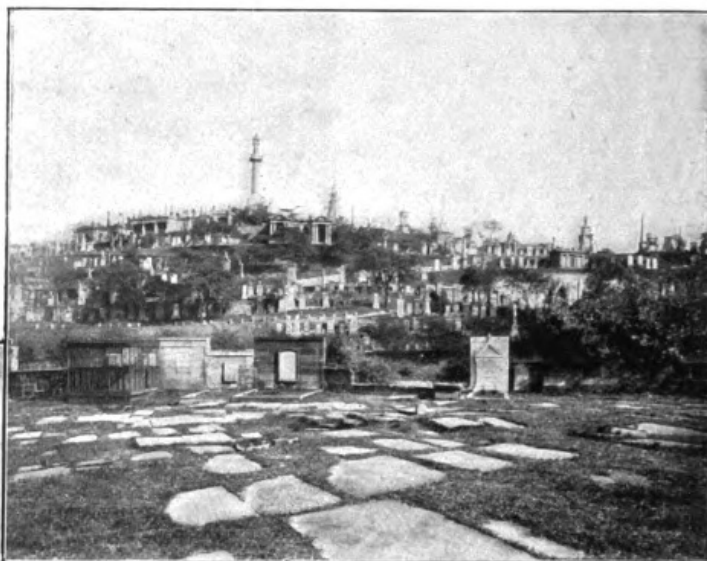
A local sceptic has thus satirised the arms of Glasgow :

"Here's the fish that never swum,
And the bell that never rung.
Here's the tree that never grew,
And the bird that never flew."

Having been founded by a saint, away back in these olden times, it is not surprising to find the early history of the city dominated by the Church, and two, at least, of the Scottish kings, were lay canons of its Cathedral.

This fine building (shown upon this page), almost the only surviving memorial of ancient Glasgow, was begun six or seven centuries ago, and was brought to completion, by the erection of the spire and other parts, much as they now stand, in 1446; and the bishop who is credited with this rejoiced in the typically Highland name of Cameron.

The Glaswegian of to-day takes a good



THE NECROPOLIS.

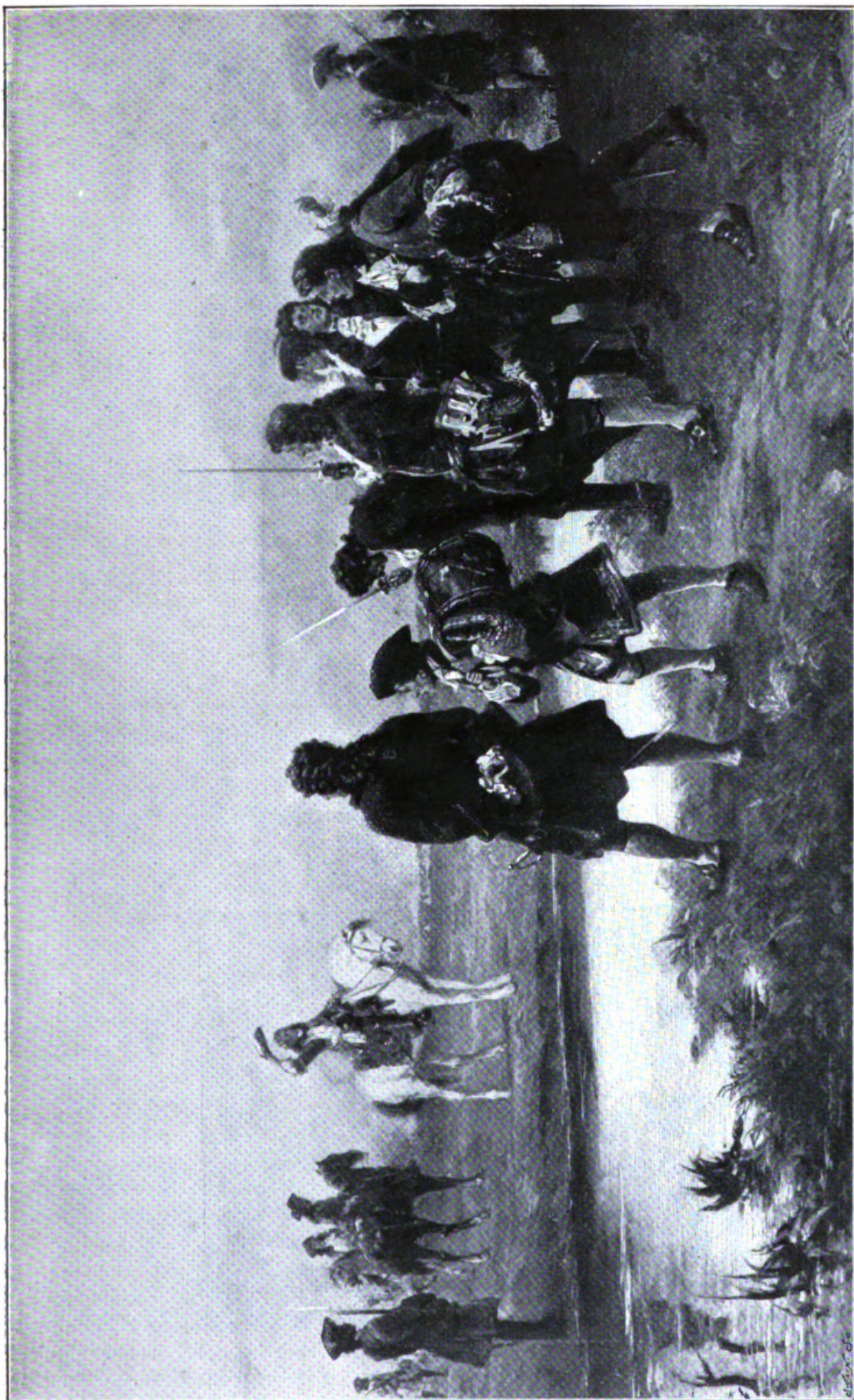
(From a photo by Armstrong, Shettleston.)

deal of pardonable pride, not only in the Cathedral itself, but also in its many stained glass windows, of which there must be several acres. I visited the Cathedral in company with an artist, who is identified with the "Glasgow School"—of which much has lately been heard, and I shall have something to say about it later

on—and, of course, I was prepared to admire these stained glass windows as was meet and right and my bounden duty.

But as my companion, with his highly trained sense of art, pointed out to me as we went along, how that on these windows the leg of this saint, or the arm of that martyr, or the great toe of some apostle, was out of drawing, and in fact an impossibility, I felt, perhaps, that the critical spirit of our time might be, to say the least of it, now and again an inconvenience.

A more reverent critic draws attention to



YET STILL A KING.

(From the Painting by R. Hillingford. Reproduced by permission from the Glasgow Corporation Art Galleries.)

the beauty of the deep azure windows by Bertini of Milan, placed in the crypt, a portion of the Cathedral which is greatly and justly admired, and states that on one of the windows the face of John the Baptist is copied from the striking features of Edward Irving, the famous preacher.

The Necropolis, Glasgow's City of the Dead, just beyond the Cathedral, is crowned by a statue of John Knox towering above all the other monuments. Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, and Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," are amongst those buried here. Sir Walter Scott has this curious sentence in his description of this vast cemetery: "It is small in proportion to the number of *respectable* inhabitants who are interred within it." The italics are mine.

The two illustrations (after the paintings in the Glasgow Corporation Art Galleries), showing bits of the Glasgow that is gone—the Fiddler's Close and the Close at the Saltmarket—take us back fifty years and more, when the city was not such a model of sanitation and modern-idea'd architecture as it is to-day, but when it was probably more picturesque.

Glasgow is now said to be almost an ideal municipality, and, certainly, in the provision of many parks and open breathing spaces, in the erection of model lodging-houses,

artisans' dwellings, baths and washhouses, and in several other ways, it well merits this description.

The visitor to Glasgow receives his first impression—and it is altogether a favourable one—from the spaciousness and cleanliness of its streets, as well as from the massive character of the buildings occupying the business portion of the city. The material used, being for the most part freestone, takes on with time a somewhat grey look, and this tends to impart a rather sombre tone to the local colour. The city is built upon a low range of hills, with still more hills in the distance, and its general plan is rectangular—that is, the streets are placed at right angles, as is more common in

American than in European cities, which, while it may not be the most artistic arrangement, has great advantages in enabling the stranger to find his way about.

George Square may be regarded as the centre of the city, and on its east side stand the Municipal Buildings (illustration, page 484), a truly magnificent pile, built in the style of the Venetian Renaissance, carefully adapted to modern busi-



THE FIDDLER'S CLOSE, 1844.



THE CLOSE, SALTMARKET, 1849.

ness wants; and its noble banqueting hall suggests that the city takes care handsomely of its guests. Its marble staircase, which cost some thirty thousand pounds alone, is



THE REAPER.

"Oft roaming highest hill-top I scan the ocean thy sail to see."

Digitized by Google (From a Photograph by Warneuke, Glasgow.) Original from INDIANA UNIVERSITY

regarded by the genuine Glasgow man as one of the wonders of the world. The total cost of the entire civic palace—it deserves that name—was considerably over half a million.

A tall Gothic column, surmounted by a colossal figure of the author of "Rob Roy," rises in the centre of the square, and there are also in it statues to James Watt, of tea-kettle-and-steam fame; Sir John Moore—whose "Burial" now desolates so many a schoolboy; Lord Clyde, one of the Empire builders; Thomas Campbell, the poet; David Livingstone, and others associated by birth or otherwise with the city.

The Lord Provost of Glasgow at the present time is Sir James Bell, whose family has long been identified with the great shipping interests of the place, and he is now filling the civic chair for the second time.

Lady Bell (the wife of the gentleman who presides over a city or town in Scotland, has no official title) has shared her husband's duties, as well as his honours, and though Sir James is the most popular chief magistrate Glasgow is said to have ever had, his wife is still more popular with every class of society. Indeed, it is difficult to speak of Lady Bell without a little bit of gush; the amount of public work she does is remarkable, and she is actively interested in many philanthropic schemes.

A Glasgow editor, who ought to know what he is talking about, wrote recently that it was

the dream of Sir James Bell's life to purify the Clyde; and he adds that it is a great ambition, for the task is Herculean, as the river has come to be a sort of common sewer. "Before it became a sewer, the Clyde was only a ditch, and how the citizens of Glasgow cleft and dug their way to the sea until the largest vessels afloat could come and load and discharge at their very doors is one of the marvels of engineering."

The supervision and maintenance of the harbour, thus stoutly won from Nature, are in the hands of the Clyde Navigation Trustees, a body of which the Lord Provost is chairman. The shipping after which they look amounts to five million tons annually, and the harbour dues, etc., come to £370,000.

Probably the greatest achievement of Glasgow, as a corporation, is to be found in its system of waterworks. A few years ago the city practically annexed Loch Katrine, the waters, "caught in cloud-

land," of which are brought through an aqueduct of pipes and tunnels for a distance of some thirty-four miles, and the total cost of which has been about three-quarters of a million. The soft and pure stream thus obtained, besides being suitable for domestic purposes, is said to be specially useful for bleaching, dyeing, and the most delicate processes.

Glasgow now receives from this source about fifty million gallons a day at a cost of rather less than a penny per gallon per day per annum, or,





ON THE CLYDE, OFF GOUROCK.

(From a Photograph by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.)

more correctly, it may be said that for every penny paid Glasgow gets delivery of 379 gallons of water.

Manchester's water supply costs it $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, Liverpool's $3d.$, and Birmingham's $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ Of the greatest cities in the United Kingdom, Dublin has the cheapest water, being a little more than $\frac{3}{4}d.$ per gallon per day per annum.

The corporation of Glasgow, not content with its achievement in regard to its water

and now claims that it has the cheapest and best tramcar service in the kingdom. It still uses horses, however, and should be able to find something better than this primitive means of locomotion for a great city.

The population of Glasgow proper is now upwards of 850,000; the municipal area covers 11,850 acres; and its rental is considerably more than four millions sterling. But the whole Clyde Valley, and much of the surrounding country, are practically suburban to Glasgow.

Besides being a cathedral city, Glasgow has long enjoyed the advantages that accrue from its being a university town and a great educational centre.

The present University Buildings on Gilmorehill were opened in 1870, and were designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, in the Collegiate Gothic style of the Fourteenth Century, and, in all, nearly half-a-million sterling was expended upon them.

The old University, which was in a different part of the city, dated back to the middle of the fifteenth century, and the scarlet



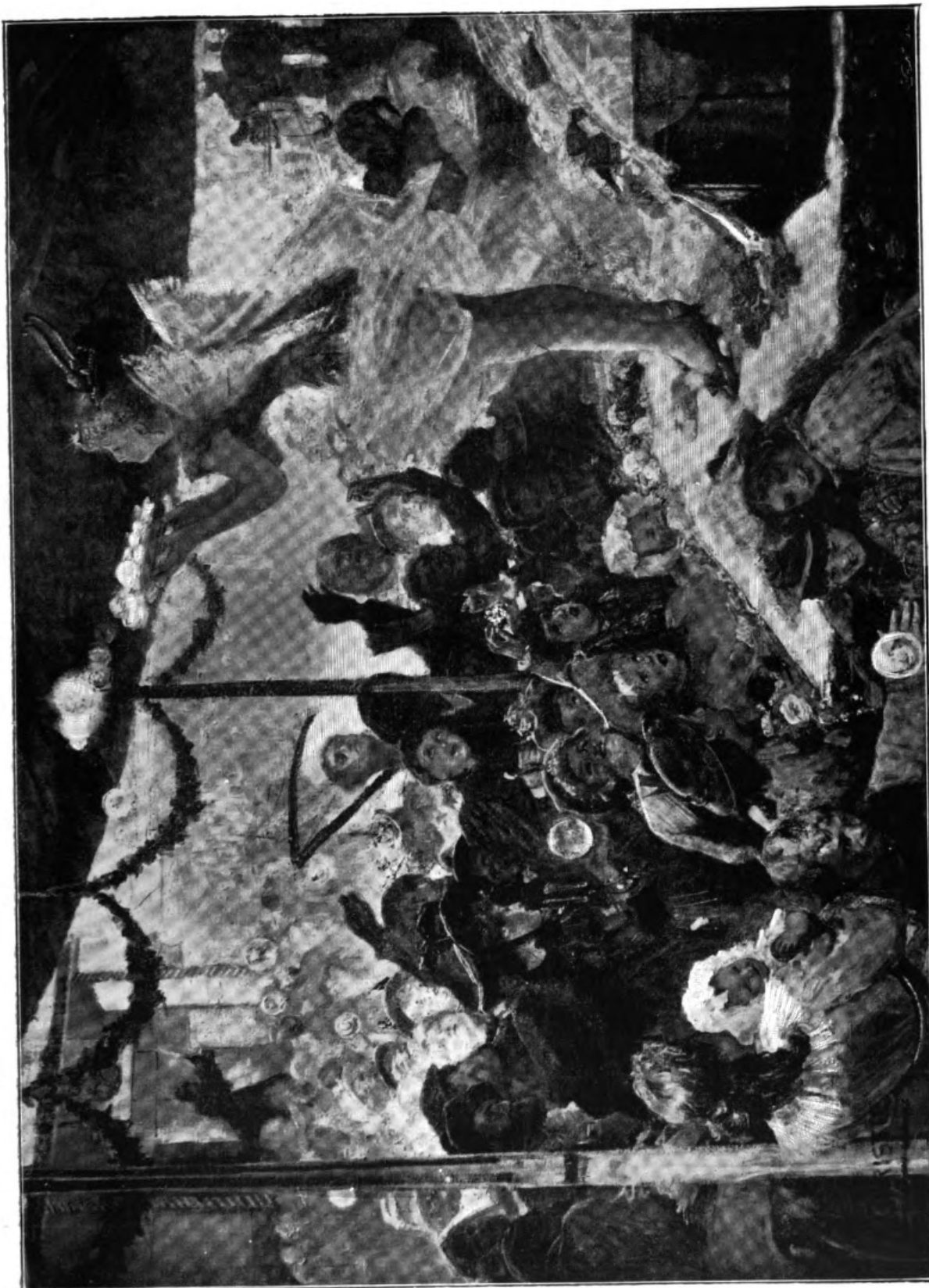
THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

(From a Photo by Armstrong, Shettleston.)

supply, also undertakes the lighting of the city both by gas and electricity, although in regard to the latter, it has recently been content to take a lesson from Edinburgh—a thing which Glasgow does not generally care to do, for while Edinburgh is the capital, Glasgow prides itself on being much the biggest city in Scotland. The corporation has also recently acquired the street tramways,

gowns, which the undergraduates of Glasgow wear to this day, serve to mark the origin and antiquity of their *alma mater*.

Dr. Caird, the principal, is said to be the first of British preachers now that Canon Liddon has gone; but perhaps the university is better known to the wide, wide world because Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations," was one of its

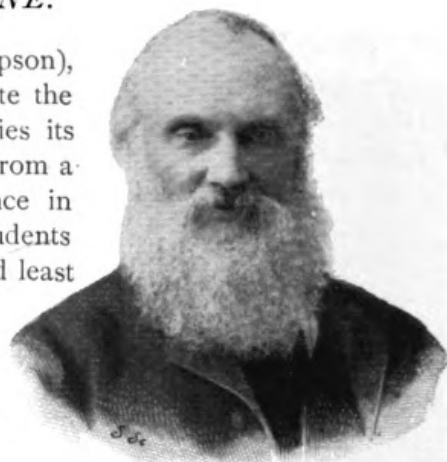


"VANITY FAIR."

(From the Painting by J. E. Christie. Reproduced by permission from the Glasgow Corporation Art Galleries.)

professors, and that Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thompson), president of the Royal Society, who is about to celebrate the jubilee of his connection with the university, still occupies its chair of Natural Philosophy. Lord Kelvin took his title from a little river that flows past Gilmorehill. Of his eminence in science everybody knows, but it is only his friends and students who are aware that he is also the kindest, gentlest, and least assuming of men and professors. His study is one of the most interesting rooms in the university.

In affiliation with the university is Queen Margaret's College, which is devoted exclusively to the higher education of women, who are there prepared for all the degrees in arts and medicine. Matriculated students are entitled to vote for the Lord Rector, and the graduates



LORD KELVIN.

From a Photo by T. and R. Annan and Sons.



THE UNIVERSITY.



DR. CAIRD.

From a Photo by T. and R. Annan and Sons.

become members of the general council of the university. The commercial importance of Glasgow dates from the union between England and Scotland. And yet "Nane were keener against it than the Glasgow folk, wi' their rabblings and their risings, and their mobs, as they ca' them nowadays. I say let Glasgow flourish; whilk is judiciously and elegantly putten round the town's arms, by way of by-word. Now, since St. Mungo caught herrings in the Clyde, what was ever like to gar us flourish like the sugar and tobacco trade?"

Much of the present wealth of the city was derived from the great trade in tobacco which it possessed up to the American "Rebellion;" later, when this branch failed, it found a substitute for it in sugar. Towards the end of last century cotton was introduced, and though this industry in

connection with Glasgow is not what it was, it remains an important feature in its business life, as there are still manufactured immense quantities of cotton goods of all kinds, amongst which may be mentioned "Lappets," "Zephyrs," and "Ginghams." The enormous thread industries of Paisley, as well as the large factories devoted to the "Turkey red" dyeing in the Vale of Leven, near Loch Lomond, are in reality a portion of the Glasgow cotton trade.

James Watt, who ought to be regarded as the patron saint of the whole Vale of Clyde—he was rather more of a Greenock than a Glasgow man, and still more a Birmingham man—besides discovering, or rather, greatly improving the steam-engine, suggested a trial of chlorine for the bleaching of cotton, and it was from his hint that there sprung up the many-sided chemical industries of the city; the tall chimneys of whose works are well-known landmarks.

The present prosperity of the city—and no one can fail to be struck with the air of hurry and bustle and general well-to-doness, notwithstanding the recent strike, which at present pervades it—is based upon iron and coal, both of which are found in great abundance at her very gates, and to the proximity of which she is largely indebted for her splendid shipbuilding and mechanical industries.

All down the river are to be seen shipbuilding yards, great and small, some thirty in number, for the construction of vessels of every sort; and if you take a trip down the Clyde, there is something truly Titanic in the clatter and batter of the ever-ringing hammers, wielded by thousands of brawny shipwrights, that assail your ears for mile after mile of your progress.

The Clyde continues to be far ahead of other shipbuilding centres in its output. In

1895, a little over one and a quarter million of tons were launched in the world, and of this the Clyde produced 360,152 tons; the Tyne, 174,319 tons; the Wear, 137,741 tons; the Tees, 119,933 tons; Belfast, 101,816 tons; Hartlepool, 90,869 tons; Barrow, 25,644 tons; while the dockyards had 70,350 tons.



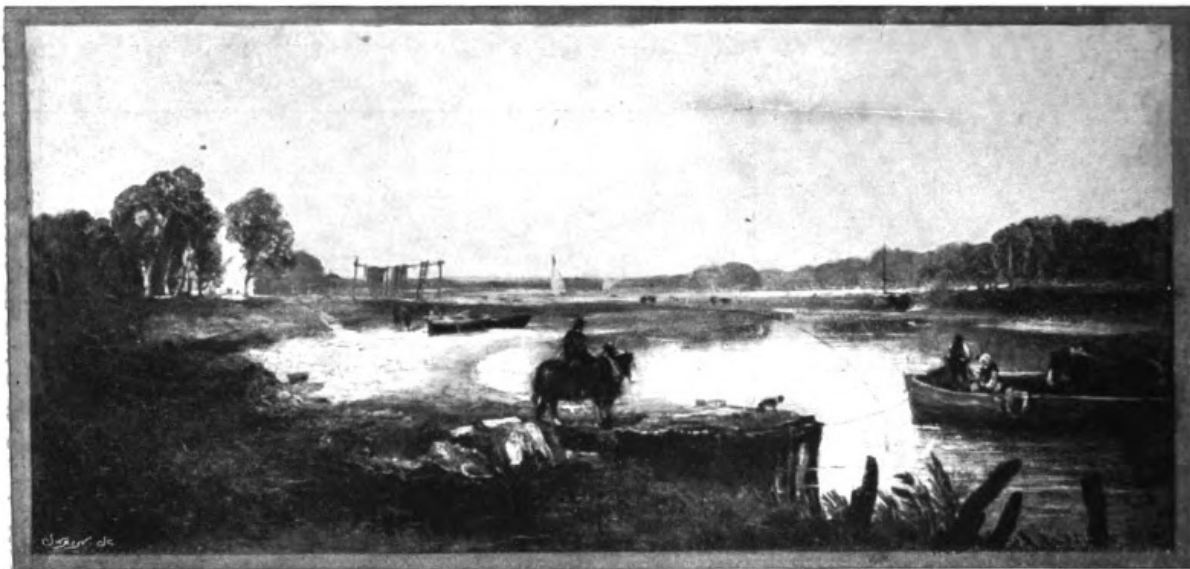
From a Painting by George Henry, A.R.S.A.

Portraits are given of Sir John Burns, Bart. (page 488), Chairman of the Cunard Co., and of Sir Wm. Arrol, M.P. (page 490), who built the Forth Bridge, the Tower Bridge, etc., as leading men in the industries of the West of Scotland, and of Mr. Laird, of the well-known iron firm of the Bairds of Gartsherrie.

Glasgow is the centre of the Scotch pig iron trade, which started somewhere about 1832, owing to the discovery of black-band containing iron at Coatbridge. The use of

machinery for sugar refining, iron tubing, and so on.

At night the south-east of Glasgow is lit up by the lurid glare of many iron works, and one



ERSKINE FERRY ON THE CLYDE.

(From the Painting by H. McCulloch. Reproduced by permission from the Glasgow Corporation Art Galleries.)

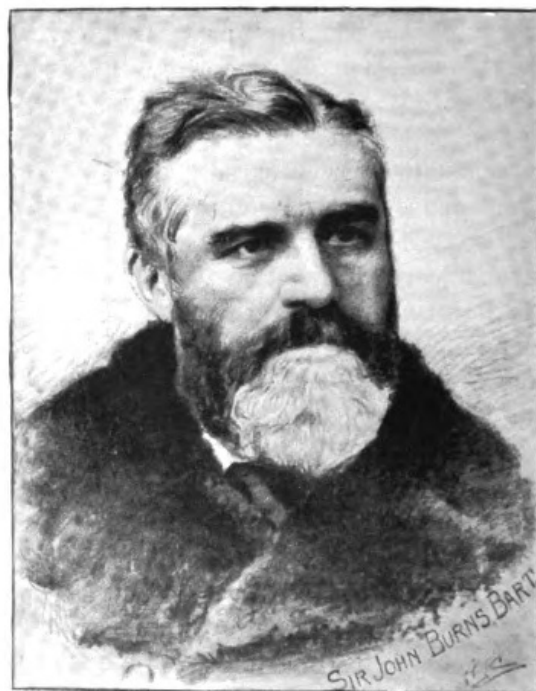
iron in the making of railways gave the Scotch iron trade its first lift, and soon there was developed a world-wide demand for it. Scotch ore still holds its own for manufacturing the best machinery, as it combines both fluidity and strength; this has made it generally sought after for naval purposes. The nearness of coal to the iron ore beds has also given the Scotch manufacturer a great advantage.

One of the most interesting features of Glasgow is its Royal Exchange, and the most interesting feature of that is the "Iron Ring," where may be seen on business days a small circle of thirty or forty gentlemen interested in iron, among whom the trading in "Warrants" is carried on. Occasionally this is the scene of great excitement, owing to the struggles of "Bulls" and "Bears," or when a "corner" in iron is being manipulated.

In engineering, the factories of Glasgow and its neighbourhood turn out every class of wrought iron or steel work needed for its shipbuilding, or for the manufacture of locomotives—Glasgow is, of course, a great railway centre, being the headquarters of the "Caledonian" and other systems; also

of these goes by the local name of "Dixon's Bleezes," and there is something weird and uncanny about these tongues of red and orange flame in contrast with the murky sky.

Within the past eight years there has sprung up a new industry, if I may be permitted to



Original from "Baillie."
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



From the Painting by J. E. Christie, Artist of the "Glasgow School."

call it such, in Glasgow—the making of pictures, or, perhaps, I should rather say, the making of a new kind of pictures, for this commercial city, its commerce notwithstanding, has long been the home of many artists, and in art and culture truly is metropolitan.

The Corporation Art Galleries contain many magnificent examples of the Old Masters, and are specially rich in specimens of the Dutch School. A few of the paintings from these galleries are reproduced in this article.

The Institute of Fine Arts has an annual exhibition, at which are to be seen paintings by the leading artists of the world, including, of course, the Glasgow men. Mr. Christie's fine picture of "Bailie Shearer's Daughters" shown above, occupies a prominent place in this year's exhibition.

Glasgow considers itself truly metropolitan in many ways—as a Glasgow man said to me, "In population, I dare say, we come second in the Empire; but in some things we lead."

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He referred particularly to that recent development in painting which is sometimes spoken of as the "Glasgow School," though the gentlemen themselves who paint these wonderful pictures prefer to speak of "The Glasgow movement in art."

Mr. James Guthrie (page 490), a member of the Scotch Royal Academy, and of the new Paris salon, is one of the best known members of the group, and in a conversation I had with him the other day, he defined the position of himself and his friends to be a desire to do something more than merely to reproduce Nature. They wish to paint pictures. They think a picture should be *pictorial*—not necessarily a picture that tells a story, but one that embodies ideas.

The work of the School, or Movement, is closely allied to the "Barbizon School" of French art, and Mr. Guthrie says that the fact that many fine examples of the paintings of Corot, Millet, and other members of the Barbizon School are to be found in the

private galleries in the great houses in the west of Scotland has greatly influenced the new departure in Scottish art. Some of the artists have studied in France, but two or three have gone as far as Japan (page 487) in their desire for new *motif* and ideas of colour.

The work of the school is bold, confident, and original, and even more ambitious; and the paintings which have been sent to Munich and elsewhere on the Continent have attracted great attention. They are distinguished by a thorough knowledge of technique—that is, mastery of brush work—and by a preference for subjects that lend themselves to a wealth and a glory in their colour scheme. At the same time they have been very successful in portrait painting.



JAMES GUTHRIE, R.S.A.

Some examples of their work are given on pages 485, 486, 487, but the methods of black-and-white are not very suitable for their reproduction.

To the domain of letters, Glasgow has given poets like Campbell and Alexander Smith, novelists like William Black, who in early life was a member of the Glasgow Press, and journalists like Mr. Russell of the "Herald," which newspaper is said to be the most influential out of London. The "Mail" is also a well-known journal.



THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.

From a Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

The "Art Club" in Glasgow is their headquarters, and the club house is one of the finest in the kingdom.



SIR WM. ARROL, M.P.

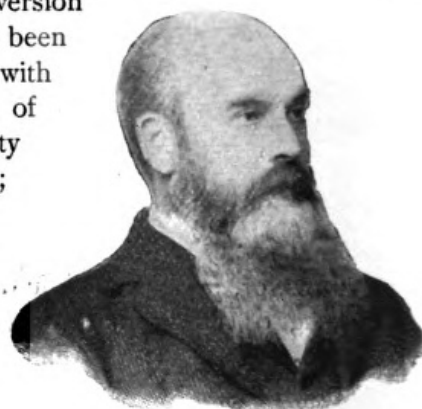
From a Photo by John Fergus, Larer.

Nor must mention be omitted of "The Bailie," a weekly comic paper conducted with much wit and spirit.

While Gaiety and Glasgow are not synonymous terms, the city has long enjoyed a high reputation for its hospitality to the stranger within its gates. But there is always a good deal going on in a quiet way in its local society. However, I am told it is rather a godsend to the more frivolous when a celebrity comes among them, and so affords an excuse for festivities which

are too frequently limited, they think, to the presentation of a civic casket in the presence of the ladies, and a dinner—in their absence.

The only diversion that has ever been really popular with all sections of Glasgow society is philanthropy; drawing-room meetings are as common as dances, and "collecting" is the favourite amusement of its girls. Golf, rather than cycling, is the fashionable pastime.



CHARLES RUSSELL.

"The Glasgow Herald."

From a Photo by Warneuke, Glasgow.

Amongst the leaders of Glasgow society is the Duchess of Montrose, whose graceful figure and sweet face are to be seen in the city whenever a generous action is to be done, and whose clear voice—Her Grace is a pleasant and fluent public speaker—is always willing to plead for a good cause. She has an intimate knowledge of the lives of the poor,

and during last winter the beautiful duchess came several times to the depôt, where dirty, ragged children of the streets are clothed by the charity of the Needlework Guild.

At a bazaar, where the Duchess acted as saleswoman, one old body was anxious to secure Her Grace's photograph, but the lowest was priced at 5s.

"You can have my husband for 2s. 6d.," said the Duchess pleasantly, as the customer hesitated.

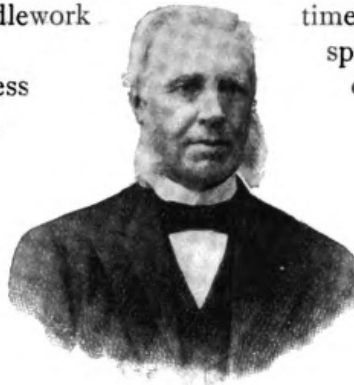
"I wouldn't gi'e that for him," was the ambiguous reply, "but I'm willing tae spend hauf a croon on your bonnie self."

The city is so large that its society is very much broken up into little sets; but what really tends to prevent the formation of a

Burns," or more especially of the beautiful Firth of Clyde, where all sorts and conditions of Glasgow people flock in the summer time, the wealthy of the west end to splendid mansions, the middle-class of the south side to comfortable villadom, and the working folks of the east to insanitary rows of inconvenient exorbitantly rented cottages.

Among leaders of Glasgow Society, are, of course, the University people, and the town owes some of its gaiety to the officers stationed at the Maryhill Barracks.

In such a rapid review of this truly Imperial city as this article has been, much that is very interesting has, of necessity, been either curtailed or left out altogether; but enough, at least, has been



WILLIAM LAIRD.

From a Photo by E. Beauchy, Sevilla.



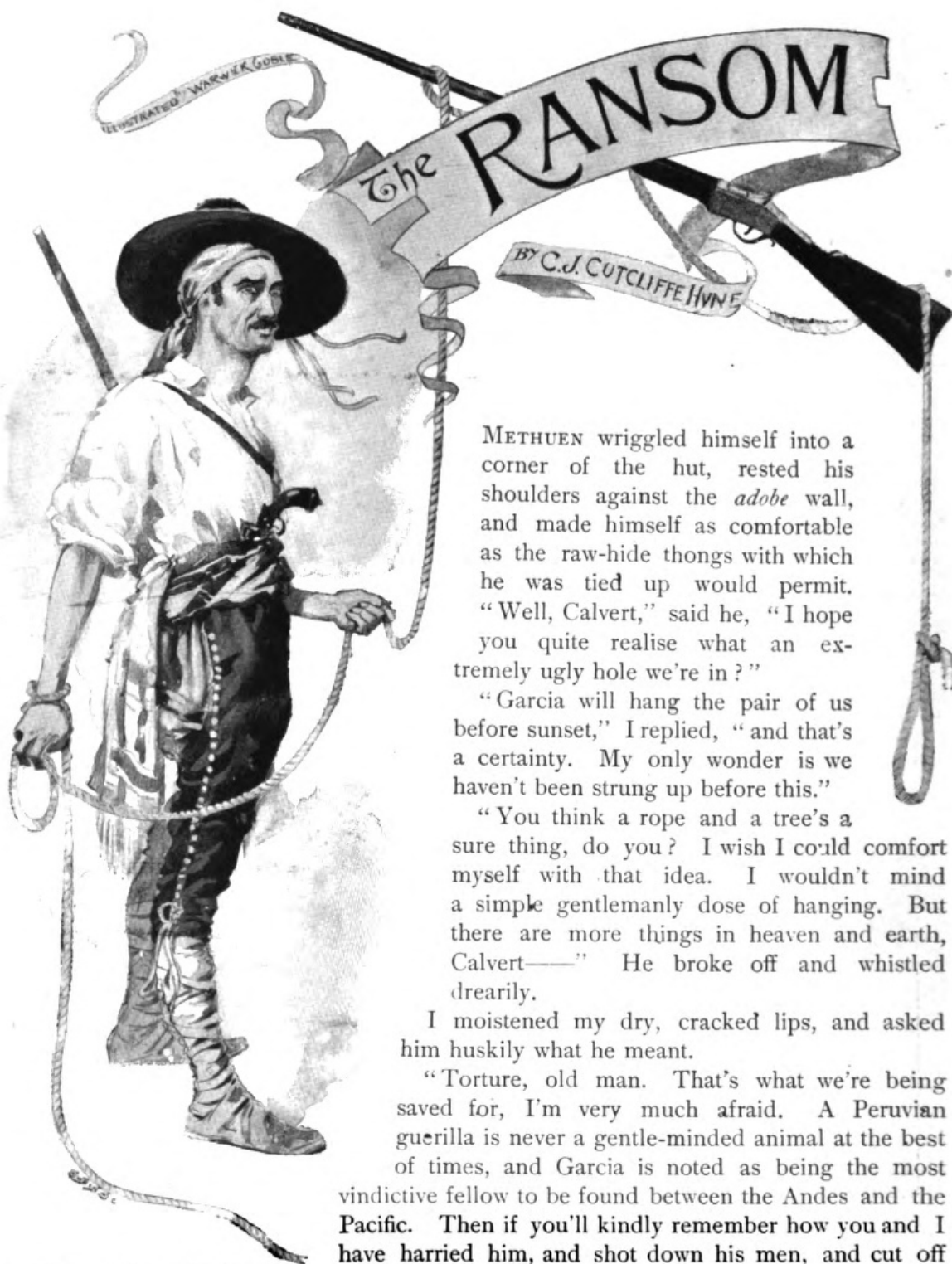
WHERE BURNS DWELT, ALLOWAY, AYR.

From a Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

clique, such as one finds in the Metropolis and calls "Society," to the exclusion of every other set, is the attractiveness of the country around, whether of the "Land o'

said to show that the city is fulfilling abundantly the legend written under its civic arms. No doubt it will continue to do so—"Let Glasgow Flourish!"

The next article of this series will be "Birmingham Illustrated."



METHUEN wriggled himself into a corner of the hut, rested his shoulders against the *adobe* wall, and made himself as comfortable as the raw-hide thongs with which he was tied up would permit. "Well, Calvert," said he, "I hope you quite realise what an extremely ugly hole we're in?"

"Garcia will hang the pair of us before sunset," I replied, "and that's a certainty. My only wonder is we haven't been strung up before this."

"You think a rope and a tree's a sure thing, do you? I wish I could comfort myself with that idea. I wouldn't mind a simple gentlemanly dose of hanging. But there are more things in heaven and earth, Calvert——" He broke off and whistled drearily.

I moistened my dry, cracked lips, and asked him huskily what he meant.

"Torture, old man. That's what we're being saved for, I'm very much afraid. A Peruvian guerilla is never a gentle-minded animal at the best of times, and Garcia is noted as being the most vindictive fellow to be found between the Andes and the Pacific. Then if you'll kindly remember how you and I have harried him, and shot down his men, and cut off

his supplies, and made his life a torment and a thing of tremors for the last four weeks, you'll see he had got a big bill against us. If he'd hated us less, he'd have had us shot at sight when we were caught; as it is, I'm afraid he felt that a couple of bullets in hot blood wouldn't pay off the score."

"If he thinks the matter over calmly, he'll not very well avoid seeing that if he wipes us out there'll be reprisals to be looked for."

"And a fat lot," replied Methuen grimly, "he'll care for the chance of those. If we are put out of the way, he knows quite well that there are no two other men in the Chilian Service who can keep him on the trot as we have done. No, sir. We can't scare Garcia

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Original from
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with that yarn. You think that because we're alive still, there's hope. Well, I've sufficient faith in my own theory for this: If anyone offered me a shot through the head now, I'd accept it, and risk the chance."

"You take the gloomy view. Now the man's face is not altogether cruel. There's humour in it."

"Then probably he'll show his funniness when he takes it out of us," Methuen retorted. "Remember that punishment in the 'Mikado'? That had 'something humorous' in it. Boiling oil, if I don't forget."

Involuntarily I shuddered, and the raw-hide ropes cut deeper into my wrists and limbs. I had no great dread of being killed in the ordinary way, or I should not have entered the Chilian Army in the middle of a hot war, and I was prepared to risk the ordinary woundings of action in return for the excitements of the fight. But to be caught, and held a helpless prisoner, and be deliberately tortured to death by every cruelty this malignant fiend, Garcia, could devise, was a possibility I had not counted on before. In fact, as the Peruvians had repeatedly given out that they would offer no quarter to us English in the Chilian Service, we had all of us naturally resolved to die fighting rather than be taken. And, indeed this desperate feeling paid very well, since on two separate occasions when Methuen and myself had been cornered with small bodies of men, and would have surrendered if we could have been guaranteed our lives, as it was, we went at them each time so furiously that on each occasion we broke through and escaped. But one thinks nothing of the chances of death and maiming at those times. There is a glow within one's ribs which scares away all trace of fear.

"I suppose there's no chance of rescue?" I said.

"None whatever," said Methuen, with a little sigh. "Think it over, Calvert. We start out from the *hacienda* with an escort of five men, sing out our *adios*, and ride away to enjoy a ten days' leave in the mountains. The troops are left to recruit; for ten days they can drop us out of mind. Within twelve hours of our leaving them, Garcia cleverly ambushes us in a cañon where not three

people pass in a year. The poor beggars who form our escort are all *gastados*."

"Yes, but are you sure of that?" I interrupted. "I saw them all drop off their horses when we were fired upon, but that doesn't prove they were dead. Some might have been merely wounded, and when the coast cleared, it is just possible they crawled back to our post with the news. Still, I own it's a small chance."

"And you may divest yourself of even that thin rag of hope. Whilst you were being slung senseless across a horse, I saw that man without the ears go round with a *machete*, and—well, when the brute had done, there was no doubt about the poor fellows being as dead as lumps of mud. Ah, and talk of the devil——"

The earless man swung into the hut.

"*Buenas*, Señores," said he mockingly. "You will have the honour now of being tried, and I'm sure I hope you will be pleased with the result."

"I suppose we shall find that out later," said Methuen, with a yawn; "but anyway, I don't think much of your hospitality. A cup of wine now after that ugly ride we've had to-day would come in very handy, or even a nip of *aguardiente* would be better than nothing."

"I fancy it might be a waste of good liquor," was the answer; "but you must ask Garcia. He will see to your needs."

A guard of twelve ragged fellows, armed with carbine and *machete*, had followed the earless man into the hut, and two of them, whilst he talked, had removed the seizings from our knees and ankles. They helped us to our feet, and we walked with them into the dazzling sunshine outside.

"I'll trouble some of you for my hat," said Methuen, when the glare first blazed down on him; and then, as no one took any notice of the request, he lurched against the earless man with a sudden swerve, and knocked his sombrero on to the brown baked turf. "Well, I'll have yours, you flea-ridden *ladron*," said he; "it's better than nothing at all. Pick up the foul thing, and shake it, and put it on my head."

The guerilla bared his teeth like an animal, and drew a pistol. I thought he

would have shot my comrade out of hand, and by his look I could see that Methuen expected it. Indeed, he had deliberately invited the man to that end. But, either because the nearness of Garcia and fear of his discipline stayed him, or through thought of a finer vengeance which was to come, the earless man contented himself by dealing a battery of kicks and oaths, and bidding our guards to ward us more carefully.

In this way then, we walked along a path between two fields of vines, and passed down the straggling street of

require much imagination to frame it into an omen. In the centre of the *plaza* was a vast magnolia tree, filled with scented wax-like



I could see that Methuen expected it.

flowers, and splashed with cones of coral-pink.

We drew up before the *piazza* of the principal house. Seated under its shade in a split-cane rocker, Garcia awaited us, a small meagre dark man, with glittering teeth, and fingers lemon-coloured from cigarette juice.

He stared at us and spat; and the trial, such as it was, began.

I must confess that the proceedings astonished me. Animus there certainly was; the guerillas as a whole were disposed to give us short shrift; but their chief insisted on at least some parade of justice. The indictment was set

the village which the guerillas had occupied, and brought up in a little *plaza* which faced the white-walled chapel. In the turret a bell was tolling dolefully in slow strokes, and, as the sound came to me through the heated air, it did not

forward against us. We had shot, hanged, and harried, and in fact used all the harshness of war. Had we been Chilians in the Chilian service, this might have been pardonable; but we were aliens from across

the sea; mere freebooters, fighting, not for a country, but each for his own hand; and as such we were beyond the pale of military courtesy. We had earned a punishment. Had we any word to speak, why this should not be given?

Garcia looked towards us expectantly, and then set himself to roll a fresh cigarette.

I shrugged my shoulders. It seemed useless to say anything.

Methuen said: "Look here, sir! You've got us, there's no mistake about that.

It seems to me you've two courses before you, and they are these: Either you can kill us, more or less barbarously, in which case you will raise a most pestilential hunt at your heels; or, you can put us up to ransom. Now neither Calvert here, nor myself, are rich men; but if you choose to let us go with sound skins, we're prepared to pay ten thousand Chilian dollars apiece, for our passports. Now, does that strike you?"

Garcia finished rolling his cigarette, and lit it with care. He inhaled a deep breath of smoke.

"Señor," he said (the words coming out from between his white teeth with little puffs of vapour), "you do not appear to understand. You fight as a soldier of fortune, and I am merely in arms as a patriot. I am no huckster to traffic men's lives for money, nor am I a timorous fool to be scared into robbing a culprit of his just dues."

"Very well, then," said Methuen, "murder the pair of us."

Garcia smiled unpleasantly. "You may be a very brave man," said he, "but you are not a judicious one. To a judge less just

than myself this insolence might have added something to your punishment; but as it is I shall overlook what you have said, and only impose the penalty I had determined upon before you spoke."

He lifted his thin yellow fingers, and drew a fresh breath of smoke. Then he waved the cigarette towards the magnolia tree in the

centre of the plaza.

"You see that bough which juts out towards the chapel?"

"It's made for a gallows," said Methuen.

"Precisely," said the guerilla, "and it will be used as one inside ten minutes. I shall string one of you up by the neck, to dangle there between heaven and earth. The other man shall have a rifle and cartridges, and if, standing where he does now, he can cut

with a bullet the rope with which his friend is hanged, then you shall both go free."

"I hear you say it," said Methuen. "In other words you condemn one of us to be strangled slowly without chance of reprieve. But what guarantee have we that you will not slit the second man's throat



The target.



after you have had your sport out of him?"

Garcia sprang to his feet with a stamp of passion, and the chair rolled over backwards. "You foul adventurer!" he cried. "You paid man-killer!" and then he broke off with a bitter "Pah!" and folded his arms, and for a minute held silence till he got his tongue in hand again. "Señor," he said coldly, "my country's wrongs may break my heart, but they can never make me break my word. I may be a hunted guerilla, but I still remain a gentleman."

"I beg your pardon," said Methuen.

"We will now," continued Garcia icily, "find out which of you two will play which part. Afterwards I will add another condition which may lend more skill to what follows. I will not coerce you. Kindly choose between yourselves which of you will hang, and which shoot."

My comrade shrugged his shoulders. "I like you, Calvert, old man," said he, "but I'm not prepared to dance on nothing for you."

"It would be simplest to toss for exit," I said.

"Precisely; but, my dear fellow, I have both hands trussed up, and no coin."

"Pray let me assist you," said Garcia. "Señor Calvert, may I trouble you for an expression of opinion?"

He leant over the edge of the *piazza*, and span a dollar into the air. I watched it with a thumping heart, and when for an instant it paused, a dazzling splash of brightness against the red-tiled roof, I cried: "Heads!"

The coin fell with a faint thud in the dust a yard from my feet.

"Well?" said Methuen.

"I congratulate you, old fellow. I swing."

He frowned and made no reply. Garcia's voice broke the silence. "*Bueno*, Señor Methuen," he said. "I advise you to shoot straight or you will not get home even now. You remember I said there was still another condition. Well, here you are: you must cut your friend down with a bullet before he is quite dead, or I'll string you up beside him."

Methuen let up a short laugh. "Remember what I said about that fellow in 'the Mikado,' Calvert? You see where the

'humour' comes in? We've had that coin spun for nothing. You and I must change positions."

"Not at all. I take what I've earned."

"But I say yes. It works this way: I took it that the man who was hanging stood a delicate chance anyway, and I didn't feel generous enough to risk it. But now that the Señor here has put in the extra clause, the situation is changed altogether. You aren't a brilliant shot, old man, but you may be able to cut me down with a bullet if you remember what you're firing for, and shoot extra straight. But it's a certain thing that I couldn't do it if I blazed away till Doomsday. The utmost I could manage would be to fluke a pellet into your worthy self. So you see I must wear the hemp, and you must apply your shoulder to the rifle butt. Laugh, you fool," he added in English. "Grin, and say something funny, or these brutes will think we care for them."

But I was incapable of further speech. I could have giped at the prospect of being hanged myself, but the horror of this other ordeal turned me sick and dumb. And at what followed I looked on mutely.

There was a well at one side of the *plaza*, and the earless man went and robbed the windlass of its rope. With clumsy landsman's fingers he formed a noose, took it to the great magnolia tree, and threw the loose end over the projecting branch. The bell of the little white chapel opposite went on tolling gravely, and they marched my friend up to his fate over the sun-baked dust. They passed a thong round his ankles; the earless man fitted the noose to his throat; a dozen of the guerillas with shouts and laughter, laid hold of the hauling part of the line; and then a voice from behind fell upon my ear. Garcia was speaking to me. With a strain I dragged my eyes away from the glare of the *plaza*, and listened. He was smiling wickedly.

"—, and so your pluck has oozed away?" he was saying, as the cigarette smoke billowed up from between the white walls of his teeth. "Well, of course, if you do not care for the game, you can throw up your hand at once. You've only to say the word, and you can be dangling on that bough there

inside a couple of minutes. It's quite strong enough to carry more fruit than it will bear just now. But it's rather hard on your friend not to try——"

My wits came to me again. "You dolt!" I cried; "how can I shoot with my arms trussed up like this? If the whole thing is not a mockery, cut me adrift and give me a rifle."

He beckoned to one of his men, and the fellow came up and cut off the lashings from my wrists and elbows; and then, with a sour smile, he motioned to some of the others, who drew near and held their weapons at the ready. "I dare wager, Señor Calvert," he said, "that if you'd me for a mark you would not score a miss. So I wish to insure that you do not shoot in this direction." He raised his voice, and shouted across the baking sunlight. "Quite ready here, *amigos*. So up with the target."

* * * * *

Now up to this point I am free to own that since our capture I had cut a pretty poor figure. I had not whined, but at the same time I had not seen my way to put on Methuen's outward show of careless brazen courage. But when I watched the guerillas tighten on the rope and sway him up till his stretched-out feet swung a couple of hand-spans above the ground, then my coolness returned to me, and my nerves set like icicles in their sockets. He was sixty yards away, and at that distance the well-rope dwindled to the bigness of a shoemaker's thread. Moreover, the upper two-thirds of it was almost invisible because it hung before a background of shadows. But the eighteen inches above my poor friend's head stood out clear and distinct against the white walls of the chapel beyond, and, as it swayed to the pulsing of the body beneath, it burnt itself upon my eyesight till all the rest of the world was blotted out in a red haze. I never knew before how thoroughly a man could concentrate himself.

They handed me the rifle, loaded and cocked. It was a single-shot Winchester, and I found out afterwards, though I did not know it then, that either through fiendish wish to further hamper my aim, or through pure forgetfulness, they had left the sights

cocked up at three hundred yards. But that did not matter; the elevation was a detail of minor import; and, besides, I was handling the weapon as a game shot fires, with head up, and eyes glued on the mark, and rifle-barrel following the eyes by instinct alone. You must remember that I had no stationary mark to aim at. My poor comrade was writhing and swaying at the end of his tether, and the well-rope swung hither and thither like some contorted pendulum.

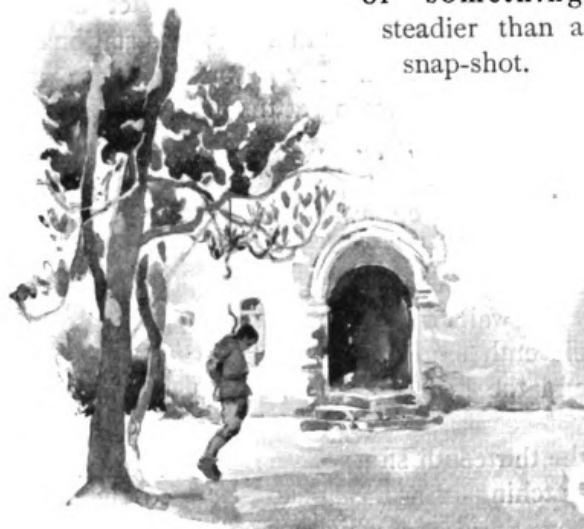
Once I fired, twice I fired, six times, ten times, and still the rope remained uncut, and the bullets rattled harmlessly against the white walls of the chapel beyond. With the eleventh shot came a tinkle of broken glass, and the bell, after a couple of hurried nervous clangs, ceased tolling altogether. With the thirteenth shot a shout went up from the watching crowd. I had stranded the rope, and the body which dangled beneath the magnolia tree began slowly to gyrate.

Then came a halt in the firing. I handed the Winchester back to the fellow who was reloading, but somehow or other the exploded cartridge had jammed in the breach. I danced and raged before him in my passion of hurry, and the cruel brutes round yelled in ecstasies of merriment. Only Garcia did not laugh. He re-rolled a fresh cigarette, with his thin yellow fingers, and leisurely rocked himself in the split-cane chair. The man could not have been more unmoved if he had been over-looking a performance of Shakespeare.

At last I tore the Winchester from the hands of the fellow who was fumbling with it, and clawed at the jammed cartridge myself, breaking my nails and smearing the breech-block with blood. If it had been welded into one solid piece, it could scarcely have been firmer. But the thrill of the moment gave my hands the strength of pincers. The brass case moved from side to side; it began to crumple; and I drew it forth and hurled it from me, a mere ball of shapeless, twisted metal. Then one of the laughing brutes gave me another cartridge, and once more I shouldered the loaded weapon.

The mark was easier now. The struggles of my poor friend had almost ceased, and though the well-rope still swayed, its movements

were comparatively rhythmical, and to be counted upon. I snapped down the sights, put the butt-plate to my shoulder, and cuddled the stock with my cheek. Here for the first time was a chance of something steadier than a snap-shot.



The body, in a limp and shapeless heap, fell to the ground.

I pressed home the trigger as the well-rope reached one extremity of its swing. Again a few loose ends sprang from the rope, and again the body began slowly to gyrate. But was it Methuen I was firing to save, or was I merely wasting shot to cut down a mass of cold dead clay?

I think that more agony was compressed for me into a few minutes than than most men meet with in a life-time. Even the onlooking guerillas were so stirred that for the first time, their gibing ceased, and two of them of their own accord handed me cartridges. I slipped one home and closed the breech-block. The perspiration was running in a stream from my chin. Again I fired. Again the well-rope was snapped, and I could see the loosened strands ripple out as a snake unwraps itself from a branch.

One more shot. God in heaven, I missed! Why was I made to be a murderer like this?

Garcia's voice came to me coldly. "Your last chance, Señor. I can be kept waiting. And I think you are wasting

time. Your friend seems to have quitted us already."

Another cartridge. I sank to one knee and rested my left elbow on the other. The plaza was hung in breathless silence. Every eye was strained to see the outcome of the shot. The men might be inhuman in their cruelty, but they were human enough in their curiosity.

The body span to one end of its swing: I held my fire. It swung back, and the rifle



muzzle followed. Like some mournful pendulum it passed through the air, and then a glow of certainty filled me like a drink. I knew I could not miss that time; and I fired; and the body, in a limp and shapeless heap, fell to the ground.

With a cry I threw the rifle from me, and raced across the sunlit dust. Not an arm was

stretched out to stop me. Only when I had reached my friend and loosened that horrible ligature from his neck, did I hear voices clamouring over my fate.

"And now this other Inglese, your excellency," the earless man said. "Shall we shoot him from here, or shall we string him up in the other's place?"

But the answer was not what the fellow expected. Garcia replied to him in a shriek of passion. "You foul slaughtering brute," he cried, "another offer like that and I'll pistol you where you stand. You heard me pass my word: do you dream that I could break it? They have had their punishment, and if we see one another again, the meeting will be none of my looking for. We leave this *puebla* in five minutes. See to your duties. Go."

The words came to me dully through the heated air. I was almost mad with the thought that my friend was dead, and that the fault was mine, *mine*, mine alone!

I listened for his breaths; they did not come. I felt for a heart-throb; there was not so much as a flutter. His neck was seared by a ghastly ring. His face was livid. And yet I would not admit even then that he was dead. With a cry I seized his arms, and moved them first above his head till he looked like a man about to dive, and then clapped them against his sides, repeating this an infinite number of times, praying that the airs I drew through his lungs might blow against some smouldering spark of humanity, and kindle it once more into life.

The perspiration rolled from me; my mouth was as a sand-pit; the heavy scent of the magnolia blossoms above sickened me

with its strength; the sight departed from my eyes. I could see nothing beyond a small circle of the hot dust around, which waved and danced in the sunlight, and the little green lizards which came and looked at me curiously, and forgot that I was human.

And then, of a sudden, my comrade gave a sob, and his chest began to heave of itself without my laborious aid. And after that for a while I knew very little more. The sun-baked dust danced more wildly in the sunshine, the lizards changed to darker colours, the light went out, and when next I came to my senses Methuen was sitting up with one hand clutching at his throat, looking at me wildly.

"What has happened?" he gasped. "I thought I was dead, and Garcia had hanged me. Garcia—— No one is here. The *puebla* seems deserted. Calvert, tell me."

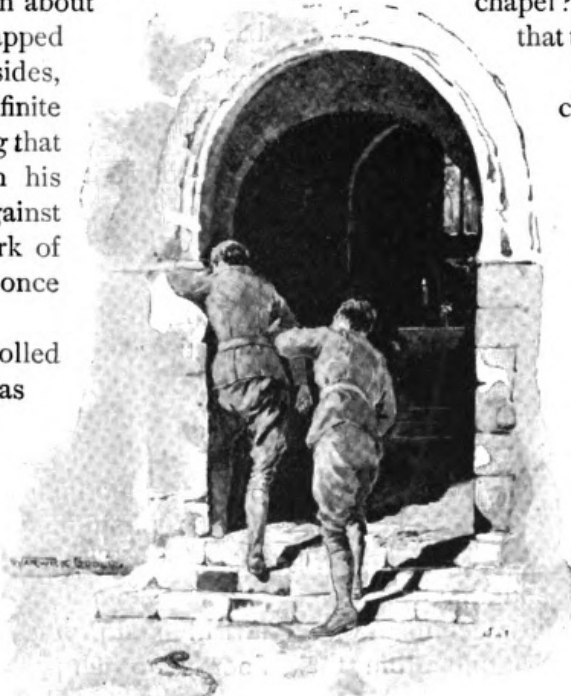
"They have gone," I said. "We are alive. We will get away from here as soon as you can walk."

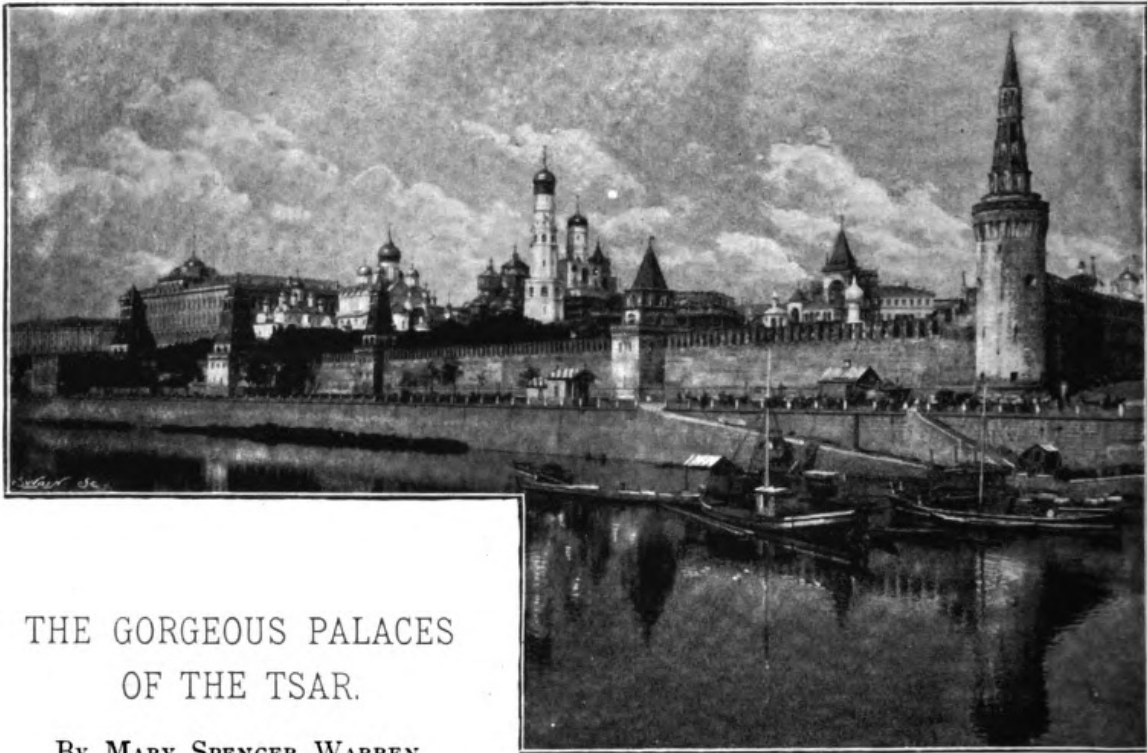
He rose to his feet, swaying. "I can walk now. But what about you?"

"I am an old man," I said, "wearily old. In the last two hours I have grown a hundred years. But I think I can walk also. Yes, look, I am strong. Lean on my arm. Do you see that broken window in the chapel? When I fired through that the bell stopped tolling."

"Let us go inside the chapel for a minute before we leave the village," said Methuen. "We have had a very narrow escape, old man. I—I—feel thankful."

There was a faint smell of incense inside that little white-walled chapel. The odour of it lingers by me still.





THE GORGEOUS PALACES OF THE TSAR.

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN.

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

Moscow, as the scene of the coming coronation, is just now a great centre of interest to the whole of the civilised world, for the pageant there to be witnessed will be one of unrivalled splendour, and will entirely eclipse any State function of the present century.

In view of our Queen's Jubilee, and the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York, this may seem a very broad statement; but it must be remembered that Russia, above all countries in the world, is not only given to a display of its riches, but also has an Imperial Treasury and a collection of plate and jewels which surpasses that of any other Court. Its palaces are built in the most costly style, the interiors being for the most part perfectly dazzling with magnificence.

No doubt some account of these Russian Royal palaces will prove of great interest, the more especially as the interiors are sealed books.

First, I purpose giving you a description of the Kremlin, the world-renowned palatial pile of Moscow, and the habitation of the rulers of Russia from time immemorial. The present building dates only from the reign of Nicholas I., former ones, which were comprised almost entirely of wood, having

been burned to the ground one after another; but this, and each preceding one, had been erected on the same site, and always known by the same name—the Kremlin. As the eye rests upon it now, it sees an enormous pile of mixed architecture, the best view, perhaps, being obtained from the opposite banks of the river which runs beneath its walls. Its interior comprises some seven hundred rooms, the State apartments of which almost baffle description.

Of course it is an impossibility to do more than select a few of the principal rooms for this purpose. We begin with the Hall of St. Andrews, which is the Throne Room. This is so named from the senior order of knighthood, founded by Peter I. in 1698. The colour of the order is light blue, and this is the tone of the silk everywhere covering the walls of this hall.

The proportions are magnificent, the Hall being 160ft. in length, 68ft. in width, and 58ft. in height. The doors, pillars, vaulted ceiling, and interspersions of silk panelling, are lavishly and profusely gilded in relief. The floor is of rich parqueterie, and the whole is brilliantly lighted by means of a series of particularly graceful chandeliers of beaten

gold, which burn hundreds of wax candles. On the walls, and on the lofty pillars may be seen the arms of the various Russian provinces.

At the far end stands the Imperial throne, a particularly handsome, if somewhat gorgeous appendage; it is, of course, mounted on a *daïs*, and is supported by the griffins, the heraldic device of the Romanoffs. From various points of view this throne is of the greatest interest; it was sent from Persia in

Assumption, the actual scene of the coronation ceremony. No words of mine can picture this to you, so gorgeously lavish are its appointments. Turn where you will, gold and precious stones, rich and rare ornamentation, glitter with unwonted splendour. The whole place is literally coated with gems and rare metals, and is prolific in costly shrines. These I shall not attempt either to enumerate or describe; I will merely tell you that in one, the image of the Virgin, is an



THE HALL OF ST. ANDREWS.

the year 1660 by a dignitary of the Shah's Court as a present to the Tsar Alexis.

Whether of solid gold throughout I am unable to say, but it presents the appearance of this precious metal in a highly ornamented state, and is set with a multiplicity of precious stones of the most exquisite cutting. On the front, sides, and on the interior above the seat, appear plaques of ivory, ornamented in relief.

Before visiting other apartments it may be as well to point out to you the interior of the "Usspenski Sabor," or Cathedral of the

emerald of the actual worth of £10,000. Four massive pillars support the domed roof, and these are decorated with frescoes of saints, patriarchs, martyrs and prophets.

We now enter the Hall of St. Catherine, which is 68ft. long and 45ft. wide, and is supported by pilasters of malachite. The gold relief of the ceiling and arches is rich in the extreme, and is rendered the more prominent by the rich crimson and silver of the walls. At the top of the room, stands the throne of the Empress, and here Her Imperial Majesty will hold her



THE HALL OF ST. GEORGE.

first drawing-room immediately after the coronation. Probably this function will surpass any former one, even of the brilliant Court of the present Dowager Empress. The throne is beautifully draped and canopied in rich crimson velvet, on the summit appearing the crown, and on the canopy and chair the Imperial Arms, richly emblazoned.

The Hall of St. George is another state-room of magnificent proportions, measuring 200ft. in length, and 68ft. in width. This is dedicated to the military order of that name, and has mural tablets down either side with inscriptions thereon, showing the names of the knights of the Order. These names—which are all written in letters of gold—are legion, as the Order was instituted in 1769. The zinc capitals of the columns are each surmounted by figures of Victory carrying shields, on which are recorded the dates of the chief conquests of Russia, commencing in 1472. On the shields are also the arms of the victorious provinces. One end of the apartment shows a magnificent silver group of conquerors of Siberia, presented by the Cossacks of the Don; and near to it are two bronze casquets, which contain

the statutes and the roll of the order. Then there is a grand painting of St. George and the Dragon, a copy of the Raphael at St. Petersburg. The lustres and candelabra are magnificently grand, composed of crystal and gold, and carrying no fewer than 3200 candles. The inlaid parqueterie floor, and the furniture in black and orange, are other distinctive features calling for special note.

This leads into the Alexandra Hall, commemorative of the order of St. Alexis. This hall is most superbly hung and decorated in pink and gold, and is 103ft. in length and 68ft. in breadth and height. Rare paintings and frescoes everywhere abound; while marble columns, exquisite tracery and gold relief, costly chandeliers and rare parqueterie, are only surpassed by the wonderful and priceless collection of gold and silver plate, which is piled on the stands on either side of each doorway when the Imperial family are in residence. This hall, which immediately adjoins the Throne Room, is really one of the most beautiful in the palace. I may say that the whole of these magnificent

halls open on to a fine terrace, from whence a good view of the city may be obtained.

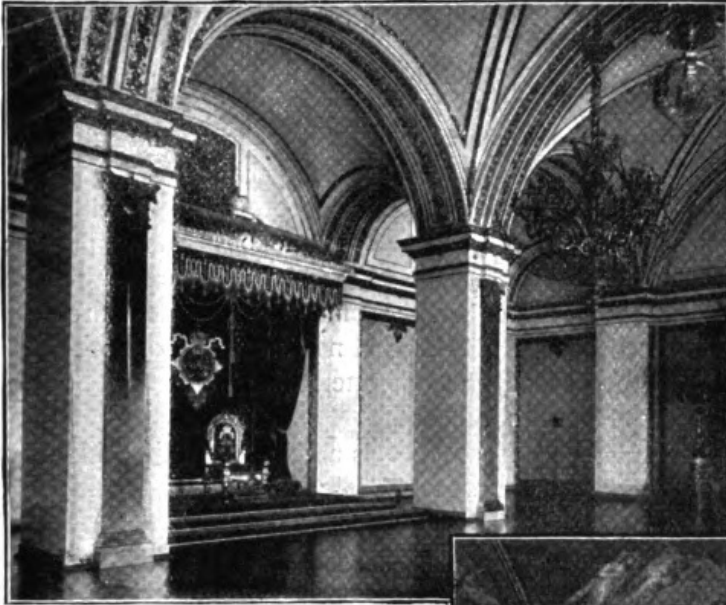
Another very important saloon in this palace is known as the Granavitza Banqueting Hall. Here it is customary for the Imperial Majesties of Russia to dine in great state immediately after their coronation. During the dinner they are seated on the

joists are one mass of gold relief of exquisite design.

The Emperor's State bedroom is almost a dream of art, so beautiful is the general effect of its appointments; it is entirely hung with the richest white brocade, its supporting columns and pilasters are of verte antique, and its mantelpiece of the purest jasper.

Rich velvet pile in white covers the floor; the light and graceful frames of the furniture are of overburnish, with upholstery to match the hangings.

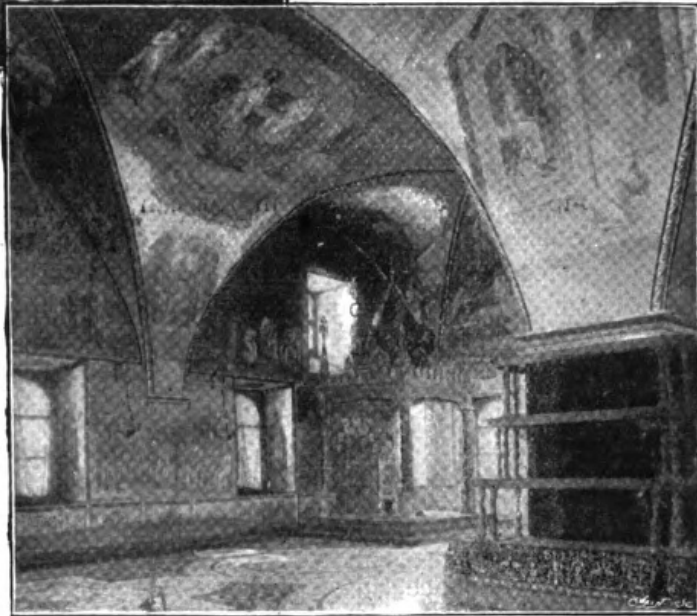
A journey up to St. Petersburg, and we can see the Winter Palace, another of the State residences of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. When I say State residences, I speak advisedly, for neither at the Kremlin nor the Winter Palace do their majesties take up any permanent residence: merely



THE THRONE OF THE EMPRESS IN THE HALL OF ST. CATHERINE.

silver-gilt throne shown in the photograph, adorned for the first time with the Imperial insignia. It has also from time immemorial been used as an audience chamber on very special occasions. It has a vaulted ceiling, with arches resting on columns; around the room are massively carved stands, whereon the Imperial gold dinner service is arranged.

Before leaving the State rooms the rich appointments of the drawing rooms may just be glanced at. These, as may be expected, are superb in the extreme, the most beautiful, perhaps, being the one known as the Green Drawing Room. Malachite, lapis lazuli, gold-framed furniture, the rarest of china, and the most valuable of paintings figure largely. The ceilings are masterpieces of painting and decoration, and the doors and



THE GRANAVITZA BANQUETING HALL.

staying there for State functions, as does Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace.

Smaller palaces, which, however, are quite as beautiful, are the real homes, of the monarchs; one which is a particular favourite is at Tsarkoe Seloe, not very far from St. Petersburg. This is beautifully situated and quite secluded, standing in the midst of

grounds upwards of eighteen miles in circumference.

One or two principal attractions may be mentioned. The banqueting hall, for instance, has its ceiling and walls literally covered with gold, richly wrought. One room is known as the Lapis Lazuli Room, from the great quantity of that precious material used in the decorations. Its floor, too, is a great feature, consisting of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Another is known as the Amber Room, the walls being of the finest amber, in exquisite design. It is well known that the late Emperor Alexander was very fond of tapestry, and here it can be seen in great quantities, the majority of the rooms and corridors having their walls covered with it, this being the case in every private room of the Emperor.

In the same park, and not far from the large palace, is a much smaller one, known as the Alexander Schloss, standing in the midst of grounds cut off from the larger tract. This is just a cosy residence, chiefly remarkable for a fine collection of models, the majority of which are military; and a good collection of paintings by Russian artists. In this small palace the infant daughter of their majesties was born.

Perhaps the favourite home—at any rate of the late Emperor—was at Spala, in Russian Poland. This is an old castle in the midst of a large forest, where the Emperor was wont to indulge in his favourite pastime of hunting, and here he became quite a different man, entering into amusements and recreation with the same eagerness as he did at Bernstorff, in Denmark. At these two places it was possible for him to throw off the cares of State, and thoroughly enjoy himself.

Other palaces are the one at Warsaw and the Anitschnoff Palace at St. Petersburg, where the present Tsar spent most of his boyhood.

To return, however, to the Winter Palace, which is a building of enormous size, standing on the banks of the Neva. It is four storeys in height, supported and fronted with massive columns, and surmounted with beautiful statuary. The arches and pediments are finely carved. The principal entrance faces the Neva, and from here a wide flight of steps

leads direct to the State apartments. Here, it will be remembered, the present Emperor took up his residence just prior to his marriage; to here the bride and royal guests came in procession, the former retiring to the magnificent suite of rooms which had formerly been occupied by Alexandra Feodorovna, wife of Nicholas I., and which had now been prepared for her.

These open out from the Pomenian Chamber, and include a beautiful reception room, the walls of which are lined with malachite, the frescoes are copies of Raphael, and the chandeliers and candelabra lapis lazuli; a sleeping apartment, with exquisite appointments, and ornamented with a fine frieze, said to be the best in the palace; a beautiful dressing-room, which leads to the noteworthy Romano-Mauresque bath; a small marble staircase near leading to a conservatory and grotto, fitted with the rarest tropical productions.

Near here is a very interesting little room, somewhat plainly furnished. Formerly the Russian Imperial family were in the habit of spending their evenings here together. Close to it may be seen the study of Alexander II.; this is also noted for its simplicity.

One of the finest halls is that named after the first Nicholas, a life-sized portrait of whom hangs on one of the walls. This is an immense apartment, and has in it no fewer than sixteen windows; it is one glitter of gold, marble, and parqueterie, which is further enhanced by four massive sideboards carrying a quantity of gold plate.

In this Winter Palace the Court balls are held, and it is a fact that no Court in the world presents such a magnificent appearance as does Russia when assembled in these grand halls. The entire arrangements for the function are on a most brilliant and sumptuous scale. Formal sit-down suppers are always provided, and this is the only Court that follows this custom; at others, every luxury is furnished, but inasmuch as it is a stand-up feast, it often follows that the crush is so great many never get near the tables.

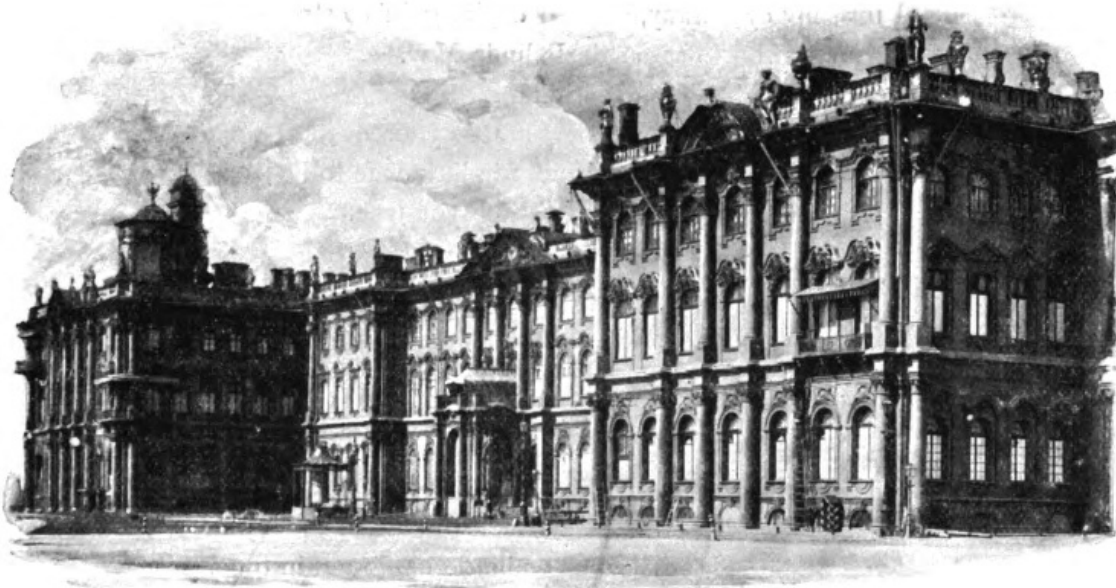
An additional feature is added to the Russian State balls by the fact that one or more of the large halls are generally

verted into gardens—palms, exotics, and even fruit trees being transplanted there with fine effect. Coloured lights add to the beauty, and hundreds of seats for the convenience of the guests are stationed in cool places.

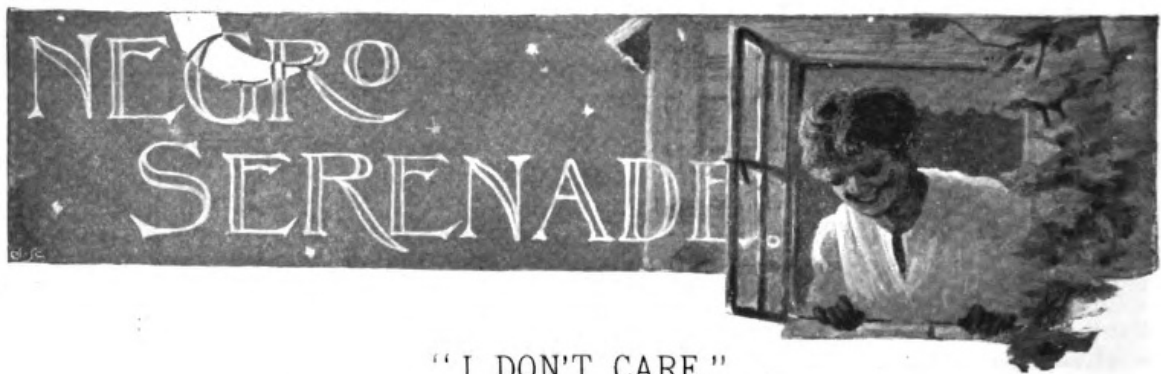
Another noteworthy saloon is known as the White Hall; this, in addition to its lavish decoration, is further distinguished by a large number of marble statues. Next comes the Golden Hall, decorated entirely in the Byzantine style; here must be noticed the exquisite work of the costly marble chimney-piece, representative of a temple; and Winchman's fine sculptured statue of the consort of Nicholas I.

The Throne Room, known as the St. George's Hall, is a parallelogram, of over 140ft. in length; on either side of it are some lofty Corinthian columns. Down the centre of the concave ceiling hangs a continuation of graceful and rich candelabra. The Imperial Throne faces the principal entrance.

This is a brief summary of the parts of the Winter Palace best worth seeing; but it is a matter of course that the Kremlin of Moscow will be by far the most interesting just at the present time, the more especially as hitherto no description and views of it have appeared in the pages of a magazine.



THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.



" I DON'T CARE." .

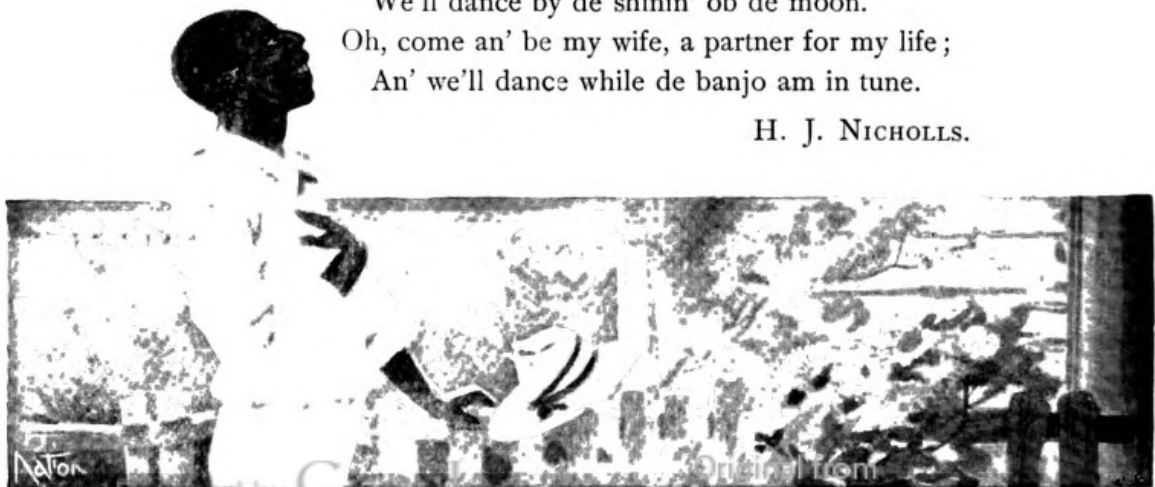
De moon am shinin' bright, on de melons in de patch,
 But I don't care! Let 'em stay!
 I turn my eyes away, for fear dey're goin' to stray,
 For I'm gwine to serenade Belinda May!
 Oh, Belinda! Ope dat winder!
 No melon am so plump an' sweet as you.
 I'll lub you all my life, so come an' be my wife;
 An' all de day an' night I'll lub you true!

De chickens am asleep on de roost as I pass;
 But I don't care! Let 'em stay!
 I turn my eyes away, for fear dey're goin' to stray,
 For I'm off to serenade Belinda May.
 Oh, Belinda! Ope dat winder!
 No chicken am so tender, lub, as you.
 Come home to roost wid me, my little wife to be;
 An' all de day an' night I'll lub you true.

De darkies down below hab all gone to de ball;
 But I don't care! Get away!
 One darky won't be dere who can far outstep 'em all,
 For I'm off to serenade Belinda May.

Oh, Belinda! Ope dat winder!
 We'll dance by de shinin' ob de moon.
 Oh, come an' be my wife, a partner for my life;
 An' we'll dance while de banjo am in tune.

H. J. NICHOLLS.



CURIOSITIES OF STAINED GLASS WINDOWS



THE PEDLAR'S WINDOW, ST. MARY'S
CHURCH, LAMBETH, S.W.

BY ERNEST R. SUFFLING.

PROBABLY every form of art has its idiosyncrasies, its anachronisms, and its curiosities, but the lack of a chronicler causes numberless interesting items to be passed unnoticed by those who love to have at their

fingers' ends anecdotes and strange facts connected in any way with objects of art.

Our present purpose is to glance at a few interesting oddities of the beautiful and lasting art of staining glass.

The windows of Fairford Church, Gloucestershire, are among the finest in the kingdom, and contain a number of anachronisms, some of which are very curious.

One panel of the Crucifixion window shows the mounted figures of Pilate and Annas, the ex-high priest's father-in-law. These figures are doubtless intended to symbolise the fact that both Jew and Gentile were implicated in the divine tragedy.

Behind Pilate rides his body-guard, not a Roman soldier, but a fifteenth century knight in *cap-à-pie* armour.

In the foreground may be seen a soldier carrying, of all weapons, a Lochaber axe, while to make the whole figure more incongruous, he has a border to his jerkin or jazerant, upon which is to be read the French motto: "*Juge sans besoin.*"

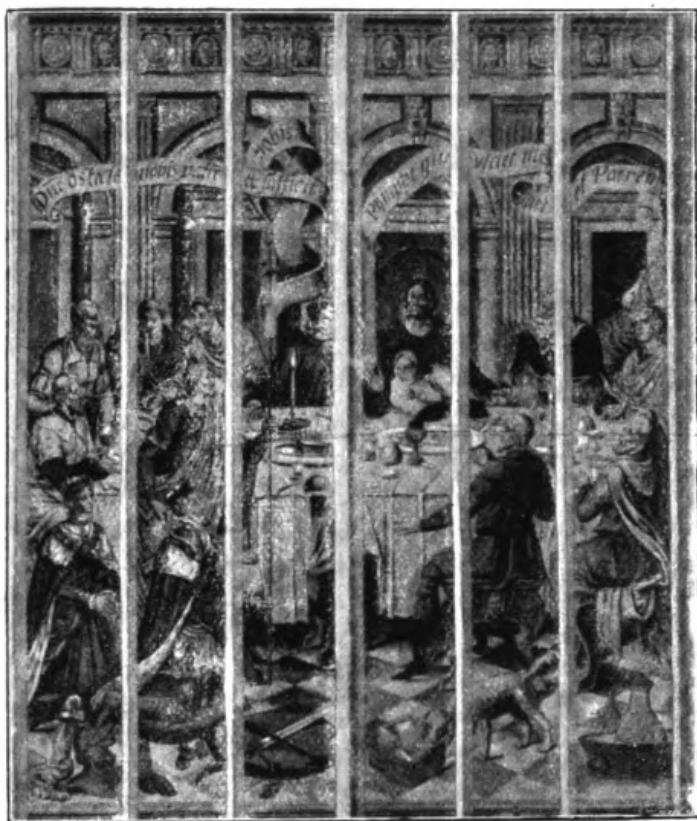
Besides dragging the first and fifteen centuries together, some fifteenth-century glass painters might also have the charge of impiety laid against them. An instance of this occurs in Gouda Church, Holland.

One of the windows, the gift of a certain king of Spain, represents the Last Supper; but to the usual number of thirteen persons (whence the absurd superstition against thirteen sitting at table together) is added the figure of the Spanish king and donor.

The king and his wife have just entered the room, and are



WINDOW IN FAIRFORD CHURCH,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



"THE LAST SUPPER," IN GOUDA CHURCH, HOLLAND.

reverently kneeling, while Our Saviour, who has risen from his seat at the table, is graciously receiving them!

Of course, the window being painted by a Flemish artist, the assembled apostles are painted in correct Dutch costumes.

That the craving for patrons to view themselves in stained glass windows was a great drawback to pictorial truth and chronological accuracy may be noted in a fine example of Flemish work in the stained glass corridor of the South Kensington Museum.

The window was painted about 1540-60, having for subject "The Annunciation." The two principal figures—the Angel and the Virgin Mary—are drawn, coloured, and painted in an excellent manner, but from the sublime the whole composition is brought to the level of the ridiculous by the introduction into the sacred subject of two tiny figures representing a portly burgomaster and his buxom wife, the donors of the window.

The angel is delivering his gracious and momentous message, but is

apparently unheeded by Mary, who, with hands uplifted in amazement, is gazing intently at the midget visitors, who have, unbidden, broken in upon her privacy.

The Pyramids and ancient temples may in modern days be profaned by unsightly advertisements, but we appear, happily, to have fallen upon times when patronage is not carried to such a fulsome length as in the sixteenth century.

It is held as a general rule by modern stained glass artists that the introduction of anything in a window requiring *perspective* for its adequate interpretation is bad art. Canopies and other architectural features of a window are usually subject to a certain amount of shadow, and the various members of a canopy are brought forward or toned back so as to produce an effect of "perspective," but many artists decry this as false art and clamour for "flatness."

Decoration of all kinds must, therefore, in modern days, be flat and unobtrusive, or the work of the producer is, by some critics, looked upon as an artistic crime.



"THE ANNUNCIATION," IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

That this was not the case with the Flemish glass painters of three centuries since is amply proved by many beautiful examples of their work still extant. The reproduction of the window herewith given, "Christ clearing the Temple" (painted in 1567) is probably one of the most remarkable renderings of perspective in a painted window that can be found in Europe.

Sometimes windows painted with special objects in view contain remarkable inaccuracies: thus a commission was given to a London artist to paint a small window for an Irish convent, the subject selected being "Via Dolorosa;" and certain obligations were imposed upon the artist, which he faithfully carried out.

Everything in the window when finished was correct except one figure, which was very much out of place.

That figure represented one of the nuns of the modern convent, standing amid the crowd of sad women, and, yet more strange, from her neck hung a crucifix.

She was actually wearing the emblem before the event took place.

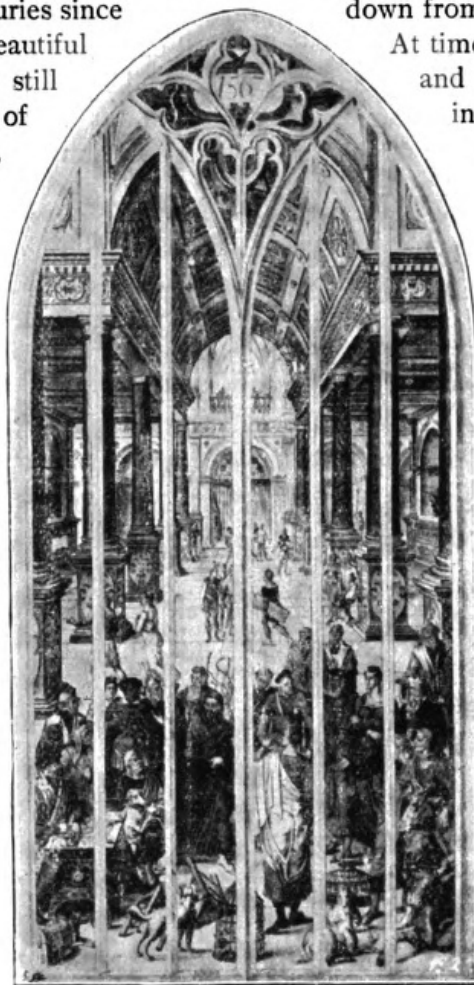
Some thirty years since a lady was persistently importuned to defray the cost of a window for a certain college chapel, but for a long time she was obdurate. Still her purse was besieged, and at length, to obtain peace, she consented to present a window, if the subject might be kept secret until the unveiling ceremony.

The promise was given, the window ordered, painted, and fixed; and then, on a given day, the unveiling took place.

She had chosen for the subject "Job plagued with boils." Patient Job was represented as covered from head to foot with the loathsome disease, but was soon released

from his physical infirmity by being taken down from his niche and broken up.

At times birds are also introduced, and animals receive recognition in stained glass, and we become so used to seeing winged bulls and lions that we cease to regard them with curiosity. In one instance that unclean animal, the pig, has not only a place in a window, but, not content with a nave light, is actually represented in the east window, from whence he looks down upon the various events which take place in the chancel of the primitive little church at Cartmel Fell, Westmoreland.



"CHRIST CLEARING THE TEMPLE."

It may be noted that the pig symbolises St. Anthony, whose figure is in the window.

St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, contains a small window called "The Pedlar's Window," to commemorate a certain pedlar, who, dying, left a sum of money for the use of the poor of the parish. A small window, about two feet square, in the wall of the south aisle, contains a portrait of the pedlar with pack and dog, painted in the seventeenth century.

By the side of this



"ST. ANTHONY AND THE PIG," CARTMEL FELL CHURCH, WEST-MORELAND.

small window is a large modern one of fine style and colouring, containing the seven acts of Charity, the eighth compartment being filled with the presentment of the pedlar and his dog.

Thus the personality and charitable acts of the good man will in all probability be perpetuated for centuries to come.

A strange optical illusion was the means of the writer procuring commissions for two large windows for churches in Melbourne, Australia.

He painted a single-light window for Yarra-Yarra Church, near Melbourne, the subject of which was "Christ raising the daughter of Jairus."

The maid is represented as being raised from her couch by the Saviour, who, standing on the further side of the picture, with His left hand takes the maiden's hand in His, while with the right He points towards Heaven.

Behind the window grew a palm tree, and, upon certain nights of the year, the moon being at or near the full, a shadow was thrown from the palm leaves upon the window, and the wind raising and depressing the feathery leaves, caused it to appear to those inside the church that the Saviour's arms really moved, and some averred they could see the maid raise her head.

It was simply an illusion, but the commissions it brought were no illusions to the artist, who would willingly plant a palm behind each window he paints if the same results were likely to follow.

There are several windows still extant and in good preservation treating upon legendary or mythical subjects. Probably the finest examples occur in St. Neot's Church, Cornwall.

One window is devoted to St. Neot himself, and, in a number of compartments, gives a history of the chief events of his life. These absurd fables were in mediæval times held up as ex-



"THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG,"
ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LAMBETH, S.W.

amples of holy life, and implicitly believed in by those who attended the church.

St. Neot is seen in one compartment bathing his feet in his favourite well. In another three fish are shown in the water, which were placed there by an angel, so that the saint might catch one whenever he felt hungry and prepare it for his meal. These fish were so blessed by the angel that so long as one only was taken from the well their number would never decrease, but there would always be three.

Then we have a picture of the saint ill in bed, and another of his servant cooking two of the fish which he has taken from the well. Poor fellow, he has spoiled the charm, and the saint angrily commands him to throw the broiled fish back into the well.

Another picture shows the faithful servant at the well side, and in yet another the fish are seen swimming about as gaily as if they had not suffered martyrdom a few minutes before by being grilled, like St. Lawrence, over a slow fire.



"THE CREATION WINDOW,"
ST. NEOT'S CHURCH, CORNWALL.

In the same church is another fine old window called the "Creation" window, because the first compartments are filled with different phases of the creation of the world. One picture shows the Divine Architect planning out the heavenly bodies with an enormous pair of compasses, the two limbs of which stretch from sun to moon without full extension.



THREE COMPARTMENTS OF THE WINDOW, SHOWING INCIDENTS IN ST. NEOT'S LIFE.

In the lower compartments of this window are shown a number of scenes from the life of Cain and Abel.

Everyone knows the cause of the death of Abel, but few probably could declare how Cain died.

A visit to St. Neot's Church will put visitors in possession of the facts of his death, for they may be read in the painted glass. The legend is as follows :

After Cain had killed his brother he fled into the wilderness, and, living apart from his parents, led the life of an outcast.

One day Lamech, who was fond of hunting, prepared himself for the chase, taking with him a lad as servant or game carrier.

Presently the boy espied a hairy animal in a thicket, and pointing it out to his master, asked him to shoot quickly or the large animal would get away. Lamech fitted an arrow to his bow and shot, when lo! out from the bush rolled Cain, transfixed with his kinsman's arrow.

One compartment in the window shows Lamech armed with a crossbow! As this weapon was not invented till 5000 years after the death of Cain, there would certainly appear to be a slight discrepancy somewhere.



"LAMECH SHOOTING CAIN."
ST. NEOT'S CHURCH, CORNWALL.



ST. NEOT BATHING HIS
FEET.



By
EDWIN
PUGH.

A STORM was rising from the sea. Columns of cloud were rolling up over the horizon across the hard, white sky. The gorse-sprinkled common had changed its aspect from golden-green to heavy bronze. The rigid hills were become impalpable with mist. There was a singing wind abroad. Birds flew, quaking, to the hollow bolls of trees, or nestled down deep among the leaves. Circling gulls screamed hoarsely.

I was a poor, neurotic thing from London, come to this barbaric region in search of primitive sensations. I had started out in the morning to walk across the cliffs, trusting to the weather's promise of continued clemency. It was now the meridian of day.

Half a mile distant there was a cluster of houses. I made towards them, seeking timely shelter from the threatening storm: but ere I had gone a furlong the rain was upon me, battering my face and beating up about my legs from the parched soil. I found refuge at last under an ample porch. The house, of which the porch was an

appurtenance, stood apart in a plot of garden. It was small and picturesque enough to embellish this tale without expanding it.

I had not been under the porch ten seconds when the door behind me was opened, and a neat maid asked me to step inside the house. I went into the hall, and there an old lady met me with many kind courtesies. She offered me the hospitality of her parlour, which I accepted readily enough. I thought to have the pleasure of her company also, but, having seen me seated, she went out, leaving me alone.

A book lay open on the table. I picked it up, and, glancing at the superscription, saw that it was one of my own, a novel I had lately published. I was surprised that it should have penetrated to this remote district of England so soon. I had the book still in my hand when the old lady re-entered the room. She was followed by the neat maid, who bore a tea-tray.

"You will have a cup of tea?" the old lady said.

I thanked her. She glanced at the book in my hand.

"Have you read it?" she asked me.

"Yes," I answered.

"Is it not beautiful?"

"I am afraid I can't pronounce on it quite impartially," I replied.

"Have you a special interest in it, too?" she said.

It was in my mind to tell her I wrote it, but I was curious to know what was her special interest, and restrained myself.

"The author is a friend of mine," I said.

She laughed softly.

"We are not strangers, then," she said.

"No?"

"No. My son wrote that book."

"Your son?" I cried.

"Yes," she said. "Alan Rupus is my son."

She spoke softly, with her face averted. I sat gazing at her in astonishment. If Alan Rupus were her son, then she was my mother—or I had no existence. But my mother was dead; I had seen her die, blessing me.

"Alan Rupus is not his real name," she said, after a pause, "but an assumed one. His name is Gregory Pont." She laughed. "Of course you know that," she said, "as you know him."

I mumbled an unintelligible reply. I had not heard the name "Gregory Pont" before.

"Since you are a friend of my son," she said, "I expect your name will be perfectly familiar to me. What is your name?"

I hesitated for a moment in great doubt. I knew not what to reply. The old lady looked at me over her spectacles.

"Perhaps I can guess," she said.

"Try," I answered feebly.

She wheeled about and faced me.

"Is it Joseph Travers?" she asked.

I was surprised. "No," I said; "but Joseph Travers is a friend of mine."

She mentioned many other names, some of which were familiar to me, but most were strange. I shook my head. She seemed greatly disappointed. When she had exhausted her list she said:

"I am afraid he cannot have mentioned you to me. Or I have forgotten. You must tell me your name, after all."

I was now prepared with an answer.

"My name is Frederick Davies," I said. It was the first name that occurred to me.

"Frederick Davies," she repeated. "No, he has never mentioned you."

"I am surprised," I said. "I take so much interest in his books."

"It is odd that he should not have mentioned you," she mused.

"I cannot understand it," I said.

We were silent for a space.

"He is the very best son in the world," she said.

"They often are," I answered, smiling.

"They always are, I hope," she rejoined, smiling too. "And if any mother says they aren't she is the reason why. But my boy——"

She stopped.

"Please go on," I intreated her.

"It will not weary you?"

"I am his friend."

"And it is right his friends should know him as he really is. Men are such queer creatures, they hate to own to being good. They brag of the vices that are not theirs, as if they were the virtues they really do possess, while they keep the virtues secret. It is a lopsided morality. But men are lopsided animals, and they want a code to match them, I suppose. I daresay, now, that Gregory has never even mentioned to you that he has a mother living."

"He never has," I answered thoughtlessly.

She was greatly crestfallen.

"Or only very casually," I added.

She brightened at that.

"Men don't talk of their mothers as a rule," I said. "It is considered bad form, you know."

"A man would rather be bad than bad form, wouldn't he?"

"He would rather be bad in the right way. All badnesses are not good form."

"No, you have to be gaily bad, I suppose."

"Yes," I replied, very gravely.

"Is Gregory gaily bad?"

I replied vaguely: "He is an exceedingly good fellow." I was nervous of so much questioning. "But you were telling me about him?" I added.

"I can only repeat what I have said already. He is the very best son in the world."

"You were going to say something more than that."

"You tempt me beyond my strength. He is my only child. My heart wouldn't hold another like him. As a boy he was all that I had prayed for; and mothers make ambitious prayers. He was beautiful, brave, clever, good. He was beautiful as he was brave, and brave as he was clever and good."

She paused. "I can believe it," I said.

"My husband died when Gregory was a

very young man," she continued. "He was away at Oxford at the time—a good education is one of my fads—and he had it. He only stayed to take his degree, and then went up to London at once to make a living for himself. He very soon won fame and fortune, though there were a few failures, of course. He bought this house for me, and sends me money every month. He writes to me once a week, sometimes oftener than that. I have hundreds and hundreds of letters from him; a great trunk full. Those and his books are all the literature I need."

"There is no better literature than his books, at any rate," I interpolated. (One so seldom has an opportunity to be unblushing.) She thanked me with a smile.

"Not very long ago," she continued, "he was down here. He could not stay long, he has so much to do. He was very silent and reserved, too; he used to be more talkative. He would tell me so little of himself. But at heart he was the same as ever. There were only surface differences. And I found it hard to believe that greatness could be so simple and human, even to its own mother. I had expected to find him haughty, perhaps a little cold, distant; any ordinary man would have been so. But success has no effect on him. He said, I remember: 'When you find out what a little satisfies mankind you realise how little mankind is.' He said he was great because he had taken care to praise in his works the very few people who were great enough to gauge him. He was full of sayings like that, full of modesty about himself. I should think he must be famous for modesty."

"If he is not it is because his bigger qualities, his more majestic attributes, have spoiled our eyes for the lesser ones," I said.

I thought she raised her head and regarded me rather sharply, as if she detected the sneer underlying my words.

"Now for an anachronism," said she.

I feigned to miss her meaning.

"Tea," she explained.

I laughed, and she drew up to the table. She presided with an old-world grace.

"Please don't put yourself to the pain of balancing a cup on your knee," she pleaded.

"It is so much more comfortable at the table, and so much better for my carpet."

I sat down, facing her.

"Do you think I am like him?" she asked.

"Gregory?"

"Yes."

"I—I can't see any very strong resemblance."

"Nonsense!"

She spoke irritably, almost shrilly. I began to tremble with apprehension. She set her gaze on me. I endeavoured to mask my agitation behind my tea-cup, but there was no escape from her keen scrutiny. I wished I had not entered this seeming *impasse*. I ventured a remark:

"Children are a mother's apotheosis," I murmured.

It was a rash hazard.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean," she said.

I was sensible that I had not quite expressed myself. It was evident my humour grated on her. I think my manner had begun to perplex her: that she was now suspicious of me. I am certain she wished she had considered her words more and said less. A consciousness of indiscretion is a most potent irritant. To ease my own perturbation, I was tempted to tell her the truth. I wondered, was it possible this gentle old lady could be lying to me? Looking into her face I did not believe it. She appeared incapable of gratifying a paltry vanity at a cost of so much baseness. Yet there seemed to be no other explanation of the situation. It was altogether incomprehensible.

A gleam of sunshine speckled the floor.

"I will go now," I said, clumsily enough.

"The rain seems to have quite left off. I am very grateful to you for your kindness."

She did not oppose my departure.

"It was nothing," she said. "I would have done as much—or as little—for anyone."

She touched the bell, and I was shown out.

I walked homeward, through the gorse, marvelling greatly at the strangeness of my adventure. Nothing came of my ruminations, however, except deeper perplexity. Finally, I was forced to the cynical conclusion that

the old lady, despite her frank demeanour, must be but a vulgar imposter after all, sacrificing her self-respect to a petty foible.

Nevertheless, on my return to London, I went at once to my friend, Joseph Travers, hoping that, as the old lady had mentioned his name, he could afford me a clue to the mystery.

"It is quite true that I know her son," he said.

"She has a son, then?"

"Yes."

"And his name is Gregory Pont?"

"O, yes."

"What kind of man is he?"

"A poor sort. He was brought up in that third-rate village you saw. He was a farmer's son, but his mother is a woman of superior education. I think she trained him wrong, or didn't train him at all. She spoilt him, anyway. He came to London ten or twelve years ago, with the windiest head under broad heaven. He had ideas about everything, and was going to spin the world like a top. There was to be a giddy time for people—a sort of universal merry-go-round with him at the crank. He bubbled over with enthusiasm, was noisier than a coach-horn, and as useless. He wallowed in a bog of scarlet vanities. He was more conceited than the male senile. He had a hundred weaknesses, and thought they were his strong points and bragged about 'em. He had one strength and was ashamed of it—he loved his mother."

"How do you know?"

"One feels these things without knowing them. I haven't a doubt about it."

"I begin to see light," I said.

"Of course you do. As I was saying, this windbag came to London to arrange things. He got into the right set. He was good company to a point, and a fair gentleman in the showy parts. He wrote some poetry and then a play, and other little things; finally, he slowed up a bit and started writing I O U's. He thought Byron ought to know and took hock and seltzer matutinally, and other things



She presided with an old-world grace.

overnight. It was half sad and half absurd. I think I was sorry for him. But what could I do? He went on getting remittances from home till the fount was dry. Then the haggard time started. He had some ability and plenty of friends—this sort of man always has friends; but he was utterly unreliable. He played tricks with his brains first, and then his brains played tricks with him. You never knew what he was going to do. There was a strain of something akin to genius in him. But he could be the biggest tomfool. He could use his pen and he couldn't. Everything was true of his powers, and everything was not. He was an invertebrate jumble of inconsistencies."

"What is he now?" I asked.

"He is the warmest journalist in Europe. Edits three papers openly, and half-a-dozen *sub rosa*."

"Eh?"

"He has used his talents to queer ends, I can tell you. You can buy a lot with a lump of self-respect and a little talent in the world of journalism. He has his price, and his field, and his chances. And if you want someone to roll a log for you—or a subtler advertisement than the usual sort—or a bribe or an office or a title, Gregory Pont is your man. He does not write I O U's now. He hasn't time, even if he had the need."

"I should like to know him," I said.

"If you were not so deeply wrapped up in yourself, you would have known him years ago. Everybody else does. I will give you an introduction, if you like. But he is hardly respectable."

"That augurs well for his being interesting," I ventured.

Travers laughed. "My dear boy," he replied, "I should say there are quite three people in the world who are not respectable or original, either. Quite three!"

"Indeed!" I said.

"But come and dine with me at my club to-morrow," he went on. "I will give you Pont's address, then."

I was resolved to push my promising adventure to a climax, if possible, and so I accepted Travers' invitation. He gave me the address and a letter. A day or two later I was able to call on Gregory Pont.

He received me in his library, a disordered apartment overflowing with magazines and newspapers. He was a man with a sallow, jaundiced face and tired eyes. I had thought he might deny himself to me; but he did not.

"You are the great man himself, eh?" he said. "I haven't seen you before or read your books, you know."

He was big and insolent. I could discern no trace of discomfiture in his demeanour.

"Your mother has read my books," I said.

The shaft stuck. He stared at me, and a faint, dull flush burnt under his dark skin.

"Sit down," he said quietly, "or I shall think you have come to box me."

I sat down.

"How do you know I have a mother?" he asked.

"I talked with her a fortnight ago."

"Where?"

I told him.

"What did she say to you?"

"She thinks success has not turned your brain."

"And you think it hasn't had a chance?"

"I think," I remarked sternly, "that you are not in a position to bluff me. You know why I come here?"

"Frankly, I don't," he replied. "I am pretty bad at divination, as I am at a good many other things. And I find that guessing wastes time."

I had come with a determination to be magnanimous. But his defiant attitude piqued me.

"You are taking the wrong line," I said.

"What did she say?" he asked.

He spoke carelessly, but I caught the anxious tremour in his voice.

"I didn't tell her," I replied.

He muttered "Thank God!" and laughed awkwardly. "That was rather good of you," he said, recovering himself. "I am greatly obliged. She has been ill lately, and I thought you were the cause, perhaps."

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"To flatter you, my friend."

"That's absurd, of course."

"You are above flattery, eh? No; I found it so hard to live up to myself," he answered. "But I would rather not talk about it, if you don't mind."

He had been standing. Now he sat down.

"Is there anything I can do for you in my way?" he asked.

"What way is that?"

"The lying way." He shrugged his shoulders.

"No," I said. "I want you to tell me the truth."

"I am rather out of practice. What about?"

"Yourself."

"Is it possible to tell the truth about oneself?"

"An approximation to truth is possible."

"You shall have an approximation," he said, smiling. "It will be a bit steep at first till I get into the stride. But you did

the very decent thing, and I am sorry I treated you like that just now. I didn't know. If it will please you to see me struggling after truth, I will struggle. I owe you that much."

"It will settle up things," I said.
He lit a cigar.



"That was rather good of you," he said, recovering himself.

"I'll try and work backwards," he said. "You know what I am now—anybody's ladder to anywhere. There are dirty footmarks all over me. I don't mind it much. Life is mostly French cooking to me. I can't breathe in a high altitude. I like the good indigestible things of this wicked world. But I wasn't always as I am now. I was never much harm, of course. I had some brains and some

incrustations of conceit; I was ambitious—not to rise, but to fly; and I loved—myself—exceedingly."

He paused.

"I dug away at things for two years," he continued, "and then I got tired. I couldn't make much headway, and my mother was

waxing impatient. I had written one anonymous volume of poems and a bad play. She had copies of them; but she wanted more. I told her I was doing a novel. She wrote back saying all about how she would feel when she read it—something about holding the book in her heart, and so on—and the happy realisation of her expectations, you know. It was awkward; for I knew there was never a novel would come out of me. But I had started her on the idea and she had got to be satisfied. When your first book came out, I saw it was the sort of thing

to please her. And I believed it would not be much of a success. Unfortunately (for me) it was a triumph. (You might be a little less popular, I think.) I bought a copy and sent it to her, saying it was my own book, written with my own hand. There didn't seem to be any chance that she would find me out, living in that desert land. And, hitherto, the cheat has prospered."

"There isn't any chance now," I said.

He thanked me. "That's pleasant," he said; "and that's all."

I think we did not say any more to one another about it. But it is a long time ago, and I forget exactly.

His mother died a little while afterwards, very opportunely.



HOW OUR ARMY IS CLOTHED

BY FRANK LAMBURN.

THE British soldier is, I venture to say, the best clothed of any in the world. More care is taken in the selection of the material, and more pains bestowed upon the actual making of his garments, than is the case with the soldier of any other country; and if you doubt this, a visit to the Royal Army Clothing Department in Pimlico will convince you that you are wrong.

From this externally unassuming block is issued every yard of cloth used in the British army. The cloth for the uniforms of the officials in the Post Office, the Egyptian army,

the Metropolitan Police, the Royal Irish Constabulary, and other important branches of the Government service, is also examined and passed at the R.A.C.D.

Mr. G. Fleetwood Wilson, the Director of Clothing, kindly acquiesced in my suggestion that I should make a tour of the building, with a view to explaining to readers of this magazine how our army is clothed, and the other day I was handed over to the care of Mr. H. L. Kennedy, the storekeeper of the establishment, who piloted me through the maze of rooms, and told me everything I wanted to know.

Although the buildings cover more than seven acres of ground, they are by no means scattered about, but are divided into four solid blocks—three given over to packing and storing the materials and made-up garments, the other being divided into the Inspection Department and the factory, where the garments are made up.

Once a year tenders are issued for the supply of fresh materials, and contractors come and examine the patterns of stuffs required in the pattern room, a spacious apartment containing samples of every article used by a soldier, from a pair of trousers to a shaving brush or tin of blacking.

Each sample bears three seals, so that there is no chance of a contractor defrauding the Government by asserting he supplied material of the same quality as the pattern he examined, when he did not.

As the goods come in they are stocked in enormous rooms, and drawn on as required, and every inch of cloth is carefully tested before it finally takes the shape of a tunic or a pair of trousers.

Each incoming bale is opened, and its contents passed through a machine that weighs

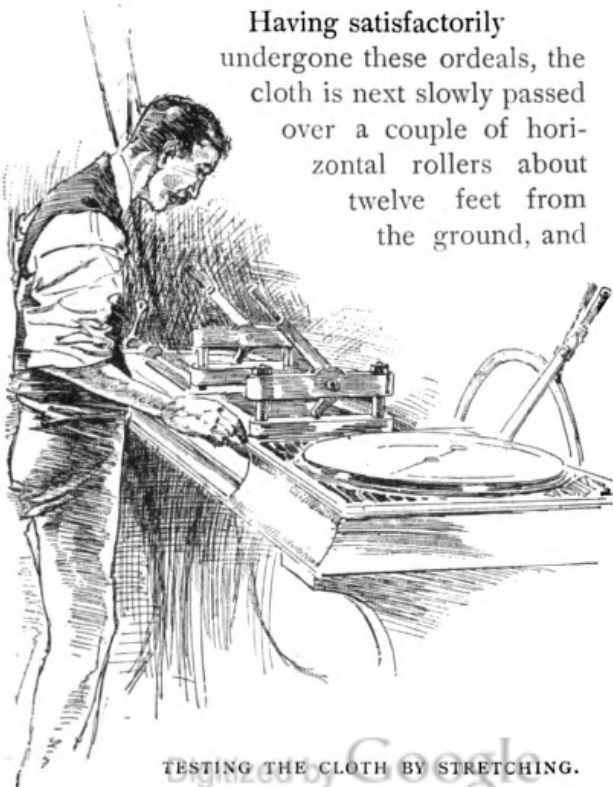
and measures it at one and the same time. If the figures are incorrect, the cloth is done up again and the contractors are told about it; if the figures are all right, a sample of it passes into an adjoining room, where it is placed on another machine and its strength is tested.

This is done by fastening the two ends of the slip between steel bars and stretching it until it breaks, when the breaking-strain, in pounds, is registered on a dial.

Then another piece is taken into the dye-testing room, where it undergoes some three or four boilings to discover if the dyes used are in accordance with the contract or not. In the case of civilian blue cloth, coal tar dyes are frequently used instead of indigo, and if this is so the material turns green after a few months' exposure to the weather.

One of the reasons why the army of no other nation is clothed in scarlet in the same way as the British is that material of this particular colour can be manufactured only in England. The water of the West of England lends itself to the dyeing of this cloth as no other water does.

Having satisfactorily undergone these ordeals, the cloth is next slowly passed over a couple of horizontal rollers about twelve feet from the ground, and



TESTING THE CLOTH BY STRETCHING.



PERCHING
THE CLOTH.

examined by two experts standing with their backs to the north light, while another person, on the other side of the cloth, looks out for holes and flaws.

After this, it is folded lengthwise, and stamped every quarter of a yard with the broad arrow and the number of the person through whose hands it passes, and who is responsible for the bale of which it forms part. One of the machines I saw at work measured the cloth and folded it in yard folds, the quantity being indicated on a dial.

The bales are then taken to the store room, and are ready to be used up for making clothes.

A fair percentage of the garments are given out to contractors, and of these I shall have more to say presently. Those turned out on the premises necessitate the employment of about fourteen hundred women, all of them piece-workers, and all at work within the four walls of the factory.

Coming suddenly from the comparative quietness of the stores, I was completely astounded at the sight and noise of this busy

hive. Leaning over the balustrade of the uppermost balcony that runs round this workshop, I looked down upon six hundred women, fifty feet below, seated at tables covered with a profusion of needleworking implements, while in the glass fronted balconies at the sides I could see hundreds and hundreds of other women doing the same sort of work.

All these folk are under the supervision of eight or nine men—"viewers" they are called—who receive a certain quantity of material every day from the storekeeper and make themselves responsible for its return in the form of garments.

But I shall have to drift from this department for a few minutes to tell how the cloth is cut up before it reaches the viewers. In the cutting-room are a number of machines, each with an endless band-knife that revolves rapidly over a couple of wheels, one above and one below a steel table. The shape of the garment is chalked out on a piece of cloth, this is placed on twenty others, and the whole lot cut out at one operation.

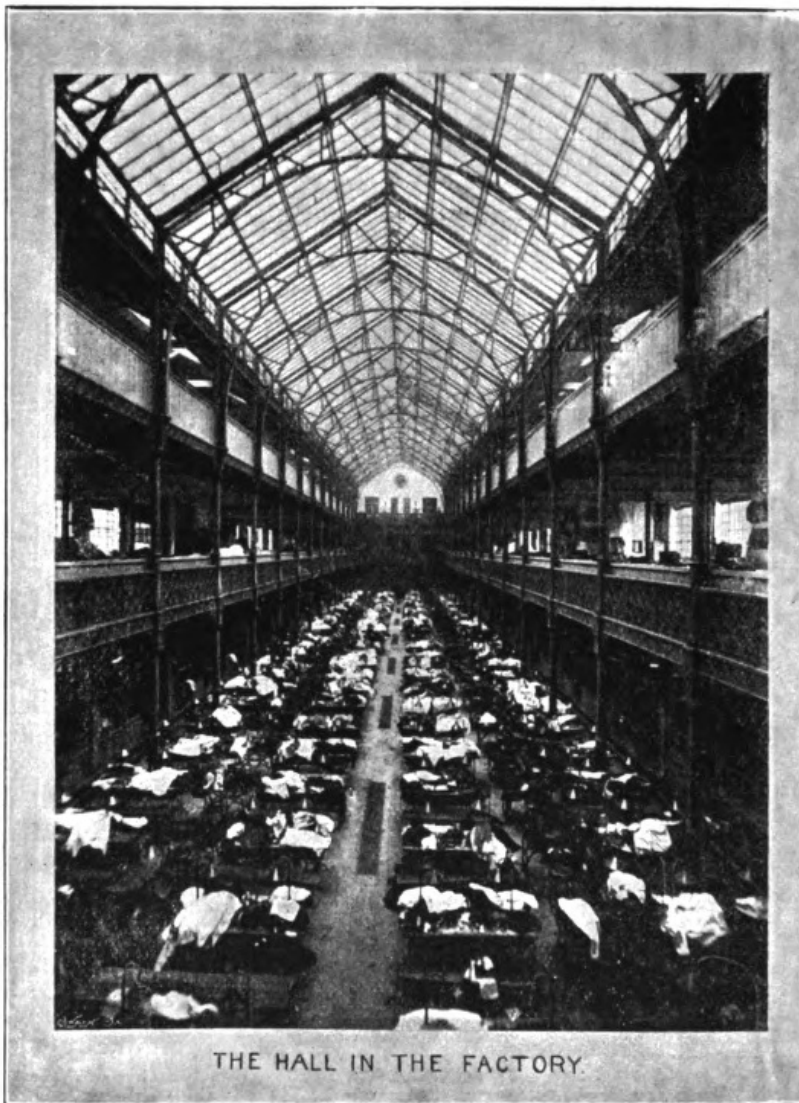
The plaid trousers for the Scotch regiments are cut out by hand, and are the most difficult

to manipulate, as the pieces have to be so put together that there is no glaring misfit where the pattern joins.

As the clothes are so treated they are taken to the viewers' rooms, where a number of girls place with the pieces of cloth the quantity of braid, silk, thread, buttons, and so on, necessary for its formation into a tunic

or pair of trousers, as the case may be. The whole is rolled into a bundle, and the bundles given to the workers in the factory.

Now, there is one institution in this place which gives it a pull over private firms. Every woman does her own ironing. In the first place, this makes them take a certain amount of compulsory exercise, for the ironing rooms are situated some little distance from the



THE HALL IN THE FACTORY.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

workshop proper, and in the second it saves a lot of confusion, as the garment practically never leaves the worker's hand from the time she takes it in its rough form until she returns it completed to the viewer from whom she received it.

The sewing machines are all driven by steam power, and there are two tables of four women each attached to every one machinist,



ONE
OF THE IRONING
ROOMS.

for much of the work on a garment is done by hand, and the needleworkers make their own arrangements with the machinist for stitching their work.

There are also a number of women who do nothing else but make button-holes. Special machines are used, and a woman can complete fifty an hour; and this is very quick, considering there is a lot of niggling work to be attended to before the actual stamping and sewing of the hole.

It is a curious fact that in the making of khaki uniforms the presence of a certain chemical in the dye results in heating the needle of the sewing machine to a degree that would render it useless unless it were soaped after each passage through the cloth.

As each garment is finished, the maker takes it to the viewer, who enters it in a book, gives her another batch of raw materials, and hands the finished garment to the store department, where it is packed away ready for sending out.

Most people imagine, as I did myself, that when a recruit joins a regiment his uniform is made to fit him; but this is by no means the case. The uniforms are made in thirty-six different sizes, numbered consecutively

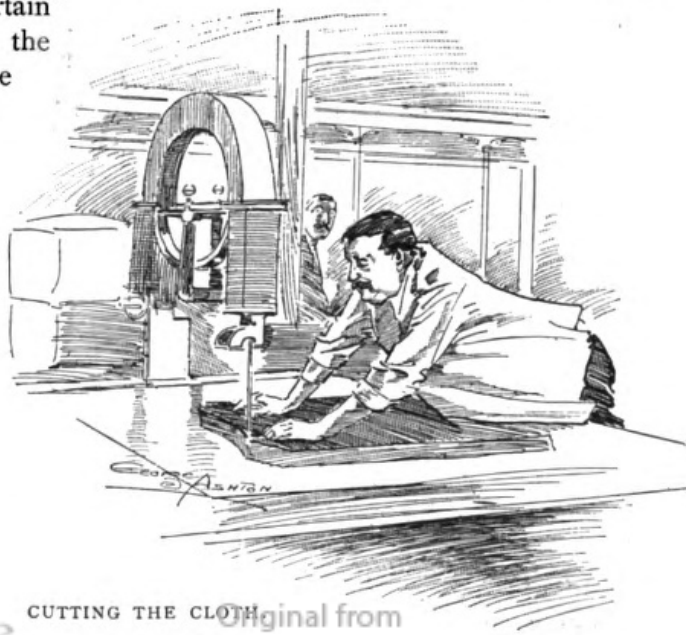
from one to thirty-six, and all that has to be done is to send along the number required, and that particular uniform is served out which comes nearest to the measurements of the soldier.

Great coats and cavalry cloaks are made in eighteen different sizes, and over 90,000 of these are always kept in stock.

Roughly speaking—and few corps vary in this respect—when a man enlists he is allowed two pairs of trousers and two frocks; about three months afterwards (in infantry regiments) he receives another frock, which he may wear out in a year, and a third pair of trousers and a tunic, which have to last him two years. If anything happens that makes it necessary for him to replenish his wardrobe, he must do so at his own expense, provided the fault is his own.

Of course, it is very seldom that an order, or "requisition," as it is known to the War Office, comes in for only one uniform. Most requisitions are for a dozen or more garments, and these are sent to all parts of the world in bales. I saw fifty tunics and pairs of trousers piled one on top of the other, ready for packing, and it struck me that it was a pity no method was thought of by which the bulk could be reduced, in order to lessen the cost of carriage.

But I was premature; for a man came



CUTTING THE CLOTH Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

along, and, carrying the pile to a hydraulic press, he quickly reduced the size to less than one half without the slightest injury to the goods. The brass buttons are all made with loose shanks, which do not stick into the cloth.

Speaking of buttons, it is interesting to note that considerably over ten millions are sewn on in a twelvemonth.

The same pattern button goes on all the uniforms of the infantry regiments, with the exception of the foot-guards and rifle regiments, who have a design of their own, as has each regiment of cavalry.

And now we come to the goods that are made by contract. Most of the inferior class of work is given out, and pretty nearly all the shirts are cut out on the premises—fifty at a time, in the same way as tunics—to be made up by soldiers' wives and widows, and, of course, the official inspection of these garments is somewhat more elastic than in the case of manufacturers.

A very big stock of shirts, all of one material, is kept on hand, and when I was there, the quantity exceeded 200,000.

But there is nothing more astounding in the stores department than the huge quantity of necessaries. Thousands of packing cases, piled up to the very top of the lofty rooms, are to be found in this branch, filled with nothing but blacking and pipe-clay for clean-

ing accoutrements, braces, combs, brushes (hair, boot, and clothes), table knives, forks, spoons, big clasp knives (for these are always used when a regiment is on active service), and spurs. Rather a curious fact is that these last are so awkward to pack that only ninety will go into a case capable of holding about four hundred clasp knives.

The razor is a marvel of cheapness, and the Clothing Dépôt is justly proud of its ability to dispose of these articles at 5½d. apiece, for they

are quite as good as those for which half-a-crown and three shillings are paid in the shops.

No fewer than 5,000,000 of the articles I have just tabulated are disposed of in a year, while tons and tons of brown soap are sent out to regiments all the world over; for discipline, even to the smallest matters, is most severe, and the British soldier must wash his face with soap of a specified brand, only to be obtained through the Clothing Dépôt, and must lather his chin with a shaving brush only obtained through the same source.

The boot department is one not likely to rouse the envy of the orthodox retailer, for although the display is bulky, it is not resplendent, nor calculated to attract customers.

As the boots come in from the contractors they are all examined. The work is divided among a dozen or so men who scrutinise the leather and workmanship of each pair. One or two faulty ones I examined myself,



A STUDY
IN THE
GREAT HALL.

and found that either the leather was bad or that the instep was smaller in the one case than in the other.

The soles of two per cent of the boots are occasionally cut open, and if any imperfection is present at all it will usually consist of a few superfluous nails left in that ought to have been taken out.

As the boot is examined it is stamped on the inside with the broad arrow and the number of the examiner, just in the same fashion as the cloth is treated, and for a similar purpose.

In a neighbouring room are several people engaged in overhauling the uniforms that have come in from outside manufacturers, and not far away is another department where all the socks undergo inspection. The women who carry out this part of the programme put their hands down every pair of socks to see that they are perfect, and as considerably more than one million pairs see the light of this room in the course of a year, the work must become rather monotonous.

So far as I was able to gather, not a single article of a soldier's uniform reaches him without having first been most carefully scrutinised and tested by the authorities. Even the very silk and thread is put on a machine, something like the one for trying the breaking powers of the cloth, and its strength proved.

Every roll of gold braid passes through the hands of an expert, and the packets of buttons are all opened and their contents overhauled, a certain percentage of the buttons being cut open to see whether their insides are satisfactory or not.

I spent quite a long time simply walking through rooms filled with nothing but helmets and caps. The greater part of these are kept in cupboards, on shelves, and scattered all about promiscuously were what I first took to be lumps of loaf sugar, but which were, I afterwards discovered, pieces of naphthalin and camphor to protect the

material against moth. Nearly two tons of these commodities are put to this use alone in a twelvemonth.

The headgear is of every description, from the formidable bearskin to the unassuming service cap, and considerably more than one million and a half of all sorts and kinds are issued every year.

When you have digested the following big figures you will probably be able to form some idea of the amount of work the Clothing *Depôt* of the British army gets through so unostentatiously and quietly; for I suppose less is known to the general public about this branch of the Government than of any other, although strangers are allowed to pass through the buildings on three days in the week.

Of silk and thread alone, roughly speaking, 40,000 miles are drawn through the cloth in a year, which is practically 130 miles a day. This does not include the quantity of braid, laces, and like adornment, which runs to several hundred miles more.

The quantity of cloth and serge issued last year was 3,600,000 yards, and the quantity of cotton material over 1,500,000 yards, while the total number of garments about equalled this last figure. This is setting aside the enormous quantity of uniforms that pass through this *depôt* on their way to the other branches of the Government, of which I spoke in the early part of this article.

Unfortunately there is no space to more than mention the big kitchen and its little army of cooks, or the capital system for paying the employés, or the many devices that are used to guard against fire, or the hundred other interesting things I saw and duly appreciated; suffice it to say that the work is carried out in as perfect a manner as it could be possible to expect.

Absolutely nothing is wasted or thrown aside, and the very shreds of silk and cotton, and the shavings from the cloth when it is being cut out and made up, are put

into sacks, stored in a big shed, and sold every year for £5,000 or so.



"Wisdom let loose"

BY W. L. ALDEN

Illustrated by CHAS. MAY.



POSSIBILITIES OF BRAIN PHOTOGRAPHY — THE
VALUE OF THE POLES — THE INSIGNIFICANT
CITY OF CHICAGO — WHERE OUR WEATHER
COMES FROM—THE WOMAN IN KNICKERBOCKERS
—WHEN AUTHORS GO ON STRIKE.



THE NEW photography becomes more and more alarming. It was bad enough to have one's skeleton photographed, but it is infinitely worse to have one's brains surreptitiously photographed, by a scientific kodacker. Of course there are circumstances in which it may be useful to photograph a brain, and already certain medical men claim that by the aid of photography they can tell whether a man is a lunatic, or merely a Little Englander.

Only the other day, a New York doctor photographed the brain of a Scotsman, who had suffered for some weeks from an intense and violent headache—for which there seemed to be no remedy in the *materia medica*. The photographs revealed the fact that a small joke had by some means penetrated nearly half an inch into the brain, and had set up an irritation which was the cause of the man's terrible distress. By the help of surgery the joke was safely removed, and the Scotsman was cured of his headache.

It is the opinion of the photographing physician, that many cases of insanity are due to the presence in the brain of small jokes, especially those that are rough and

honeycombed with age. When the photograph demonstrates that this is the case, surgery will, in nearly every instance, effect a rapid cure. Admitting, however, that it may be well to photograph apparently diseased brains, the thought that every man's brain may be photographed is none the less terrible.

Where a spy formerly photographed a fortress, he will now photograph the brain of the enemy's commander-in-chief, and so learn exactly what plans he has in his head. Instead of asking Lord Salisbury, in Parliament, what he means to do in regard to Venezuela, Mr. Labouchere will surreptitiously photograph the Premier's brain, and publish a "processed" copy of the photograph in *Truth*. Jealous wives will photograph their husband's brains, and eagerly scan the negative in search of the figure of that pretty girl who rides the bicycle; and your bitterest enemy will send you a snapshot photograph of your brain, taken while listening to the Rev. Mr. So-and-So's sermon, with the information that unless you consent to pay a thousand pounds, the photograph will be published.

Life may still be worth living after brain photography is perfected, but it will certainly



not be worth living in lands where the camera is known.



I HAVE always looked forward with eagerness to the discovery of the North Pole, for the reason that it will put a stop to Arctic exploration. As it has been hitherto conducted, Arctic exploration has been a miserable failure. The men who have gone to the frozen regions to endure terrible sufferings, and, too often, to vanish for ever, have been precisely the men whom we could not spare. They have been our bravest sailors and scientific men, and there is not an instance on record of the departure on a Polar expedition of the sort of men who were designed by Nature for such an enterprise.

When we consider the facilities for freezing to death and for drowning—not to mention the lavish supply of Polar bears, with good appetites for explorers—which are supplied by the Arctic regions, it is sad to think that the men who deserved to profit by them have remained at home, and permitted good and useful citizens to go in their place.

We all of us know dozens of men who seemed to have been created for no other purpose than to go in search of the North Pole, and never to return. The House of Commons contains at least a dozen such men, and the ranks of journalism and literature are full of them. If a fleet of ships loaded with organ grinders were to sail for the Arctic regions, with what enthusiasm would we speed their departure! And if an expedition composed entirely of professional reformers were to go to Smith's Sound or to Franz Josef Land to teach the Polar bear the beauties of vegetarianism, or to start an agitation against



compulsory vaccination among the Esquimaux, what a sense of relief would gladden every heart.

But men like these, although they know that the North Pole has yawned for them, so to speak, for centuries, never think of trusting themselves in the Arctic regions. The final discovery of the Pole will put a stop to Arctic expeditions altogether, since there will no longer remain any prize to tempt the Arctic explorer, and this is something for which we can all be devoutly thankful.

Let us have done with such expeditions for ever, and turn our attention to urging upon our undesirable neighbours the advantages of emigration to the most unhealthy regions of Africa.

As for the South Pole, a protest against any expedition in search of that particular spot should be made in the interests of our romance writers. At the present moment the Antarctic continent is the only unexplored region on the globe, and consequently it is the only place where the romancer can place his wonderful city built principally of gold, and inhabited by a hitherto unknown, but highly civilised, race of men. This city was formerly situated in Central America, but that country has been surveyed so many times with a view to canal-cutting and railway-building that it has been completely abandoned by the romance writer.

So, too, with Central Africa. Mr. Rider Haggard has written what is probably the last of a long series of romances concerning the mysterious nation of white men dwelling in Central Africa, and ruled by a white queen of surpassing beauty. That unfortunate nation has totally disappeared before the explorer, and there is now scarcely a square mile of territory in Africa where a white queen could rule over a score of white subjects without being called upon to pay taxes to an English, a French, a German, a Portuguese, a Belgian, or an Italian trading company.

But there is still room in the vast and unknown Antarctic continent for all sorts of cities and men. The people who understand the art of flying; who use gold for the most common domestic purposes; who have



domesticated most of the animals that are extinct in the other parts of the globe; who receive all strangers, from the British globe-trotter in checked dittoes, to the Yankee explorer in search of gold mines, as messengers direct from the gods; are still dwelling and thriving close to the South Pole.

Of course, they will not be seen by any members of the Antarctic expedition, and after the expedition has made its report they will vanish for ever, just as the wonderful white Africans have vanished. Cannot science keep its hands from this one comparatively small part of the globe, and leave it to the romancer. Why take the latter's means of livelihood from him, and deprive the lover of impossible romance of his favourite food.

Any scientific discoveries that the expedition may make will not be half as interesting as the stories which the romance writers will give us, if the Antarctic continent is made over exclusively to them.

* * * * *



THE INFLUENCE of Chicago reaches far beyond its own "saloons." Some time ago the Philadelphia Public Library banished the works of Mr. Kipling from its shelves, on the ostensible ground that certain of Mr. Kipling's characters occasionally used "swear words." This was, of course, a mere pretext. The books were banished, not because of the language used by Mulvaney and Ortheris, but because of the language used by the author himself in regard to Chicago.

He dared to speak disrespectfully of that city, and he was instantly denounced as a bold blasphemer. The American Press discovered that he had a deep-rooted hatred of everything typically American, and hence that his stories were greatly over-rated, and that as a story-writer he was far inferior to half-a-dozen young American authors.

I can understand why a Chicago man should resent any want of respect for his native town, and why Americans generally should object to any ridicule of things that they hold sacred; but why the American

Press should insist that there is anything particularly American about Chicago is not so clear.

In point of fact Chicago is the least American of any city in the States. Four of every five of its inhabitants were born in Europe. Take away the eight hundred thousand foreign



born residents of Chicago, and leave only the two hundred thousand Americans, and it would be a very insignificant little town.

Instead of being, as the Chicago people insist, the typical American city, Chicago is simply an aggregation of European immigrants, among whom the few native born Americans are practically lost. It is a city of Irishmen, Germans, Scandinavians, Italians, and Polish Jews. If it were really an American city inhabited and governed by Americans, Mr. Kipling would have had no reason for speaking disrespectfully of it, and Mr. John Burns would not have found it necessary to apologise for having compared it to the infernal regions. If you remember, he apologised, for the reason that he felt that he had been unjust to a part of the Universe where he had never been, and where he hoped never to go.

* * * * *



THAT we are to have a cool summer I can confidently predict, and so could the scientific men if they would condescend to go to Canada, and study the weather in the place where it is made. They would then learn that a certain amount of weather is served out every year to each of the great divisions of the globe, and that nearly all the weather in use in Europe and America is manufactured in Manitoba.

The whole of our English weather comes from Manitoba. Now, when England receives her yearly supply of weather, it rests with her in what way she will use it. If she saves her warm weather till summer she will have a

cool winter and a hot summer. If, on the other hand, she is lavish of her warm weather in winter, there will not be enough left to make the summer decently warm. Last winter we used our warm weather with reckless prodigality.



During the greater part of the time we used what might be called "half-and-half" weather, consisting of equal parts of heat and cold. The result was a winter of extraordinary mildness, which made good people happy and plumbers wretched. But we cannot use our heat and have it too. Now that summer is coming, nothing is more certain than that we have not heat enough left to give us anything like the sort of warmth that we ought to have in July and August. We shall receive no more weather until next January, and when we find ourselves wearing overcoats in July and starting fires in August, we shall regret our wild extravagance.

Of course the scientific men will treat this theory of the weather with contempt, but as Mr. Kipling unaccountably failed to say: "What do they know of weather, who only England know?" Let them go to Manitoba, say in the early part of December, when the packages of weather are made up for exportation to England and the Continent, and they will learn more of the origin and nature of weather than they will ever know so long as they stay at home, and babble of "steep gradients" and "approaching depressions."



* * * * *

IF THE coming woman is to wear knickerbockers, she will inevitably steal her husband's tobacco and cigars. Whether this will be worse for the husband than is the present wifely practice of presenting him with cigars of her own selection, is by no means certain. Still, the fact that she will steal cigars can be easily demonstrated.

At present women do not smoke to any extent, for the reason that it

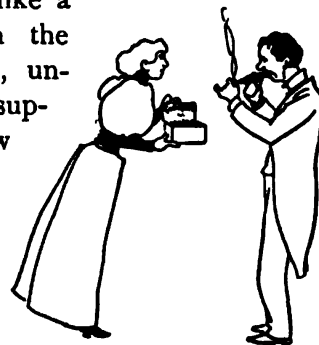
is unsatisfactory to smoke in skirts. In order to enjoy a cigar it is necessary to put one's hands in one's trousers pockets, and to assume a lounging attitude. No woman can do this, for the simple reason that she has no trousers pockets. Moreover, she finds it very awkward to light a match on the sole of her shoe, and, as every smoker knows, the sole of the shoe is the only place where a match can be lighted with ease and certainty.

But the moment a woman puts on knickerbockers she is able to put her hands in her pockets, and to scratch matches on her soles.

Being thus able to smoke in comfort, she will unquestionably become addicted to that manly habit. Now it is notorious that, no matter how honest a woman may be, she will always steal her neighbour's hairpins. She does not consider this to be wrong, for she holds that there can be no right of property in things so small and so universally diffused over the surface of the earth as are hairpins.

It may be predicted with the utmost confidence that she will take the same view of cigars, and will consider that she has the same right to steal her husband's cigars that she has to steal her sister's hairpins. There was never yet a wife who would not surreptitiously present her brother, or her cousin, or even the male stranger within her gates, with one of her husband's cigars; and when she herself becomes a smoker she will think no more of helping herself to the contents of her husband's cigar case, or tobacco jar, than she would of helping herself to the sugar or the salt.

It is time that men awoke to the danger of the situation. The woman in knickerbockers may seem at present like a very little cloud on the domestic horizon, but, unless she is resolutely suppressed, she will grow until she casts a deep and gloomy shadow over the home of every smoking husband. On the whole I am clear that it is better to bear the cigars that our wives give us, than it will be to wait until they put on knickerbockers, and then proceed to empty



our cigar boxes, and to tell us that we are "mean old things" when we mildly protest against their conduct.

* * * * *



NOW that we have both an Authors' Union and a Publishers' Union, the public is anxiously looking forward to the first general strike, or lock-out. Speculation is rife as to whether the coming struggle between the two unions will be carried through without bloodshed or outrage. Suppose the authors strike for higher royalties, what will they do to the blacklegs (including the blue-stockings) who will immediately rush to the publishers' offices with manuscripts? Will the authors resort to picketing? Will stalwart authors, like Mr. Morley Roberts and Mr. Christie Murray, lie in wait at the corners of the streets, and fall upon blackleg authors with heavy clubs, or perhaps with octavo editions of the last new epic?

If the strike is a long one, shall we be harassed with appeals to subscribe money to provide the starving authors with food and tobacco, and will Parliament appoint a commission of arbitration in the hope of settling the dispute? My own impression is that the authors, if they do strike, will meet with a disastrous defeat, for there are, according to the best statistics, nearly eight millions of women who at this moment have in their possession manuscripts of novels dealing with the "sex problem," for which they have hitherto been unable to find a publisher, but

which will be offered and accepted for publication the moment the Publishers' Union see that by publishing the novels in question they can temporarily dispense with the services of authors.

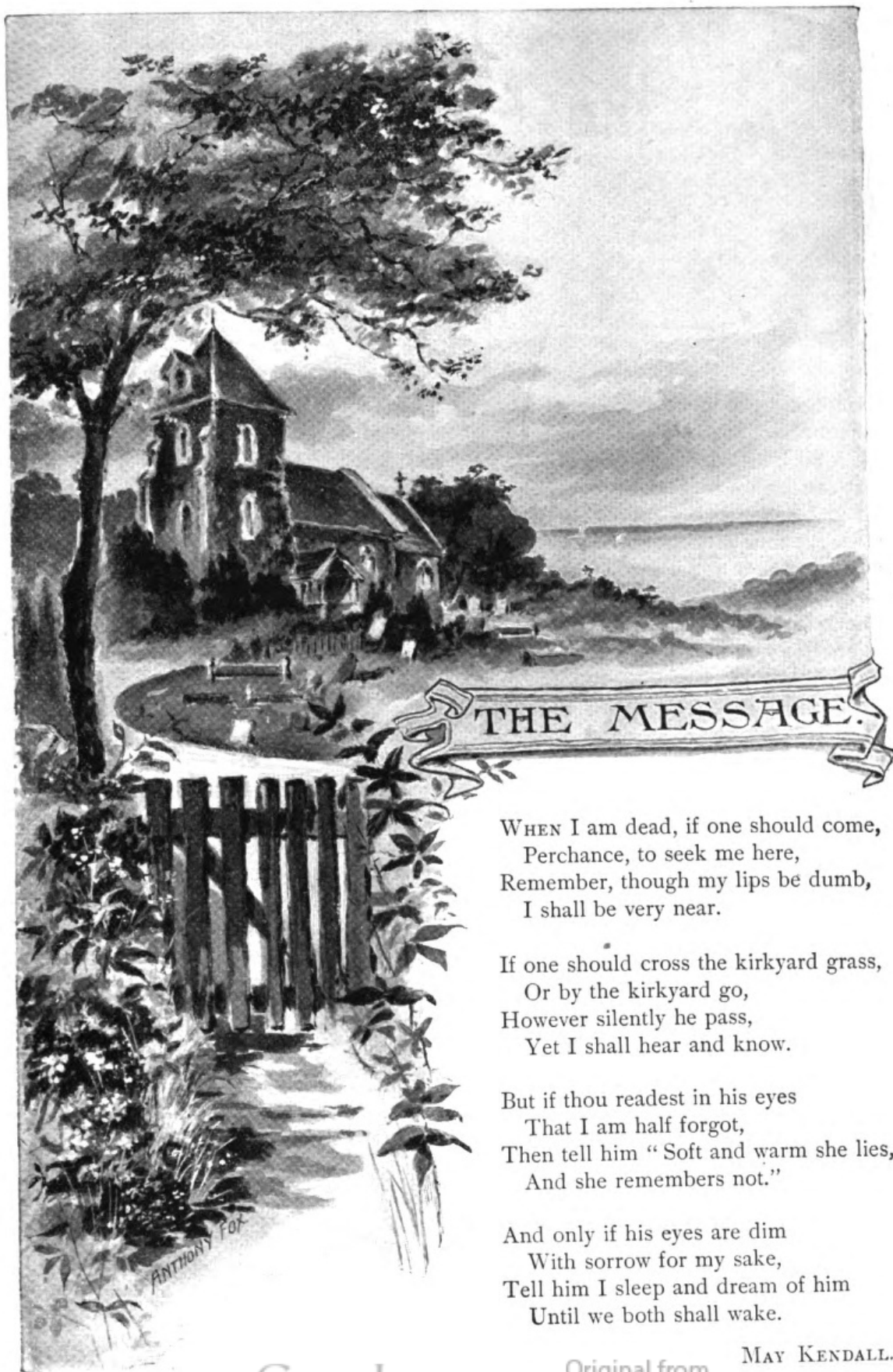
A lock-out on the part of the publishers would be ruinous both to union authors and to blacklegs. Suppose the publishers were to establish a new scale of wages, reducing all royalties to five per cent., to begin only when two thousand copies had been sold. The authors would unanimously resolve to starve before accepting such terms, and during the two or three months which might elapse before the authors had grown tired of starving, not a book of any kind would be published.

By the time that the authors had confessed their defeat, and begged the publishers to accept their books on any terms, the general public would have been so delighted with the blessed interval of freedom from all new books that they would probably



seek to prolong it by ignoring nine-tenths of all the books that the reconciled authors and publishers might produce. This would mean starvation to hundreds of authors, and bankruptcy to dozens of publishers. These are specimens of the results which may be expected from the adoption by authors and publishers of the new trade union tactics, and the public can look forward to them with equanimity, for, when authors and publishers fall out, honest readers may come by the peace which should be their own.





THE MESSAGE.

WHEN I am dead, if one should come,
Perchance, to seek me here,
Remember, though my lips be dumb,
I shall be very near.

If one should cross the kirkyard grass,
Or by the kirkyard go,
However silently he pass,
Yet I shall hear and know.

But if thou readest in his eyes
That I am half forgot,
Then tell him "Soft and warm she lies,
And she remembers not."

And only if his eyes are dim
With sorrow for my sake,
Tell him I sleep and dream of him
Until we both shall wake.

MAY KENDALL.



IN attempting to estimate the annual cost of the different sections of British sport, one is met with an initial difficulty, and that is, as to what can legitimately and properly be included under the head of sports. *Whitaker's Almanac* used to give an annual resumé of sports, confining it to those which are of the distinctly competitive order. But, to exclude such items as hunting, shooting, and fishing, which are in a very minor degree competitive, from consideration, would be to omit some of those which may be called the truest branches of sport.

Outdoor recreations are, broadly speaking, sports, as distinguished from indoor amusements; yet here a considerable part of horsemanship, and of cycling, lawn tennis, croquet, etc., may be more correctly described as recreation pure and simple, rather than as sport.

Preserving these distinctions as far as possible, we consider that racing, hunting, polo, shooting, fishing, coursing, cricket, and football, may be included wholly in the term sport; whilst golf, hockey, swimming, cycling, athletics, bowls, archery, quoits, yachting, boating, and skating, contain a very large element thereof. This list may be said to include the major part, if not the whole domain, of British sports.

A second point of difficulty is: What may legitimately be called the "cost" of a sport? Betting, of course, may be disregarded. Though it attaches to many, it is not essential to any. We propose to confine "cost," in each case, to what is fairly and properly expended on the prosecution of the sport

itself; and, probably, by the time we have come to the end of our list, we shall find the total formidable enough.

In regard to many branches of sport, it is exceedingly difficult to obtain sufficient data, for a reliable estimate of cost. In cricket, for instance, we have the county matches; but their cost in the aggregate becomes insignificant compared with that of the myriads of small clubs all over the country, whose individual expenditure in a year falls far short of that of a single day in a first-class match. The like remark applies to football, and other branches of sport.

There is also danger of duplicating expenses, as where one might heedlessly debit a popular sport with both gate-money and the cost of management; whereas, in a large degree, the one supplies the other. It has been the care of the writer to avoid these pitfalls; and, whatever the merits of the calculations which follow may be, he is pretty confident that he will not be accused of exaggeration.

First in magnitude, as it is in general popularity, comes horse-racing. There is scarcely a considerable town in the country without a race-course of some sort; and there is not a single grade of society which does not yield it many devotees, both male and female. That its cost is very great no one can doubt, and we will endeavour to trace out some of the leading factors.

There are 122 race meetings of the first rank in the course of the year, involving about 100 race-courses, also of the first class. The rent, or interest on first cost, and

expenses of management of these courses cannot be put down at a less average than £500, or £50,000 in all.

On these courses there are 265 days' races in the year, and each day will have at least six events, whilst the value of the stakes will certainly average £200.

$265 \times 6 \times 200$ gives us £318,000. Then, for each of these races, the average number of competitors coming to the post will be ten. This does not by any means equal the number entered for each race, but which, for one reason or another, fail to run. On the other hand, of course, one horse will sometimes figure in many races in the course of a season. Putting the one against the other, we may safely assume that ten horses are trained for each one of these first-class races, or 15,900 horses in training.

Coming to the cost per head of these horses, and including therein fair interest on first cost of the animals, food, attendance, rent of stables and training grounds, jockey's fees, saddlery, and travelling expenses, the average cost of a racehorse in training cannot be put at less than £300. Now our sum becomes $265 \times 6 \times 10 \times 300 = £4,770,000$. To these figures we must add some approximation to the cost of the immense number of small country meetings, hunt club steeplechases, etc., for which horses are trained and courses provided. Surely a million and a half is a modest figure for this.

We next come to the breeding establishments; and, including stallions, mares, colts, and foals, estimating the total number at the same figure as horses in training, and calculating interest on first cost, keep, and incidental expenses at £200 per head, we have a further sum of £3,180,000.

Finally we have to estimate the expenses of people attending race meetings, in addition to the sums paid for admission. Assuming that each day of the first class race meetings brings only 10,000 persons on to the course, or 2,650,000 in all, and the host of minor meetings only half that number, we

have a total of, say broadly 4,000,000; who, looking at the immense amount of driving, railway travelling, lunching, etc., that is involved, may be put down at 5s. per head, or a round million in all. Now we have

Racecourses—first-class	£50,000
Stakes do.	318,000
Horses racing and training	4,770,000
Minor meetings	1,500,000
Breeding establishments	3,180,000
Expenses of spectators, etc.	1,000,000

Making a total cost of £10,818,000

It may be argued, with some force, that, as the stakes go back into the pockets of race-horse owners, they should be deducted from the cost; but it should be borne in mind that, to a great extent, the subscribers of funds for these stakes are the owners themselves. Allowing a little off, however, on

this head, we are safe in assuming that not less than £10,750,000 is spent every year on horse-racing in this country.

Coming next to hunting, we have a few fairly tangible figures to start with. There are at present in the country twenty-two packs of staghounds, 182 packs of foxhounds, and 184 packs of harriers and beagles. The average strength is just over twenty-seven couples, and the total number of hounds 21,208.

Including interest on first cost of the pack, and the kennels, food and attendance, and striking an average between the three classes of hounds, you cannot put the annual cost at less than £5 per head, or £106,000 in all.

A master of hounds hunting three days or more a week will require a stud of at least a dozen horses to mount himself and attendants; and, including interest on first cost, keep, wages of attendants, etc., the average cost of these cannot be less than £70 per head. Some will be far more,—others, with harriers and beagles, less. Every master of hounds, therefore, spends at least £840 a year on horseflesh and its accessories; and there being 388 of them, this item tots up to £325,000.



"ONE POUND PER HEAD."

(Annual Expenditure on Sport in the British Isles.)

Next we have to consider the private members of the hunt. Such packs as the Quorn and Pytchley number some hundreds of subscribers and followers, and if we take the average number at one hundred (not all, of course, hunting every day the hounds are out) we shall not be far wrong. Many professional men, gentlemen farmers, and others, keep only one hunter, and ride to hounds occasionally; but, on the other hand, the majority will have stables of three or four. Taking the small average of two horses for each subscriber, and increasing the average cost per annum to £100 per head, we have this nice little sum:

$$388 \times 100 \times 2 \times 100 = £7,760,000.$$

Personal expenditure in hunting costumes, railway fares, horse boxes to distant meets, and saddlery may be very moderately assessed at £20 per head per season, which amongst the 38,800 people who regularly hunt, and do so *en règle*, adds a modest three-quarters of a million to our total.

Compensation to farmers is a tangible item, which will run up to at least £50,000; and if we add another £50,000 as a special expenditure in the shape of rentals of hunting quarters, we have about exhausted the bill:

Hounds	£106,000
Masters' studs	325,000
Subscribers' do. . . .	7,760,000
Equipments	750,000
Compensations	50,000
Hunting quarters	50,000

Total cost of hunting £9,041,000

Where one man hunts, half-a-dozen shoot, and twenty fish; for both the latter sports, in the vast majority of cases, are very much cheaper. Of course, the owner of a large domain highly preserved, or who chooses to rent grouse moors, deer forests, and salmon streams, must spend goodly sums, which will rival even his stable expenditure; but your country squire, or gentleman farmer, or town resident even, can have his few hundred acres of fairly stocked general shooting, or his mile or two of trout stream, or ponds for coarse fishing, for vastly less

than the sum for which he can decently, and according to his station, follow the hounds.

In regard to shooting, there are several bases of calculation. According to Mulhall, in an average season, of deer, pheasants, grouse, partridges, hares, and rabbits, there are slain by the gun some thirty-two millions in the United Kingdom. If we add another five millions for other game, wildfowl and pigeons (including those killed in shooting matches), and put the market value all round at 1s. 6d. a head, we get the goodly figure of £2,775,000. But this is not enough. It is notorious that deer, grouse, and pheasants, at any rate, cost far more than their market value, and the average sportsman who can shoot rabbits at no more than 1s. 6d. a head is lucky.

In the United Kingdom there are about 20,000 owners of 500 acres or more, nearly all of whom preserve, whilst smaller holders, or those who do not preserve for themselves, let their sporting rights to others who do, if it is only to the extent of subsidising the farmers and their men to give an eye to the game.

Allowing these small affairs as a set-off against the few estates where there is no preserving, we may safely say that there are at least 20,000 preservers of game. With a staff of only a man and a boy, a few dogs, and other incidentals, the smallest expenditure upon which there could be any pretence of preserving at all would be £100 a year. The average, therefore, cannot be less than £200, and we have under this head:

$$20,000 \times 200 = £4,000,000.$$

We have still to add the personal expenses of the shooters; and under this head, 200,000 gun licences, and 70,000 game licences, are taken out annually, at a cost of £275,000.

The man who takes the trouble to obtain a licence to shoot, will average at least ten full days in the year, and, including dogs, guns, ammunition, special clothing, travelling expenses, and last, but not least, tips; one pound per head per day, or ten pounds in all, is a very moderate average. This adds another £2,700,000.

The fancy rents paid for deer forests, grouse moors, and shooting quarters, may be moderately estimated at another million and a half. We now have

Game preserving . . .	£4,000,000
Personal expenses of sports-	
men	2,700,000
Licences, etc.	275,000
Special rents, etc. . . .	1,500,000
Total	£8,475,000

We must, however, in fairness, deduct some set-off for the value of the game, etc. killed; and, taking that at the figure already given, we have, as the net cost of shooting, £5,700,000.

Angling is essentially the sport of the masses, because of its infinite scope and variety, ranging as it does, from urchins of ten to veterans of seventy; and from the magnate who flogs his Scotch, Irish, or Norwegian salmon rivers, to the tune of some hundreds a year, to the small boy who fishes for minnows, and whose whole equipment would be dear at sixpence.

Much depends on locality: where facilities are good, as around London, Sheffield, Birmingham, etc., the class of humble anglers—clubmen—is very large; and the devotees of all ranks and ages throughout the country cannot be far short of a million. Gauging the proportions and numbers as closely as possible,

a fair classification for the whole country will be as follows:

10,000 anglers spending in rents, or subscriptions, licences, tackle, travelling, lodging, etc., an average of £30 per annum . . .	£300,000
100,000 " " " £15	1,500,000
300,000 " " " £5	1,500,000
400,000 " " " £1	400,000
800,000 = Total spent on angling. .	£3,700,000

Against this, the value of the fish killed is a very problematical figure; but put it at £200,000, and say that angling costs net, 3½ millions a year.

* * * *



From a Photo by Hawkins, Brighton.

RICKET, again, being a great popular sport, ranges from the Marylebone, and leading county clubs, which expend each some thousands a year, to the little village club which plays on the green, and is regarded as extravagant if its season's expenses exceed a £5 note.

Including Marylebone, the Universities, and the first-class county clubs, there are about thirty whose expenditure cannot be put at less than £2,000 each per annum; and of the second-class clubs, such as those of the second-rate counties and the leading district clubs of London, Liverpool, Manchester, etc., there are fully 100 whose average expenditure must amount to at least £500 per annum.

Of the third-rate clubs there are legion. Their annual expenses may be assessed at £100. Finally there are the host of small clubs, at an average of £25 each.

Taking second and third-rate clubs, we find that Lancashire, with a population of 3½ millions, has about one hundred of them. Applying the same average to the whole of England and Wales, and throwing in the Scotch and Irish clubs as a make-weight for those parts of England and Wales where the game is least prominent, we have close upon

1000 clubs, with an average expenditure of £250 each.

Of the smaller clubs, averaging an expenditure of £25 per season, we have fully 5000. This gives us a total club expenditure of £435,000.

At least 500,000 cricketers of all grades and classes incur a personal expenditure clearly incidental to the game, to the average amount of £3 per annum, or £1,500,000; and at least 3,000,000 of spectators of matches average one shilling per head of expenditure beyond admission fees, or £150,000. Hence cricket contributes to our total some £2,085,000.

Coming now to Football, and reckoning there are 40 Association clubs whose average annual expenditure is £5,000, also 5,000 other clubs averaging £40 a year, and crediting the Rugby clubs with an expenditure of £200,000, we have a total of £600,000.

Half a million players in both sections of the game will not average less than £2 per head in clothing, boots, travelling, and various incidentals, or £1,000,000. Finally, spectators flock to the great matches in their thousands, and many travel considerable distances. An average expenditure beyond their admission fees of 1s. a head, no one can say is excessive. Putting the number of spectators at three millions, we add on £150,000; and our football bill is £1,750,000.

We have now disposed of what may fairly be called the six major sports of the country, and our figures are: Racing, £10,818,000; hunting, £9,041,000; shooting, £5,700,000; angling, £3,700,000; cricket, £2,085,000; football, £1,750,000; or a total for six months' sport of £33,094,000.

Space does not permit of a similar close

analysis of the various branches of sport which still remain; but, bearing in mind the necessity for some discrimination between what may be fairly termed sport, and that which is ordinary recreation, and applying the same broad principles, we arrive at the following additional figures:

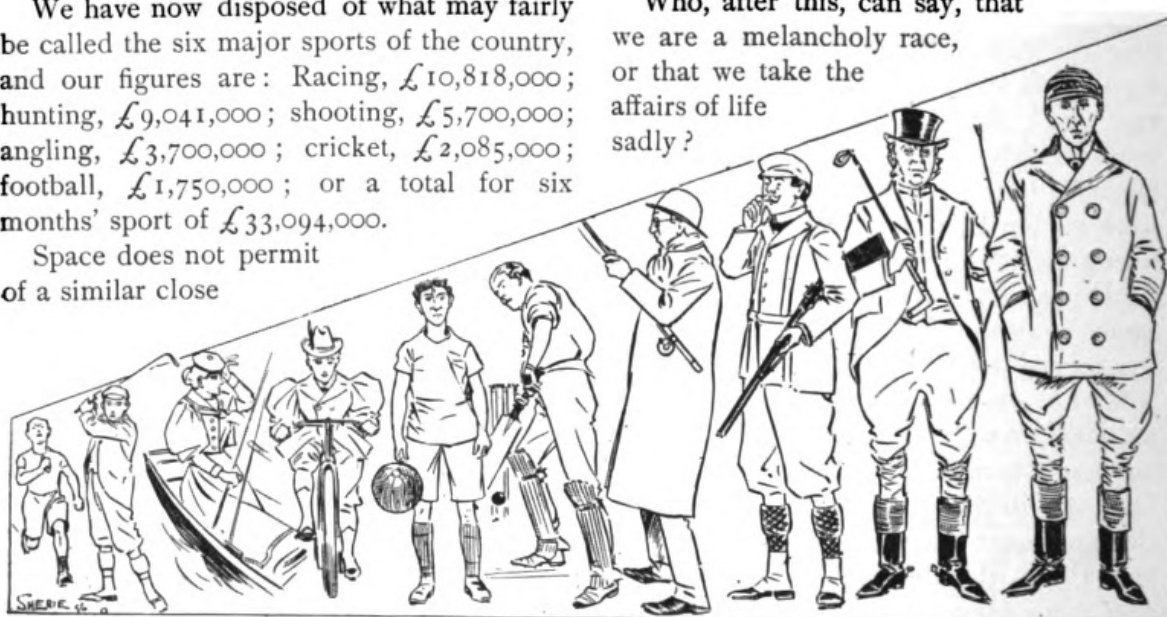
Coursing	£400,000
Cycling	1,200,000
Polo	250,000
Yachting	1,000,000
Boating	500,000
Swimming	200,000
Golf	1,000,000
Hockey, bowls, quoits, etc.	100,000
Athletics	500,000

£5,150,000

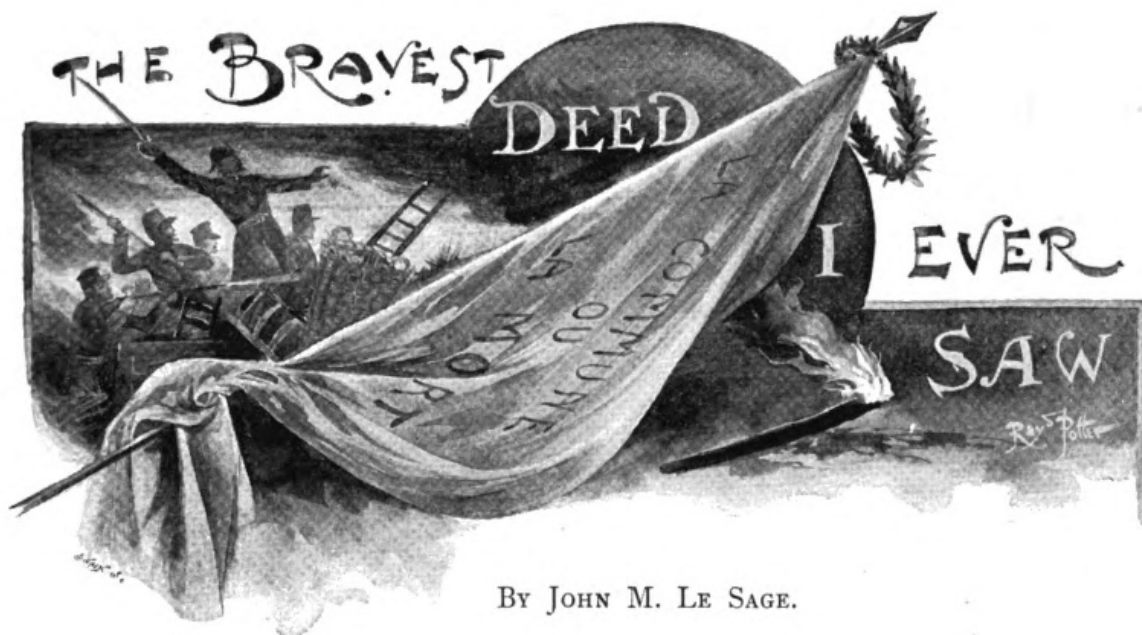
In this way we bring up the total cost of British sport to a total of over thirty-eight millions per annum, or about £1 per head of the whole population.

If we added to this gigantic total the various branches of what may be alternatively termed outdoor recreation, such as horse-riding, driving, lawn-tennis, croquet, etc., etc., and the distinct branches of indoor recreations, such as billiards, cards, chess, draughts, dominoes, theatres, concerts, balls, etc., we should obtain a figure which would at least rival, if it did not surpass, the Imperial Revenue.

Who, after this, can say, that we are a melancholy race, or that we take the affairs of life sadly?



The Artist has depicted here the relative sizes of the devotees of the various Sports, if judged according to the money spent upon each particular branch.



BY JOHN M. LE SAGE.

TWENTY-FIVE years since, I saw an act of devotion on the part of a young Frenchwoman, which for cool bravery I have never seen excelled, although I have witnessed many instances of splendid courage on the field of battle. At all events, it filled me with admiration at the moment, and I believe enabled me to go through a scene from which I only just escaped with my life.

In April, 1871, when the Commune was making full use of its happily brief power, I was in Paris acting as a special correspondent for *The Daily Telegraph*. It was part of my duty to mingle freely with the leaders of these desperate men. I had reported many of the worst crimes of which they were guilty—the burning of public buildings, the destruction of the Vendôme Column, the deliberate murder of some of their victims, the awful misery which they inflicted even on each other.

Once or twice I had been compelled to pretend to assist at the erection of barricades, but I was always fortunate enough to escape without serious loss or annoyance. I generally found that a little money, a great show of politeness, and the fact that I was an Englishman, were accepted as excuses for my presence.

At last I became so well known to the

“Generals in Command,” who had their office in the Place Vendôme, that they often spoke to me about some of their plans for defeating the Government troops, who were then stationed near Versailles. One morning I had sat chatting with the officer on duty for some time, and, as a politic compliment, expressed a confident belief in the fighting quality of his men. Gratified with what I had said, he invited me to go that afternoon to an advanced post at Neuilly, which was exposed to immediate attack, and where he hoped that his comrades would teach the enemy (their fellow-countrymen, the Versailles troops) that Paris now belonged to the People.

He gave me an introduction to the officer commanding the battalion at the front, and told me that I should probably find him at a small villa which flew the ambulance flag. As a matter of fact, the place was an important point in their line of defence, and the flag was a mere ruse.

After a hasty and very poor lunch—for in those unhappy days only the coarsest food could be obtained even at the best restaurants—I set out for the rather long walk. It is difficult to believe now that the beautiful city presented the dreadful and utterly desolate appearance it actually did. From the moment I entered the Champs Elysées until I reached the spot at which I joined the Insurgents I hardly met a soul.

NOTE.—The writer of this article was a Special Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* during the Paris Commune, and is now Managing Editor of that journal.

Hurrying on, I at last saw the park and the ambulance where I was to meet Commandant Le Saigne, of the 261st battalion. I had no time to notice the arrangements, as a support to skirmishers then in action was already formed, and the Commandant was that instant going to the park, about two hundred yards distant, where the Versailles troops were, in considerable force, making a determined effort to capture our position.

We shook hands, he addressed encouraging words to his men, and a few minutes afterwards we were exposed to the fire of the Versailles skirmishers. The National Guards dashed up to the park wall, which was about 3ft. high, and under it I was glad to seek shelter.

Wanting something to do, I asked a marine to let me look at his rifle. I had hardly taken the weapon from his hands when a bullet struck the poor fellow immediately above the heart, and he fell dead at my feet. I instantly dropped the rifle, but, curiously enough, put the cartridge in my coat pocket, where I afterwards found it.

There was one ambulance attendant lying near with a stretcher, so I volunteered to help carry his comrade to the Villa we had not long left.

The body was placed in a room on the ground floor.

Looking round I saw that some hasty preparations had been made for the wounded. There were a box of lint and bandages, a case of surgical instruments, bottles of morphine and drugs. Several badly injured men had been brought in, and I was busily engaged rendering what help I could, when a skirmisher rushed in with the news that the enemy had brought up a battery of artillery and were about to open on us.

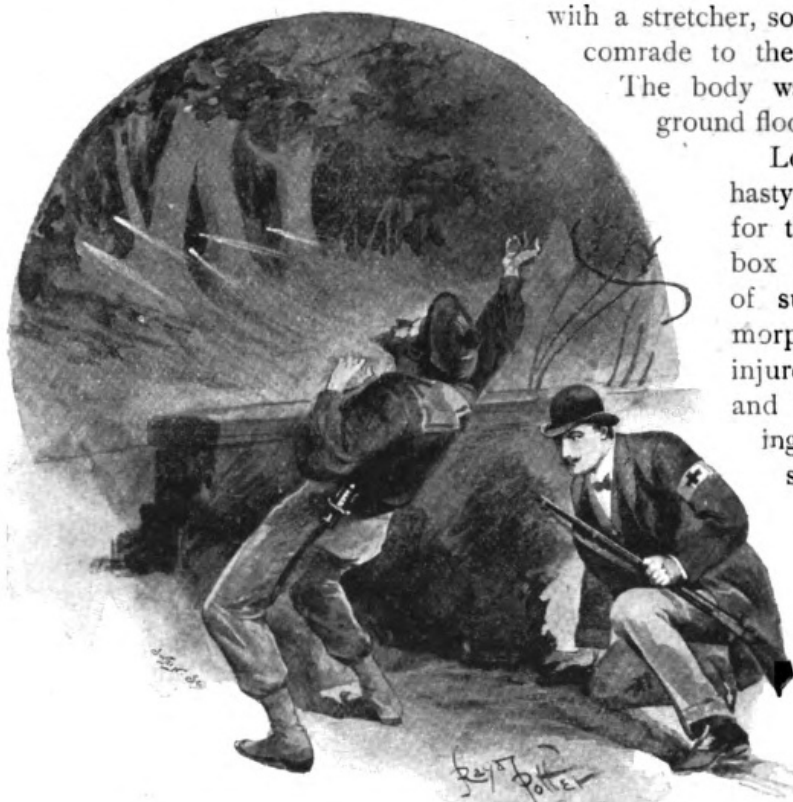
"But we have an ambulance flag," I exclaimed.

"You ought to know," said a young officer, "that the assassins don't respect it."

That they did not we



She entered the room with a cup of coffee.



A bullet struck the poor fellow.

soon had painful proof. A shell pitched into the garden, and several others followed. Fortunately, it was soft earth, and there was no greater damage than broken windows and clouds of dust. We all sought the best protection we could from flying splinters. Most of the uninjured men lay flat on the ground and covered themselves with mattresses or bundles of straw.

It was while we were all wondering what would happen—whether a shell would not explode in the house itself—that I had full opportunity of witnessing the cool courage and daring of a young woman who had joined the corps as a *cantinière*. I don't know what regular regiment she belonged to, but she had managed to dress herself in a very good imitation uniform, consisting of boots and gaiters, short skirt with a soldier's overcoat, turned down at the neck, showing a silk neckerchief covering the lower part of the throat. She had no cap, and her curly hair was rather disarranged owing to her exertions in assisting the wounded.

She was apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age; not very tall, with bright expression, and certainly pretty features. Her eyes were large, and full of animation. I was speaking to an officer about our chances when she entered the room, with a cup of coffee for a poor fellow who had been hit by a bullet in the leg, and whose wound had just been roughly attended to.

Mistaking me for a surgeon, she said: "Good Doctor, I have been in two or three battles, but never under such a fearful fire as this. If it is the hour of death, we will die bravely." Then, changing her tone, she laughingly demanded: "And now, *cher citoyen*, what will you have—coffee or spirits?"

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I assured her that I did not want anything, and begged her not to stand up; but she only laughed, and rather suggested by her manner that the officer and I should show a good spirit, and invited us to accompany her to the hall.

We went with her to the passage, which was only a narrow one, leading from the two or three steps at the entrance to the bedroom stairs at the end. A National guard had just brought her a small table, on which she had arranged a coffee-pot, a few cups, and a couple of bottles of wine and spirits. With-

out speaking she ran to an upstairs room and brought down a couple of chairs, which she insisted on our taking. We again protested that we did not want anything, but she proceeded to pour out some exceedingly strong coffee, and apologised that she could not offer us either milk or sugar, saying that our friends (the Versailles troops) were too attentive and interfered with her hospitality!

For a full half-

hour—from four to half-past four o'clock—I had to remain in the hall, hoping that by some happy fortune the fire would cease, and that I should be able to return to Paris. Whether it was merely out of sheer bravado, or an endeavour to show that the danger was not as great as we thought, she kept running in and out of the adjoining room, cheering the men, declaring that the guns were badly aimed, that there was little fear of the shells exploding, and as to the bullets, why they ought to amuse us!

After sitting down on a chair for a minute, she would stand by the open doorway, loudly



The Commandant had been killed while trying to storm a barricade.

declare that she could count the shells as they flew past, and then run back to the wounded and say that she was sure they were much better shots.

At last the fire slackened, and its direction changed. In the confusion, when assisting the wounded, I had lost my pass, and the officer kindly offered to give me one with permission to re-enter Paris by another gate. He was in the act of writing it when a National guard came in with the news that Commandant La Saigne had just been killed, and that the enemy were advancing.

My exceedingly kind young friend, the *cantinière*, would not believe in such bad luck — the Commandant was evidently a great favourite with her — and was sure that the "Good Doctor" would go out and aid him. I could not well refuse after the splendid courage she had herself shown. She grasped my hand and wished me God speed.

Once in the roadway, I ascertained that the National Guards and Versailles troops were fighting from house to house. They had loopholed the walls of gardens and villas, and were firing rapidly. The Commandant

had been killed while trying to storm a barricade which defended part of the suburb held by the Government skirmishers. He had mounted it when a bullet struck him in the thigh, and a second in the breast. Fortunately the Versailles skirmishers, who were not twenty yards distant, respected the ambulance flag which I waved, and with the aid of a Com-

munist I carried the body back to the house.

I instantly warned the young woman and her comrades that this place would be captured in a few minutes, and that every one of them would be shot or bayoneted. The men begged me to take her away at once, but she refused to leave, declaring that she would die with them.

It was no part of my duty to share their fate, and I, therefore, readily accepted the pass which had been made out for me by the officer.

The last I saw of this plucky woman was as she stood on the steps of the house, cup in hand, asking me to drink success to the Commune. Then she waved her hand in adieu and deliberately awaited the rush of the enemy's skirmishers. I afterwards learnt that not a soul escaped.



Cup in hand, asking me to drink success to the Commune.



BY FRANCIS JOHN.

AT the moment of going to press with this number of *Pearson's Magazine*, affairs on the south-eastern frontier of Egypt are assuming a most serious appearance. A force of Dervishes—10,000 cavalry, camelmén, spearmen, and Soudanese riflemen—is collected at Dongola; and an expeditionary force, consisting of three Soudanese battalions, numbering a couple of thousand men, with a detachment of the Egyptian camel corps, a camel battery, a mule battery, and a strong body of cavalry, is on the point of moving forward from Wadi-Halfa, on the Egyptian southern frontier line, to Dongola; while reinforcements are rapidly being concentrated towards that former stronghold in order to assist in the expedition should it be necessary.

No actual fighting has yet taken place, therefore it is impossible, as matters now stand, to form anything beyond a theoretical opinion concerning the *morale* of the Egyptian forces in action against those warriors by whom they were time after time soundly beaten in the early stages of the Soudan campaign of 1883-5.

Whether, however, the results will be the same in the conflict which at present seems imminent, or whether they will give a good account of themselves, is probably by this time known to the world; yet, even though

the events daily occurring just now should, after all, fail to culminate in a serious war, and matters be amicably arranged between Egypt and the Khalifa, still, the eyes of all Britain will be turned upon the native Egyptian soldiers; and it is the object of this article to give readers some idea of the magnificent results that have been attained in the comparatively short space of ten years by the organising capabilities, dogged perseverance, and patience of those British officers and non-commissioned officers who, from the chaotic remnants of an army that was no army, have built up a fighting force equal, so far as smartness and drill is concerned, to any body of armed men outside our shores.

On September 19th, 1882, a decree was issued, immediately after the British occupation of Egypt, stating in laconic terms that "the Egyptian army was disbanded."

The motive which prompted this disbandment was the knowledge that the Egyptian army, or what remained of it, was not only useless as a fighting body, but an absolute source of danger to the country. The regulations that were supposed to control the soldiers existed only in so many words. The men were subjected to the most fearful tortures at the hands of the inhuman and corrupt officers, who, themselves frequently receiving no salary, were in the habit of

intercepting the miserable pittance due to each of the men under their command.



ONE OF THE "2ND BATTALION
OF THE CAMERON HIGH-
LANDERS."

The recruit was torn from his home, provided with an ill-fitting and, probably, well-worn uniform, equipped with arms, made to live in barracks that were never cleaned by order from one year's end to the other, and if sick, had to depend, by reason of the total absence of hospital accommodation, upon the charitableness of his comrades in arms and misery.

No specified term of service existed. A man was made to serve the colours just as long as his commanding officer thought fit; and, as this latter individual never held communication with his men, except to bully and maltreat them on parade, the soldier, if he ever returned at all to

his native village, would do so, in nine cases out of ten, because physical weakness, resulting from his mode of living, had rendered him useless for further military service.

Living in a perpetual state of fear, bullied and struck at every conceivable opportunity by the men in whom, according to the accepted military spirit of the civilised world, he should have placed his confidence, half-starved, ill-paid or not paid at all, existing in a state as low as slavery—such, in the early eighties, was the life of the private soldier of the Egyptian army, and small blame to him if, at the critical moment, he exhibited those traits of cowardice and incapacity which, thanks to his officers, was all that

remained, since every atom of manliness had been crushed out of his nature.

Aware of their men's childish craven-heartedness, and, possibly, conscience-stricken with the knowledge of their own corruptness and brutality, the officers themselves in most of the engagements exhibited as much terror as their men, and invariably led the panic-stricken flight.

This condition of affairs, then, may safely be taken to account for the miserably poor exhibition made by the fellah as a fighting man. All the warlike propensities of that grand race of warriors who so long maintained the powerful Egyptian empire of old, and gained for it a position among military powers second to none, had gradually been effaced from the character of the Egyptian soldier by life-long oppression and slavery until the moment when Great Britain stepped in, and, with a touch that was little less than magical, roused his interest in life, and set to work to bring out his best qualities.

On the disbandment of the Khedive's army in 1882 it fell to the lot of Lord Dufferin to form a scheme for re-establishing a defensive and offensive force out of the material within his reach, and to appoint someone to carry out this scheme.

In spite of a thousand and one suggestions poured into his ears, he evolved his own plans and stuck to them. Although experts at the time condemned his proposed attempt to reorganise the army out



A SERGEANT OF ARTILLERY.

of the same material as that which had formed the previous disastrously ineffective force, he argued, and, as events have proved, rightly, that the best defensive body for a country should be composed of its inhabitants, and this conclusion was arrived at in face of schemes for placing in this responsible position trained men drawn from the scum of other nations, men who, though endowed with better fighting qualities than the home-born Egyptian, were also endowed with an uncomfortable propensity for loot, a propensity ineradicable from the nature of the hireling.

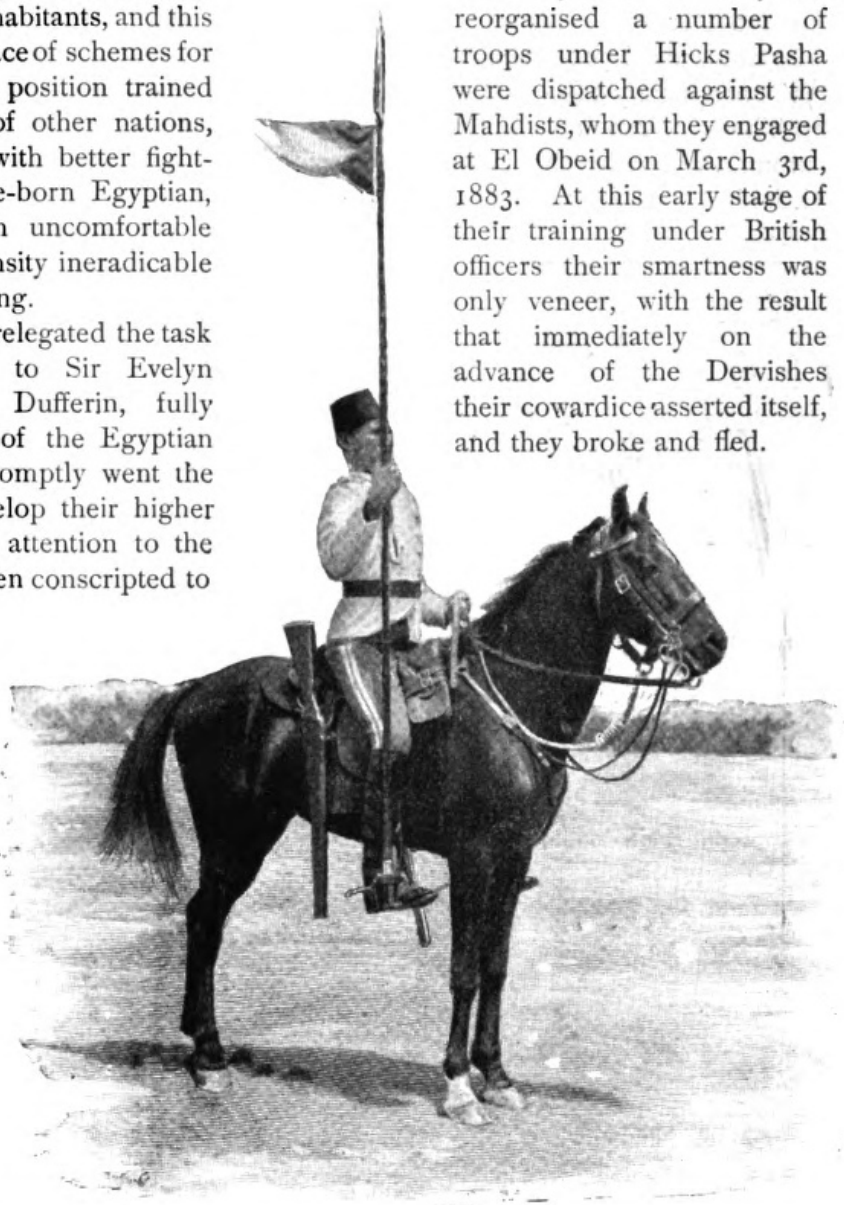
Therefore, Lord Dufferin relegated the task of reorganising the army to Sir Evelyn Wood. He, with Lord Dufferin, fully realised the bottom cause of the Egyptian soldiers' cowardice, and promptly went the right way to work to develop their higher qualities by paying minute attention to the health of the six thousand men conscripted to form the new army, and by endeavouring to get them to place confidence in their British officers—in both of which respects he and his successors have been most successful.

The fellah, immediately he recognised the improvement in his position under British influence, applied himself to drill with a zeal never yet exhibited by Tommy Atkins. It is stated on good authority, that not only were the men positively anxious to be put through their movements, but it was found necessary on more than one occasion to prevent them from practising their drill in the streets and barrack-rooms when off duty. Perhaps this was not so much the result of a pious endeavour to please the drill instructor, as the amount of childish pleasure they reaped from going through the movements before an admiring crowd.

It had taken years of persistent ill-treatment and degradation to break the spirit of the Khedive's soldiers up till the year 1882

and, in the natural order of things, it has taken years of careful treatment to develop in them a spirit of manliness.

Shortly after the army was reorganised a number of troops under Hicks Pasha were dispatched against the Mahdists, whom they engaged at El Obeid on March 3rd, 1883. At this early stage of their training under British officers their smartness was only veneer, with the result that immediately on the advance of the Dervishes their cowardice asserted itself, and they broke and fled.



A TROOPER OF THE CAVALRY.

So it was at El Teb a year later. Baker Pasha's well-equipped force of three thousand five hundred men was cut to pieces by a small force of the enemy—uncivilised, undrilled fanatics—not more than a thousand strong, simply because the Egyptians at the first rush of the Mahdists threw down their weapons and ran, trying to shelter themselves behind one another, and allowing themselves to be killed without the slightest resistance.

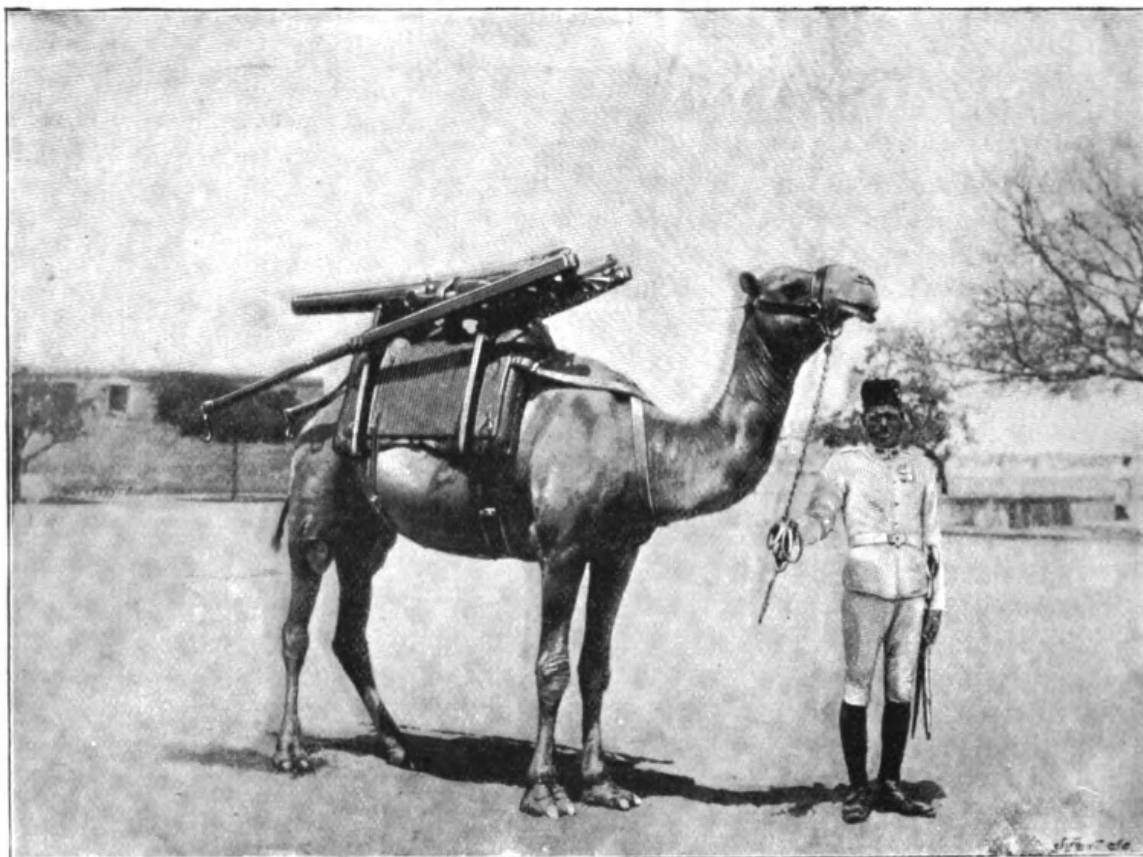
Since that time however, enormous strides

have been made in the improvement of the army, and that it fully justified the confidence that had been placed in it was shown in 1889, when Sir Francis Grenfell routed an army of 30,000 Dervishes at Toski with a force that did not exceed 5000 men, killing and taking prisoners nearly 16,000 of the enemy.

These miraculous changes have been brought about by the confidence felt by the fellahin for their British leaders. The

prominent in the temperament of his forefathers.

In this respect he differs from the more recently organised battalions of Soudanese—tall, ebony-coloured men, with very thin legs and scraggy bodies, magnificent fighters withal. These regiments—there are five of them—form the leaven of the Egyptian army, and the combination results in an excellent fighting body.



A MEMBER OF THE CAMEL BATTERY.

Egyptian is docile and easily affected by the moral influence of his superiors. Individually he is helpless and uninitiated, but, in numbers, is a fairly reliable fighting machine. He is recruited chiefly from among the working class of natives, who are held in the lowest estimation as a degenerate race, although hard-working and sober. Among the poorer classes he is invariably a vegetarian.

Physically, he has all the attributes that go to make a good soldier, being strong, robust, and capable of undergoing a large amount of privation. But he lacks the warlike spirit so

They are all born soldiers, hot blooded, and difficult to hold in check during an engagement, especially when fighting their hereditary enemies, the Arabs of the Soudan. They have that brilliant dash which the "Gippy" lacks, a virtue, however, that, unless controlled by British discretion, would carry them in nine cases out of ten to certain annihilation.

During a fierce engagement on the southeastern frontier of Egypt some years back, between a party of these men and a force of Dervish marauders, the excellent shooting of the troops had completely routed the

enemy. But when the order to cease fire was given, the fighting blood of these men was so roused that they paid no attention whatever to the instructions, with the result that the English officers had to walk along in front of their rifles in order to stop the firing.

In addition to the eight fellahin, or native Egyptian, battalions and the five Soudan battalions, there is one reserve regiment and one disciplinary company.

Thanks to the services rendered by the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery, this arm of the Egyptian service is in a very efficient condition, the mule and camel batteries being of immense utility in the class of warfare carried on in the Soudan.

The cavalry, consisting of five hundred men, constituting a regiment of six squadrons, is mounted on fine Syrian horses; and the camel corps of three hundred men—the Cavalry of the Desert—has attached to it a body of English officers, the equal of whom, for the work entailed, no other army in the world but that of Great Britain could produce.

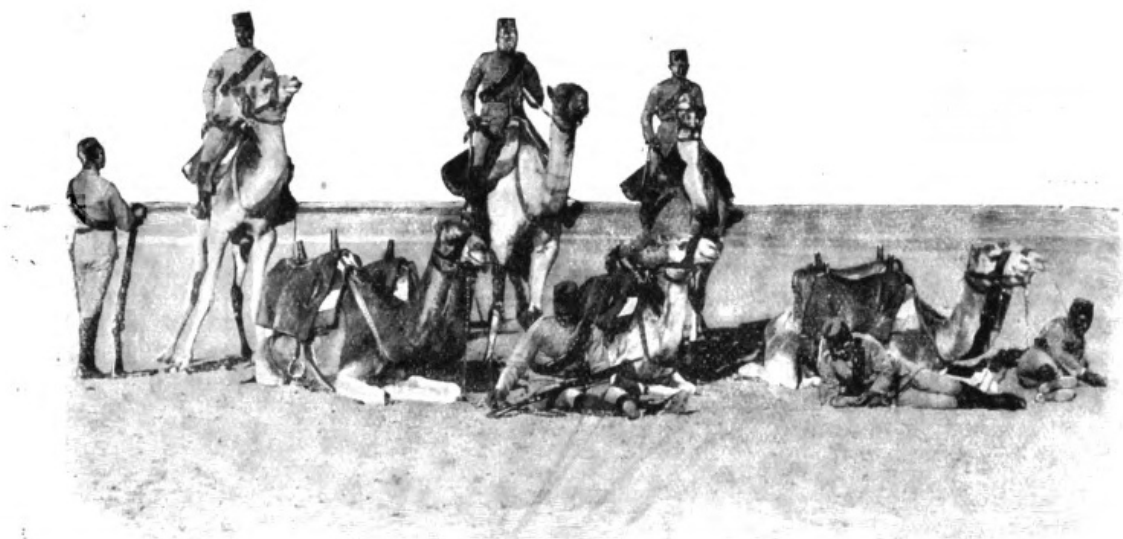
In connection with camels, it is interesting to note that when the expedition organised for the relief of General Gordon was in

preparation at Assouan, 8000 of these animals were purchased for the British forces at an average price of £13 6s. 11d. and this is, without exception, the largest number of camels ever collected at any one time within recent years for military purposes.

The drill and instruction of the men is the same as that adopted in our own Army, and is imparted by a staff of non-commissioned officers lent by the War Office authorities at home for a term of years, during which time the Egyptian Government pay all expenses.

And it is these men, under the direction of the British authorities, who have lifted the Egyptian soldier from his life of misery and corruption to his present high standard of efficiency as a fighting machine; and this result, moreover, has been attained without undue harshness, for between the Egyptian, especially the Soudanese, and his white commanders exists an attachment on the one side and respect on the other that is most gratifying.

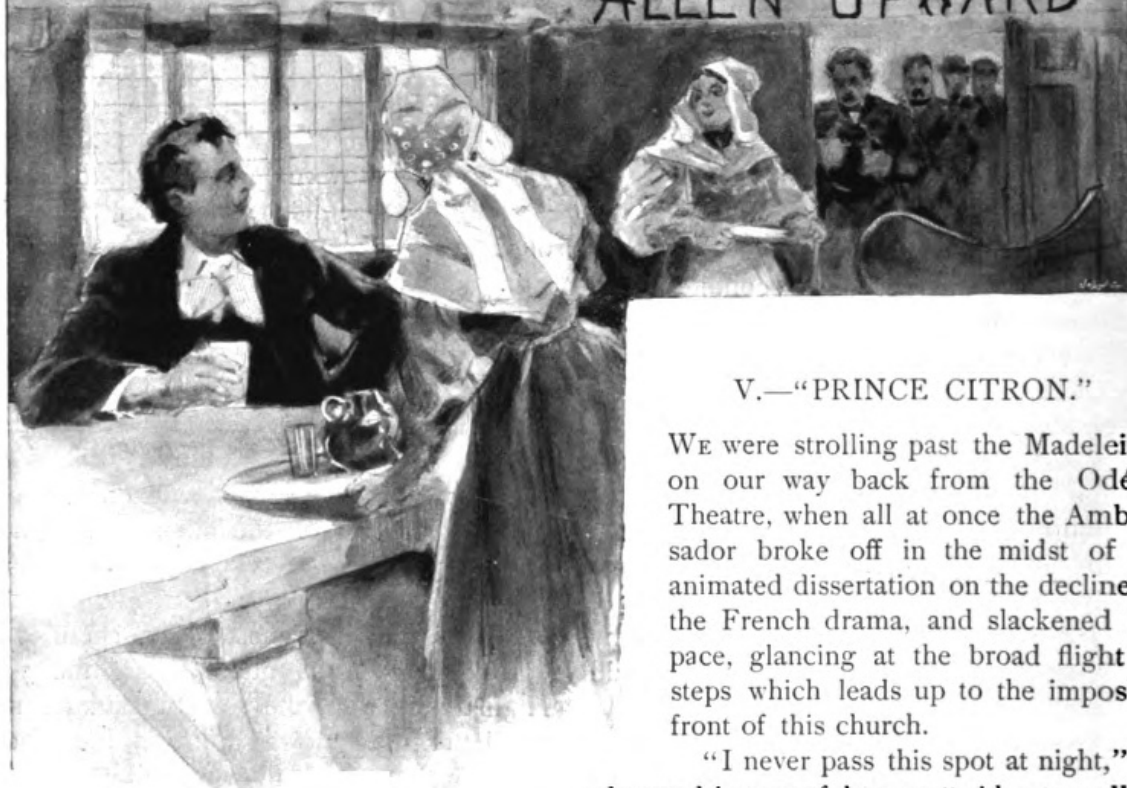
The feeling, moreover, between the British private and the Soudanese blacks is curiously warm; in fact, so attached are the 79th Highlanders and the 9th Soudanese, that the latter are known amongst the troops as the "2nd Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders."



THE CAMEL CORPS ON OUTPOST DUTY.

SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE

THE CONFIDENCES OF AN
EX-AMBASSADOR ELICITED BY
ALLEN UPWARD



V.—“PRINCE CITRON.”

WE were strolling past the Madeleine, on our way back from the Odéon Theatre, when all at once the Ambassador broke off in the midst of an animated dissertation on the decline of the French drama, and slackened his pace, glancing at the broad flight of steps which leads up to the imposing front of this church.

“I never pass this spot at night,” he observed in regretful tones, “without recalling the fate of poor ‘Prince Citron’!”

“Prince Citron!” I exclaimed, completely puzzled, and imagining him to refer to a character in some burlesque. “And who was this prince of fruits, if one may ask?”

His Excellency turned and glanced at me in grave surprise.

“Is it possible that you have never heard of this nickname, which Paris, in a jesting moment, bestowed upon the late Prince of Orange? I thought that you were too old a boulevardier not to be familiar with it. But it is only another proof of how quickly such things are forgotten.”

“Now you speak of it, I remember having heard something about this Prince,” I murmured.

“He was, of course, the heir to the throne of the Netherlands,” remarked my companion, beginning to walk on again, “and, if he had lived, would have succeeded to William III., instead of this little Queen Wilhelmina.”

“But was he not a young man with a terrible reputation, who was compelled to live abroad on account of the scandal created by his proceedings?”

The Ambassador frowned, and jerked his shoulders impatiently.

“Wrong, quite wrong,” he replied with warmth. “That is rather the effect which vulgar gossip has mistaken for the cause. I know well what the Parisians, so easily deceived by appearances, thought of this unhappy young man, who exposed himself so freely to harsh judgments during the years which he spent on the Boulevards.”

"But chance led me into relations with him which caused me to learn the trouble underlying that wrecked life, a tragedy to which only three persons possessed the key. However, we are nearly at my *hôtel*. Pay me the compliment of coming in for a short time, and as I well know your insatiable curiosity, I will in return tell you the true story of 'Prince Citron.'

"It was on just such a night as this, some years ago," began the Ambassador, as soon as we were comfortably settled in the smoking room of his luxurious mansion, "and King William's first wife was still alive. You are aware that it was his second wife who is the mother of Wilhelmina?"

"I had forgotten it, but no matter."

"It is, on the contrary, a fact which must be borne in mind," retorted his Excellency. "I was returning home from the theatre, but, having lingered to chat with one of the performers—this was while I was still a bachelor—the crowds had had time to clear away, and I found the streets almost deserted. It was, in effect, past midnight, an hour at which the true boulevardier is seldom abroad, as by that time he has selected the restaurant in which he intends to sup, and has settled down for the remainder of the night.

"It was therefore with some surprise and curiosity that, as I approached the Madeleine, I observed a small crowd collected at the foot of the steps. Crossing over to find out what had taken place, I found myself on the outside of a ring of women, the most abandoned wretches of the quarter, who had gathered round the figure of a man lying on the bottom step of the flight, apparently intoxicated beyond the power to move.

"The spectacle of this unfortunate seemed to have strangely excited the women, who were hurling at him the vilest insults in their horrible vocabulary. Incensed at the behaviour of these hags, I roughly pushed



"The spectacle of this unfortunate seemed to have strangely excited the women."

my way through them to the side of their victim, whose clothes, disordered and covered with mud as they were, seemed to be those of a man of position. The wretched creature was lying on one side, his left hand outstretched, with which he seemed to be trying feebly to ward off the foul epithets of his tormentors. I stooped down over him, and lifted his head to the light.

"It was 'Prince Citron.'

"You will easily figure to yourself the horror of discovering the heir to a famous

monarchy, the descendant of William the Silent, in this deplorable situation. I had not failed to hear some of the dark reports as to this young man's career; nevertheless at such a moment the only sentiment which inspired me was that of the most profound pity.

"Sternly rebuking the filthy hags, who

upon the cushions. Then I gave the driver my own address, and we proceeded to the house near the Rue de Rivoli, in which I at that time occupied a small flat.

"During the short drive, Prince Alexander lay absolutely motionless, and without uttering a sound. But from time to time I caught a gleam of dull intelligence in his bloodshot eyes, which were turned towards me, as if he were trying to comprehend who I was, and what accident had brought him into my company.

"When we got to the house, it was necessary for me to engage the services of the concierge to get the unfortunate youth upstairs to my apartment, which was on the third floor. Then I found that my valet had retired, a circumstance which I did not regret. I got my strange visitor comfortably settled upon a couch; I loosened his collar and necktie for him, removed his boots, and spread a warm rug over his feet. Then I sat down to wait till he should recover from his lethargy.

"While I watched his uneasy repose, I strove to recall the various things which I had heard about the heir of William III. He was, of course, well known to me by sight, for the incident I speak of took place at a time when I was attached to the Staff of the Foreign Office in Paris, and when, as you may have heard, there was some talk



"Into this I assisted Alexander."

slunk away before my reproaches, I raised the Prince to his feet, and supported him down to the edge of the pavement, where I perceived an empty fiacre coming up. Into this I assisted Alexander—to give him his proper name—who instantly fell like a log

of making me Deputy and Minister.

"But I preferred a diplomatic career to a parliamentary one, and I do not regret my decision. In a country like France, which is ruled over by the bourgeois, politics reduce themselves to a terribly prosaic level. I can

only find the romance for which my disposition craves in the courts of those countries where the will of a monarch still counts for much, and where the course of the greatest events may be decided by a nod given at the right moment, or by a sentence whispered in the intervals of a waltz."

The Ambassador paused, an absent look came into his eyes, and a subtle smile overspread his features, as if called forth by some recollection which pleased him.

"You were saying?" I ventured to observe.

"A thousand pardons! I had lost myself," he exclaimed, rousing himself from his abstraction. "Yes, I was about to say that, though I had never before had any intercourse with 'Prince Citron,' I was familiar with the scandalous stories which were in circulation about him. It was generally believed that his residence in Paris was not altogether voluntary—that, in fact he had been compelled to leave the Hague in consequence of some terrible misunderstanding with his father, and there were those who asserted that the old King of the Netherlands had sworn that his son should never return so long as he himself was alive. But, though there were a hundred different versions of the cause of this exile, the truth of the matter had remained a secret from every one, and even in his most reckless moments no allusion to it ever passed the lips of the Prince.

"In the meantime, the manner of his life since he had come to reside in Paris was unhappily only too well ascertained. From the moment of quitting his own country he seemed to have cast aside all restraint, and abandoned himself to all kinds of excesses, without even attempting to keep up that outward decorum which is the morality of princes.

"There were few crimes which had not been laid to the charge of this degenerate scion of the House of Orange, who appeared to take a delight in outraging public opinion. The worst things which were said about him, it would be impossible for me to repeat, and I firmly believe they were unfounded; but enough was known or suspected to make his friendship considered a doubtful honour; and, in short, but for his exalted rank, the

doors of society would have been long ago shut in his face.

"Such was this miserable being, on whom, nevertheless, the eyes of European statesmen had long been anxiously fixed, and whose life, by a strange turn of events, had become of the greatest value to France."

"To France? But I fear I do not follow you, M. l'Ambassadeur," I exclaimed.

"It is a very simple matter. If you will cast your eye over the map of Europe you will perceive, nestling between the frontiers of France, Germany and Belgium, the little State of Luxemburg. At the time of which I speak, Luxemburg was united to the Dutch kingdom by a similar tie to that which formerly connected Hanover with Great Britain, that is to say, William III. of the Netherlands was also Grand Duke of Luxemburg.

"As in your case, however, the laws regulating the succession were different in the two countries. In Holland the crown was capable of being inherited by a female in the absence of direct male heirs, whereas in Luxemburg the Salic constitution prevailed, under which no female can ever inherit. Consequently in the event of William III. dying without leaving a son, the Grand Duchy was destined to be separated from the Netherlands, just as Hanover became separated from your country on the accession of Queen Victoria. Do I make myself clear?"

"Admirably clear, my dear Ambassador. In fact, the severance of which you speak has now taken place, has it not?"

"Perfectly. King William died, leaving a daughter who inherited the Dutch crown, while Luxemburg passed to the House of Nassau. But at this time there was a prospect of the union of the two territories being maintained in the person of the young Prince who had so strangely come beneath my roof. France was interested in this question, because it was feared that if Luxemburg passed from under the sway of a Dutch monarch, it would fall into the system of the German Empire, to which it had formerly belonged, and thus increase the power of our relentless enemies. The German Government on its side earnestly desired this event, which has

since come to pass. You will now comprehend what important interests centred in the life of 'Prince Citron,' this disreputable waif of the Boulevards.

"You will acquit me, I feel certain, of any intention to profit by the accident which had caused me to become the protector of the Prince. So little did I expect that I was about to become the possessor of a secret sufficient to have lighted the flames of war, that I was merely waiting till my guest was sufficiently recovered to offer him my escort to his own residence.

"The first sign I had that he was coming to himself was finding his eyes obstinately fixed upon me in a long gaze. No sooner did he perceive that his look was returned, however, than a deep flush suffused his face, he threw up his hands with that pathetic gesture I had observed when I first came upon him, and uttered a sorrowful groan.

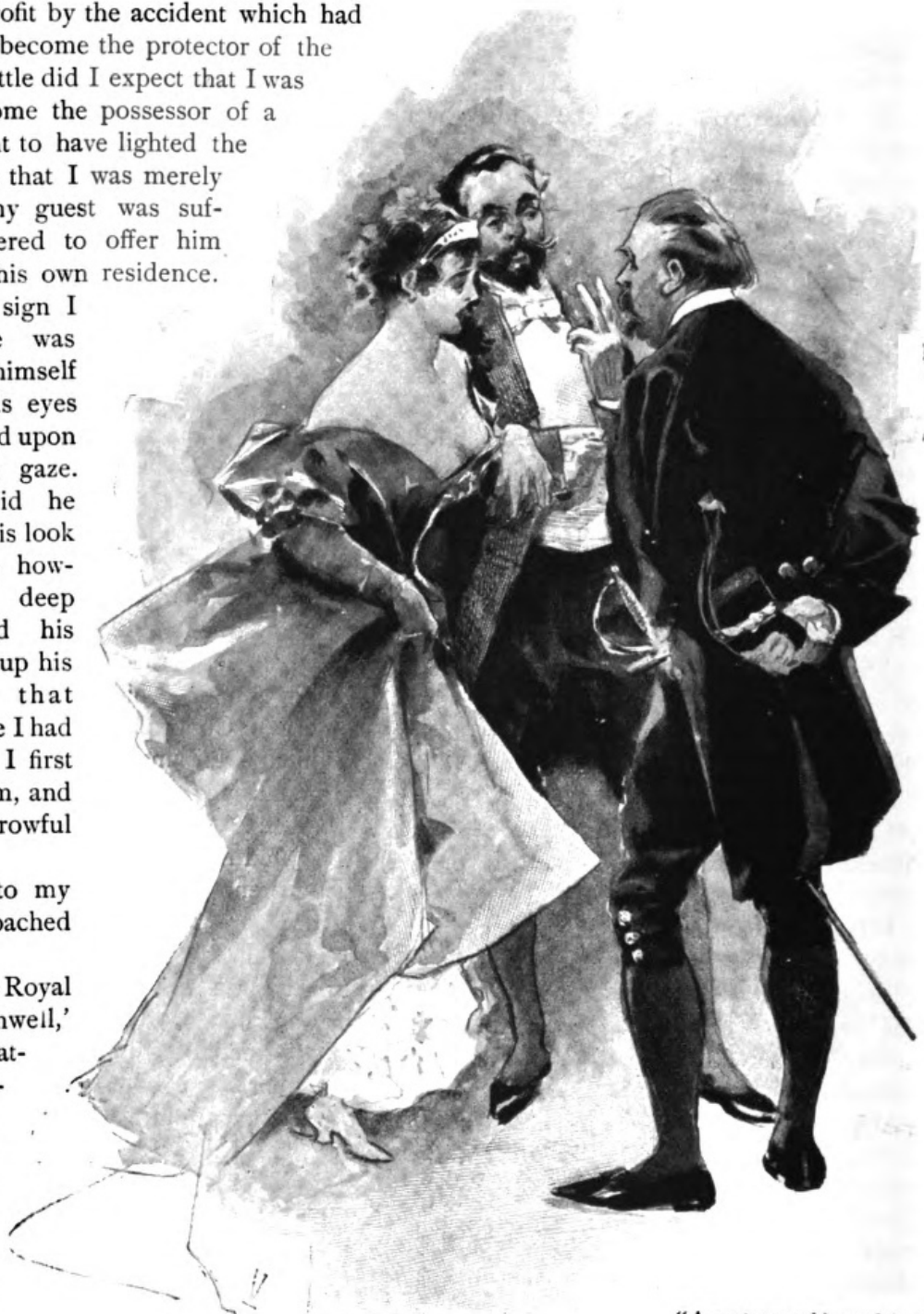
"I sprang to my feet and approached him.

"'I fear your Royal Highness is unwell,' I said, exaggerating the deference of my manner in order to soothe his self-respect, so cruelly wounded by the events of the night.

'If there is anything which it is in my power to do, I respectfully request that you will honour me with your commands.'

"Re-assured, no doubt, by the cordiality

of my expressions, the Prince withdrew his hands from before his face, and again regarded me steadily for about half a minute.



"A sentence whispered in the interval of a waltz."

"'Who are you?' he asked, with reserve.

"I explained to him, dwelling on my connection with the Quai d'Orsay, in order to

inspire him with confidence. I went on to add:

“‘Accident caused me to come up at the moment that your Royal Highness was overcome by illness on the Boulevard, and I took the liberty of bringing you to my apartment to recover, as I had not the honour to know your address.’

“He sat up on the couch, and thrust his disordered hair back from his forehead, while he retorted morosely:

“‘I was not ill; I was drunk. You found me lying on the steps of the church, surrounded by those horrible women.’

“And he groaned afresh at the recollection.

“‘It is not for me to contradict your Highness,’ I responded mildly; ‘but should there ever be a question raised as to this affair—which I do not anticipate—I shall adhere to my opinion all the same.’

“As I said this, I observed a milder expression coming over his features. He gave me a wistful, questioning look which went to my heart.

“‘Why do you treat me like this?’ he asked, speaking less abruptly. ‘You know what I am—an outcast for whom no one pretends to feel respect.’

“‘Pardon me,’ I returned, ‘the race you represent, and the exalted destiny to which you have been born, must always command respect. Concerning your private life, I have not presumed to form an opinion, but I am not so ignorant as not to perceive that the benefits conferred on nations by personages of your rank, and the peculiar temptations which assail them, enable them to claim justly a certain toleration which is not extended to everybody.’”

I had long suspected the Ambassador of being but a lukewarm adherent to the Republican *régime* in his country, for I had observed in him a tone of old-world reverence in speaking of the members of Royal houses.

At this open display of Royalist sentiment, I could not forbear inquiring:

“But surely, M. l’Ambassadeur, I am right, am I not, in supposing you to be a Republican?”

His Excellency drew himself up, frowning, and replied with some formality:

“You are right in supposing me to cherish feelings of loyalty towards those institutions which the French people has adopted, and which are suited to its genius. But I am not a fanatic, and it appears to me that there are many nations which depend for their prosperity upon the monarchical system. But all this is beside the mark. In what I said to Alexander, it was simply my object to set him at his ease, and if you will reflect, you will see that I could not have spoken otherwise than I did.”

I felt that I had been let off lightly, and allowed him to proceed without further interruption.

“Not to worry you with the details of our conversation, I succeeded more quickly than I could have hoped in winning the regard of my guest, and convincing him that I was sincere in my desire to serve him. But when I ventured to allude to the value which his life possessed for France, I was astonished to see a bitter smile cross his lips, and he made an impatient gesture which checked my words.

“By this time he had roused himself up sufficiently to partake of a cup of chocolate which I insisted on preparing for him, and which restored him to fresh life. His clothes, which were soiled with the mud of the pavement, I persuaded him to exchange for a suit of my own, our figures being sufficiently alike to permit of the substitution.

“While all this was going forward, I observed that he relapsed from time to time into fits of abstraction, during which he would study my face as if hesitating whether to address to me some important communication. I carefully refrained on my part from any clumsy overture, and contented myself with talking in a cheerful strain about the ordinary topics of the day.

“Finally he spoke.

“‘M. le Baron,’ he said, in deliberate tones, ‘your conduct to-night has made me desire greatly to possess your friendship. If you feel enough interest in me to care to hear the secret of my miserable career, I should like to tell to you that story which I have never yet confided to a single creature.’

“‘M. le Prince d’Orange,’ I replied with gravity, ‘the sentiment of respectful friend-

ship with which you have inspired me is so profound that I am overwhelmed with gratification at the honour which you propose to confer on me. But it is right that I should remind you that as yet I am hardly known to you sufficiently for you to repose in me so great a trust. Permit me to suggest that you should wait till another occasion before you yield to an impulse which you may perhaps afterwards regret.'

"'No, I will not,' he replied, with resolution. 'The delicacy which you show in making such a suggestion confirms the opinion I had already formed of your character. Besides there are political reasons which assure me that my secret is safe in your hands. I merely ask that what I am about to say to you shall not be repeated as long as my father and I are alive.'

"I hastened to give the required assurances, which Alexander received with melancholy indifference.

"'From your official connections,' he began, 'you are no doubt aware of the state of things as regards the Luxemburg succession.'

"'Certainly, M. le Prince,' I replied. 'The circumstances to which you refer are perfectly familiar to me. There is no Frenchman in my position who does not earnestly hope that you may long live to preserve the connection between the Grand Duchy and the Kingdom of the Netherlands.'

"He shook his head mournfully.

"'Wait till you have heard my confession before you express a sentiment which may afterwards appear to you in the light of a mockery.'

"He drank off the remainder of his chocolate, threw himself down again upon the couch, and proceeded to frame his narrative in words which I will repeat to the best of my power.

"'Of my father—as I suppose I must continue to call him—King William, it is difficult for me to speak without appearing to give way to resentment. As a patriot and a sovereign the independence of the Netherlands is the thing dearest to his heart, and hence the strength of that hatred with which he has always regarded the threatening march of Germany.

"'The Germans covet the wealth of our people, our flourishing seaports, and our fine mercantile marine. Above all, they have cast hungry eyes upon our magnificent colonies in the East Indies. In short, the rulers of that empire have fully made up their minds to annex the Netherlands at the first opportunity, and only the influence of France and England restrains them from carrying out their intention, and reducing us to the condition of Schleswick and Alsace.

"'The knowledge of these unscrupulous designs, which were not too well concealed by Von Bismarck, caused the greatest indignation to King William, who was in consequence especially anxious that Luxemburg should not fall into German hands.

"'But you will ask me what all this has to do with me. It is in his character as a father rather than as a sovereign that you will expect me to speak of William III. Unhappily, it is precisely that which I am unable to do. I was destined to learn, even at an early age, that to him I was not so much a son as an heir who would retain Luxemburg under the Dutch Crown.

"'I cannot fix the period at which I first became aware that, between my father and myself, there was none of that familiar affection which ought to prevail between child and parent. This melancholy knowledge must have grown within me. Children do not analyse their sensations, but they are quick to perceive coldness and neglect; and they suffer in silence. It was with a singular bitterness that I used to listen to my instructors when they sought to initiate in me the duty of filial affection. How often have I yearned as a child, to lavish proofs of my regard on that proud and impenetrable nature, and how often have I felt myself silently thrust back, and retired to my own apartments to weep in solitude.

"'At that age, you will admit, I could have done nothing to forfeit a father's love. Then, at all events, I had not been guilty of those follies and crimes, which have since made my name a byword, and dragged me down to the depth which you have witnessed.'

"As he spoke these words, the young man cast at me an appealing look, and I ask you

to believe that I was unmoved. Yet I was still far from anticipating to what this pitiful relation tended.

" 'As I grew older,' proceeded Alexander, 'I ceased to torment myself with the vain idea of conquering my father's regard. As a result, I became indifferent to his good opinion, and finally embittered against him and against my circumstances. I cursed the evil fortune which had separated me from the common lot of my fellow creatures, and while crushing me with the pomp and state of royalty, had deprived me of far more precious possessions. It wasn't long before the restraints imposed upon me by my high rank galled me to an unbearable degree.

" 'It became my favourite resource to elude the watchfulness of my attendants, to quit the Palace in disguise, and to seek adventures in the streets of the Hague, or on the beach of Scheveningen. At such moments I could forget that I was a prince, and revel in the freedom which is so dear to boys.

" 'When the news of these escapades

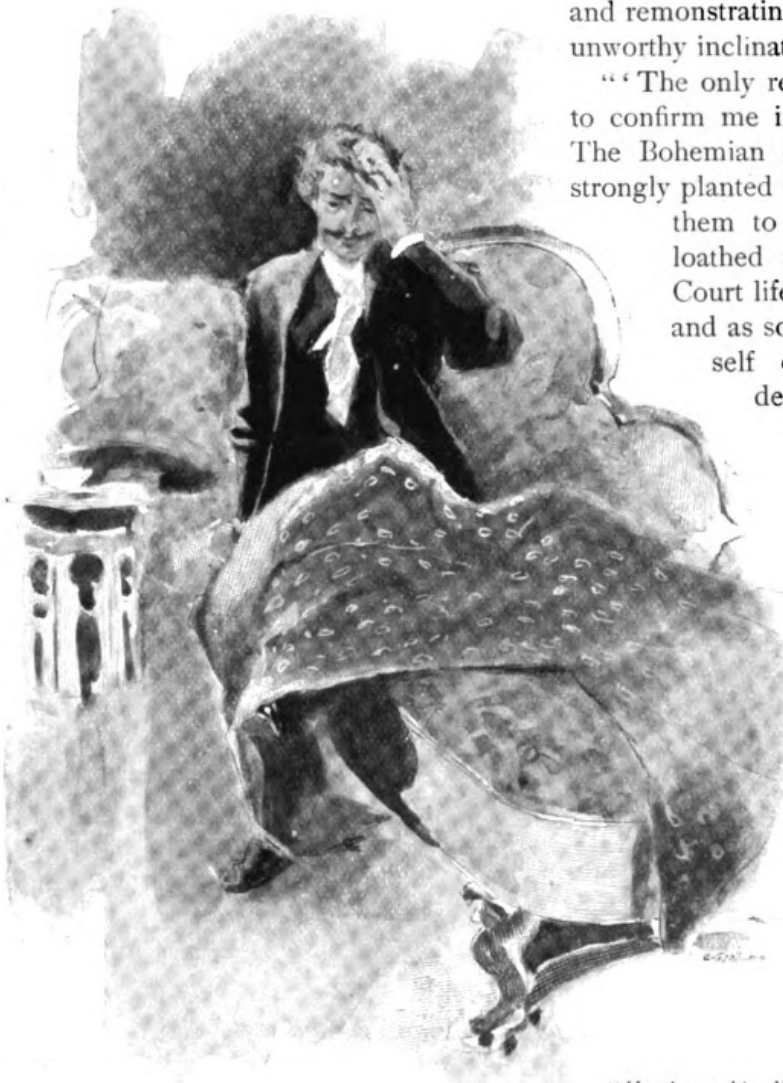
reached the King, his frigid demeanour towards me was exchanged for anger. He reproached me in bitter terms for what he called my low and unprincely tastes, and ordered my governor to maintain over me a guard more suited to a prisoner than a youth of royal blood. This governor, faithful to his instructions, was never tired of lecturing me on the duties of my station and remonstrating with me on my unworthy inclinations.

" 'The only result of this was to confirm me in my own bent. The Bohemian instinct was too strongly planted in my nature for them to root it out. I loathed the strictness of Court life more and more, and as soon as I felt myself old enough, I defied the restraints

which had been imposed on me, and sought companions outside the Palace. Many of these were in a humble class of life, young artists, struggling journalists, and even sailors and fishermen, with all of whom I fraternised, and in whose society I lounged away the

hours in taverns, or made long excursions by land and sea. You are perhaps aware that I hold the rank of captain in the Dutch navy, the only distinction which I prize.'

"I listened to this confession with amazement, merely bowing from time to time to show that I comprehended what my com-



"He thrust his disordered hair back from his forehead."

panion was saying. That the prince had indulged in bad habits, I was well aware, but that he should have stooped to the society of persons so much his inferiors, came to me as a shock. I fancied he observed my consternation, for he remarked :

“ ‘ You see I conceal nothing from you, M. le Baron. I rely on your kind heart, when you have heard me to the end, to extend to me what sympathy you can. From my father I received none. His anger was redoubled, on the contrary. He sent for me time after time, told me that I was disgracing my rank, and asked me whether I should prefer the station of a peasant to that of a prince.

“ ‘ On one occasion, stung by these taunts, I boldly answered that I should, since in that case I might have a father who cared for me. I was startled by the effect which this reproach produced on him. He turned pale, stammered out some unintelligible words, and then signed to me to leave him alone.

“ ‘ This state of things could not last. Why should I seek to excuse myself? Neglected by those who ought to have watched over my childhood, outraged in the tenderest part of my nature, I will admit to you that I did become hardened and depraved. I took to play, and plunged heavily into debt; I drank, and in short I indulged in dissipations which speedily became a public scandal.

“ ‘ One day affairs came to a crisis. The King had sent for me to confront me with the claims of certain creditors who had sent in their accounts to him, and insolently demanded payment. I was not in the Palace; a search was made for me, and they discovered me in the parlour of a tavern in a disreputable quarter of the city. I was even slightly intoxicated, and in this state they brought me before William III., one of the most decorous of men.

“ ‘ His language quickly restored me to my senses. As soon as we were alone together, he used to me expressions so degrading that I exclaimed indignantly :

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ Remember, sire, that I am of the race of Orange equally with yourself.”

“ ‘ ‘ ‘ You are nothing of the sort ! ” he retorted fiercely, and then suddenly checked himself, and trembled all over like a man

who has just committed a desperate deed, and realises the consequences when it is too late.

“ ‘ It would be idle to describe the shock which was caused to me by these words. As soon as I could collect myself sufficiently to speak, I insisted on an explanation. Whether he saw that he had gone too far to draw back, or whether he hoped that the knowledge of the truth would work a change in my future conduct, he gave way, and revealed to me the terrible secret which has blasted my life.’

“ ‘ This secret,” continued the Ambassador after a moment’s pause, “ which I learnt on that night from the lips of ‘ Prince Citron,’ I have never communicated to a human being. Though the death of William III. some years ago released me from my pledge, I have felt that it was too grave a matter to be lightly spread abroad. It is for you, my friend, to say whether you are prepared to share with me the responsibility of a secret which will otherwise go down with me into the grave.”

“ ‘ Now that you have gone so far, my dear Ambassador. I think you had better tell me all,” I responded, with the utmost gravity. “ I might otherwise do an injustice to the memory of your young friend by imagining something worse than the reality.”

His Excellency nodded, as if to admit the force of my reasoning.

“ ‘ It shall be as you please. There can be no longer any object in giving you the Prince’s own words; I will therefore briefly tell you the facts as I ascertained them from him at this time. At a subsequent period I was at the Court of the Hague, which was then thrown into profound excitement over the celebrated affair of the Ruby of Burámi—a story which you must ask me to relate to you at another time. I then made a guarded attempt to approach King William himself, and sound him on the subject, but he was too cautious to allow me to see that he understood my hints.

“ ‘ It is necessary to recall the interests which turned on the birth of an heir to the King, in order to prepare yourself for what took place. It was in the year 1851, that the people of the Netherlands were agitated by the intelligence that Queen Sophia, who had

been married to William III. for twelve years, was about to give birth to a child. It was felt that if this child should prove to be a boy, the long- vexed question of Luxemburg would be set at rest, and hence the anxiety which prevailed.

"The King himself, as you will gather from what I have already repeated, was not less concerned than his subjects. In short, the Queen's bedside became the centre of the most terrible suspense. The King could hardly be induced to leave her for a moment, the chief physician of the Court took up his residence in the Palace, and the Prime Minister was constantly in attendance.

"In spite of every precaution, however, the birth took place prematurely at an unexpected moment, when only the physician and a single nurse were present in the royal chamber. The doctor, a man of great resolution, instantly dispatched the woman to inform the King that he was a father, and to request him to come immediately to the scene.

"His Majesty, who was in an adjoining room, hastily obeyed the summons, and the physician, shutting the nurse into another apartment, broke to him the fearful intelligence that the child just born was of the feminine sex, while, owing to the unhappy circumstances of the case, it was impossible that the Queen could ever again become a mother.

"The dilemma in which William III. now found himself was indeed a desperate one.

This girl, his only child, must clearly succeed to the throne of the Netherlands. As clearly, she could never occupy that of Luxemburg. In order to secure the Grand Duchy it was necessary that King William III. should have a son; the possibility of his having one had now practically disappeared.

"In his extremity the unfortunate King even sounded the physician as to the prospect of life for his Queen, to whom he was much attached. But the reply was to the effect that her Majesty would certainly recover, and might very likely outlive her husband. The next idea that presented itself to him was to declare the new-born child was a boy, and to bring her up in that character. But the physician pointed out that such a course, beside being fraught with peril, would only put off the evil day for another generation, as marriage and offspring would be out of the question for such a successor.

"While they were still deliberating, the Prime Minister arrived at the Palace, and on being informed of

this by an attendant, the King sent for him to join their conference. His daring mind suggested a bolder expedient. He had just learned, on his way through the park, of the birth of a boy to one of the royal lodge-keepers, and he now proposed that this child should be secretly taken from its parents and substituted for the royal infant.

"Incredible as it must seem to you—as



"My first feeling was one of sheer dismay."

it still seems to me—this monstrous scheme was adopted, the physician himself undertaking to carry it out. He took away the tiny princess, without being detected, gained admittance to the keeper's wife under the pretext of being sent by the King to offer his services, exchanged the infants, and brought back the plebeian child to be reared in the Palace as the heir to the Netherlands and Luxemburg.

"Thus was this extraordinary plot carried out with the most complete success. The early death of the unhappy little daughter of the Royal house, from a congenital cause, seemed to condone the King's treachery to his wife, and effectually stopped all fear of discovery. The King and his two accomplices preserved their secret, till the moment when a fit of rage led to the revelation of it to the person most concerned."

"And what did the Prince of Orange do, when the King informed him of all this?" I asked, as the Ambassador made a long pause.

"That is the very question which I put to him on the occasion when he took me into his confidence. He replied :

"My first feeling, on learning that I had no title to the position that I occupied, was one of sheer dismay. But this feeling deepened into one of fierce resentment as I realised what these men, this King and his ministers, had made of me. I was a living

falsehood, the most colossal impostor in the world, robbed of my very manhood, and unable thenceforth to look my fellow creatures in the face.

"If my adoptive father had hoped to crush me by the disclosure of my true position, he must have been sadly disappointed. My first impulse was to reject the lying rôle he had thrust upon me, and to publicly renounce my borrowed rank. The first hint of such an intention, was enough to bring him to reason. For the first time, some faint notion of the deadly injury he had done me, appeared to penetrate his mind. In his humiliation, he condescended to implore me not to expose him in the eyes of Europe.

"I could not entirely resist these prayers. Had any other person than myself been the victim, I could not have withheld all sympathy from the scheme, which was intended to baffle the enemies of Holland. As it

was, the evil was now past mending. Miserable as my life had been in the oppressive atmosphere of a Court, I had sense enough to know that it was too late in the day for me to accustom myself to the obscure poverty of a peasant's life. I even forbore to ask the King for the names of my unknown parents.

"Yet I could not face the prospect of continuing to play a part which I found so intolerable. I discussed the matter with my father—as I have continued to call him—and in the end it was decided that I should live abroad, in a semi-private manner, a sub-



"Alexander suddenly got up to propose my health."

stantial pension being assigned to me on the condition that the secret of my birth was strictly kept.

"Such I am, such is my career. You perceive in me a monster of the moral world, a creature to whom every virtuous and noble aspiration has been forbidden before he was born, a wretch whose life is a prolonged crime, and who will render the only atonement to society which is in his power by hastening his progress to the grave."

As the Ambassador repeated these pathetic words of the Prince, his voice shook. It was indeed necessary to believe that his recollections had caused him genuine emotion.

"I endeavoured to soothe this young man, so miserably situated, but without any real success. By this time dawn was approaching, and he decided to return to his own residence, where he pressed me to visit him. To gratify him I consented, but I did not fulfil my promise. With every sentiment of pity for this 'impostor in spite of himself,' I did not care to associate with him; and, besides, his circle, you understand, was not one of those in which one gains reputation by mixing."

"You do an injustice to your kind heart, my dear Ambassador, in assigning such a reason," I remonstrated. "I am positive that you are concealing something from me."

His Excellency blushed.

"Ah, well, my friend, I see that you are insatiable. In effect I did meet 'Prince Citron' once, shortly after the night I have described to you. He was in the company of some of his friends, together with several ladies, in a restaurant which I chanced to enter.

"Although somewhat excited by drink, he readily recognised me, and insisted on my joining his party. This I was most unwilling to do, but rather than create a scene, I consented, and sat down at the table. The conversation was decidedly indelicate, and in fact the whole atmosphere was such that I was seeking for an excuse to take my departure when Alexander suddenly got up to propose my health.

"In words which were fortunately rendered indistinct by the effect of his intoxication, he proceeded to relate at great length, and with many bewildering pauses

and digressions, the story of my rescue of him on the former occasion. But to my horror, he did not stop there, but began to show an intention of reproducing our conversation, including the terrible disclosure which he had made to me.

"I sprang to my feet, and endeavoured to silence him. At the same time I looked round, and gladly perceived that his other guests had ceased to pay any attention to what he was saying. I had some difficulty in checking the wretched young man, who, I firmly believe, had repented of the confidence he had placed in me, and hoped, by turning the affair into ridicule, to make me disbelieve the entire story.

"In this, of course, he failed. But I so far respected his feelings that, perceiving my presence to be an unwelcome reminder to him of his indiscretion, I avoided him for the future. And as shortly afterwards I entered upon the series of foreign employments which have since filled up my life, it so happened that we never met again."

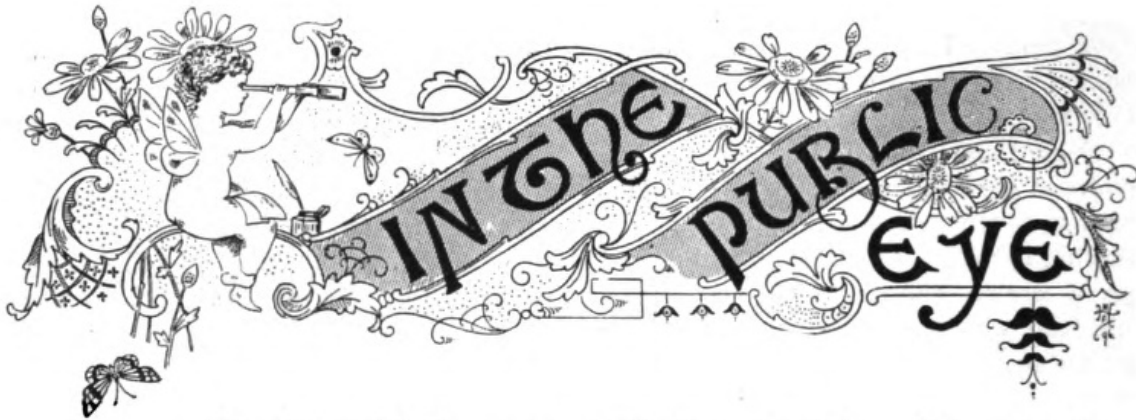
"When did the Prince die?" I asked presently.

"I think it was in the year 1884," was the reply. "Queen Sylvia died six or eight years before that, thus enabling the king to marry again. But destiny seemed to have decided that Luxemburg should no longer belong to the Netherlands, for the only child of this second marriage was, as you know, a daughter, who is now the reigning Queen."

"The Prince of Orange himself never married, did he?"

"No. There was at one time a rumour which connected his name with an English princess. But it came to nothing; and, of course, after the Prince had learned his true position, he would no longer have entertained the idea of any such alliance.

"King William himself has died, six years after his adopted son, and the Prime Minister and the physician have long ago passed away. It is therefore alike impossible to prove or disprove the story of this extraordinary but useless crime. Nevertheless I shall always have the conviction that on that night which he spent in my rooms, 'Prince Citron' spoke for the first and last time the truth concerning his strange life."



Mr. Grant Allen. Mr. Grant Allen's name has been before the public for many years past in the three capacities of man of science, social philosopher, and novelist. Latterly he has doubled up his social philosophy with his fiction, producing what he calls "Hill Top" novels. It is proverbial that the public possesses a short memory, and, above all things, loves to have a convenient label attached to a man who is being talked about; it helps it to identify individuals

In the case of novelists the public rarely chooses to connect an author at one time with more than one work, although he may have written a hundred. A year ago Mr. Grant Allen's name was universally coupled with "The Woman Who Did," and, had he not published another work which has partially eclipsed that in popularity, he might have continued to be known almost exclusively as Herminia Barton's biographer.

But the satire on middle-class Britons contained in "The British Barbarians"—the book in which a twenty-fifth century gentleman, named Bertram Ingledew teaches Fridat Monteith that marriage is a fetish, and that many other customs dear to Britishers rank with the taboos of savages—has begun to sink into the mind of the public, and will doubtless end in Mr. Grant Allen shortly acquiring the sobriquet of "barbarian."

This latest book of his has had the

distinction of a laboured lampoon from a leading critic, and the inestimable advantage of being well abused by all who wish to consider themselves orthodox, either in religion or in social science.

Of the man behind the book—that is, of Mr. Grant Allen in ordinary life—it is impossible to speak without respect, whatever one's judgment may be of his special work in literature. In person he is tall, wiry, and enthusiastic. One could almost picture him

as a typical missionary, so earnest is his manner, and so far removed from the flippant cynic that many have imagined him to be.

Few men have passed through such struggles and misfortunes, as he; but he has striven bravely, and trouble has left no permanent mark upon him.

Born in Canada, in 1848, the son of a clergyman, and belonging on his mother's side to an old French family that possesses the only hereditary Canadian title still existing—that of the Baron de Longueuil—Mr. Grant Allen came, at the age of thirteen,

to be educated in Dieppe. At sixteen he was sent to King Edward the Sixth's school at Birmingham, and at nineteen he obtained a scholarship at Merton College, Oxford.

His undergraduate career was a brilliant one, ending in a first class in classics; but, just before he took his degree, the death of his grandmother, the Baroness de Longueuil,



MR. GRANT ALLEN.

From a Photo by Elliott and Fry.

who had been his benefactress up till then, left him stranded, and he married.

The necessity of earning a livelihood drove him to that refuge of the destitute, the trade of schoolmaster, and for three years, after leaving Oxford in 1870, he taught Latin and Greek verse at various public schools, until Providence, disguised as the Colonial Office, sent him to Jamaica as Professor of Classics in the new Government College at Spanish Town.

Three years later, on the break up of the College, he returned to England without an occupation. This was twenty years ago.

Then began a long struggle to make a name in literature. Space will not allow us to give the details of the struggle, but they have been recorded in an article entitled "My First Book," which appeared in *The Idler* of September, 1892, and are available also in book form to any young aspirant who imagines that there is a royal road to success in the world of books.

Despite the sombre views of matrimonial bliss contained in Mr. Grant Allen's later works, it may be interesting to our readers to know that he is most happily married, and lives in a charming house at Hind Head.

Lord Roberts of
Candahar.

Son of the
late Sir Abra-
ham Roberts,

Lord Roberts of Candahar was born in 1832, and was educated at Eton, Sandhurst, and Addiscomb. In 1851 he received his first commission as second lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery.

A few years later he was in the thick of the Indian Mutiny, and during this campaign displayed a dash and a brilliancy which surprised even those who were intimate with him. In 1858 he received the Victoria Cross for personal bravery in the field. The description of the act which gained for him this distinction was given thus in the report sent to the Home Government:

Lieutenant Roberts's gallantry has on every occasion been most marked. On following up the

retreating enemy on January 2nd, 1858, at Khodagunge, he saw in the distance two sepoy going away with a standard. Lieutenant Roberts put spurs to his horse and overtook them just as they were entering a village. They immediately turned round and presented their muskets at him, one of the men pulling the trigger; but, fortunately, the cap snapped, and one of the men was cut down by the gallant young officer, and the standard taken possession of by him. He also, on the same day, cut down another sepoy who was standing at bay with musket and bayonet keeping off a sowar. Lieutenant Roberts rode to the assistance of the horseman, and, rushing at the sepoy, with one blow of his sword cut him across the face, killing him on the spot.

Altogether, young Roberts had more personal encounters with the mutineers than he could remember. It is the more remarkable that he survived these hand-to-hand combats, on account of his small physique. But what he lacked in size he amply made up for in agility, for he was supple in his movements, as tough as steel wire, and absolutely devoid of fear.

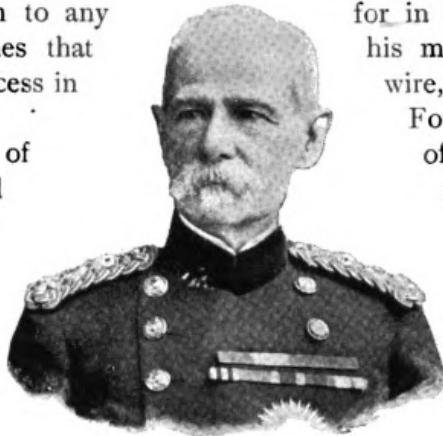
For nine years after the quelling of the Mutiny, Captain Roberts's official life was uneventful.

When, however, the Abyssinian Expedition, under Sir Robert Napier, was organised, he acted in the capacity of Assistant Quartermaster-General, and was selected by Napier as bearer of the dispatches to London.

It was not until he had resumed his work in the Quartermaster-General's department in India that he became eligible for the full, substantive appointment of Quartermaster-General; but, shortly afterwards, the quarrel with Shere Ali broke out, and Lord Lytton prepared for the invasion of Afghanistan.

At the time, General Sir Frederick Roberts's appointment to the command of the Kuram Field Force created much jealousy among a large number of army officers, and it was confidently prophesied that nothing but disaster would result from the confidence placed by the Government in an officer who had spent so many years in office work.

His march from Cabul to Candahar is one



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

From a Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

of the most brilliant exploits in modern military history. Ayooob Khan, after inflicting a terrible defeat on General Burrows at Maiwand, prepared to attack General Primrose's garrison at Candahar. Meanwhile, Sir Frederick Roberts gathered a force of 9,000 picked men, and disappeared with his little army into the interior of that wild, war-stricken country.

Cut off from all communication with the outer world, nothing was heard of him for three weeks, during which time the national anxiety was intense. At last he emerged victorious from that trackless region, grappled with Ayooob Khan, inflicted on him a crushing defeat, and relieved the garrison.

Sir Frederick Roberts succeeded Sir Donald Stewart as Commander-in-Chief of India, an appointment which met with the general approbation of the British public.

He has since returned to England, and is now Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

* * * * *

In the minds of many people the short story is the very highest form of literary art—always excepting poetry. Bret Harte is its most amazing exponent. He made his reputation through it in the beginning; he clung to it as a means of keeping his fame, not turning seriously to what another and less commonsensible man might have thought more "ambitious" channels, and he still believes in it and thrives by it after he has passed his fifty-third birthday.

The quality which has made Bret Harte's stories as famous in Europe as they are in America (their sale in Germany is yearly greater than their sale in the United States) is unquestionably their sincerity. They are stories. They do not pretend to be anything else. Mr. Harte is not ashamed to be interesting. When he has a fine thing to say he says it finely. When he has a plain thing to say he says it plainly. But neither is said for its own sake. It is said for the sake of the story.

There is always a story for the fine thing and the plain thing to wind themselves round. He has not been inoculated by that modern and distressing virus which has gained fame

for so many men in the big magazine offices, and made the public yawn.

He believes that the first thing a story



BRET HARTE.

From a Photo by Thomas Fall.

ought to do is to interest. He does not write "studies." He does not go on the principle that if a thing is otherwise than commonplace it cannot be otherwise than vulgar. He does not neglect detail, but he sees art in things that are not pretty. He realises that sublimity and simplicity, sorrow and merriment, go together in this world, and that the story that is great must have them all.

In all American literature there is no one who has the daring of Bret Harte. He has succeeded because he has not been afraid of convention. He has not bowed down to any literary "set" or printing-house prophet. He has written what he has seen, and he has written it unaffectedly.

* * * * *

With an income of something more than £4,000,000 sterling, it is scarcely a difficult matter to maintain a household in a condition of unparalleled splendour; and the Nizam of Hyderabad combines with this comfortable annual stipend, drawn from the pockets of his subjects, a taste for artistic magnificence that makes his Court the most gorgeous in the world.

**The Nizam
of Hyderabad.**

The maintenance of his household costs two millions sterling a year, and the balance of his income, deducting a fraction for Government, is spent in the accumulation of jewels and the adornment of his palace in a manner befitting the wealthiest and most powerful prince in India.

The royal stables contain over five hundred horses for racing, hunting, polo, and carriage use; while the greater number of his vehicles are as gorgeously decorated as those of any European potentate. They are lavishly adorned with gold and silver, and fitted inside with the finest silks and velvets.

The Nizam himself is a fine fellow. Of magnificent proportions, he revels in the chase, and enjoys a reputation among his English friends as one of the most daring tiger sportsmen in India. In his part of the world elephants are chiefly used in hunting big game, and of these animals he owns a large number.

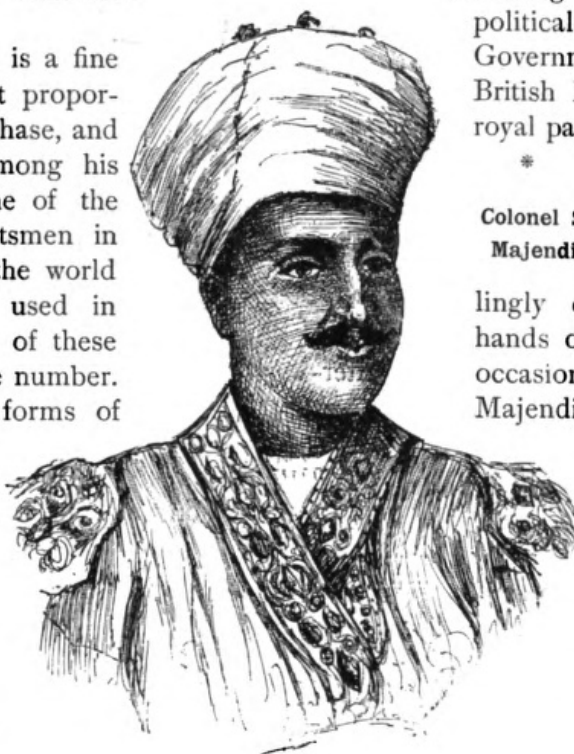
Among the many forms of relaxation in which he indulges is that of giving dinners, which more often than not cost several thousand pounds apiece. The service is of solid gold; the drinking goblets thickly encrusted with diamonds; the clothes and uniforms of his courtiers dazzling with gems of startling beauty.

The Nizam, in common with other native princes of India, converts his spare cash into gold and precious stones, and stores it in his palace closely guarded by trusted soldiers. This potentate is in possession of a well-stocked strong room valued at six millions sterling, and among his heirlooms is one diamond of 450 carats worth £800,000.

Yet, side by side with these superb gems, one may find an old kitchen clock, or an almanack in loud colours, or a wire birdcage worth about a couple of shillings, according to our standard of value; and yet to this

dusky potentate they represent individually a handful of diamonds or a bar of gold.

The present ruler ascended to the throne at an early age on February 26, 1869. His predecessor remained faithful to the British during the Mutiny, and the Nizam to-day still shows by many actions his appreciation of the advantages of British rule. Although he has to all intents and purposes a free hand in the management of his twelve million subjects, he may not move his troops beyond certain limits, nor make any radical changes in his Government without consulting and obtaining the consent of the political officer of the supreme Government, who lives at the British Residency adjoining the royal palace.



THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

Colonel Sir Vivian
Majendie, K.C.B.

Probably no man has knowingly and willingly carried his life in his hands on a greater number of occasions than Colonel Sir Vivian Majendie, Chief Inspector of Explosives. It is impossible to calculate the number of times during his term of office when he has held in his hands concentrated force sufficient to shatter an ordinary house, or, by his cool action, been the means of saving

the lives and property of his fellow creatures.

It has fallen to his lot during the last quarter of a century to examine and report upon all kinds of bombs, infernal machines, and explosives found by the police in pursuit of their avocation; and in doing so he has run innumerable risks with the utmost calmness and bravery.

His position involves a good deal of inspec-torial work. Occasionally he visits all the explosive factories in the kingdom, and, as a big factory frequently requires a whole day to look over thoroughly, the task is no easy one. This tour is undertaken in order to ascertain whether or no the laws laid



COL. MAJENDIE.

(From a Photo by C. A. Pearson.)

down in the Explosives Act of 1875 are observed.

The years 1883, 1884, 1885, were the worst for bomb outrages in Great Britain. During this time nearly thirty people were sent to penal servitude in this connection, seventeen of them for life, including Daly, upon whom were found three bombs. One of these bombs Sir Vivian Majendie afterwards exploded in a specially prepared room equipped with a dozen dummy figures, with the result that 168 wounds were found upon them.

In his museum the Colonel treasures relics of explosive curiosities with which he has been personally concerned. Those of which he is, if anything, more proud than the rest are some bent iron bars. Shortly before the London Bridge explosion of December 1884, he received intimation that an outrage would be attempted on the London bridges, and made an inspection with a view to discovering their vulnerable points. He suspected some of the drain holes on London Bridge as a likely point of attack, and had these bars put there to protect them. The dynamitards

were unable to force their bombs through the bars, and the resulting explosion killed them all three, but did no great damage to the bridge.

After the cloak room at Victoria Station was blown up, he opened at Paddington a clockwork infernal machine which was working at the time, and which might have exploded and killed him at any moment.

Sir Vivian Majendie is a striking, well-built man of fifty-nine. His military training through the Crimea and Indian Mutiny is obvious in the scrupulous tidiness of his room on the second floor of the War Office, and in his ability to know exactly where to place his



THE PADDINGTON BOMB AND DYNAMITE.

(From a Photo by C. A. Pearson.)

hand on the right books, facts, and figures in support of any statements he may make.

He really does not see himself in the light of a fearless public servant, as others see him; and if you happen to suggest that he runs great risks in the execution of his duties, he will probably say: "There is a risk, of course; there are risks in every walk of life," and then change the subject.

* * * *

Silas Kitto Hocking.

If a novelist may be classed by the number of successful books he has written, Mr. Silas K. Hocking is entitled to a very high place. He



THE MUSEUM.

(From a Photo by C. A. Pearson.)

Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

is the author of twenty novels which have had an average sale of 40,000 copies each, giving the enormous total of 800,000, and if two or three shilling stories he has written be added, the sales exceed a million copies.

The first, "Alec Green," was written in 1877, and the last, "The Heart of Man," appeared only the other day. One of his early stories, a tale of street life, called "Her Benny," has, we believe, had the largest circulation, and first gave its author a vogue.

Mr. Hocking was born at St. Stephen's in Cornwall in 1850. His father was a mine captain and the son takes his second Christian name from his mother, who was of the same family as the famous Dr. John Kitto. He received his education at the local grammar school, and was intended for a mine surveyor, but when nineteen years of age he entered the ministry of the Methodist Free Churches.

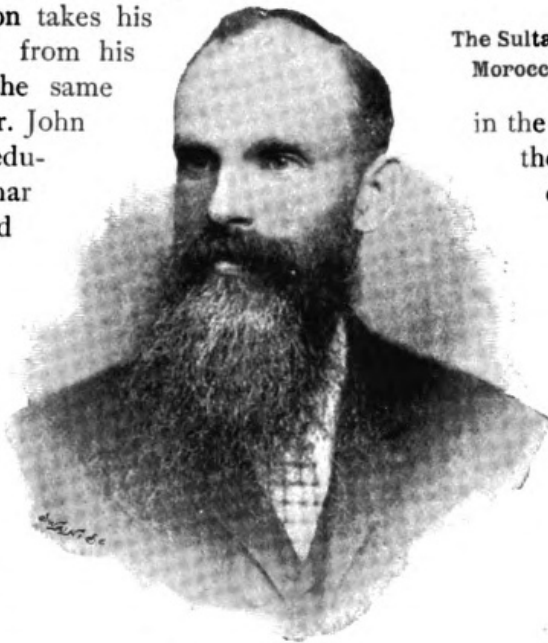
Mr. Hocking's father belonged to the sect known as Bible Christians, and has been sketched by his son under the character of "Caleb Carthew" in one of his stories. The places where Mr. Hocking carried on his work as a minister were Pontypool, Spalding, Liverpool, Burnley, Manchester, and Southport, and he is still engaged in doing so at the last of these. Nineteen years ago he married the daughter of Mr. Richard Lloyd, of Liverpool.

The secret of his popularity as a story-writer is the power Mr. Hocking possesses of portraying human passion in a simple and direct style. Never tedious or involved, his narrative flows easily and naturally, and, though he writes with a purpose, his purpose is never obtruded. His stories may be described as clear, healthy, and inspiring, and he has successfully appealed to the young people of England as few writers have done.

Asked to explain the art of successful novel-writing, Mr. Hocking once said it was this: "Hook your readers with your first half-dozen sentences. Bring in your heroine as soon as possible, never forgetting that love is the secret spell of all story-telling. And don't be in a hurry to unfold your plot."

Mr. Hocking dislikes to be addressed "Reverend," and certainly conforms very little, if at all, to the conventions that usually hedge in a parson. He took to story-writing by accident, and has no compunction whatever in using the talent which he thus discovered.

* * * * *



SILAS KITTO HOCKING.
(From a Photo by Edge, Llandudno.)

The Sultan of
Morocco.

Mulai - Abdul - Aziz, the independent Sovereign in the Barbary States, is one of the most perfect specimens of an absolute monarch existing. He rules with supreme despotism, unrestricted by any laws, civil or religious. The Sultan is chief of the State as well as head of the religion.

His six ministers, whom he consults if he deems prudent, are simply the favourites of the hour, and are merely the executive of his unrestricted will.

Every farthing of the £500,000 derived from monopolies, taxes, tithes, and presents goes into his pocket, and he spends as much or as little as he pleases.

The present Sultan, who succeeded his father in June, 1894, is a boy of fifteen. On the death of Mulai-Hassan, his son was elected, in accordance with Moroccan custom, by public acclamation at noonday prayers the first Friday after the late Sultan's decease.

His empire is divided into three kingdoms—Fez, Tafilet, and Morocco—each ruled by a viceroy appointed by the Sultan. Each kingdom is sub-divided into departments ruled by bashaws, and each department is again sub-divided into districts controlled by

caids, to whom are intrusted the collection and remission of the imperial taxes.

Every office is directly or indirectly purchased; small salaries, or none at all, are paid, and the holders recoup themselves by plunder and oppression.

The Sultan spends a great deal of his time on the march, and, like his father used to, lives for nearly half the year under canvas, either on the warpath or journeying from one capital to another. Save among his soldiers, whom he treats comparatively well, he is distinctly unpopular with his subjects, who consider him personally responsible for the brutal treatment received by them at the hands of the tax-gatherers.

As a matter of fact he is anything but a merciful ruler. Already his short reign has been stained with abominable acts of cruelty towards the Jews, who are subjected to every form of insult and degradation by the Moors on all possible occasions.

* * *

Señor Castelar.

England its Gladstone; Spain its Castelar. A brilliant orator, an all-powerful statesman, an indefatigable writer, Emilio Castelar, although retired from active participation in public life, remains till this moment the most widely known and the most impressive individuality that Spain in the course of a whole century has produced.

It is an eventful career that the last few years have virtually brought to a close. In 1866, taking a leading part in the revolutionary movement that was suppressed by Serrano, Señor Castelar was condemned to death, and only saved his head by making good his escape and seeking voluntary exile. His whole life has been one of turmoil. In his declining days literary activity has taken the place of political frenzy. The house of Señor Castelar is still the *rendezvous* of Spanish politicians, of literary celebrities, the brightest and cleverest men and women in Madrid.

The statesman's own suite of rooms is on the third floor. Here are his bed and dressing-room, his beloved library, and a secretary's room, the walls of which are lined with the overflow of books from the adjoining apartment, and glass-faced cupboards containing pyramids of papers which are still piled pell-mell on the floor, chairs, and tables, and, in fact, wherever a resting place can be found. The library itself is by no means an imposing apartment. Besides the central table, a few chairs and a sofa comprise the entire furniture. On the walls hang half-a-dozen pictures. The whole room is littered with manuscripts and books.

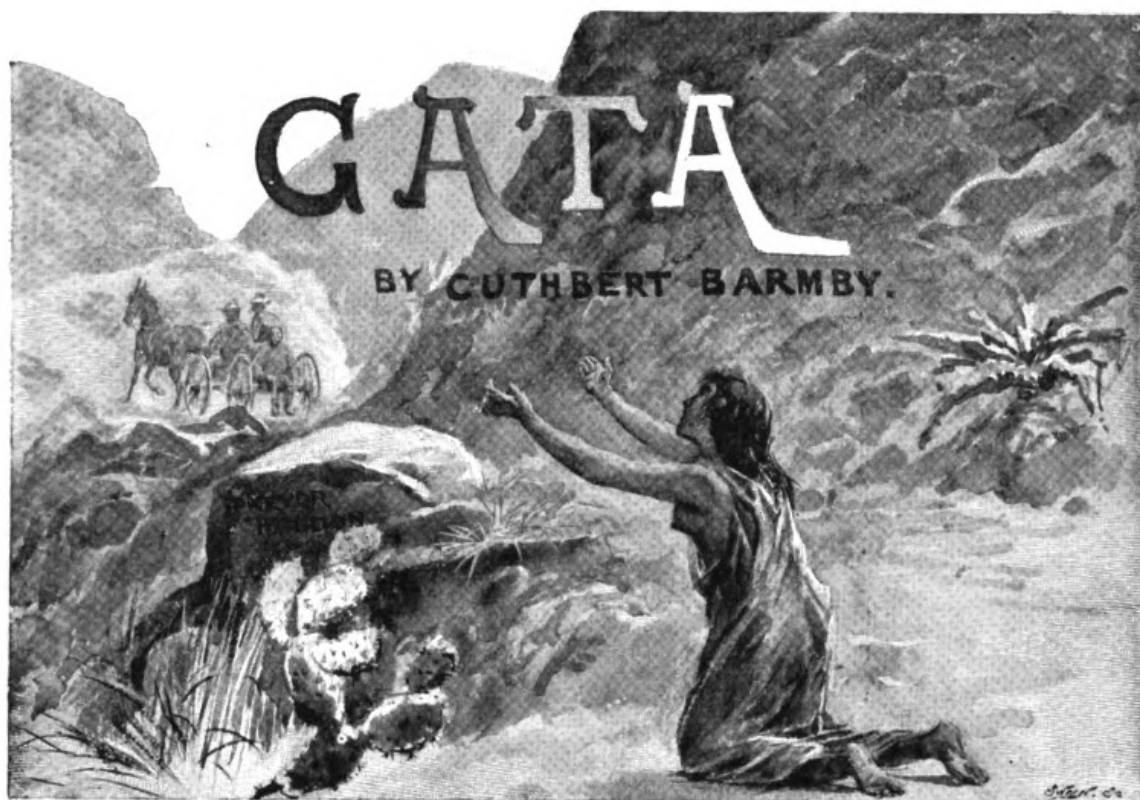
From the window of this study the view is enchanting. Sitting at his desk, Señor Castelar looks out over the luxurious foliage of the garden below to the distant Guadarrama chain with its snow-capped peaks. He writes slowly, this man who is the most eloquent orator and the most industrious author of his age. His handwriting is loose and straggling, and eight lines are sufficient to fill one of the square sheets of paper upon which all his work is done; yet he thinks fast, and when he dictates his secretaries can scarcely

keep pace with the rapid enunciation of ideas.

Señor Castelar is an early riser. In the summer time he is often at work by 5.30 a.m., and even in the depth of winter he is seldom in bed after 6 or 6.30. The whole morning is devoted to work, and often his allotted task continues far into the evening. Before the mid-day meal, however, Emilio Castelar takes a short walk in his own grounds, while on Sunday mornings you may always meet him between 11.30 and 1 o'clock. When he stops to converse you will notice that he speaks in French until, growing excited over his topic, he suddenly branches off into Spanish, emphasising his words with a running fire of gesticulation.



SEÑOR CASTELAR.



ALEC and Johnny Forbes were joint owners of 2500 hectares of mountain land on the Mexican border, twenty miles from anywhere, as also of some cattle and horses, whose bones still remain on the mountains.

In the London office, where their father had bought it, and so started them in life, this tract of land was represented by a clean, flat square on a bright green map. Maps are always flat; and curates for life, of the stamp of guileless, invertebrate little Alec Forbes, the elder, are generally so, too. Otherwise he would not have spent what he and his wife had pinched and scraped for years to be able to spend on the nice green square. Had he possessed even a glimmer of worldly sense he would have bought two smaller squares, with a hundred miles or so between them; for, though brotherly love and companionship at home in holiday time are not uncommon, yet, given two brothers, a joint waste of isolated mountain and everlasting companionship, and—well, one sees the camel trotting through the eye of the needle with ease and precision.

For the first six months of ownership, when writing home, the brothers spoke of their mountain as their farm, and big Johnny

Forbes did in truth try to farm it, while Alec, his spoiled and delicate elder brother, looked on through his glasses. For the second six months they carefully avoided the subject of farming when writing home, though casually mentioning that there was a lack of rain.

At the end of eighteen months rain came in torrents, a glorious rain; but in the meanwhile the stock on the Eldorado Rancho had dwindled to a crazy cow and two steers. It was soon after this that Alec, having jabbed a knife into the cow to ease his feelings, evacuated the Rancho, and headed southward for the new-found Ojos Negros Places Mines, and his big brother Johnny followed him.

At this time all was bustle and excitement at Ojos Negros. Its population was two thousand, though a month before a solitary Indian hut had been the only dwelling in the neighbourhood, and its stream-bisected plain was crossed and intersected by innumerable earthworks and dotted by a thousand tents, as though an undisciplined army had suddenly appeared on the scene, and every soldier had thrown up an earthwork and dug a ditch at random.

Now, a year later, the earthworks still remained, but the stream was long since dry,

and the population had long since dwindled to eight souls—two of them white, one brown, and five Chinese yellow, if such souls exist. Neither was there any traffic on the road, for even the stage coach had long ceased to run from Tia Juana, which lay on the United States border fifty miles northward. The bottom had fallen out of the boom. That was all. Who ever heard of a Place Mine without water?

The Palace Store and Restaurant was the largest in Ojos Negros. It was the only one, too, and stood in the main street, which was deserted and fallen to decay. Neither was there any other street. On a board above its door the words "Forbes Bros., Restaurant," had been roughly burnt with a poker, but now, on this 20th evening of December, 1885, they were scarcely visible, by reason of the coating of thick red dust which had accumulated on them.

A girl was standing on the threshold of the Palace Restaurant listening attentively to the sound of voices which came from within it as she scanned the surrounding landscape—a girl, aged fifteen, but a woman withal, with a tawny, oval face set in a tangle of horse-tail hair, black as the pupils of her eyes. She was clad only in a ragged linen wrap of dusky red, which flapped wide and unheeded in the scorching desert wind, and was graceful and picturesque enough as she stood in the sunlight. She was watching a man on a mustang, half a mile distant on the dusty trail which stretched northward, uninterrupted by tree or vegetation, to the only rift in the surrounding mountains, and the man and the mustang were the only creatures visible in the vast sun-blighted basin of Ojos Negros.

The voices in the earth-floored restaurant grew louder, and the Indian girl judged of their import by sound alone, for she knew no language but her own. The sounds were these:

"Can't live on heat, you know, and the stock's mighty low."

"No. What's in the till?"

"Two dollars and a nickel."

"How about the girl, Alec? Of course, we must take her."

"Take her! What an infernal fool you are!"

"Steady, Alec. She loves you with all her little animal soul and——"

"And so Pie Johnny ordains that I am to go through life with a squaw at my heels."

"She has given you all she had, Alec. She is your wife in the sight of God. Surely you can't be such an abominable cur as to——"

"God! Did you say God! Why weren't you a parson, John? Take her yourself; I swear I believe you want to. I resign all right. Stay here and start a Chinese mission with her. I make tracks for Tia Juana to-morrow, dead sure, and I take the till along."

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do." There was a short pause.

"What are you chewing, John? Tobacco or your temper? It don't agree with you, and you look sickly pale. Believe you're afraid of me."

A sound occurred as of men rising from chairs.

"What are you going to do?"

"Give you a hiding, that's all. Can't help it. Am sorry."

"You cowardly brute, I hate you."

"Yes, I know. Keep still or I'll break your wrist—Will you be a man?—Very well—No, you can't get away—I'll try and teach you."

There were two sounds as of blows, but not a third, for at the first the girl had sprung through the doorway, and in

another moment was struggling like a cat on the floor with her teeth set firmly in big Johnny's neck. Alec watched the struggle with a supercilious smile.

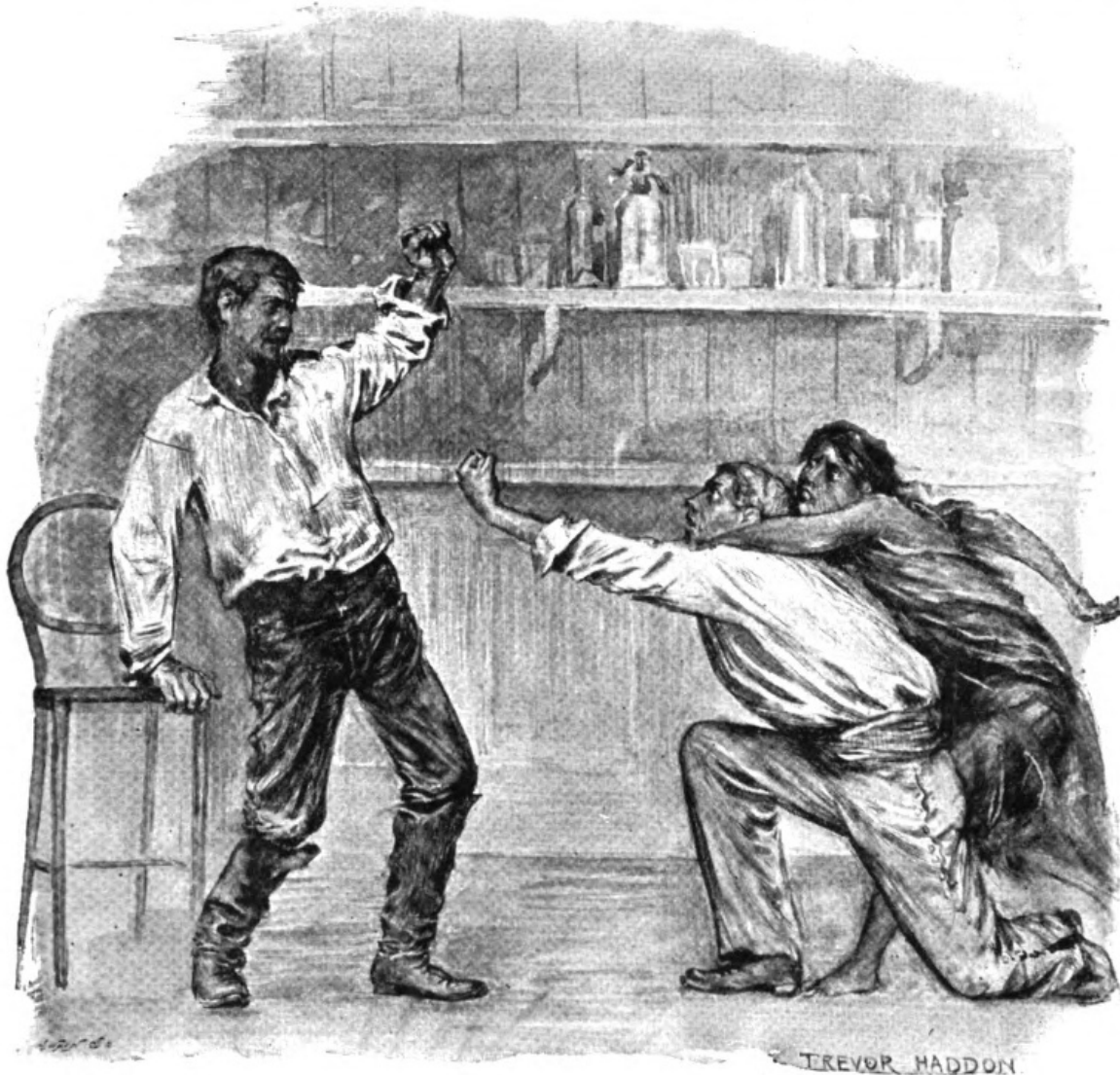


Listening attentively.

"Why don't you hit her, John? Hit her, you coward, as you hit me—— S-s-s-s-s! Worry him, Gata; kill the brute!—— Break her neck, Johnny, why don't you? Help us out of a difficulty—— Take her off, or you'll hurt her? Not much. Fight it out, and two to one on the little 'un. Hulloo! Buenas noches, señor."

gently talked to his brother as he gathered himself up from the floor.

"Better go and tie up your neck with your shirt-tail, eh, Johnny? Why didn't you choke her? Pity. Oh, don't look at me like that; it's too ridiculous, and you're bleeding like a pig, you know. What are you glaring at? Ah! that's a sensible chap.



The girl had sprung through the doorway.

The last remark was addressed to a man who had appeared in the doorway.

"Great Scot, man! Don't you see she's a-chawin' his head off?" cried the stranger.

"Really, you know, I believe she is. Thanks. Had enough, Johnny? All right. Gata!"

The girl released her hold at once, and, going to him, crouched at his feet like a faithful dog. Alec stroked her hair and

Adios—— No, no, don't slam the door. Shows temper, you know, and that's naughty——naughty. Toddle on and read your everlasting Bible."

Johnny Forbes, seemingly by a mighty effort, left the room, and his brother's voice continued to sound with caressing softness as he stroked the girl's hair.

"Dear little girl," he said. "Don't kiss my hand like that, you little animal. How

your eyes speak and shine! There, there, what are you trembling about? Don't understand it all? But you understand that, don't you, dear? Kiss, kiss! Sabe?—All right, señor; I'll attend to you now. Git, Gata! Vamos!"

The girl, still trembling visibly with emotion, passed out obediently into the waning daylight, to resume her position on the threshold, and Alec, turning to the stranger, asked:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Is this a restarong?"

"Yes, it is. Can't you read?"

"No, I can't; but I'm starvin' and that's what."

"You look it. Half a dollar, please. Pay first in this shop."

"Ain't got no money. Ain't had nothin' t' eat for two days. Lost prospectin'."

"Sorry, but this isn't a soup kitchen. Move on to the next station."

"Wha's that?"

"Is that a newspaper sticking from your shirt?"

"That's what. Will you trade? Throw in this ticket along of it for a square meal. Starvin'."

"Thought you couldn't read."

"God's truth. Took 'em off a dead man first day out from Tia Juana. Had 'em gripped in his hand as though they was eternal life."

"Let me look."

The man took a pistol from his hip and then handed over the papers.

The newspaper was a *San Francisco Examiner*, dated November 1st, 1885. The ticket was a Louisiana Lottery ticket numbered 33,333.

Alec looked at them and said:

"I'll trade for the paper. You can keep that useless ticket."

"It's a go," said the miner, carelessly replacing the ticket in his gaping shirt.

"What will you have? Bacon or jerked beef?"

"Both, and somethin' to chew while you're fixin' it. Tell you I'm starvin', man."

"Take the show, won't you? Hullo! Is that your mustang eating the cracker box?"

"That's what."

There was no further conversation between

the men that night. The miner gorged himself, and wearily laid himself to sleep on the earthen floor. The sun sank, and its heat remained behind on the baked red land, and Alec sat musing and muttering alone as he watched the moon rise on the mountains, and the tones of his voice echoed sadly on the heart-strings of the girl, who still guarded the threshold—sounds of dreary laughter and bitterness, which made her feel she knew not what, and suffer she knew not why. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, for Johnny Forbes had passed through the doorway into the semi-darkness. He was breathing hard, and, approaching his brother, stood for a moment towering above him with hand outstretched. Then he said:

"Give me your hand, Alec. I was wrong to lose my temper. I am sorry. For God's sake let's stick together and be as we used to be."

"Take my hand if you want it. I don't mind; but I hate you, Johnny, and the whole confounded world. No, no! Don't preach. Can't stand it. Good-night, good-night."

The brothers turned to the right and left without further words, and entered their sleeping rooms. No light appeared in Johnny's room, but Alec lit a candle, and lay down to read his paper. It was very hot. For a long time all was still. Then a shadow appeared in the moonlit, open doorway, and Gata, the Indian girl, glided into the lighted room. Alec's eyes were shut, but hers were shining and tender, and her lashes were wet as she bent over the bed and tenderly kissed his hair. The touch roused him, and he fretfully pointed to the candle and blinked at its light. Gata saw his gesture, and blew out the flame. Then she lay down to rest at his side.

The heat was intense, and, after an uneasy sleep, Alec relighted the candle and tried to read again; but he did not progress, being still half asleep and stupid with heat. By-and-bye his eyes became fixed on one spot on the paper, and the symbols printed there began to impress themselves vaguely on his mind. They struck him as odd, and their similarity annoyed him. He partially roused himself, and the symbols resolved themselves into the figures 33,333, and danced irritatingly



She saw him grasp the bar with one hand, and poise it on his shoulder.

in his eyes with a dim sort of meaning. Then he sat up, and, grasping the paper, read :

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that unless Ticket No. 33,333, which drew the Capital Prize of 300,000dols. in the October Drawing of the Louisiana Lottery Company, is presented at the head office of said Company at New Orleans on or before January 15th, 1886, the said ticket will be deemed lost, and will become null and void, and the sum of 300,000dols. will be added to the Grand Prize to be drawn for on February 15th, 1886.

JOHN CONKLIN,

President of the Louisiana Lottery Company.

Alec Forbes sat motionless with the paper before him until the light of early morning began to wax behind the mountains. He was thinking hard and of many things.

"No, no," he muttered ; "Johnny would preach deceit, and robbery and honour. Poor old John ! Wouldn't do. But by——"

He checked himself, and started, for the girl at his side was feeling for his hand in her sleep. Avoiding her touch, he slid from the bed, and the crackle of the straw mattress seemed to alarm him unnecessarily. After listening for a moment in stillness, he went to a corner of the room where a crowbar stood. It clanged against a drill as he lifted

it, and the simple sound seemed to root him to the floor. Nothing stirred and he stole to the door, opened it noiselessly, and peered through the dusky restaurant towards the corner where the miner lay, and listened.

The man was plainly visible, for the light on the mountains was stronger now, and the colouring had changed from slate to grey. Alec sank to his knees, and began to creep across the floor. It was a slow and exhausting process, for the iron bar was heavy, and had to be left behind to the full stretch of his arm, and then hoisted forward horizontally many times with the greatest nicety. His whole mind was absorbed by the task, and when at last he was near enough to risk the next step in his undertaking, his forehead was wet with sweat, and his chest seemed bursting with suppressed breath. All was safe, he thought, and his mind travelled onward to what was before him ; neither did he look behind.

This was well. Had he done so, the sight of the Indian girl as she crawled at his heels might have unnerved him even more than his movements puzzled her. But, though she did not understand him, she loved him, and that was enough for her. Where he went she would go ; what he suffered she would suffer ; what he did she loved best. That was all.

So she followed and watched to guard her lord, and when he gradually knelt upright, so slowly and stealthily that the movement was hardly perceptible, she did so too. It was the nature of the animal. She saw him grasp the bar with one hand, and poise it on his shoulder, and as his other hand stole nearer and nearer to the gape in the sleeping man's shirt, her eyes became bright and keen with excitement, and her graceful form tense and motionless.

Soon Alec's hand was buried in the folds of the shirt, and then, after groping for a moment, he found what he wanted and began to withdraw it with laborious care. Half of it was visible to the watching girl when the man moved uneasily in his sleep, and unconsciously lifted his hand to scratch his breast. Alec had tickled it, much as would the legs of a tarantula, and dreams of tarantulas are disturbing.

The movement affected Alec's nerves, and he tried to jerk his hand away. This was foolish, for the hand was captured in a moment by a startled nervous clutch, and the miner yelled as he tried to sit up.

"Curse yer, for a low down sneakin' skunk. What the ——"

But he stopped, and his anger faded away as he fell back again on the floor. Alec had pacified him by means of the crow-bar, and he was likely to lie peacefully for some time to come. It was a nasty thud, and blood streamed over his eyes as he fell; yet his head had hardly reached the floor before the Indian girl was at his throat with a beast-light in her eyes, and the miner saw them ere he closed his own.

"Gata!"

Alec had risen to his feet and the girl rose, too, and stood before him. She raised her eyes, now tender and submissive again, to his, but drooped them quickly and trembled, for his were not nice, and she could not understand it.

"So you watched me, you loathsome little cat? Come here. Nearer. I hate you, Gata. Do you understand, you dumb little beast, hate! Oh, my God, how I hate you. You have made a fiend of me. By all that's holy, I'll make you understand! Hate! hate! hate!" and at each sobbing repetition

of the word, Alec raised his hand and struck the mute girl on the cheek. "Go!" He pointed to the door of the sleeping-room; but Gata, instead of obeying him, dropped on her knees and kissed his feet, and clung with her arms round his legs.

He stumbled backward to free himself, but slipped and fell with the whole weight of his shoulder on the miner's upturned face. The miner did not move, and his paper-white face remained blank and indifferent. Alec was over-wrought, otherwise why should he now have struggled with and pommelled and madly fought, with terror in his eyes, a man who lay still and indifferent to the proceeding?

Even Gata's eyes filled with fear as she watched him. She released his legs, and then Alec felt that he was gaining. He exerted all his force in a mighty wrench from the inert body, which, as nothing was now holding him, carried him nearly to the doorway, through which he ran headlong, and turned in the direction of the gap in the mountains. He was hatless and coatless, but did not seem to know, neither did he ever look back as he sped northward. His only luggage was a newspaper and a lottery ticket.

The rim of the sun, as it topped the mountains, sent out a glow which traversed the doorway, and lit upon Gata's face, to bathe it in brightness. But the caress of the sun was no more welcome to the sobbing child than is the pat of a stranger to a dog which has been wantonly beaten by the master it loves and would die for.

Poor Gata! She had done her best, and could not understand it all. But it seemed that the prostrate man, lying so still with the blood on his face, had come between her and her love. So she spurned him with her foot and spat at him, and then, dog-like, followed in the trail of her master.

* * * * *

Sing Wang and Hi Lung were indignant, and chattered noisy Chinese in the little back room of the Eldorado Rancho house, being aware that they had jumped the claim legitimately, and resenting unwarrantable and prolonged intrusion on their privacy.

It was indeed annoying. Two days before, as the partners were rounding up their hogs

for the night, a white man—hatless, coatless, and with filmy eyes—had staggered and swerved into the ranch house as though it were his own, and then fallen to the floor in their best parlour.

This was vexing enough, but endurable, for, as the partners had agreed after five minutes of excited gesticulation, a senseless man could not bite, and might have something of interest in his pockets. Thus they had approached him with beaming smiles, and while Lung had sat upon him firmly, Wang had gently turned his trouser pockets inside out, but had found nothing.

Some papers which he clasped in his hand had next attracted Wang's attention, and he had been in the act of prizing open the firmly clasped fingers with a chopstick, when someone had come whirling through the door, spitting and fighting like a wild cat, and the partners had fled in terror to patch up their wounds in the back room, where they had since dwelt.

Now, as the second day waned, they were peering, as they had already done a hundred times, through a crack in the dividing door.

The brown girl was awake as usual, and sat by the white man's side, crooning in a soft-toned language and stroking his yellow hair. Gata's eyes were soft, and her hand strayed tenderly in the curly hair as she sat and crooned her baby song, and her whole pose was touching and pathetic. But the Chinamen called her a devil notwithstanding, for,

as they reasoned, no one but a devil could endure as she had done.

A moon and a sun had risen and died, and still the devil was watching, and had only left her post when they were absent to steal their rice and soup for the man to drink, and water to sprinkle on his hair and brow.

Once, Wang and Lung, deceived by her

seeming abstraction and the soft light in her eyes, had crept through the doorway and approached her with smiles, only to retreat again headlong as her eyes took fire and she rose with a spring. And now a moon would soon rise again. This was unbearable. Nevertheless, the Chinamen, after chattering at the crack until darkness hid the view, seemed to come to no satisfactory conclusion, and so put themselves to bed in a corner.

Gata sang on, and her song floated through the paneless windows to join the whisper of the live oak leaves outside, while the moon rose high and shed its cool light into the room, and the man at her side slept placidly.

Presently her croon-

ing became hoarser and intermittent, her head drooped lower and lower over her breast, and her breathing became heavy, like that of a worn-out child at times, only to catch with a gasp, and make her start as some uneasy hog grunted in the neighbouring corral, or a coyote barked shrilly in the brushwood.

So the long night passed by, as had the night before, and Gata, though her head felt strange and she was chilled and weary, was



Someone had come whirling through the door.

happy to be with and guarding her love; and when daylight came once more, it found her still watching with dreamy eyes, and bravely crooning her song.

The Chinamen heard it, and reviled her again as they rose from their corner and went to the crack. Soon they heard another sound, which they assured each other, in Chinese, came from the white man who was talking in his sleep. This was not a soft-toned sound, and it frightened the devil into silence, and even made them feel uncomfortable.

Alec Forbes was dreaming of the miner's face, and was not enjoying it. He opened his eyes, and they lit on a photograph of his mother which still remained tacked to the red-wood boards which formed the walls of the room. Under the photograph was the fragment of a letter, which cautioned ~~one~~ named Alec earnestly against keeping his coat off or drinking cold water when hot, and begged him to say his prayers night and morning for the sake of his old mother. It also promised a chest protector and a bottle of "those excellent pills."

The photograph seemed familiar to Alec as he lay half in dreamland, and he remembered jeeringly tacking up the letter underneath it. He smiled, and shouted: "Johnny, Johnny, where are you? Oh, I've had the most infernal dream! I thought I was ——"

But he left his sentence unfinished, for he had brought the hand with the papers still in it to his forehead, and the papers puzzled him. He sat up, and, glancing round nervously, met the big black eyes of the witness of his crime. She stretched out her arms to him, and gave a little cry of pain, but Alec jumped to his feet with a vigour produced by his long sleep and the Chinamen's soup, shouting his hate as he warned her away; and the Chinamen gibbered with joy as they watched her eyes.

The sun peeped over the mountains again, and caressed her weary face. Alec saw the sun, and ran to the door, calling as he went: "How long have I been here—how long, how long?" His voice was harsh and fretful, and the girl, though she did not understand, followed in his wake, with her arms outstretched.

He jumped from the doorstep, and was already making for the Tia Juana trail, which lay two miles away, before he saw her coming: then the look on his face, and his voice, and his upraised fist caused Gata to halt and crouch to the ground. He did not want her any more. The look on his face told this to her eyes, and the tone of his voice said the same to her heart, which was throbbing so hard. The truth had come home to her at last.

Once, when a boy, Alec had stepped on a kitten in the dark and broken its back, and now, as he turned and resumed his way, he thought of that kitten's eyes. The thought was unpleasant, and he tried to get away from it by running; but it stayed with him, and was with him still when he reached the main trail to Tia Juana.

Here he stopped and looked back. Far away in the distance a figure was limping along the track by which he had come. Alec clenched his hand again, but, as he marked the cramped and painful gait of his follower, his fingers relaxed and he smiled. It could not be Gata, for her movements were always graceful and free.

The main trail stretched before him, twenty shadeless miles of it before Tia Juana could be reached, and his knees already felt weak and his courage was failing when he heard a sound which made his heart beat loud. A buckboard, drawn by a mustang, had topped a dip in the track behind, and his brother's voice was calling to him with eager gladness; but what made Alec's heart beat so loud with fear was the sight of a man, with a bandaged head, who sat by his brother's side. The man jumped from the buckboard and ran towards him, and Alec felt unable to move as he saw him coming, and shut his eyes as the man grasped his hand and shook it heartily, saying:

"So yer run arter the little devil, did yer? Seen her at my throat, eh? So did I, little cat! and jedged myself a goner, sure, that trip! Ketch her? No fear—— Geewhizz! Her eyes were like glow-bugs—— Lost yourself, eh?—— You bet your brother and me figured it out right enough—— You should be proud of your brother, young man—— Saved my danged old life, that's what, and

don't you forget it. And thanks to you likewise, for you done yer best to ketch her — Now, then, you two, none o' yer blamed sentiment — Jump up! All aboard! — Let her go, Gallagher! — Great Scott, woa!"

Johnny had been watching his brother's face anxiously while the miner spoke, and his own was troubled as he turned to see the reason of the sudden stoppage. He was just in time to seize the miner by the collar of his shirt as he was jumping again off the buck-board, with fury in his eyes.

A limping girl, with a face convulsed with despair and pain, was the cause of the miner's rage, and it was on him that her eyes were fixed as she strove madly to reach the trail. Alec, sitting on the tail of the buckboard, saw her, and shrank as his brother, still holding the struggling man, bent over him and whispered:

"Did she really do it, Alec?"

"Yes."

"Will you swear it?"

"Yes; do you think I would lie?"

"Thank God," said Johnny, and then, seizing the whip and reins, he lashed the mustang along the trail.

Gata watched them disappear in the distance as she knelt with outstretched arms.

* * * *

Half a dozen lamps still twinkled in the main street of the dirty little town of Tia Juana, though it was past midnight, and a solitary light still burnt on the ground floor of the only hotel of which it boasted. Gata saw the lamps as she moved along the lonely street, and they struck her as odd. They were not like other lights she had seen. But then, as she dimly reasoned, her head had been wrong and swimming all day, and her bones had ached excruciatingly ever since the night wind had blown through the paneless windows.

This was it, no doubt, and what did the devil lights matter? The pale-faced man with the blood on his eyes had stolen her

love away, and she must find him again or die. Alec, Alec, Alec! That name alone had beaten into her heart, and framed itself again and again in her dizzy brain, as she travelled the endless trail. Twenty miles only from sunrise to midnight! Yes, it was the night wind's fault.

Gata swerved to the lighted window like a



The man grasped his hand and shook it heartily.

dazed moth, and panted as she leant on the sill and looked in. It was a tiny room, 6ft. by 10ft., but Gata did not note this. She only saw Alec lying on the bed, where he had thrown himself three hours before, and then dropped asleep in his weariness.

She tried to raise the sash, and succeeded, though, before she had done so, one of her nails was hanging from her fingers. She did not note this either, but crept through the opening, and the sash, being gearless, came down with a crash behind her. Gata did not heed it, but crept to her lost love's side, and sobbed for long, as though her heart were breaking, and gazed at his handsome face.

By-and-bye his eyelids quivered, and he sighed as he moved in his sleep.

Gata remembered, and shading his eyes with her hand, looked at the light above the bed.

She had never seen one like it before, and it dazzled her own eyes and made her head swim yet more hopelessly. She tried to rise to her feet, but swayed and fell from pain and excessive fatigue. Then clenching her little hands she made one more effort for her master's sake, and, standing up bravely, blew out the light ere she sank to the bed by his side.

Johnny Forbes was examining some papers and his mining friend stood opposite. Between them was a bed, and on it Alec and Gata lay dead.

"Blowed out the gas, eh?" asked the miner.

"Yes. Is this the newspaper you told me about?"

"Can't read. Couldn't swear, but it looks mighty like it."

"Had you a lottery ticket, too?"

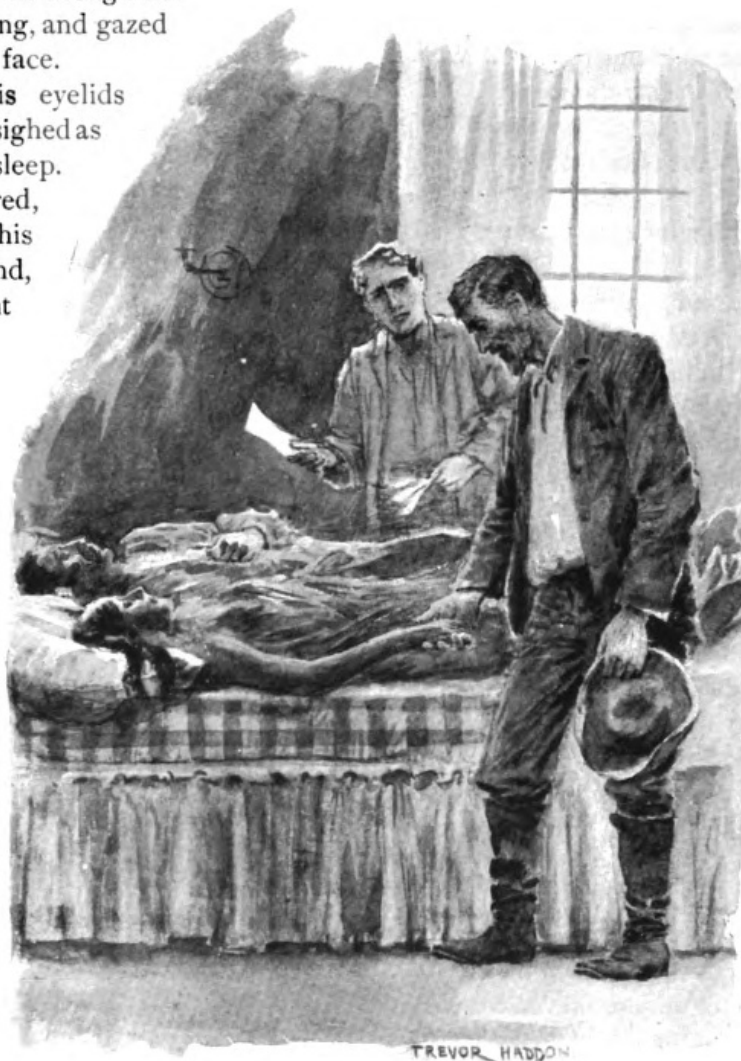
"Yes, but I reckon it's lost. What of it? See here, young man, you just come away out of this. Oh, yes, you've grit right enough, but you're overdoin' it. Think I can't see your face, and that paper tremblin' in your hand."

"Wait a minute. Look at this paper. It's a receipt from Wells, Fargo and Co., the forwarding agents here, for lottery ticket number 33,333. This newspaper says it is worth 300,000 dols., or thereabouts, and I believe

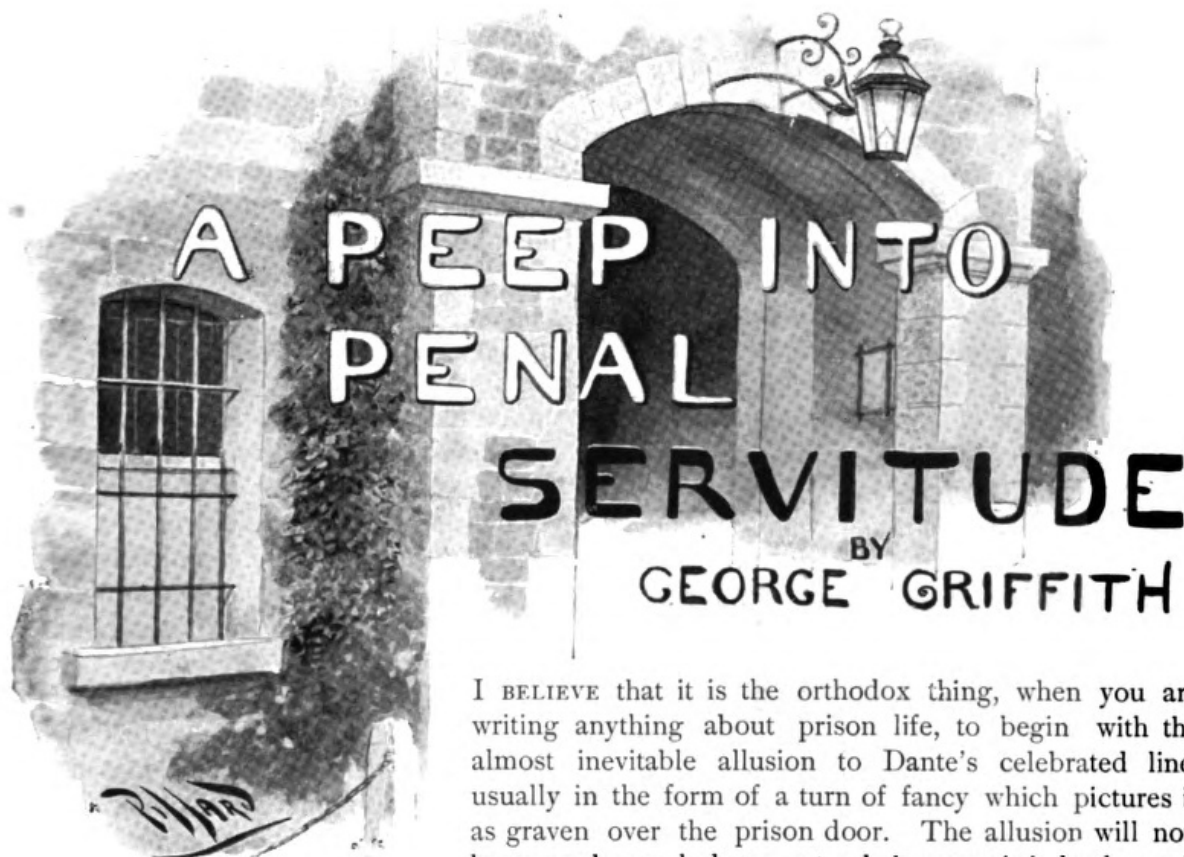
it belongs to you. I found it on my brother."

The men looked at each other, and the miner slowly reasoned the matter out. Then he bent over the bed, and gently grasping a brown, rigid little hand that lay there, said:

"I did yer a wrong, little gel, God forgive me."



"I did yer a wrong, little gel, God forgive me."



I BELIEVE that it is the orthodox thing, when you are writing anything about prison life, to begin with the almost inevitable allusion to Dante's celebrated line, usually in the form of a turn of fancy which pictures it as graven over the prison door. The allusion will not, however, be made here, not only because it is hackneyed, but because it is inaccurate.

There is no necessity even for a man upon whom the tremendous sentence of "penal servitude for life" has been pronounced, to abandon hope unless his age is such that it is impossible for him to outlive his penalty. It is always possible to earn a remission of one fourth of the nominal sentence, and even "lifers" may regain their freedom within sixteen to twenty years of their passing beyond the bars. What might, however, without any stretch of the truth, be imagined as standing written over the doors of one of Her Majesty's convict prisons would be Dante's line with one word altered :

All will abandon, all ye who enter here.

For the first, nay, almost the only thing that a convict, or, to use the more correct official term, a prisoner, has to do from the first to the last day of his confinement is to keep his individual will absolutely in abeyance.

It is not true, as has so often been said, that a man on becoming a convict ceases to be a man with a name, and becomes only a thing with a number, because many of the attributes of manhood are left to him. The exercise of prudence, forethought, industry, intelligent perception of detail, and acquisition of mental and manual culture, may be carried on under circumstances by no means intolerable, and over his cell door hangs perpetually a ticket inscribed on one side with his prison "register" (his number), previous convictions, if any, and sentence, and on the other with his name.

He may go into prison, ignorant, brutalised by vile surroundings, besotted with drink, and mentally paralysed by the influences of a life spent at war with Society, and he may come out healthy, clear-headed, and well skilled in handicraft—in short, saving only for the stigma of the felon and the gaolbird, in every respect better than when he left the world.

But for all that, penal servitude is not a matter even to be talked of lightly. It is, on the contrary, a very terrible thing even to see at all closely from the vantage-ground of freedom. To endure it must, for a man of any sensibility, not to say refinement, be a

slow torture, which begins with the first waking moments of every day, and ends only when the merciful hand of sleep closes his eyes and opens the prison doors.

A well-conducted modern prison, such as the visitor to Portland sees, is a vision of order, discipline, and cleanliness, which at first sight conveys anything but the idea of punishment and suffering. But behind the exquisite neatness and formal perfection of the visible surface there is a ghastly wilderness of silence and soulless, mechanical routine, on which there blooms not a single blossom of all the myriad flowers which make the world where freemen dwell so bright and beautiful, when contrasted with that other world which lies behind the prison bars.

This is no exaggeration. The moment I had passed through the second of the double gates of the main entrance to Portland I felt that I was in another world. The one that I had left might for the time being have been ten thousand miles away or even on some planet far off in the depth of space. This was a world of chilling, ghastly formalism peopled by silent shapes in hideous garb, and watched every instant of their waking lives by other shapes, uniformed, hearty, and strong, but silent as they were.

Even Portland itself, that is to say "the Island," as it is called, has a prim, formal, unhomely look about it which somehow suggests the grim purpose to which, for the most part, it is devoted. It is a bleak, treeless land of vast grey rugged quarries, huge forts, and mighty cliffs, of steep roads running between unlovely lines of whitish grey stone walls on one side and low, stone-built cottages on the other, and in the dusk of an early February morning, with the damp mist blowing in from the Channel, it looked just as cheerless and unhomely a place as sensible folk could wish to stop away from.

The earliest hour at which visitors coming of their own free will are received at the prison is nine o'clock, but the official proceedings of the day have begun three and a half hours before that. At half past five the bell rings, the prisoners turn out, wash, dress, put their cells in order, have breakfast—an eight-ounce brown loaf of very respectable quality, and a pint of cocoa made on conspicuously

economical principles—and attend morning prayers in the chapel.

Meanwhile the sentries form up, and after a brief inspection, march out of the gate leading to the works, that is to say to the quarries and outside workshops, stone dressing sheds, carpenter's shop, foundry, etc. The uniform is a sort of cross between that of a policeman and a soldier. Each man carries a loaded rifle at full cock, and each falls out as he passes his allotted post. In a few minutes you cannot see a single point of vantage that is not occupied by a sentry. Every cross road is guarded, and, go where you will, you are never out of view of their eyes nor out of reach of their rifles.

At half-past seven, it being officially as well as atmospherically a winter's morning, the gates open again and a little squad of men, grey-capped and dressed in the arrow-marked livery of degradation, comes out marching in perfect step, and so closely ranked that it looks as though if one man missed his step he would trip up everyone behind him. At the head and a little to one side marches the warder, in charge of the squad or "party," armed with a short truncheon, and behind comes a sentry with a rifle loaded and cocked. Behind this party comes another and another at intervals of a minute or two, and as each passes the point where a sentry is placed, he "presents arms" to show that he is on the alert.

Then as party after party reaches its appointed place of labour, the prisoners are halted, counted for the third or fourth time that morning, and then they fall out and go to their allotted tasks, all in absolute silence save for the officer's curt word of command. I may say here, as well as elsewhere, that the term "warder" is not employed "inside" save with reference to the official known as the Principal Warder; the rest are "officers."

There is still an hour and a half to pass before we can get into either the prison or the works, but there is plenty to fill it up with in a walk through what may be called the borderland of Prisonsdom. The exquisitely kept road runs from the village on the top of the hill overlooking the quarries, past the officers' quarters to the Governor's house and principal gate, and then round to the left

along the top of the cliffs, and here in front is the wide expanse of the Channel, to the right curving round to the long yellow foam-fringed strip of sand and pebble called Chesil Beach, along which the railway runs, and which forms the only land communication between the so-called island and the mainland.

To the left is the splendid sweep of Portland Bay, and in the smooth water behind the great breakwater lie, in two lines, the six big battle-ships of the Channel fleet, headed by the *Majestic* and the *Magnificent*, and flanked by their attendant cruisers and little black, piratical-looking torpedo boats and destroyers, the visible incarnation of the force which lies behind the law, whose outstretched arm makes the barrier between the freeman and the felon.

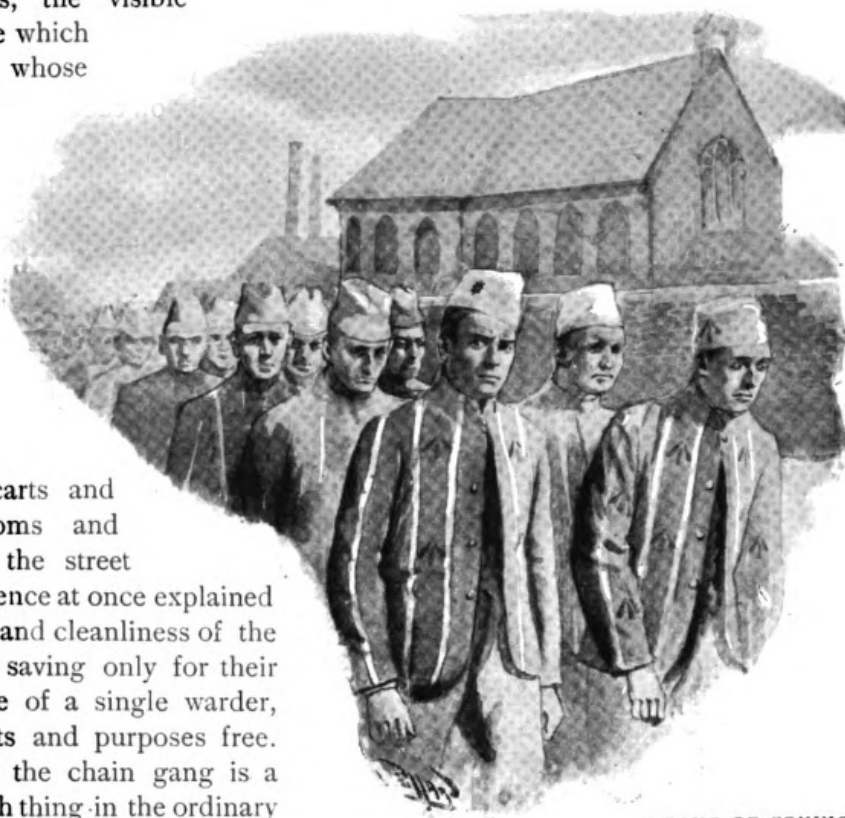
When nine o'clock struck we had seen the parties go out to work within the prison precincts and two or three others brought out into the roads, some harnessed to carts and others carrying brooms and shovels. These were the street cleaners, and their presence at once explained the wonderful neatness and cleanliness of the roads. At first sight, saving only for their dress and the presence of a single warder, they were to all intents and purposes free. The popular notion of the chain gang is a myth. There is no such thing in the ordinary routine of convict life.

They walked about the roads without let or hindrance as their work demanded, and I even saw some out of one party leave the road and go in and clean a school out while the warder remained outside. But a single glance round showed that they were covered by the rifles of three or four sentries, and that not one of them could have gone twenty yards along the road without being shot down.

The rule is that no party must number more than twenty under the charge of a single warder, but no prisoner must ever be beyond

immediate supervision. I saw one, for instance, with a bag of tools over his shoulder go into a private house to do some work, and he had a warder all to himself who would never let him out of sight, and would stand over him till his work was done, and then march him back to his cell.

At the gate we presented our permit and our cards, and were then shown into the waiting-room, a little room on the left-hand side. I think we were locked in, but I did not try the door, as I didn't wish to appear rude. Presently the warder at the gate came



A GANG OF CONVICTS.

back with the Governor's compliments, and with the request that we would commit ourselves to the care of the Principal Warder, a well-built, good-looking man, with a long sabre hitched to his belt, and with him we went through the second gates into Prison Land proper.

Between the waiting-room and these gates is the one link which unites the world in which the convict lives to that which he has left. It is a small bare room divided by iron railings down the middle into three portions, and it has two doors, one leading from one

world, and the other from another. This is the interview room, and it is here that at rare intervals the convict sees and speaks with his visitors. The door in the passage leads into

a section of the room cut off by iron bars running from floor to ceiling. Beyond this there is a space about three feet wide, then there is another railing behind which the convict stands.

A warder sits in the middle space, and his duty is to see that no illicit communication is passed, and that the conversation is



THE PRINCIPAL WARDER.

(From a Photo by Wheeler, Weymouth.)

rigidly confined to the prescribed topics. If the visitor is a relative, then only family matters may be spoken of; if a solicitor, then only legal matters. Were a convict, for instance, to ask who was Prime Minister, or whether there was a war going on anywhere, or what horse had won the last Derby, he would be instantly stopped, and afterwards reported and punished.

No plea of ignorance would be taken as an excuse, for the principal purpose of the nine months' "solitary," which every prisoner has to do at Pentonville or Wormwood Scrubbs before entering a regular convict establishment, is to train him in the laws and customs of the new world in which he is to live, and everyone is supposed to know how to conduct himself in accordance with them.

In connection with the visiting room I may mention an incident which the Governor told me, and which illustrated the wonderful effect of prison life and discipline in reducing its victims to a dead level of sameness.

The day on which it occurred the Governor was taking the place of the warder. A

woman had come in to see her son who had been less than a year in prison. When he came in she looked at him, and said to the Governor: "This is not the man I want. I want to see my son Joe." He told her that this was her son, but she was not convinced until the convict said: "What, mother, don't you know me?" and then she was satisfied.

Facing the inner gates as you enter is the chapel, a large square building, plain, of course, and equally, of course, clean as scrubbing and polishing could make it. The pulpit and reading desk are in front of the altar, and are much higher than usual, for the chapel is divided by high wooden partitions into four sections, corresponding with the four wings or halls of the prison, in which the prisoners of each wing sit.

The prisoners are not, as is generally believed, boxed up each in a little stall or pew; they sit on benches, quite open, but without backs, as they have in Wormwood Scrubbs. Against the walls and round the partitions there are elevated seats for the warders, and no clergyman preaches at any rate to a more silent congregation than the chaplain of Portland Prison.

The halls in which the prisoners live their indoor life are large, airy, stone-floored chambers with four or five tiers of cells, according to their height, running down the two sides, and each tier of cells is fronted by an iron gallery reached by iron staircases from the end opposite the door. The cells are really little iron cubicles about seven feet by four. One side is occupied by a hammock bed about two feet wide, over which in the daytime the blankets are folded crossways with mathematical exactness.

In the corner above the head are two shelves, one for books and the other for the modest utensils of every-day use, plate, knife and fork, and pannikin, all of tin and all polished till they shine like silver. By the head of the bed is a little fold-down table, under which stands a four-legged stool. A slate and pencil hang above the pillow, and in front of each door, when the cell is unoccupied, stands a brightly polished tin can which holds the convict's daily allowance of water.

There is a window of fluted glass above

the table which gives light by day and another one opposite the foot of the bed outside which a gas jet burns from dark till eight o'clock. The doors lock as they are closed, but the warders can give an extra turn and double lock them.

In the middle of the door, about 5ft. 6in. from the ground, there is an eye-hole covered with a little iron plate which swings from side to side on a bolt. This hole is much larger on the inside than on the outside, so that you can see nearly the whole cell through it. At night, after the lights are out, the warder on duty has only to put his bull's-eye against the inner window and look through the eye-hole to have the prisoner in full view. There are two rows of cells on the ground floors, which have no windows, and are therefore dark all day. Officially, they are only supposed to be used when the prison is full.

At the end of the hall by the door stands the Chief Warder's desk, and by this hangs on the wall a slate headed "prisoners to be specially watched," and the man who gets his name and register written under that is practically under constant supervision day and night.

As far as is possible everything that is eaten or used in prison is prepared or manufactured there, and hence the prisoners are divided into what may be called the outdoor and indoor parties. The aristocrats of Portland

society are the cleaners, for they do the lightest work under the most comfortable conditions, but the cooks and bakers are, perhaps, the most envied of their fellows, for the outdoor labourers are practically always hungry, while these are seldom so for obvious reasons.

The dietary in ordinary consists of coarse brown bread, boiled meat, potatoes, gruel, and cocoa. A man must either be sick or of the highest possible class and character to get tea

instead of cocoa, and have his meat roasted instead of boiled. It is, of course, almost superfluous to say that everything is in the most perfect order and clean beyond description.

There is hardly a trade of the outside world that is not more or less completely represented in prison life, but, of course, the principal indoor industries are tailoring and shoemaking, for about a thousand convicts and over a hundred warders and sentries and

other officials have to be kept supplied with shoe-leather, clothing, and uniform.

The discipline and system of government at Portland must be as nearly perfect as human genius can make it. This at least was my predominant impression as I was taken through the various workshops and stone quarries. The spectacle was really that of a vast industrial establishment differing in no way from those of the outside



A CONVICT IN HIS CELL.

world save for the uniforms and the silence, and for the fact that nearly all the trades of a civilised community were being carried on side by side. The warders might have been overseers and the prisoners free workmen working wholeheartedly at their daily toil.

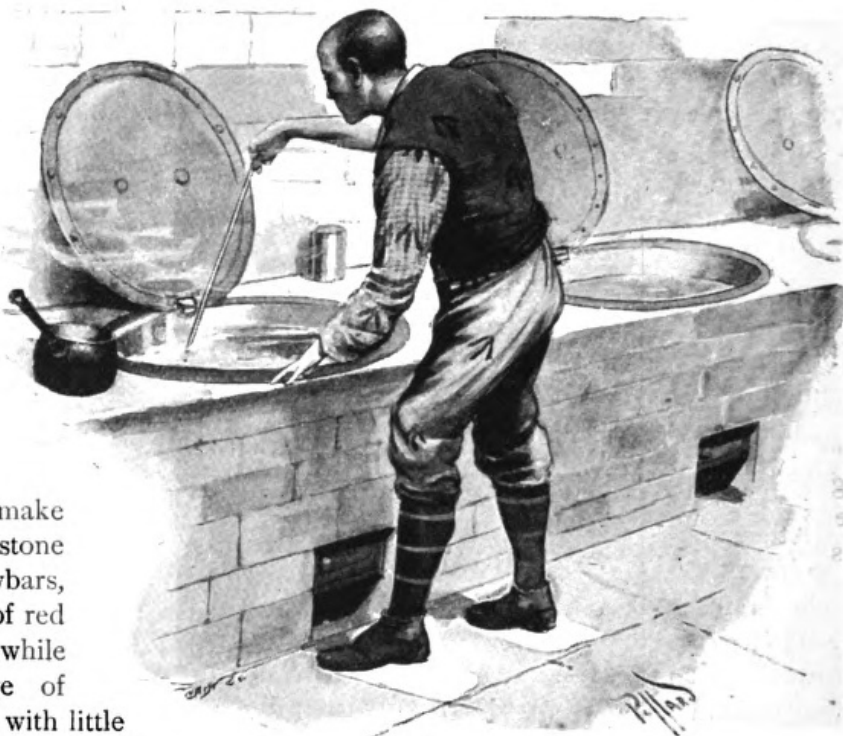
There was no visible evidence of coercion. Several hundred men—there were nearly a thousand altogether in the prison—were distributed through the quarries, stoneyards, building yards, and workshops, intrusted with tools which in most cases would make deadly weapons—heavy stone hammers, hatchets, crowbars, smiths' hammers, bars of red hot iron, and the like, while the warders in charge of them were only armed with little wooden truncheons.

While we were going through the foundry I saw a prisoner pouring molten brass into a mould, and I said to the Governor: "What is to prevent that man flinging that stuff over us instead of putting it into the mould?" "Nothing," he said, "except discipline and the absolute certainty of punishment."

In the smithy there were stalwart prisoners swinging hammers with which they could have brained us in an instant. They might have been reprieved murderers or garotters, certainly they were scoundrels of some sort, yet they swung away as steadily and industriously as though their hearts were in their work, and they had a good wage to draw at the week end instead of the distant hope of a gratuity of three pounds when the long years that lay between them and freedom had passed.

But as I looked at them I thought of something else I had just seen, the "jewel-room" as it is playfully called, or, in official language, the "manacle-room." This is a little

stone-paved chamber about six feet by nine, whose walls are covered with festoons and cunningly arranged devices of chains, handcuffs, and leg-irons, all polished and speckless, shining like silver; and there in the midst of them was the big steel triangle,



A CONVICT COOK PREPARING SKILLY.

or more correctly tripod, with a hard padded cushion fixed to the three legs about midway between the floor and the apex, and beside it hung the dreaded cat and the degrading but less terrible birch.

The cat is a long-handled nine-thonged whip, whose lashes are made of very hard cord about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, not knotted but whipped round the end with fine hard twine. When this is used the victim is stretched out so that he cannot move a limb. His feet and legs are strapped tightly to the two front legs of the triangle, and in the apex there is a pulley to which two leather handcuffs are attached. These are put round the wrists, and the hands are drawn up till the arms are at full stretch.

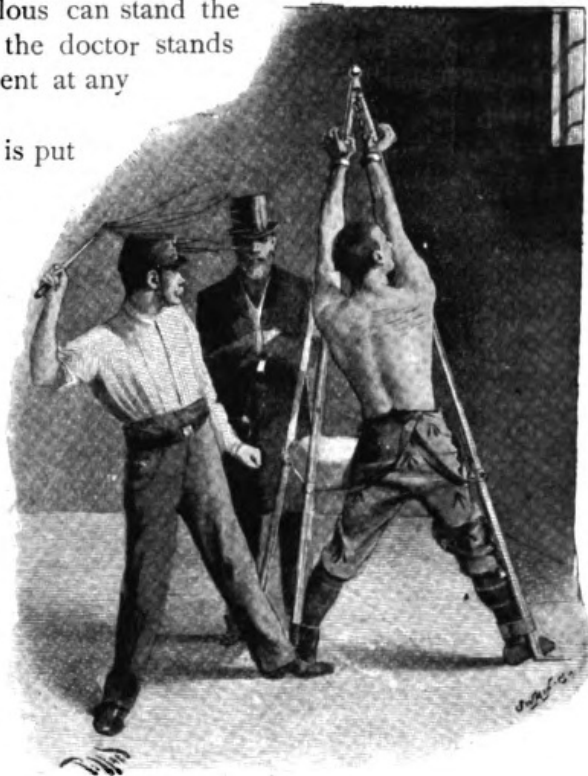
The usual sentence is from twenty-four to thirty-six lashes. The sixteenth or eighteenth draws blood or rather cuts right into the

flesh, and only the strongest and most callous can stand the full thirty-six without fainting. Of course the doctor stands facing the victim and can stop the punishment at any moment.

When the birch is used the victim's head is put between the front legs and his body drawn tightly over the cushion. The warders who inflict the punishment are always selected from those on night duty, who, by the way, are usually sailors, and thus a prisoner who has been flogged never again sees the man who flogs him unless he has to endure a second punishment. The operator's fee is five shillings.

When the operation is over a large blanket, soaked in brine, is thrown round the victim's body, and he is taken off to the hospital. It is not a soothing application, but I was told that its healing effect is wonderful.

Flogging and putting in irons are only resorted to as punishment for the most serious offences—assaults on officers,



THREE DOZEN.



CONVICTS AT WORK IN THE FOUNDRY.

attempts to escape, and persistent insubordination or refusal to work. The irons consist of rings for the ankles and two chains, which are linked together and fastened to a belt. Their weight varies from six to ten pounds, and when a prisoner is put into them he wears them constantly day and night for the period of his punishment, for which the maximum is six months. He must work, eat, sleep, and even have his baths in them, and, in addition to this, he has to live on punishment fare, and this of itself, seeing that he has probably been hungry for years on the full prison diet, is no light infliction.

If I had not acquired this knowledge beforehand I might have been even more surprised than I was at the apparent confidence in the good behaviour of the prisoners which the quiet-spoken and seemingly good-humoured officials exhibited. I was also informed that floggings take place about once a month, not very much perhaps for the maintenance of order among a thousand men who have been

guilty of pretty nearly every crime known to human wickedness, but quite sufficient to encourage the others in the way of discipline and obedience.

Added to the fear of punishment there is also the hope of reward, which takes the form of promotion through three classes in which increasing privileges may be enjoyed. Thus, for instance, when the first twelve months have been passed as a probationer, a prisoner can get into the third class. During this time his dress has been the plain drab with no further ornament than her Majesty's signet, the broad arrow, and he has not been permitted either to correspond or receive visitors.

When he enters the third class black facings are put on his sleeves and collar, and in six months he may write one letter and receive one visit of twenty minutes. In the second class he may have an interview of thirty minutes in four months, and write and receive a letter in the same period. He then wears yellow facings. A year's good behaviour in this class will put him into the first, in which he may have an interview of forty minutes, and write and receive a letter every three months. He now wears blue facings.

The highest class of all is the "Special," which a man can only enter within a year of his discharge after passing through the other classes. His dress is now all blue. He may have an interview, and write and receive a letter every two months, and, as I said

before, he may have tea instead of cocoa and roast instead of boiled meat.

But there is a livery of discredit as well as of credit. For the worst offences, such as an assault on a warder, the penalty, as I have said, is the cat. But this is not all. When the victim has recovered and goes back to work he is dressed in a fashion so hideously grotesque that he would be conspicuous among a thousand of the others. The right side of his jacket and the right halves of his

knee breeches are black and the rest drab, and he wears a seven pound pair of chains attached to his ankles and suspended from his waist. For an attempt to escape the distinguishing livery is bright canary yellow, instead of black, with chains as before.

Naturally the most elaborate precautions are taken to prevent even the preliminaries of an escape. Not only are the parties counted before and after every move on forming in and forming out, and on all their goings and comings, but every hour a chief warder goes through the works and shops,

and the moment he enters the warder in charge holds up his truncheon and says: "Party No. So-and-so, seventeen men, all correct, Sir," so that practically all the prisoners are counted over every hour of their working life.

So, too, the minutest care is taken to prevent illicit articles from being taken into or out of the prison. When he is released from his cell to go to work every prisoner has to stand with his jacket unbuttoned and his



BAD CONDUCT DRESS.

arms aloft, holding his cap in one hand and his pocket handkerchief in the other, and be "rubbed down," which means that a warder, whose fingers long practice has made able to detect even a pin pushed into a seam, passes his hands over his clothing, and woe betide him if anything is found. At the very least he will lose his dinner, and that is a terrible thing for a man who is always hungry.

This, by the way, reminds me of a somewhat curious fact, which really means a great deal, simple as it may look. Owing to the difference of climate penal servitude at Portland is much more severe than at Brixton, Chatham, Portsmouth, or Wormwood Scrubbs. At Wormwood Scrubbs, for instance, the regulation dietary is more than enough for an average appetite, but at Portland, owing to the keen air, it is never enough, and this to a man on a five or ten years' "stretch" means a difference which a well-fed man is quite incapable of calculating.

It is hardly necessary to say that the society of Portland is about as mixed as any on earth. Hardly a rank in social life or a profession or trade in the work-a-day world would you find unrepresented if you could see through the veil of sameness which, by a merciful provision of the law, covers the baronet and the ex-churchwarden as completely as the pickpocket and the garotter.

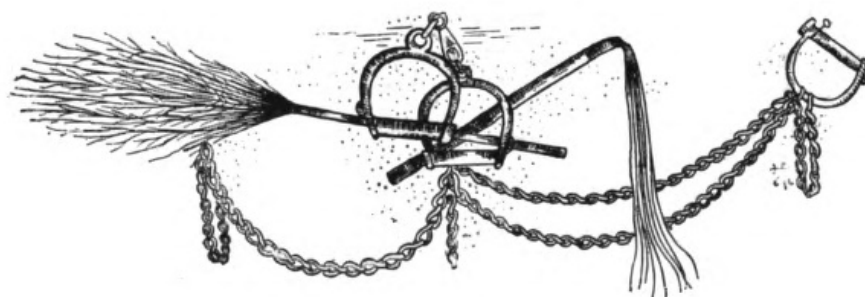
Personal identification of prisoners is absolutely forbidden to officers and visitors, and rightly so. Nevertheless, without any breach of the law, I was able, by means unknown of course to my guides, to locate one or two whose names and achievements once made some little stir in the world.

Thus, for instance, I recognised the gentleman who, by arrangement with the authorities, once broke the bank at Monte Carlo,

engaged in the more profitable occupation of breaking, or rather chipping, stones. Another gentleman, once philanthropist, town-councillor, and churchwarden, was devoting his energy and his skill, which by the way is the best in Portland, to the finishing off of a door in a carpenter's shop; while yet another, once a most prosperous solicitor and astute financier who unfortunately got the rules of the game mixed up, was seated on the floor of the tailor's shop stitching away at a drab canvas garment plentifully stamped with the same distinguishing mark which ornamented his own apparel.

But this is a subject upon which one could moralise without end and say nothing new. It may, however, be worth while to add that there was once a prisoner in Portland in whose case the rule of non-identification could not be enforced. He was also, I believe, the only convicted and sentenced murderer who was neither reprieved nor hanged.

In his youth he had been very severely scalded about the face and neck and chest, and when his injuries healed his chin was firmly attached to the upper part of his chest by a band of flesh and skin. He was duly sentenced to death, but when the executer of the last penalty came to look at his subject he reported that the man could not be hanged in the usual way, that is to say, his neck could not be broken. The authorities got as even as they could with him by sending him to Portland for the term of his natural life, and there he remained till he died, and to this day the memory of "Unhung Rutherford" is green in the minds of the official and compulsory dwellers in Her Majesty's Hotel on the salubrious heights of Portland Bill.





By WALTER BESANT and W. H. POLLOCK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GEOFFREY ARMIGER.
HORACE CATERHAM.

EMMELINE DE LISLE } *Elder Sisters.*
CLARINE DE LISLE }
KATIE DE LISLE.

TIME The Present.

PLACE..... A London Drawing-room.

ACT I.

(*The day after the ball.*)

SCENE—*A London Drawing-room. KATIE standing at the window, looking out. EMMELINE at piano, playing. CLARINE flower painting at table. It is winter, and a fire is burning.*

KATIE. Oh! How flat, and dull, and stupid, everything is after the dance. (*Drums on window with fingers.*) If only something would happen! (*Walks about restlessly.*)

CLARINE. Things are always dull the morning after a dance. What do you want to happen?

KATIE. Last night I was exactly like Cinderella. I had no ball-dress—I could not go—and at the very last moment, Auntie arrived with a beautiful dress—made me put it on—took me in her carriage, and then—(*Clasps her hands.*)

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INDIANA UNIVERSITY

CLARINE. And then, as you justly observe, you did not dance furiously; you sat out more than once; with a certain Mr. Armiger, was it not?

KATIE. Geoffrey.

CLARINE. Oh! You know his Christian name?

EMMELINE (*looking up.*) This was the waltz I liked the best. (*Plays a few lines.*)

KATIE. Mr. Armiger dances beautifully. His step suits mine perfectly.

EMMELINE. It is a pretty waltz. Here is another.

CLARINE. Who is Mr. Armiger, Katie? He's quite young. What is he?

KATIE. Quite young? Oh! No. Why, he is twenty-one. He is an undergraduate at Cambridge. But he is going to be a great man.

CLARINE. Ah! He gave you that information?

KATIE. He did—he knows what he can do. I don't know yet whether he is to be a poet, or a dramatist, or a statesman; but he will be something great. Oh! yes. Of that there is no doubt.

EMMELINE (*from the piano.*) Horace knows him, Clarine. He is Geoffrey Armiger, son of the Vicar of something, and first cousin to Sir Roland Armiger. He is quite poor and has got his way to make. If I were you, Katie, I should wait till he had made that way before I thought too much about him.

KATIE. Oh! You think of it in that light, I don't. He impressed me as a man who could most certainly win his own way. I adore success—and he will attain success. It is such a splendid thing to be a man just because every man can be a Prince if he likes.

EMMELINE. You are a dear little enthusiast. (*Jumps up from piano.*) And a simpleton, and a goose. (*Kisses her.*) She shall have her Prince to think about—so she shall. Clarey, Horace said he would look in at five o'clock this afternoon.

(*Enter Servant.*)

SERVANT (*Announces.*) Mr. Caterham. Mr. Armiger.

(*Enter Caterham and Armiger.*)

HORACE. Hope you are not too tired after last night.

EMMELINE. Not a bit, thanks. It was a really good evening.

GEOFFREY (*to KATIE.*) I need not ask if you are too tired. Your looks anticipate the question. I do not think I have ever enjoyed a dance so much, but I am afraid you must have thought some of my talk somewhat—what shall I say—conceited?

KATIE. Not at all. Conceit is one thing, and not an agreeable thing. Ambition is another.

GEOFFREY. "By that sin fell the angels"—yet what is youth without ambition?

KATIE. As somebody once said, like a lame old man without crutches. Have you



"This was the waltz I liked the best."

decided the particular form of your ambition? Last night you were, if I remember rightly, divided between literature and law, or was it——

GEOFFREY. It is not kind of you to remind me so keenly of foolish sayings, but, as a matter of fact, it was not law. It was——

KATIE. Of course, I remember now. It was statesmanship. A noble calling, but oh! what a difficult one!

GEOFFREY. Is there anything worth attaining that is not difficult? Who, without purpose and strenuous endeavour, can win either a place among great men, or, what is greater still, a woman's love? (*They go up stage.*)

(EMMELINE and HORACE come down. CLARINE is left at piano.)

EMMELINE. He looks a nice boy, Horace. Perhaps he really will turn out very well.

HORACE. That's as may be, but certainly he's a nice boy, and if his brother were to go off, he would be a rich boy as well.

EMMELINE. Katie seems to like him.

HORACE. Why not? It may be a boy and girl fancy, or it may be more serious. He begged me to bring him here. You don't mind, Emmeline? (*They walk up stage.*)

(GEOFFREY and KATIE come down. CLARINE goes on playing dance music, softly.)

KATIE. And you are going back to Cambridge to-morrow?

GEOFFREY. Yes—to-morrow. I shall take back a very happy memory. May I call again when I come back to London?

KATIE. Pray do, and tell me all about your plans for your future career.

GEOFFREY. If I have the knowledge that *you* take an interest in such plans, they will, believe me, mature just as fruits and flowers mature when sunlight is poured on to them.

KATIE. You must not waste a statesman's energy in pretty speeches, but, indeed, I shall always be interested in your success.

(*Enter SERVANT with parcel. He gives it to EMMELINE, who reads the address.*)

EMMELINE. To the Miss de Lisles. What a curious address! Here is something for all three of us.

(*They all look at it—gather round—form group.*)

CLARINE. A brown paper parcel! Let us open it.

EMMELINE. (*Opens it. Takes out a white satin or kid slipper.*) For the Miss de Lisles. This is unheard of. One slipper cannot be for all of us.

CLARINE. Oh! I have it. It is Cinderella over again. The slipper is for the one whom it fits. Sit down, Emmeline, and try it on.



(*Puts on slipper with ease.*)

EMMELINE. (*Takes off shoe and tries.*) No, it is too small.

CLARINE. (*Takes her place.*) Let me try. No, it is too small.

KATIE. (*Sits down, puts on slipper with ease.*) It is mine. I wonder who sent it.

(*Glances at GEOFFREY, who turns his head. They all look at him.*)

GEOFFREY. An odd idea indeed. I—I—fear I must be going. Good-bye. I shall remember last night and all that you have said. (*Exit.*)

HORACE (*looking after him*). He still possesses the attribute of modesty. Katie, it is a pretty slipper.

KATIE. I shall keep it—to remind me of my first ball—and—

EMMELINE. And—and of what, dear child?

KATIE. Of the man who is to be a Prince.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

(*Four years later.*)

SCENE—*The same.* EMMELINE and CLARINE are now married. KATIE lives on in the same house.

EMMELINE. (*In walking dress, waiting.*) My husband promised to be here by five. It is now a quarter-past. The fickleness of woman is nothing to the unpunctuality of man. (*Goes to table, turns over things.*) Katie is not fickle, but she is very untidy. Always leaving things about: what is this? Why, like Mr. Wegg, she has dropped into poetry. (*Reads aloud.*)

Oh! tell me, willow wren and whitethroat, beating
The sluggish breeze with eager homeward wing,
Bear you no message for me—not a greeting
From him you left behind—my Prince and King?

You come from far—from south, and east, and west:
Somewhere you left him, daring some great thing:
I know not what, save that it is the best:
Somewhere you saw him—saw my Prince and King!

You cannot choose but know him: by the crown
They place upon his head—the crown and ring:
And by the loud and many voiced renown,
After the footsteps of my Prince and King.



(*Reads aloud.*)

He speaks; and lo! the listening world obeys:
 He leads, and all men follow; and they cling
 And hang around the words, and works, and ways,
 As of a prophet—of my Prince and King.

Her Prince and King! We l, if she's really waiting for that I begin to understand why she refuses everybody. As if she could expect a man to be made on purpose for her! Her Prince and King! How curious a fancy! (*Lays down verses.*)

(*Enter HORACE CATERHAM and GEOFFREY ARMIGER.*)

HORACE. Sorry to keep you waiting, dear. I was engaged with Armiger on some legal work. You know my wife, Geoffrey?

GEOFFREY (*looks a little puzzled*). I think I have had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Caterham before.

EMMELINE. I think you came here once with my husband. It was some time ago, Sir Geoffrey.

HORACE. Of course. Why, Geoffrey, there was a dance, and you fell half in love with my wife's sister, who was little more than a child then. Now she's a woman, and—well, perhaps you'll see for yourself. Don't you remember the slipper business?

GEOFFREY. Yes, yes. It all comes back to me—all.

EMMELINE. I believe you sent the slipper, Sir Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY. I believe I did. How is your sister, Mrs. Caterham?

EMMELINE. She is quite well, thank you. She lives here in the old house where our people have lived for two hundred years—and she writes poetry.

GEOFFREY. Poetry? I can well imagine that.

EMMELINE. Here are some verses which I found on her table just now. She is always dreaming about someone whom she calls her Prince—who is going to do something wonderful.

HORACE. Katie has reached the age of twenty-one, and she still believes in the man who is going to do something wonderful.

GEOFFREY. A robust faith. May I read the verses, Mrs. Caterham?

(*She bows assent and he takes them and reads three verses aloud. Then he breaks off, remembering*)

GEOFFREY. Prince and King! Many-voiced renown! Ah! what has come of it?

EMMELINE. Come of what, Sir Geoffrey?

GEOFFREY. Oh! I beg your pardon. I was thinking of something else—something forgotten. Forgive me.

EMMELINE. I will on one condition, that you dine with us to-night—

HORACE. Yes—do, old chap, and look here, Emmeline and I have to go out now—duty visits—but—Ah! there's Katie's knock at the door—I know it. Wait a few minutes, and she'll come in and give you some tea. Till to-night.

GEOFFREY. Till to-night, then.

(*Exeunt HORACE and EMMELINE.*)

GEOFFREY (*takes up verses again*).

Somewhere you left him, daring some great thing:
 I know not what, save that it is the best:
 Somewhere you saw him—saw my Prince and King!

I remember it all; the sweet and eager face of the girl, and my silly talk about greatness. I was to be a Poet—or a Statesman—which? I forget. Poet? Statesman? And what am I? Pleasure hunter. I live to enjoy the fruits of the

earth. Pleasure hunter. It is not a glorious profession. Four years ago I should have scorned it. Now—it seems as if there was nothing more possible for me. What is a rich man to do? I wonder if she thinks—No! That was impossible. Yet I told her that when I had done something great—Heavens! what a fool I was! I would return and tell her.

You cannot choose but know him : by the crown
They place upon his head.

I can't get the words out of my head—"My Prince and King." I am a pretty sort of King : mine would be a pretty sort of crown. Yet four years ago I could think in that way—and talk in that way, too.

KATIE. (*Outside.*) Very well. I will write to her.

(*Enter KATIE.*)

GEOFFREY. Miss de Lisle. I see you do not remember me.

KATIE. Oh! yes; and am so glad to see you again.

GEOFFREY. You are kindness itself, but I see that if you have some memory of my face, you have forgotten my name. I am Geoffrey Armiger. I had the honour of making your acquaintance four years ago at a ball—your first ball—and was allowed to call the next day.

KATIE. Of course I remember. *Now* you are *Sir* Geoffrey Armiger.

GEOFFREY. Yes. I came into my brother's title.

KATIE. Ah! yes. (*Short pause.*) When we met that night you had ambitions—great ambitions.

GEOFFREY. I had.

KATIE. And what have you done with them?

GEOFFREY. Nothing. I have forgotten them.

KATIE. What have you done, then, since I saw you last?

GEOFFREY. Nothing much, I fear. Followed the occupation—or the pursuit—or the profession of pleasure.

KATIE. It sounds a poor profession.

GEOFFREY. Terribly poor, isn't it? Wears one out, you see, with nothing to show for it.

KATIE. Do you mean that you have thrown away all those fine ambitions and resolutions?

GEOFFREY. Every mortal one of them. The young man who amused you with his dreams is dead—dead and buried, I believe.

KATIE. What? have you really resolved to bury all those dreams that seemed so beautiful to me?



"See. How tarnished and faded it is."

GEOFFREY. Did they? Did they really? Perhaps it may yet be not too late to bring them to life again.

KATIE. To actual living life and realisation! It would be a great thing. But I fear it was but a dream—a dream I thought of much when I was scarce more than a child. I shall never get another like it.

GEOFFREY. (*Takes up paper of verses.*) Was it a dream about a Prince and King?

KATIE. Yes. But you could not understand it any more—now—even if you were to try. You had better go, Sir Geoffrey. There is Pleasure waiting outside for you.

GEOFFREY. She can wait; Miss de Lisle, do you remember a certain slipper?

KATIE. Yes.

GEOFFREY. Have you by any accident kept that slipper?

KATIE. Yes. I have kept it because it reminded me of certain things—of hope—of courage—of possibilities. It is in this cabinet. (*Opens drawer, takes out slipper in silver paper.*) See. How tarnished and faded it is. The silver buckle is black and the leather has shrunk.

GEOFFREY. No—let me look. No—it hasn't altered. (*Takes it.*)

KATIE. (*Takes it back.*) It has. It has shrunk. You don't know this kind of slipper. It is like the piece of shagreen in Balzac's story. It goes on shrinking, as the original owner goes down hill. You were the original owner.

GEOFFREY. Do you think you could put it on again?

KATIE. No, I am sure I couldn't. But I will try. (*Sits down, tries.*) No, you see, it won't go on.

GEOFFREY. Perhaps, with a little patience—a little goodwill—a little coaxing.

KATIE. No.

GEOFFREY. Give me the slipper. Yes. I really think it has shrunk. It is a slipper bewitched. Miss de Lisle—Katie—do you think if one were to climb up the hill again that slipper would go back to its proper size?

KATIE. You couldn't climb up the hill again. I wish you could. Give me back the slipper.

GEOFFREY. If I were to keep it?

KATIE. No, you shall not have it. Pleasure is waiting for you. Go back to Pleasure.

GEOFFREY. Your sister gave me these lines. And I remembered suddenly—the young man who, perhaps, after all, is *not* dead. I think, if I could, I should like to take up those ambitions once more. Do you think I could?

KATIE. It would be far, far harder now than it was four years ago. You have got to recover the noble mind and the pure heart. Can you hope to do that?

GEOFFREY. Perhaps.

KATIE. You have fallen. Are you strong enough to rise?

GEOFFREY. I don't know. If that slipper should enlarge again—

KATIE. Oh! How can a man say *if* when he ought to say *shall*?

GEOFFREY. It *shall*, then. I swear it shall.

KATIE. Very good. When that happens you may come again.

GEOFFREY. I will. (*Takes her hand. Goes. Stops in the doorway to look round.*)

KATIE. (*Recites the last verse of her poem.*)

He speaks; and lo! the listening world obeys:
He leads, and all men follow; and they cling
And hang around the words, and works, and ways,
As of a prophet—of my Prince and King.

GEOFFREY. (*Returns swiftly.*) Katie! Let me come again before that happens. Not your Prince and King. That may never be—but for ever your servant and your scholar! (*Takes her hand and, kneeling upon one knee, kisses it.*)

THE FRESH AIR FUND

BY
CLEMENT
SCOTT.



“OH! the happy time when
I was sad.” This celebrated
epigram by a great French actress,
if you analyse it and think over it, is
as true of the sights we see every day of our
lives in London, and in the great centres of toil, as
it is assuredly true of our inmost thoughts and impressions.

I suppose we are all of us dreamers, if we only cared to own it, and I believe that the toil of London—its noise, its din, its excitement, and its feverish pleasure—would be absolutely intolerable if we did not know that some day the release would come, and London pavement, London dust, and London mud would all be forgotten in a buttercup meadow, on a heather-covered moor, deep in the heart of an English wood, consecrated to silence, among the flower-fringed lanes of our own delightful country, that has no equal or rival in the world; or lost in meditation, soothed by the monotonous reiteration of the wave-beats, on the pebbled shore.

And if these things be true of men and women, how much more true they must be of little children, those helpless creatures of imagination, so rarely studied, so often misunderstood! I can only speak from my own experience as a child—a singularly imaginative one, though the fact was known to very few besides myself.

The love for the country was to me a veritable passion, encouraged by the fact that the early days of my life were spent in solitude with two old maiden aunts, and without the companionship of other children of my own age. But when the time came for me to go to a day school in London, walking to and fro from the New North Road, Hoxton—my home—to distant Islington, my delight was to indulge in a kind of day-dream of the country from the time the door was closed behind me, to the instant of arriving at the school-gates—London—the great dust heaps of Mr. Dodd, the brick-kilns in the Shepherdess Fields—did not exist so far as I was concerned.

I was far away at Stony Stratford, watching the market carts come in; I was sunning myself in the meadows that lead to Passenham, or in the farm lands of Castle Thorpe. Without the relief of putting my mind back to what I had enjoyed so keenly, my childhood's days would have been intolerable.

Perhaps it is on this account that I have such a deep pity for imprisoned London

children, who, born to sorrow and privation, never see a wood carpeted with blue bells, never a meadow golden with buttercups, never are awed by the silence of a forest, and have never rushed over the yellow sand to the "many sounding sea." In the old days, before trains and trams were so popular, London children were taken out to Epping Forest, or to Bushey Park, or to Hadley Wood in the long greengrocers' vans, which were specially decorated for the occasion in red, white, or blue, and the horses were covered with rosettes, and the little ones waved flags and coloured handkerchiefs, and they gave a shrill joyous scream when they started, and a weary cheer when they came home again; and I cannot help confessing that the outgoings and incomings of London children suggested some of those "thoughts that lie too deep for tears."

I never saw a van of children start from London without noticing that most pathetic of all sights—the child who is left behind. The forlorn ones—unkempt, ill-shod, ragged—who stood in the gutter, and watched with their great big wondering blue eyes, as the holiday vans departed, and the cheers of the lucky children grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

For several years of my life I had special opportunities for studying the pathetic features of the daily life of a London child. I lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields before the gates were thrown open to the London poor, and I passed every day through the slums, and courts, and alleys of Clare Market. As the spring came round, and the lilac and laburnum bloomed into flower, the sight of the blossoms, and the scent of them seemed to madden the poor little children, and I could see them from my window, half squeezing their thin bodies through the bars of the garden, or leaping up for a handful of flowers and green.

Somehow or other the passion is irresistible, and it exists with people far more sensible than children. And what household lives that does not love a sprig of green, or a little bit of country, as old-fashioned folks call it?

It is very wrong, of course, to tear down the hedges, and so it is, perchance, to rob

the hedgerows of their primroses, and the woods of their daffodils and blue bells, but I know of very few people who are able to resist the temptation. But next to noticing the pained faces of the London children who are left on the pavement, I think the most pathetic sight is that of London children "playing at country" on the sun-baked pavements in the height of the summer.

I don't know if they play this game elsewhere in London, but I know it is a very favourite one round and about Lincoln's Inn Fields. In front of the old house where I dwelt was a quaint courtyard, so little disturbed by the traffic, that weeds grew up between the well-worn stones. Here the children gathered to dig for material for this simple game. Collecting all the weeds they could find, and stretching their little hands through the bars of the closed garden, and journeying as far as Covent Garden to pick up the petals of fallen roses, they made fantastic devices on the hot pavement of the flowery spoil, and tried to picture the country which probably they had never seen.

This was the little ones' day-dream! The game seemed to be modelled on "Please to remember the grotto," manufactured from rescued oyster shells, but it would have been a hard-hearted passenger indeed who did not spare a sixpence or a few coppers for these tiny flower maidens, who made their annual offering to the Goddess Flora.

The *good* children of London find friends innumerable! But it was a long time before the *neglected gutter waifs* found a friend in need, who proved a friend indeed.

It was five years ago when the happy thought entered into the head of my good friend, C. Arthur Pearson, to found a "Fresh Air Fund" for the neglected children of mighty London, not as a prize for the good only, but as a supreme delight for the poor, the hungry, the ragged, the shoeless, the lame, and the cripples. Good children are always patted on the back, but how few ever think of the down-trodden weeds of merciless London. Well, Arthur Pearson thought of them, and he determined that the children, all equally dear to the sight of God, should see with their own eyes, the marvellous works of Nature.

There are two sides to the question, the sentimental and the practical side. My friend, the originator of the "Fresh Air Fund," is a bit of a sentimentalist, but he is at the same time an eminently practical man. He stood up to advocate the "Fresh Air Fund" armed with three strong weapons. First, a tender heart; second, a sound business head; third, the pick of several popular periodicals, which brought him every week in touch with the public. He discovered, to the surprise of charitable London, that any human being could send a child down into the country for a day, feed it, give it fresh air, games, songs, dances, and music, for the sum of ninepence!

Just think of that! For threepence less than a shilling one of these little London children, whom I have described to you picking up the weeds in a Lincoln's Inn Field courtyard to make a miniature garden, sobbing in secret over the departure of the holiday vans, could be taken for a long day into the country, and sent home well fed, satisfied, and refreshed with a glimpse of Paradise.

Let us go still further. The ninepence belongs to anyone who will sacrifice a few 'bus rides, a cigar or two, or some immaterial luxury. I do not believe that when it is widely known that one London child can be made happy for ninepence, that any human being would dare to take a summer holiday without *insuring his peace and happiness with ninepence*. I call it an insurance fund. Secure a happy holiday for yourselves by contributing ninepence to the neglected children of rich London town!

But then my friend attacked another class, a class that could afford far more than ninepence to make a poor child happy for a few hours. He said to the wealthy, who have all they want: "Look here, my good fellow, do you know that if you, with all your wealth,

sign me a small cheque for £8 2s., you can send 200 children into God's fresh air for a long summer day? You may select your own children! You may be boss of your own show! You may work out your cheque how you like, but all I tell you is that if you write out a cheque for £8 2s., I will organise a rare treat for any given 200 children."

My friend, C. Arthur Pearson, is a kindly-hearted practical man, but he cannot, with all his multifarious labours, organise a Fresh Air Fund without assistance, so he called to his elbow one of the best organisers it has ever been my lot to meet. Need I mention his name, Mr. John Kirk, the secretary of the Ragged School Union, a man brought up under the watchful eye of the late Lord Shaftesbury.

As good luck would have it, these two men foregathered, and they invited me to accompany them to the very first outing of the newly established Fresh Air Fund in a lovely glade in Epping Forest.

It was the time of the roses, a Heaven-sent early summer day, and the dear old Forest, preserved for ever to the people, was looking its best. We went down by train. The children were to be conveyed by tram, and

our trysting-place was at the opening of the forest glade. As we turned the corner we received a right royal welcome from the advancing army of baby holiday makers. The able-bodied children—some without hats, some like famous "Diddle Diddle Dumpling, My Man John!" with "one shoe off, and one shoe on," some with patched and curious garments—were in front. The rear was brought up with a splendid force of cripples in wheel chairs, and perambulators.

And what a jolly day we had. The children had a couple of wholesome, hearty meals. They were allowed to wander without a given space, the boys to catch sticklebacks and frogs in the ponds, the girls to gather



"Wha-a-a-t's that?"

wild flowers. When they were tired, they assembled at the sound of a whistle, and sat on the grass in a circle whilst one told them a story, and another played to them on a banjo or concertina, and a third gave them a song.

An incident happened on that first Fresh Air Fund Day which should never be forgotten. I have often told it before in print, but a good story is always worth repeating.

Somewhere about Bow Church or Stepney, a crippled girl in a perambulator, and a lame lad with one leg and a crutch were to meet the tram car to take them to the forest.

Alas! They arrived just in time to be too late! The tram car had departed, and her little crippled ladyship was left in her perambulator sobbing her heart out. This was too much for the lame boy, who was a perfect stranger to her. And what do you think he did? He touched his ragged little cap, and asked if he might have the privilege of wheeling the crippled child to Epping Forest.

And the brave little fellow did it, lame leg, crutch and all, and I saw them arrive on the scene happily before the long day and the feast were over.

Since then the "Fresh Air Fund" has advanced by leaps and bounds. The London children have been taken to another glade in the Forest of Epping, and have been made acquainted with Bushey Park. In four years nearly a quarter of million of children have been made happy by this glorious fund, and the idea has spread in a marvellous manner.

Bradford, Edinburgh, Sheffield, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Bristol, Belfast, Birmingham, Hull, Nottingham, and Manchester, have all had handsome grants from the Fresh Air Fund, and have duly administered them under the excellent Fresh Air Fund regulations.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson and Mr. John Kirk, intend, if all be well, to make the "Fresh Air Fund" a greater success than ever this year. All that they want are the sinews of war; they know how to make the children happy, if the public will allow them to do so. And at what an infinitesimal cost!

If you cannot afford ninepence, get a collecting card and tax everyone who swears or uses a bad word, the money will simply pour in.

But best of all, think that the expenditure of ninepence is an insurance that will result in a very holiday for all; bad weather, storms, accidents, disasters, uncongenial companionship, and all the ills of holiday travel will never occur to anyone who has insured success by sending one child into the fresh air for ninepence. The pathetic cry of a little outcast, who sobs with joy at the first sight of a field of flowers, is worth ten times ninepence to the thinking man and woman, and possibly there will ring in the ears of the giver a greater comfort yet. "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these little ones you have done it unto Me."

[The Fresh Air Fund was started by the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* and *Pearson's Magazine* in 1892. During the summer of 1892 20,600 poor children enjoyed a day in the country through its agency; in 1893, 40,230; in 1894, 74,074; and last summer, 92,061. The total expenses for travelling and two splendid meals amount to ninepence only per day for each child. All the expenses of management are defrayed by the promoters of the F.A.F. Each ninepence, therefore, contributed by a reader of *Pearson's Magazine* gives to one child a day's complete happiness. The ninepence is spent thus: 3d. in railway fares, 2½d. for a substantial meat pie, and 3½d. for a sufficiency of tea, cake, and milk. *Pearson's Magazine* being a monthly publication, and going to press two months in advance, all sums received will be acknowledged week by week in the columns of *Pearson's Weekly*.]





WARWICK CASTLE. (See page 609.)
From a Photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

GATES AND PILLARS OF THE EMPIRE

No. III.

BIRMINGHAM ILLUSTRATED.

BY ROBERT MACHRAY.



ABOUT the middle of the eighteenth century Birmingham made application to Parliament for permission to erect its first theatre, and in a speech supporting the motion, Edmund Burke referred to the town as "the toy-shop of Europe." And, to this day, some of its most serious work is put into the making of trifles.

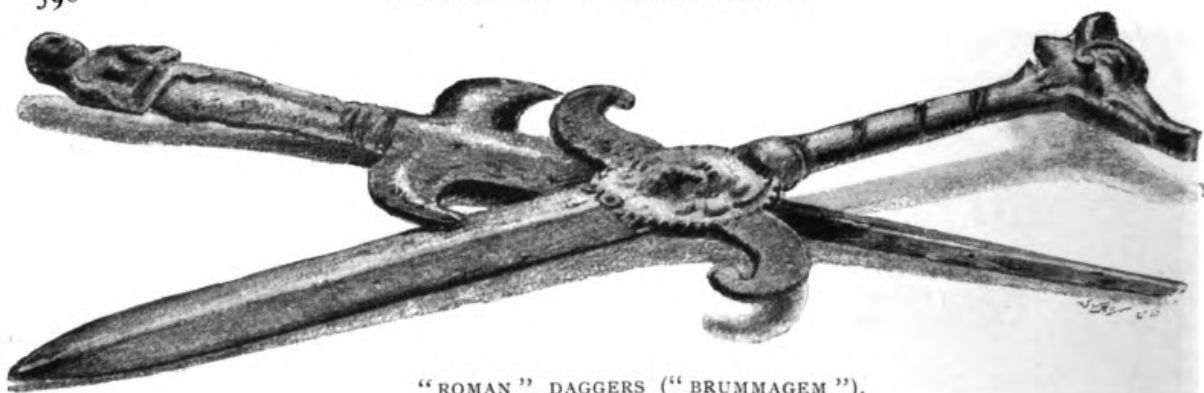
Another well-known phrase, invented by an American visitor, descriptive of Birmingham, and one upon which it perhaps a little unduly plumes itself, is "the best governed city in the world." This was probably more fully deserved a few years

ago, for Birmingham has rather rested on its achievements for some time back, and Glasgow,

I daresay, would be inclined to have something to say in the matter of laying claim to such a high distinction.

If there is any one word that can be used to describe Birmingham, it is the word "interesting": the city is interesting regarded from the point of view of the development of its municipal life, from the part it has played and still plays in politics, and, chiefly, from the bewildering multiplicity of its industries, and their comprehensive character.

With regard to the last, it has been well said that we are never outside of the range of their influence. Whether "at home or abroad, sleeping or waking, walking or riding, in a carriage or upon a railway or a steamboat, we cannot escape reminiscences of Birmingham. She haunts us from the cradle to the grave. She supplies us with the spoon that first brings



"ROMAN" DAGGERS ("BRUMMAGEM").

our infant lips into acquaintance with 'pap,' and she provides the dismal 'furniture' which is affixed to our coffins."

It has been hinted, nay, it has even been broadly stated that Birmingham in its undefeated enthusiasm to supply anything and everything, has now and again, perhaps, supplied a little too much.

It certainly was curious, for instance, that a number of metal spear heads and arrow heads found amongst other things in one of those mounds in North America, supposed to have been built by a pre-historic race as a burial place for their dead, should have been pronounced by the authorities of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington as excellent evidences of Birmingham's zealous study of archæology, and nothing more.

This love for things ancient on the part of Birmingham has been displayed in many ways. Herewith is presented a sketch of two *veritable* antiques, a couple of Roman daggers, which were dug up in the course of constructing the Thames Embankment—they had been "dug

in" a few minutes before the "find" was made—and, though genuine enough to the ordinary gaze, yet to the eye of the expert, they bore the legend "Brummagem."

Is there a demand for curios of any kind or of any period—bits of the Holy Cross, old vessels, armour, weapons, coins?—the ever capable and industrious metal or wood worker of Birmingham is ready to meet it.

The "Duke of Wellington Tobacco Stopper" shows what Birmingham can do in the way of caricature in brass.

There is a rumour that Birmingham makes idols both for Asiatic and African merchants; and, as one of the partners in the oldest firm in the brass trade said to me: "Why not?" While he stated that he had no personal knowledge of idols ever having been made by his own firm or any other, he admitted he would be quite prepared to hear of the existence of a factory for the manufacture of idols. "Birmingham will make anything if a pattern is given it, or even without one; I would not be surprised," he added with a

DUKE OF
WELLINGTON
TOBACCO STOPPER.



THE VILLAGE PHILHARMONIC.

From a Painting by Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A. Reproduced by permission from the Birmingham Art Gallery.

smile, "if you should find the Brazen Serpent somewhere in the town."

In the Art Museum, which forms an interesting portion of the Art Gallery of Birmingham, I noticed several men, who looked like intelligent artisans, examining, with the utmost care, some mummies, and I shall not be altogether unprepared to hear



A BIT OF OLD BIRMINGHAM.

that the making of *genuine* Egyptian four-thousand-year-old mummies has been added to the world-embracing repertoire of Birmingham.

The truth is, to speak seriously, that Birmingham suffers somewhat in general estimation from the penalty which attaches to what the French call "the defects of one's qualities." Birmingham can make, and does make the best of everything; it can also make the best imitations of the best of everything; but the town itself resents the sneer which is contained in the expression "Brummagem," and abhors the phrase "made in Brum"—terms frequently used to describe or characterise such imitations, and then transferred to inferior and unoriginal articles whether made in Birmingham or not.

Like our other largest cities, there is not much left in it that can be called old. "Bermingha" was mentioned in Domesday Book, which place, the Book adds, "was, and is worth 20s."

In 1538, John Leland made a journey through England, and in his notes on "Birmingham towne" says: "There be many smiths in the towne that use to make knives and all manner of cuttinge tooles, and many loriners that make bittes, and a great many naylors. Soe that a great part of the towne is maintained by smithes whoe have their iron and sea-cole out of Staffordshire."

One view of Old Birmingham, the "Bull Ring," which we are able to reproduce through the courtesy of the Committee of the Birmingham Art Gallery, appears on this page. Here bulls used to be baited in the "Good Old Days."

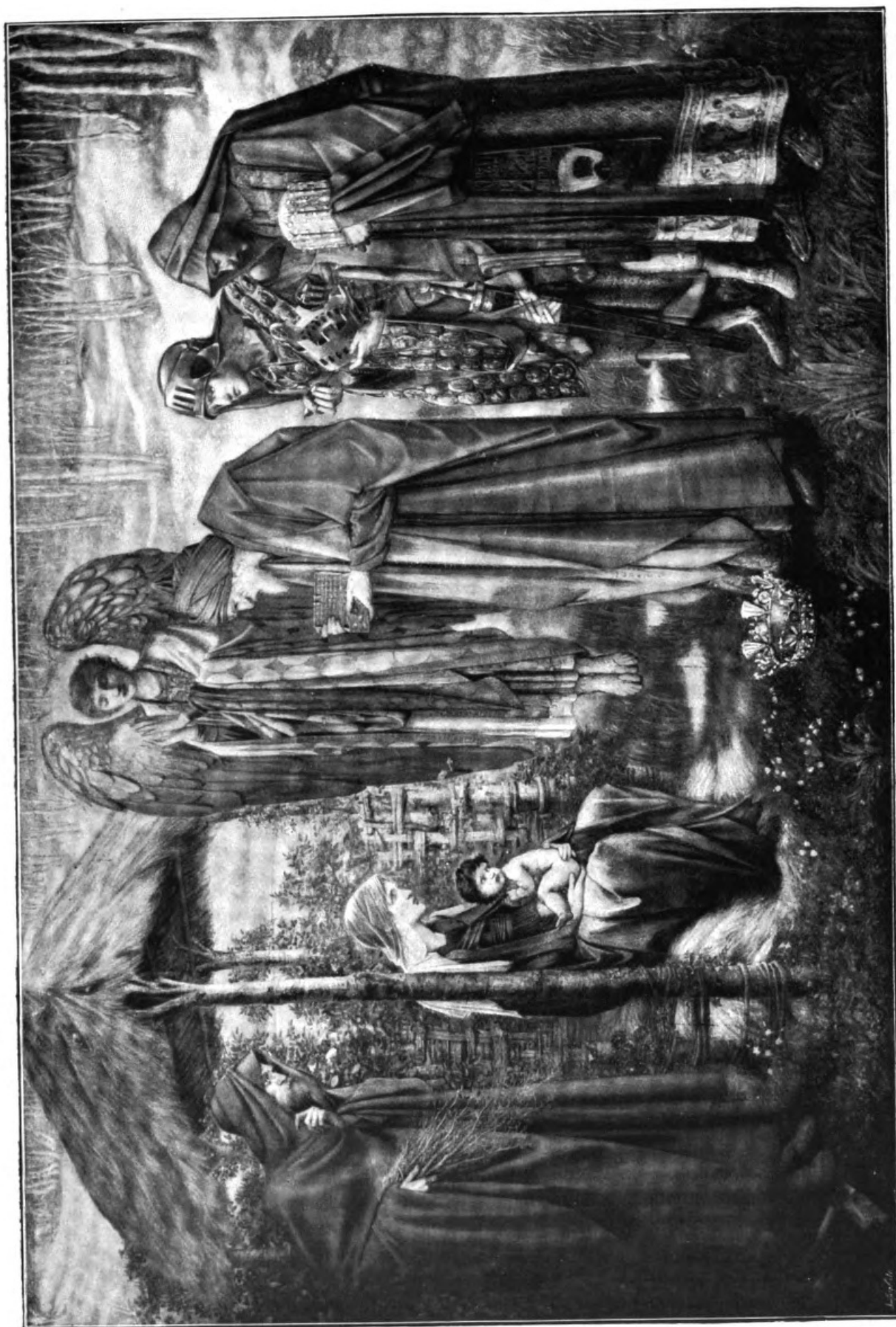
In the latter half of the eighteenth century, Birmingham showed a

remarkable combination of great men who composed what is sometimes spoken of as the "Soho Circle." Chief amongst these were Matthew Boulton and James Watt. The former established himself in Soho in 1763, where he erected machinery for water power. James Watt visited the place later, and so impressed Boulton with his improvements in the steam engine that in 1773 a business connection was formed between them.

Soho itself has perished, but the names of Boulton and Watt, linked together, are immortal. Watt's house at Heathfield still exists, and a room is shown containing his tools and other things, exactly as they were left at the time of his death.

Probably what is most striking in the present century in connection with Birmingham, is the development in its municipal politics and its resultant local well-being.

The local politics of Birmingham have naturally had their own special features, but



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

From the Water-colour by Sir E. Burne-Jones. Reproduced by permission from the Birmingham Art Gallery.

they have taken much of their colour from the great national political movements. The city was long regarded as the stronghold of extreme opinions. It was early associated with Nonconformity in all its phases, it sympathised with the Chartist agitation, it took strong ground on the Reform question, one result of which was to make in 1832 Birmingham a Parliamentary borough. Later on it was the champion of Radicalism, and the home of the "Caucus" (a portrait of whose founder, Mr. William Harris, is here given) and, still later, becomes the centre of Liberal Unionism, with Mr. Chamberlain as Grand Elector, who, it will be observed, is portrayed here *sans* orchid and *sans* eyeglass.

Enfranchised in 1832, Birmingham was



MASON COLLEGE.

"SQUIRT" SQUARE.

From Photos by H. J. Whitlock.



incorporated as a borough in 1838, but so little centralised was the local authority, that there were half a dozen governing bodies or so within the town, each independent of the other, with duties and interests which were constantly conflicting.

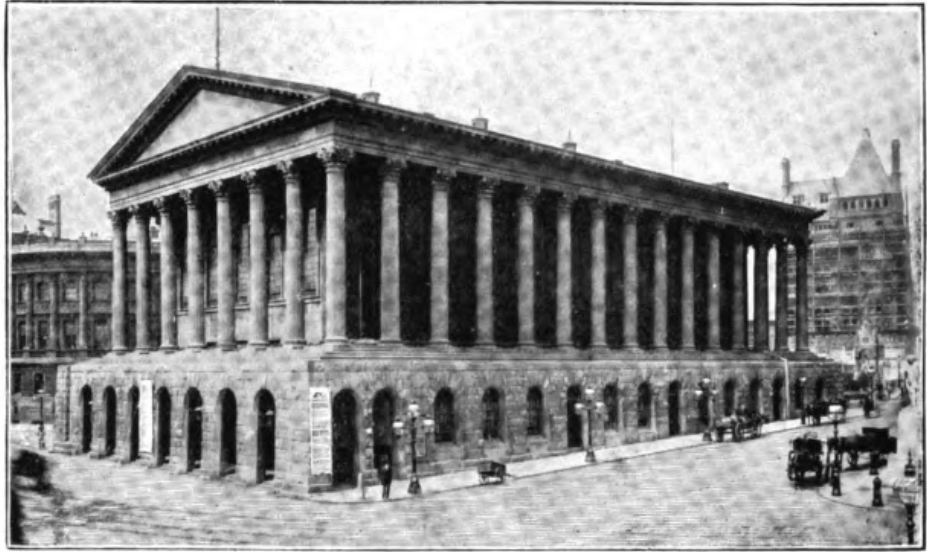
It was not until 1851 that the Town Council became supreme, and the various warring

factions were harmonised. Steady growth was shown up till 1873, when Mr. Chamberlain became Mayor, which position he held until 1876, the period of his mayoralty being signalised by the erection of the Council House, the acquisition of the gas supply and waterworks from local companies by the corporation, the founding of a Great Street Improvement Scheme, and other undertakings which have added materially to the welfare of the capital of the Midlands.

It was the great good fortune of Birmingham to have a man like Mr. Chamberlain—the right man in the right place—at a critical time; it was Mr. Chamberlain's good fortune to have associated with him a band of men who cherished the

George Dawson, preacher and prophet, led the way, giving a higher and broader tone to the thought of the town.

Mr. Chamberlain was born in London, but



THE TOWN HALL.

From a Photo by H. J. Whitlock.

business took him to Birmingham, and it is curious to note that those who supported him were not natives of the town, but had come there, like himself, from outside it.

This is not the place for giving an account of Mr. Chamberlain's life. Having realised what he considered a sufficient fortune, he first devoted his services to the town where he had made it, and then gave them to the nation. Had he chosen otherwise he would have been, no doubt, one of the richest men, even in this land where there are many rich men.



THE COUNCIL HOUSE.

From a Photo by H. J. Whitlock.

same aims and ideas in regard to municipal life as he himself held, and who were able to give effective help in carrying them out.

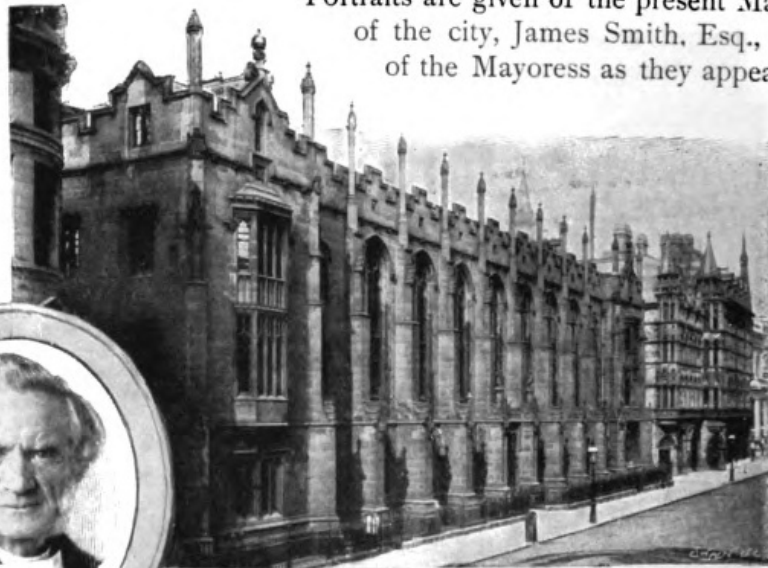
To commemorate the services rendered by Mr. Chamberlain to the city, a memorial fountain has been erected opposite the Art Gallery, and it bears

on the front a medallion portrait of the Right Honourable gentleman. The memorial itself is a beautiful and artistic piece of work, but the stream thrown up by the jet in front of the fountain is not of the most vigorous character, so that local irreverence has given to the place the derisive title of "Squirt Square."

Another Mayor of Birmingham who held office after Mr. Chamberlain was the Right Honourable

making the acreage 12,705. The population now of the city proper is over half a million, and its rateable value in 1895 was £2,190,853.

Portraits are given of the present Mayor of the city, James Smith, Esq., and of the Mayoress as they appeared



KING EDWARD VI. GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

From a Photo by H. J. Whitlock.



Photos by
Elliott & Fry

Jesse Collings, who is one of Mr. Chamberlain's most trusted allies. His portrait appears on page 600.

In 1889 Birmingham was raised to the rank of a City by Royal Charter; in 1891 several suburban areas were annexed,

at a fancy dress ball given by them in the winter (see page 608).

Birmingham possesses four or five fine streets—New Street, Corporation Street, and Colmore Row are the best, and the principal buildings are all in or about these streets.

The Town Hall occupies the finest site in the City, standing on the summit of the rising ground on which the older portion of Birmingham is built, and is an imitation of the Corinthian Temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome.

The Council House, built during Mr. Chamberlain's *régime*, is a handsome structure, the fronts being in the Italian style, and the large arch over the portico contains some fine work in mosaic by Salviati. Adjoining the Council House is the Art Gallery, in which are to be seen many fine paintings, from which we have been permitted to make a selection for reproduction in this number of the *Magazine*.

Birmingham has produced several artists of more than ordinary fame, among whom may be mentioned David Cox, of whose celebrated works in oil the Art Gallery contains the best and most extensive collection in England, the



ST. PAUL'S, LONDON, FROM THE RIVER.

From a Painting by Henry Dawson. Reproduced by permission from the Birmingham Art Gallery.

magnificent gift of a citizen of the town ; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, whose great picture, "The Star of Bethlehem," is in the Gallery ; and others. St. Philip's Church, in Colmore Row, contains some beautiful stained glass, made from designs of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

Other Birmingham buildings, notable either architecturally or from their specific character, are the Midland Institute, Mason College—founded and endowed by the late Sir Josiah Mason, who made a fortune in pens—the Victoria Law Courts (p. 604), recently completed, a handsome block in warm, ruddy terra-cotta, Queen's College, and the famous Grammar School of King Edward VI.

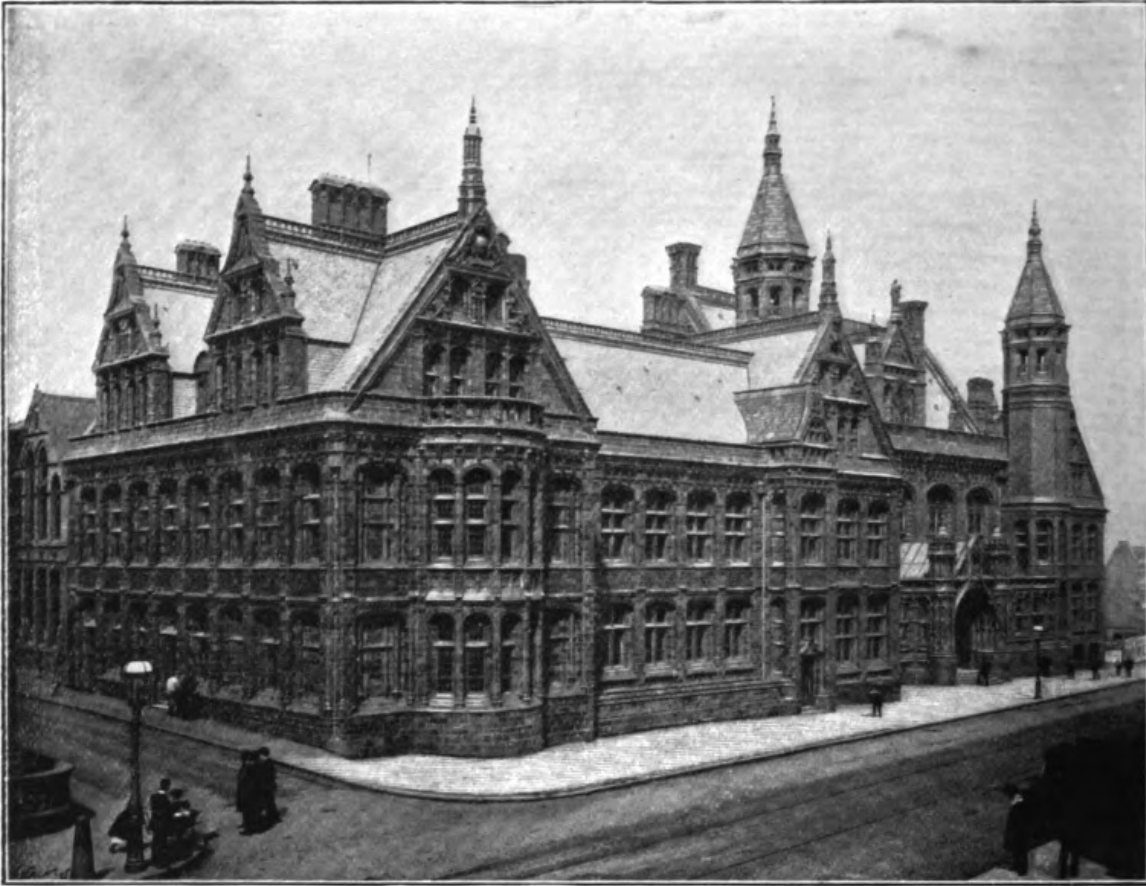
The school building, Tudor in style, is of comparatively recent date. The present Archbishop of Canterbury, the late and present Bishops of Durham (Dr. Lightfoot and Dr. Westcott), Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Mr. Grant Allen are numbered amongst the *alumni* of the school.

Two noteworthy features of the city are its arcades, the Great Western and the North-Western, which together form the finest

arcaded thoroughfare in the kingdom ; and New Street Station, occupied jointly by the London and North-Western and the Midland Railways, which has a magnificent roof of immense span weighing something like fifteen hundred tons, and which, covering eleven acres, is amongst the largest railway stations in the world.

Birmingham has erected statues to the following, amongst others : The Queen and Prince Albert, Sir Robert Peel, James Watt, George Dawson, Sir Rowland Hill, the postage man ; John Bright, who represented Birmingham for so many years ; Thomas Attwood, the "father of the Political Unions ;" Joseph Sturge, the apostle of peace ; Nelson (who was not exactly an apostle of peace), Priestley, etc.

Birmingham is making great efforts towards solving the street tram-car problem. There are steam cars, cable cars, electric cars to be seen in different parts of the city. The electric cars are on the storage principle, and are run at a heavy financial loss, but it is now purposed to have the electric "trolley" car placed on trial.



THE VICTORIA LAW COURTS.

From a Photo by H. J. Whitlock.

From the point of view of either popular or technical education, Birmingham, which has thoroughly grasped the idea that in business, as in everything else, knowledge is power, is very thoroughly equipped, possessing art schools, technical schools, many public libraries—all of which are brought to bear with special emphasis on the local industrial life.

Birmingham is not a great reading place outside of politics and business—everybody in Birmingham is engaged in business of some kind, and every man makes a business besides of politics.

One excellent feature about Birmingham is that its people are proud of their city. It seems to have a firm hold upon their affections. It certainly is peculiar, says Mr. J. Thackray Bunce (page 608), the well-known editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, in opening a career even to the humblest who are gifted with ingenuity and industry.

The great number of trades keeps work

constant, wages are at a high level owing to skill being required, while the distribution of labour and its dependence upon personal aptitude afford chances of rising in the social scale which cannot be found in places where manufactures are mainly of one class, and are conducted in factories demanding large capital.

It is easy in Birmingham for a man to become a small master, and gradually work his way up to being the head of a large factory.

Many of the largest employers have either been workmen themselves or are the sons of workmen; while of the smaller manufacturers almost all take a part in the handicraft work carried on in their places of business.

I am told that it is not an uncommon thing for a man to work quietly for years, apparently in a very small way in a modest workshop behind his dwelling, making this little speciality or that for the branch of industry to which he individually belongs, and at his death it will be found that he has left a nice

little fortune of twenty or thirty thousand pounds.

Now what are these trades and industries which have made the Birmingham of to-day, and whose development have led many to consider and to call it "the City of the Future?" I have already referred to their bewildering multiplicity, and it is impossible to do more than group them together in some sort of rough order.

Take, for instance, the brass trade. The various forms of this industry, Mr. Davis, the Secretary of the Brassworkers' Association,

the brass trade is to be found in the fact that it had a population possessed of an hereditary aptitude for this kind of work, transmitted from father to son for many generations.

Of course the same remark applies with equal force to the artificers in gold, silver, iron, and other metals. Another example of this is to be found in the making and fashioning of glass.

Now if you think of the thousands of things which are wholly or partly made of brass, it will not perhaps be surprising to



HOMeward.

From a Painting by C. Napier Henry. Reproduced by permission from the Birmingham Art Gallery.

informs me, employ in one way or another some forty thousand people, and there are more than eight hundred factories big and little engaged in it.

"What Manchester is in cotton, Bradford in wool, and Sheffield in steel, Birmingham is in brass," although at one time Bristol was the centre of the English brass trade.

With the solitary exception of iron, working in brass is the oldest industry of which we read; all metal working requires highly trained skill, and one good reason for Birmingham's becoming the great home of

hear that there are as many as 300,000 patterns and prices known in the trade, one firm alone having 15,000 casting patterns in constant use, besides a vast number which are only wanted occasionally.

Working in brass reaches its highest development in Birmingham in the beautiful and artistic articles designed for ecclesiastical purposes. The movement which resulted in this, was set on foot by Pugin, about the middle of the century, and is a revival of the purest and highest art of the Middle Ages—ornament being united with utility.

In connection with the brass trade may be mentioned the making of metallic bedsteads, which have superseded the old-fashioned four-posters of wood.

In 1849 there were only eight manufacturers of these metallic bedsteads; in

This trade is confined almost exclusively to one portion of the town known as the jewellers' quarter.

The sub-divisions of this business are almost as innumerable as those of the brass, trade, and cover not only gold and silver

1886 there were forty, with a weekly production of not far short of twenty thousand; and the trade has gone on growing, brass being supplemented by nickel, electro-plate, silver, and even gold.

Prices range from four-and-sixpence — a bedstead on which you would probably prefer to let somebody else sleep than sleep yourself—up to a hundred pounds per set. But one that cost you a little less would perhaps suit you just as well.

There are seven thousand men, women, and young persons employed in this trade alone.

Steam and railways gave a great impetus to the brass trade of Birmingham, and electricity promises to do even more, as the making of electroliers and other electric appliances, is now largely gone into.

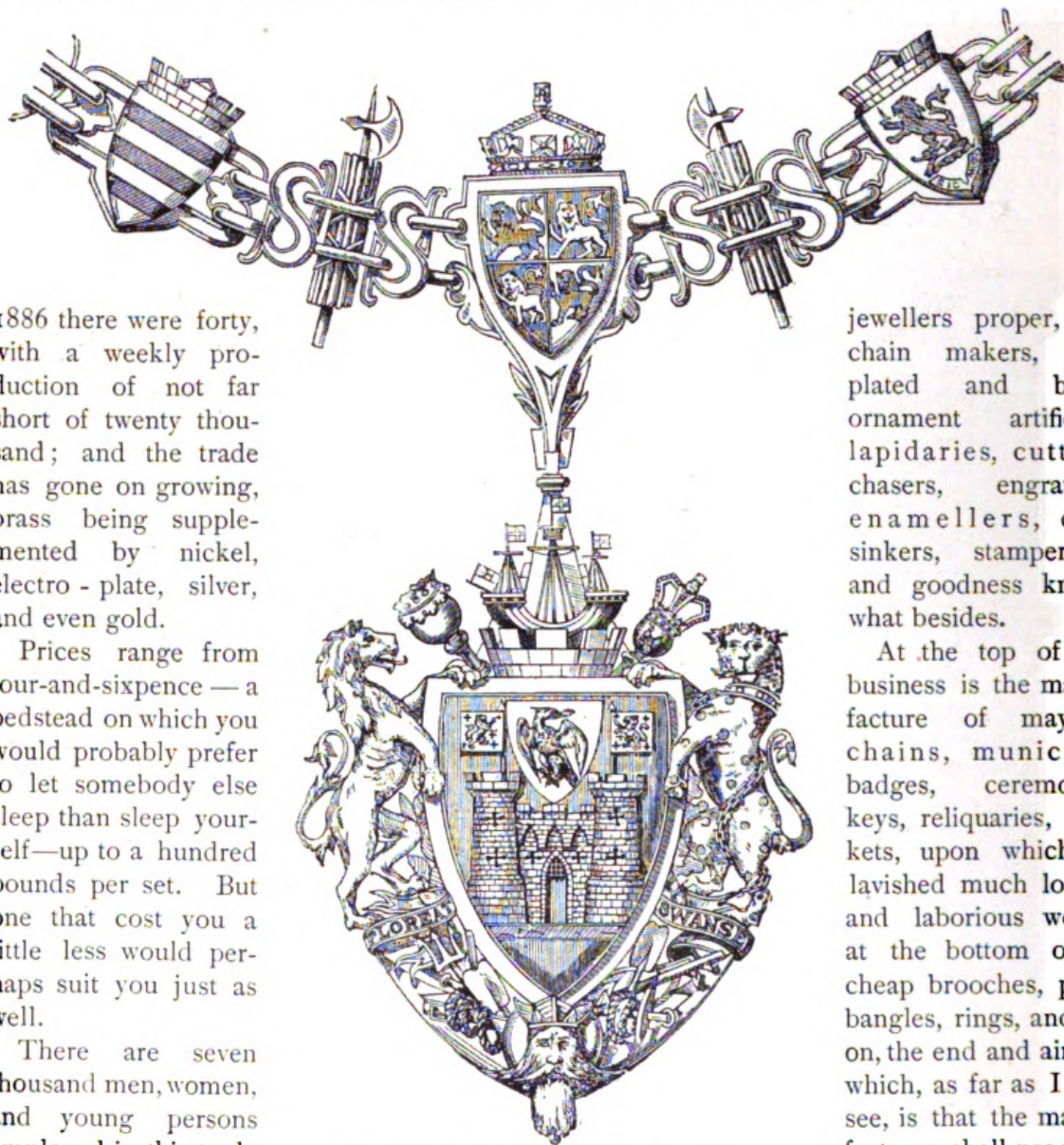
More capital is employed in the jewellery trade of Birmingham—gold, silver, and gilt—than in any other, and there are as many as twenty thousand people employed in it.

jewellers proper, but chain makers, gilt-plated and black ornament artificers, lapidaries, cutters, chasers, engravers, enamellers, die-sinkers, stampers — and goodness knows what besides.

At the top of this business is the manufacture of mayoral chains, municipal badges, ceremonial keys, reliquaries, caskets, upon which is lavished much loving and laborious work; at the bottom of it cheap brooches, pins, bangles, rings, and so on, the end and aim of which, as far as I can see, is that the manufacturer shall produce them at three shillings a dozen, and the

retailer accommodate the public with them at three shillings a-piece.

One cannot pass from this great feature of Birmingham's industrial life—its making of jewellery—without mentioning the Elkingtons, whose discovery and production of silver electro-plate has made them famous all over the world. Their factory and their great show room in Newhall



THE MAYORAL CHAIN FOR SWANSEA.
Manufactured in Birmingham.

Street, Birmingham, are certainly very interesting.

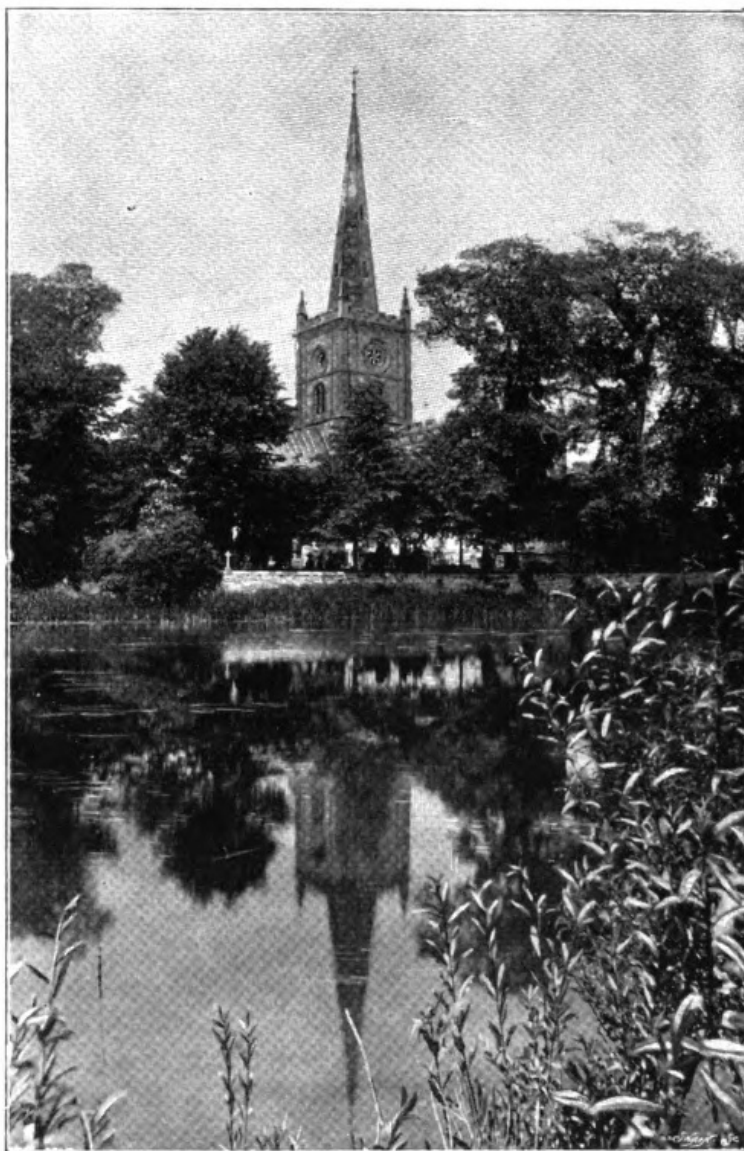
Towards the close of the seventeenth century the gun trade was established in the town; at the present time the small arms industry is extensive and important. The Government have a factory at Sparkbrook, Birmingham, and at Smallheath the Birmingham Small Arms Company have a very large and expensive plant. Several thousand people are employed in these factories, and it gives one some idea of the amount of labour necessary to, say, complete a Lee-Metford rifle, when one knows that there are more than one thousand processes, etc., to be brought into play before the finished article can be handed over to the War Office.

Birmingham also supplies a great many sporting guns—of the famous Westley-Richards make, for example — carbines, and revolvers: the Webley revolver, which is the revolver in use in the British army, being made here. There are more than five hundred different processes gone through in the manufacture of the last-named weapon.

In this age of cycles it is worthy of remark that several of the arms factories are turning their attention, with great success, to the making of cycle components, and are putting into use the same nice perfection of finish required in making the parts of a rifle for Government inspection—which scales down differences to the two-thousandth part of an inch—into their construction of bearings, and other parts and fittings of the ubiquitous wheel.

Passing over the glass trade, in which Birmingham has no small renown—I saw at the Messrs. Oslers' an exquisite service of glass which they had just made for the King of Italy—the button trade, hook-and-eye trade, the pin trade, the artificial human eye

trade, and others which, in the language of the showman, are far too numerous to mention—many of them of great importance, such as the Nettlefold's screw trade (in which Mr. Chamberlain made his money), and the making of lighthouses, of which, at Messrs. Chance's, Birmingham has the monopoly—



TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

From a Photo by F. Frith & Co.

something must be said about the pen trade.

I suppose there is hardly any person who can write who does not use at least at some time or other the steel pen of Birmingham. The J pens (so called, because that letter was embossed upon one of the first and best known broad points) have been extensively

used, and have influenced in no small degree handwriting, especially that of ladies.

There is a story, the truth of which I have



THE MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM.

From a Photo by H. J. Whitlock.

no means of corroborating, connected with the two best-known names in the pen trade of Birmingham. It seems that the original Gillott was a lover of a sister of the original Mitchells, and that the lady confided to her sweetheart all the secrets of her brothers' trade, to the no small benefit of the aforesaid Gillott.

Some four or five thousand people are employed in this manufacture, and it is said that more than 20,000,000 pens are made weekly in the town.

Coming to the social aspects of the town, it may be noted that wealth, being more evenly distributed in Birmingham than in most great cities, there is an unusually large class of people who are comfortably off. They have acquired their means, as a general thing, not by speculation, but by industry and hard work.

The richer classes live chiefly in Edgbaston, a beautiful district belonging almost entirely to Lord Calthorpe, and in which regulations have been enforced as to the description, position, and area of the houses. Moseley is another handsome suburb.

Strictly speaking, I am assured there is no

"society," in the usual acceptance of the word, in Birmingham. Owing to the industrial character of the town, one class shades off so imperceptibly from another—the master who has been a workman and the workman who will become a master—that



THE MAYORESS OF BIRMINGHAM

From a Photo by H. J. Whitlock.

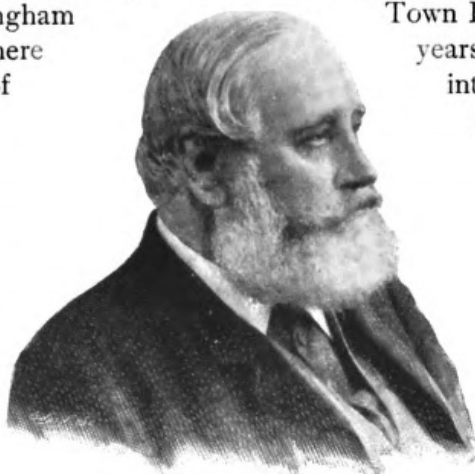
the clear drawn lines which obtain elsewhere are hardly possible in Birmingham.

But I am told that if there is any "society" in Birmingham Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is queen of it, just as her husband is king politically.

Ever since the memorable reception in the Town Hall one January night seven years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain introduced his American bride to his fellow-citizens and their women folk, the fair hostess of Highbury has held without an effort the preeminence given to her by the man for whom Birmingham has shown so remarkable an affection.

Mrs. Chamberlain has the valuable social qualities that might be expected from her training in the political and official circles of Washington as the

daughter of an American Secretary of State — perfect tact, an easy flow of



J. THACKRAY BUNCE.

Editor of the "Birmingham Post."

From a Photo by H. J. Whitlock.

bright conversation, and dignity united with grace.

London rather than Birmingham, however, is now Mrs. Chamberlain's home.

Mrs. Kenrick, Mr.

Chamberlain's sister, and Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain, are prominent ladies in Birmingham both socially and politically. They are both effective public speakers, and take an active part in promoting Liberal-Unionist Associations among the women of Birmingham; and, indeed, it may be added that the ladies of this Midland city are quite as keen politicians as their men-folk.

An illustration on this page shows the interior of the "Catacombs" under Christ Church, Birmingham.

It is not always realised that Birmingham stands on the edge—part of the city actually is in Warwickshire—of what are perhaps the most famous districts of England, which include Warwick Castle, Kenilworth Castle, and the whole land of Shakspeare, indeed Birmingham claims to be in the Shakspeare country.

Our frontispiece is a photograph of Warwick Castle, whose chatelaine, the Countess of Warwick (Lady Brook), is one of the fairest women in the Empire, and whose

many deeds of kindly charity make her fairer still.

In concluding this article, I would make brief mention of the religious influences



INTERIOR OF CATACOMBS, CHRIST CHURCH.

From a Photo by F. J. Burgoyne.

which have radiated from Birmingham. One could not forget that it contained at one and the same time two such great and influential personalities as Dr. Dale, one of the best loved and best known of Nonconformist divines, and that prince of the Roman Church, Cardinal Newman, who, I venture to think, will live as long as the English language is spoken, not because he was one of the most wonderful influences upon the religious thought of our time, but because he was the author of the most beautiful hymn, perhaps, ever composed—"Lead, Kindly Light."



Stealing a President.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.



"You are quite wrong, my dear fellow," said Don Pablo. "It isn't only a case of trade, and jealousy at British prosperity; we have a much heavier count against you than that. You won't keep your fingers out of our politics. All our South and Central American revolutions are schemed out in your blessed England—most of them are financed in London—and yet you pestilential meddling islanders wonder why we hate you. You don't care a bit what you do, as long as there's a chance of making money out of it. And then you're so indecently reckless. I knew a man once, the master of a little tramp steamer, who successfully tackled a Central American revolution absolutely single-handed.

He went into the business at five minutes' notice, without even knowing the language of the country; and he disorganised the movements of the two immense political parties to such an extent, that a third party

sprang up and swept the board whilst the others were gasping with astonishment."

"A clever man," said I. "An Englishman, you say?"

"Yes, an Englishman. And he wasn't clever either. He was just woodenly reckless and plucky."

"Some soldier of fortune, I suppose? Some broke army man——"

"He was nothing of the kind. We could have stood it better if he had been anybody respectable. He was a little dried up man of forty, with a red head and a red peaked beard. He was master of a small, old, ramshackle steamer; and he had come into our port with a cargo of hides, I think it was, or anyway, something equally impolite; and he was too insignificant for anyone to take any notice of. His name was Kettle, but of course the tale wouldn't interest you, because——"

"Wait a bit; I rather think that you're talking of a man I know. Captain Owen Kettle, was it; and did you ever catch him making poetry?"

"That's the man; poetry or war, he delighted in them both; and his verses were absolutely the most drivelling I ever had thrown at me. But how came you," Don Pablo asked suspiciously, "to know the blackguard?"

I laughed. "We foregathered in quite another corner of the seas, and he tried to shoot me. What we disagreed about was neither poetry nor politics; but I'll tell you about that afterwards. How did you get mixed up with him?"

"Well, you see," said Don Pablo drily, "it was my own native Republic that he saw fit to meddle with. I was not in residence at the time that Kettle made his *coup*; to be accurate, they'd forced me into exile; but various reasons made me take a great interest in the matter, and I had all the scenes painted to me by one person and another with much vividness."

He broke off and smiled reminiscently, watching the fire-flies shedding their crumbs of light as they danced in and out of the long aisle of the piazza. I got up and opened a new tin of cigarettes, and placed them on the arm of his long chair. He helped himself meditatively. I didn't disturb him, and he lay there quietly with his tobacco for forty minutes. Then he looked dreamily out into the warm Southern darkness, and spoke:

"I shouldn't like Captain Kettle harmed," he said tentatively.

"I'd sooner wreck myself than injure him intentionally."

"Well, then, if I tell you about him, all you've got to do is just to forget a few geographical names, and some dates, and then no trouble will be made. I'm saying this because I know you'll repeat the story. It's too good to keep in."

Don Pablo broke off, and laughed to himself softly. "Do you know, the beggar actually did with his own single pair of hands what a whole Congressist army had been trying to do for six continuous months? He captured the President! Yes, sir, seized the man in the middle of all his troops, ran him off to sea, and held him there a prisoner till, as I say, the revolution was settled in a way which no one expected."

"Now I don't want to give you the idea that from start to finish the whole thing was a merely commercial speculation on Kettle's part. Money had a good deal to do with it, that goes without saying, but it was the sheer insolence of the idea which gave him his first appetite for it. He had come in from the North, and a guardship met him outside and told him that it was dangerous to go into the harbour, because there was fighting going on every day, and shots were crossing the quays and the water in every direction."

"Kettle said that was no concern of his; he was consigned to that port, and he was going in; and if anybody knocked bits off his steamboat his consul would make them pay for it. The boarding officer from the guardship shrugged his shoulders, thought him a fool, and got back into his boat; and Kettle rang on his engines to "Full Ahead." Nothing happened. The crew didn't see the force of being peppered, and refused

to lift a hand. They were in a state of passive mutiny."

"That was no new experience for Red Kettle," said I.

"He was quite ready for the emergency," Don Pablo retorted. "His crew hated him so much that he'd had three outbreaks with them already since they'd signed on, and in consequence he'd acquired the habit of carrying loaded weapons ready to hand in his jacket pockets. He'd not even a brace of truculent mates to help him; they were disaffected like the rest; and it was himself against every soul on board."

"Any ordinary human being would have subsided before the force of such a combination. Kettle didn't. He faced it with a scorching tongue and his pistols, and he got his own way. He cowed the men on deck, and then sat himself on the coaming of the engine-room skylight, and potted at his engineers. They threw up their hands after three shots, and gave her the steam, and the little old tramp was brought into harbour through a brisk cross-fire from the revolutionists, and moored in very quick time. There were a good many narrow escapes, but no man on board of her was hurt. The members of her crew were not, however, properly thankful for their sound skins, but they were thoroughly anxious to murder Captain Owen Kettle."

"Well, our little devil of a skipper sticks a fresh cigar into his mouth, puts on clean white clothes, and goes ashore to see his consignee. The consignee," said Don Pablo, thoughtfully, "was not a man who showed up much in politics. He announced openly that he took no side with either party. But he knew which bit of his bread was buttered, and when he saw his way to a sound speculation, he didn't stop much to think, because it happened to be outside his usual groove. I guess he was just a man of business, of the thoroughly go-a-head type. He offered Kettle a return cargo. 'The freights are good,' said he, 'but it's dangerous stuff to get on board.'"

"'I'd load up with Old Nick's gridirons,' said Kettle, 'if you put 'em down on the wharf beside my derricks, and offered me a paying freight. I'm not sweet on clearing from here in ballast. What's your cargo?'"

"'It's comparatively small in bulk,' said the merchant, 'but it isn't stuff you can haul through the streets on a dray.'

"Captain Kettle sat down upon a corner of the table and helped himself to a cigar. 'Something to be smuggled, you mean?' said he. 'Well, that bounces up the freight at once. Is there any chance of the forts having a pot at us if we go out?'

"'Every chance if they knew what you've got on board. So I suppose,' said the merchant (who knew his man), 'that frightens you off the bargain?'

"'If I chose to go out,' said Kettle, 'not all the forts in your blessed republic should stop my trying. It's my crew I was thinking of. The beasts are fit to eat me already; they'll try and do it if they hear of this new game; and if I've to fight the lot of them, I've got to be paid for it. So now name your figure.'

"'Wait a bit. You've got to hear more about the business first, and at the same time I've to be very careful what I say.'

"'Oh, don't mind me.'

"'Well, you said just now you'd take Old Nick's *batterie de cuisine*. . . . You see it isn't that. . . . It's a man we want you to get on board.'

"'To kidnap? Well, offer me a big enough price, and point out your man.'

"The merchant considered a minute. Then he said, in a low voice: 'There's two thousand pounds if you get him clear of the harbour, and a hundred for every day we ask you to keep him at sea. But it's a risky job, and although the money's sure enough, maybe you'd be frightened when you knew—'

"'Yes,' said Kettle, 'I'm the right sort of man to be frightened, aren't I? We'll call that a bargain, Señor. I'd carry off Old Nick himself out of his kitchen on those terms. But I'd like to see them down on a slip of paper with your name written to them over a charter party stamp.'

"But to that the merchant would not consent, and it was agreed that he was to send an agent on board the *Parakeet* with the hard cash in his pocket ready to deliver; and after that detail had been comfortably settled, the merchant leant forward, and in a whisper

disclosed the name of the victim. It was no less a person than the President of the Republic!

"Kettle, brazen little ruffian though he was, was plainly staggered by the name; but the merchant knew his man. 'Ah,' he said, 'but, of course, the job's too big for you.'

"'I haven't said so,' replied Kettle. 'I must have ballast, coal, and the money put on board my steamboat; and when it's there I'll ship your President.'

"'Yes, but how do I know that you will do that?'

"'I'm telling you now. You must take my word for it, my son, or do the other thing. This is a matter to be arranged by word of mouth. You yourself objected to a written agreement and a charter party stamp. Only thing is, I'm going to have a man with that money on board before I move. Otherwise you might forget to pay me, and I'd be left. You can't realise on a Central American President outside his own bit of land. He isn't like Australian mutton, that will fetch its threepence a pound 'most everywhere.'

"'I could give you a quotation,' said the merchant tentatively, 'for that man at so much a pound, delivered—er—cold, which would astonish you.'

"Kettle threw his cigar violently into the street below. 'Have you?' he cried, 'you'd better take care what you say. Do you take me for a brute who'd cut a man's throat in cold blood? Have you? Do you know I'm an Englishman? You'd better treat me with proper respect.'

"'Then,' said the merchant, a good deal taken aback, 'am I to understand that the bargain's off, and to consider that nothing's been said?'

"'You can consider what you choose,' said Kettle unpleasantly. 'But I can tell you this: if I don't have my chance given me of carrying out my share of it, I'll go to the Yankee consulate and blow the whole yarn. And you bet they'll believe it and make the most of it. The consul will see his way to figuring as the hero of the American papers for the next two weeks, and he'd hatch up trouble with half creation for less than that.'

"The merchant shuddered. 'Well,' he said, 'it appears you intend to see this matter



through whether I like it or not. The only thing is, Captain, if you do happen to come to grief, I should take it as a great favour if you'd keep my name out of the business. You see I'm a married man with a family, and it would cause people I care about a good deal of pain if I was taken out into the public streets and shot.'

"'Oh, certainly,' said Captain Kettle, 'I'm always quite ready to oblige. And if you don't mind, I'll just take another of these cigars of yours.'"

II.

DON PABLO broke off and smiled reminiscently, and a servant with noiseless feet came out on to the piazza to take away the coffee cups and liqueur glasses.

"Yes?" I said when we were alone once more with the fire-flies and the darkness. "That little countryman of yours was really a marvellous person. The President was away up country arranging for a battle and a siege during the next week, and so, as nothing could be done, Kettle sat in his chart house and wrote poetry, whilst the *peons* tipped shingle ballast into the *Parakeet's* holds. I saw the poetry, and it fairly made me gasp. You know what the man is?"

"I can sincerely say that he is the most thoroughly-paced little ruffian that ever hazed a crew."

Don Pablo nodded.

"He is a man who for years has carried his life in his hand, and has never gone to sleep on board ship without a probability of waking with a cut throat. But you should have seen that poetry! Anyone would have expected it to be full of fights, and gunpowder, and melodrama generally. But not a bit of it. One piece was a serenade to a lady with eyebrows; in another he eulogised the 'glowing scarlet of the grain,' presumably from a railway view of poppies in a corn field; and a third was a hymn as full of religion and doggerel as its writer was crammed with truculence.

"It seems that the man was an ardent chapel-goer when he was at home, and, as he had never been in the country, his one ambition in life was to turn farmer and never look upon the sea again. However, when the

time came for action, he was quite ready to put away his drivelling manuscript and get to work, and within twelve hours of the President's return, Kettle had got him on board, and was calmly steaming past the harbour forts out to sea.

"His method succeeded from its sheer impudence. He called at the palace just as the clocks struck midnight, and demanded to see the President. He was asked his business. 'I have got something to show his worship,' said he, and refused to explain further. So he got his audience, and then proceeded to clear everybody else out of the room. 'I must see your worship alone,' said he, and when the President replied in his own tongue, he added, 'and you must speak English; I have no Spanish.'

"The President, who was very tired, naturally wanted to know his errand, but Kettle flatly refused to tell it. 'I shall speak only to your worship alone,' said he; 'and if you insist on a third person being present, you'll miss something that'll change your life. I guess my news will make about the most thrilling communication you ever listened to.'

"For a minute the President hesitated; a good many attempts had been made to assassinate him of late; but then he remembered that Kettle was an alien, and came of a race which is not addicted to that sort of thing; and after that he gave way. He sent his secretaries and aide-de-camp out of the room, and asked Kettle to state his business as briefly as possible.

"'Quite so,' said the little man. 'I don't want to keep your worship here another minute. I'm under contract to take you on my steamboat for a cruise, and as the freight offered is good, I don't want to miss the job. You will kindly keep your arms folded as they are now. It would annoy me very much if I had to shoot you.'

"The President was no fool. He saw that he had to deal with a man who was quite cool and entirely reckless, and he was soldier enough to know at a glance that Kettle's revolver was not in the grip of amateur fingers. So he said: 'This is very unprecedented, señor,' and set himself on to talk so as to gain time. He was wakeful enough then, poor man.

"But Captain Owen Kettle cut him short with very meagre ceremony. 'I must ask your worship to come with me at once,' said he. 'My engineers have got steam up, and I cannot afford to waste coal. You have a pistol on you.'

"'In my hip pocket.'

"Kettle went round, dived a hand respectfully beneath the frock coat-tail, and removed it. 'Your worship will kindly put on your hat, and take my left arm. I shall have my right hand—and this Smith and Wesson—inside my coat breast, so; and if you make it needful, I'll shoot you stone dead through the cloth. Your worship quite understands?'

"'Your explanations are wonderfully clear, captain. May I ask what your steamer is?'

"'The *Parakeet*.'

"'Then you are the gentleman who shot a mutinous quartermaster from the upper bridge a week ago outside this port, and fired on your engineers from the skylight till they let steam into the engines?'

"Kettle nodded. 'But I wasn't trying to hit my chief,' he explained, 'or he wouldn't be alive now. I was only scaring him on to his duty. No, sir; I'm not a man that ever misses a shot when I lift a gun: shoot and write poetry, these are the things I can do: and I'll ask you to come with me right now without any further waiting.'

"'You want me to go out of the palace on your arm, walk unescorted through the streets of this city, and then put off to sea in your steamer? My dear sir, you seem to forget that I am President of this country, and that all my movements are carefully mapped out for me.'

"'Quite so,' said Kettle. 'I'm mapper.'

"'I admit you hold one key to the situation, señor, but perhaps you will suggest how I am to explain to my officers and friends this sudden sweeping change of plan?'

"'No,' said the little man, 'that's a thing I can offer no suggestion on. As a liar, I'm the biggest failure you could find. And, besides, I don't know a word of the language. But your worship is a politician, and so I can leave explanations confidently to you. The only thing is,' he added significantly, 'I should advise square dealing, because if you try to give the show away whilst we're getting back to my steamboat, it's a certain fact that you'll go to your own funeral, whatever happens to me.'

"'And if I go with you submissively to the *Parakeet*, what afterwards?'

"'Your worship shall be fed like a prince,



"You will kindly keep your arms folded as they are now."

whilst you're on board of me. You shall have the best of everything, and no stint. You shall have pickles with every meal. And when I'm done with you—if there's been no attempt at interfering with me—I'll set you ashore with a railway fare in your pocket, and not an inch of your skin harmed. But, by James, if you put one of your warships on my track, I'll shoot you like a rat. And that,' he added with a sigh, 'is a thing I've no wish to do. I've took a sort of liking to your worship. And now I must ask you to come without further talk. My steamboat's waiting all ready, and I can't afford to have her waste more coal.'



It was always Kettle who drew from the accordion its unwilling notes.

"Well!" said the President ruefully, "I see no way of avoiding your invitation. Permit me to take your arm, Captain Kettle. It is a pity you do not understand Spanish. As it is, you will miss one of the prettiest pieces of fiction a man ever composed to deliberately bring about his own ruin."

"The *Parakeet* steamed eighty miles out to sea, and there lay-to with banked fires.

"The passenger and Captain Kettle inhabited the chart house, and through the doorways there came at intervals strains of music squeezed forth from an accordion, and accompanied by the human voice. The voice varied; sometimes the President sang, and sometimes Captain Kettle, but it was always Kettle who drew from the accordion its unwilling notes. It turned out that the stolen President was a maker of verse himself, and as he affected a profound admiration for his captor's own poems, that little ruffian's heart warmed towards him.

"Your worship," he would say, "if I'd

known you were a man like this, darn me if I'd ever have carried you off."

"But when the President suggested restitution as the best recompense, Kettle would shake his head. 'No, señor,' he would say; 'a bargain's a bargain. I gave my word to a man ashore, and as long as he keeps his faith with me, your worship's got to stay here.' At which the President would sigh, and ask Kettle to favour him with more melody.

"And so matters went on for a week, and the *Parakeet* swung gently over the swells, and diffused the scent of paint over the plains of ocean. But at the end of a week, the face of the matter changed. Kettle had his usual morning's interview with the agent, and that worthy asked for a pen and the ink-pot.

"For what?" asked Kettle suspiciously.

"The agent confessed his inability to make further cash payments, but said airily that his cheque was in every way as good.

"Kettle stood up and stepped to the chart-house door. 'Ah!' said he, 'then I'll be

getting under weigh to dump my passenger on dry land again. No payee, no keepee.'

"'But, señor Capitan,' the other retorted, 'you will have my signed promise to pay, and that is as good as gold any day.'

"'I hear you say it,' said Captain Kettle.

"'Señor, have you no gratitude? I have paid you in cash £2700 English already.'

"'Quite right. You handed me over £2000 for doing with one pair of hands a bit of a job which your whole blooming army failed at, and you paid me £100 a day for turning my steamboat into a common hotel. Well, sir, I'm going out of this public-house business right now without further talk, and I tell you I'm sorry I ever started in at it. If I'd known a week ago what I know now, I'd never have meddled at all. There's not a sweeter-natured man in all Central America than this President of yours. It seems I'm the brute that's pulled him off his perch; well, I'm going to put him up there once more; and if you don't hear him crowing again before three more days are over, it won't be my fault.'

"'But, Capitan,' pleaded the agent, 'consider—'

"'I've no more to say to you,' said Captain Kettle, and went out into the bridge deck. He passed word to the Chief Engineer; and the chief did what was needful; and an hour later the *Parakeet* was standing in again towards the coast.

"Now, Captain Owen Kettle," Don Pablo went on, "though possessed of the best intentions, had yet to learn, that, though it may be difficult to upset, it is ten thousand times as hard to put straight again. He had completely disorganised all the political arrangements of a very considerable republic by a stroke of impudent recklessness; but such things do not bear repeating a second time.

"And, besides, whilst he and the *Parakeet* had been away, history had galloped. When he left shore, the Congressist party were in a tight place: the President's troops had pinned them. But when by this piece of kidnapping he decapitated the winning side, they were too paralysed by the shock to follow up their advantage; and as the Congressists had not the nerve to turn the opportunity to account, a third person stepped in and got the country

nicely within his grip before the other contending factions quite knew what had happened.

"The novelty of the new-comer's promises came as a pleasing stimulant to the jaded nerves of the citizens, and as most of them flocked to his standard at once, the rest followed for fear of being got at by a *pronunciamiento*. I guess," said Don Pablo complacently, "it was the most unlooked for and the most satisfactory ending the Republic has ever seen to any of its revolutions. Don't you think yourself it was neat?"

I nodded.

"And what became of Kettle's President?" I asked.

"Oh, he wasn't allowed to land. The State's warship made for the *Parakeet* directly she appeared off the port, and forbade her entrance. Kettle took the wheel himself, rang on his engines to 'Full ahead,' and tried to ram her; but that time his crew had got such a solid scare rubbed into them that they mutinied in real earnest.

"Kettle used his revolver viciously, and there were casualties; but the crew got their own way at last, and, indeed, the President backed them up. He was quite sensible enough to see that he could do no earthly good by getting ashore then. So the *Parakeet* was escorted under the guns of the warship five hundred miles from the port; after which they dipped flags, and parted.

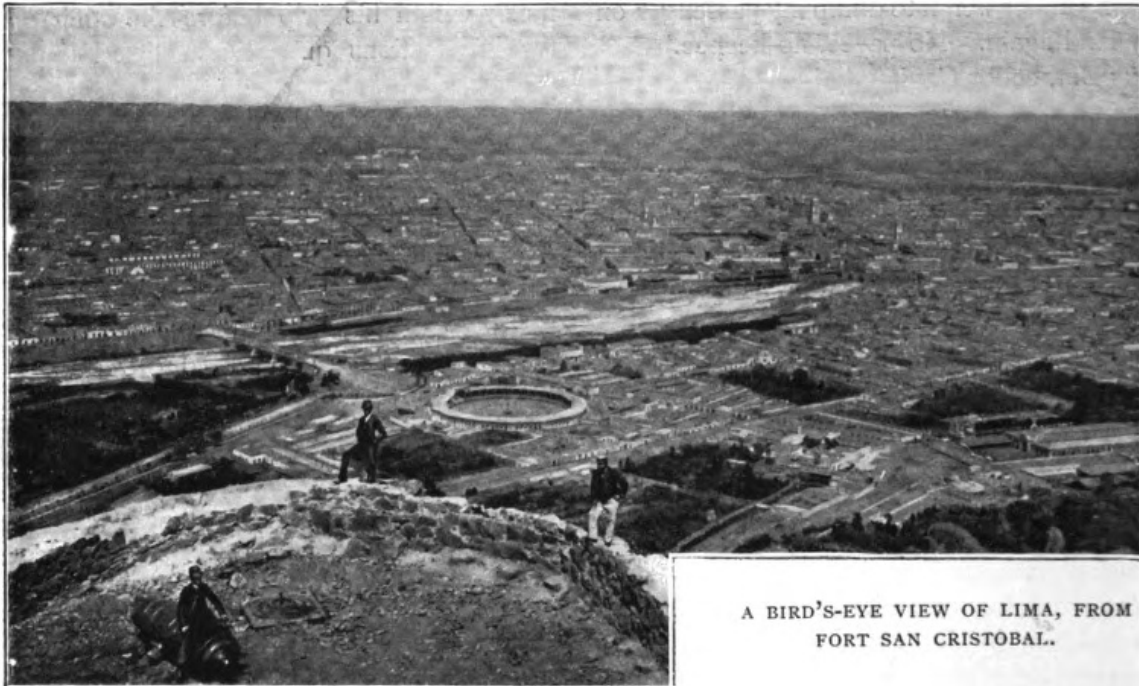
"Captain Kettle I have lost sight of since, and am not remarkably anxious to meet again. He is a trifle too uncertain in his manners to be altogether wholesome as an acquaintance. The President I did hear of. He made his way to Paris and set up as a teacher of languages. I believe he is doing rather well at it."

"And who," I asked, "was the man who made use of the psychological moment and grabbed the republic whilst the other two parties were gasping?"

Don Pablo rose to his feet and laughed. "Come inside," he said, "and have a whisky and soda, and he will drink your health."

"What, you?" I said.

"Why not? I was very anxious to taste the sweets of Presidency then. Maybe I have learned wisdom since."



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LIMA, FROM
FORT SAN CRISTOBAL.

A RAILWAY BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

PERU being essentially the country of paradoxes and extremes—as, for instance, the richest and the poorest, the hottest and the coldest, the most fertile and the most barren of the lands of earth—it is perhaps in accordance with the general unfitness of things Peruvian that, having no roads outside the streets of its towns, it should also be the proud possessor of the two most marvellous railways under the sun.

We in Europe have heard a good deal of late of Alpine railways, up which vehicles like tramcars on their hind legs are, or shall be, pulled or pushed by cables or ratchet-wheel contrivances up a trifle of five or six thousand feet carrying a couple of dozen persons; but this is only a sort of locomotive hop, skip, and jump to what the trains do on the two great railways of Peru. These, too, are trains with heavy locomotives, cars on the Pullman pattern, and baggage-waggons to match. The climbing that they do is quite worth talking about, for on the Central Railway, the one to which this article will be devoted, the traveller starts from the Callao Station, eight feet above the level of Callao Bay, and when he has travelled 106 miles he is on the point

of entering a long tunnel, the mouth of which is 15,665 feet above the Pacific. On the other, the Southern Railway of Peru, he will start from the beach at Mollendo, and cross a wild, arid plain 14,666 feet above sea level, and he may end his journey at the terminus at Puno, on the shore of Lake Titicaca, where the train will run him down on to a jetty alongside a steamer, in which he may make a voyage out of sight of land on a sheet of water whose surface is as high above that of the Pacific as the peak of Monte Rosa is above the waters of the Mediterranean.

Originally, the purpose of the Central Railway was as magnificent as its conception, for it was nothing less than to stretch the iron thread from the shores of the Pacific across the colossal barrier of the Andes, and then down the Eastern slopes to a port on the Amazon, whence a line of steamers would connect the port of Callao with those of the Old World—and, splendid as the conception was, it must be admitted that the most difficult portion of its execution has been accomplished; for the line, as I have said, rises from the wharves at Callao, till it pierces a 3000ft. mountain, at an altitude only a few

feet short of that of the summit of Mont Blanc, and then descends again at the present terminus at Oroya, 12,178ft. above sea-level.

My upward journey on the Central line only extended as far as Casapalca, ninety-five miles from Callao, and just a little short of 14,000ft. nearer the stars. Peru was just emerging from the throes of her last revolution; the upper portion of the line had been closed for six months, and beyond Casapalca there were still earth-slides on the metals and broken bridges that had not been repaired. Through the kindness of the Chief Engineer of the line, I was given a seat on the engine of the first freight train that went up, and I was not disappointed in my expectations that I had before me quite as marvelous an experience as I had some eighteen months ago, when I rode across the Rockies on the engine of a Canadian Pacific train.

Of course, the scenery of the foot-hills of the Cordilleras in the Southern Tropics is as different as can well be imagined from that of the Selkirks and the Rockies in the latitude of Vancouver. In the Rockies everything is on a smaller scale, and yet the scenery is far more imposing because you can see it all.

It is only when, after considerable pondering, some faint conception of the colossal scale on which the Andes are built, begins to

dawn upon you—when you see grass green and flowers blooming at an elevation from which you could look down on the highest summit of the Rockies, and when from there you see great, red-brown, rugged rock-walls rising thousands of feet above you, and above them again, the dazzling fields and pinnacles of eternal snow and ice soaring up into the sky and over-topping the highest clouds—



A GORGE OF THE RIMAC, SHOWING ANCIENT TERRACE CULTIVATION.

that the overwhelming impression of your own infinite littleness and the immeasurable grandeur of these Titans of the Tropics bursts upon you with a force that leaves you, not at first appreciative, but only half stunned and dumbly wondering whether or not you have been translated into some other world whose glories your poor human faculties are unable to do more than guess and marvel at.

It was just about sunrise that we pulled out of the Desemparados Station at Lima, and ran at a very respectable speed up through the wide, gently sloping plain between two great spurs of the foot hills which a few miles farther on gradually approach each other to form the Valley of the Rimac. On the one hand was the broad rugged stony bed over which the Rimac pursues a course which is somewhat noisy at its quietest. In the rainy season, when the snows are melting and the deluges falling on the mountains beyond the rainless zone of the coast, it thunders and foams in a succession of cataracts, like the daughter of the mountains that it is.

On the other were wide expanses of emerald-green cane-fields, and beyond these the rounded, red-brown mountains rising group beyond group and range beyond range away into the dim distance to right and left and in front of us, to be crowned at last by the still invisible diadems of the Nevados of the Cordillera.

To-day the vegetation of the Rimac Valley is entirely confined to the level, but a few miles out of Lima the train brings you within sight of evidences that once upon a time it must have worn a very different aspect. As the mountains come closer together you see that they are terraced almost to their summits, and moreover, as you open up the lateral valleys on either hand, you find that nearly every one of them contains the grey ruins of a city, or town, or village, standing silent and forlorn in the midst of a brown, waterless plain upon which no drop of rain falls or ever has fallen within the memory of man. Yet once upon a time, in the days when these towns and cities were filled by a lost people, and were the homes of a vanished civilisation, the plains on which they stand were green and well watered, and verdure and flowers rose in terrace after terrace up the now leafless and sunbaked sides of the mountains, watered by some system of irrigation whose secret is as utterly lost as are those who devised it.

A run of thirty-three miles up the valley of the Rimac, on an ever-increasing grade, brought us to Cosica, 2800 feet above the station we had started from, and here the actual climbing began. Fourteen miles

further on, at San Bartolomé, we had climbed 2000 feet higher, and then we came to the first tunnel. The tunnels on the Central Railway form a distinctive feature, second only to the enormous elevation over which it passes. There are sixty-five of them in a distance of 136 miles, and fifty-seven of these are between San Bartolomé and Casapalca, a run of under fifty miles. Of course, they are not long tunnels, but they are quite long enough when you go through them on an oil engine. In fact, each of them struck me as a miniature, but thoroughly characteristic entrance to the Infernal Regions.

Out of the clear, crisp, sunlit mountain air we plunged suddenly into darkness, made visible by the fierce yellow glare of the furnace. A thunderous roar filled our ears, and a perfectly awful atmosphere, compounded of oil fumes, dense brown oil smoke, and some half-dozen strange and quite indescribable smells, penetrated to the inmost recesses of our lungs. For my own part, I never before knew what a nuisance it is to be obliged to breathe, however little you want to do so, for, to draw a single breath even through several thicknesses of silk handkerchief, felt like breathing a blast from Tophet.

In the shorter tunnels it was possible to hold our breath from end to end, and come out gasping and blear-eyed, and half blinded by the smoke and grit; but in the longer ones we simply had to breathe, and, however sparingly and gingerly we did it, the effect was enough to make us pray fiercely for the other end.

As an additional excitement, the passage of the train often shook chunks of rock out of the top of the tunnel, and, while we were holding our breath to bursting point, with heads bent down and buried in handkerchiefs, one of these would take us between the shoulder-blades, and knock out the wind that we were trying so hard to keep in. I found fifty-seven of these experiences in one afternoon about as much as I thought I should want for the rest of my life.

Another experience, which at first was a little disquieting to unaccustomed nerves, was the enormous height of some of the winding gradients on the mountain sides. For mile after mile the train runs along mere ledges



A "V."

of rock with nothing but a foot or so of level ground between the wheels, and a precipice which sometimes drops from 1500ft. to 2000ft. almost sheer into the valley, while on the other side another rock-wall towers to an equal or greater height, and to sit on the tender of an engine, swinging round curves, and jumping into and out of tunnels on a little ledge that seems to hang between heaven and earth, is just at first more calculated to give one the creeps than to fill the soul with unadulterated delight. But this soon wears off, and then, saving only the intermittent suffocation, one's sensations are all of wonder and exhilaration.

It will be readily understood that a train does not climb over nearly 16,000ft. of mountains in less than 140 miles without a considerable amount of winding about and not a few devices for overcoming the difficulties of the route and the force of gravity. The most useful of these is a system of what are called "V's," and a glance at the illustration will show what these are better than a page of description. The engine has pulled the train up the grade to the right, out of the valley below. Round the corner it has been detached and run back on to the turn-

table. It is just being swung round. When that is done it will come back on the down grade, back the train on to the V-piece round the corner, and then pull it along the up grade to the left. This contrivance is used in places where there is no room for a curve of the necessary radius. In this place, for instance, which, as will be seen, is not very far below the snow-line of the Andes, say some 15,000ft. above sea-level, the mountain side has been chopped away to make room for the "V." A curve would be impossible, for the mountains here form a complete *cul de sac*, and without the device of the "V," the railway must have stopped there.

In other parts of the line, the ascent is made by long, winding curves.

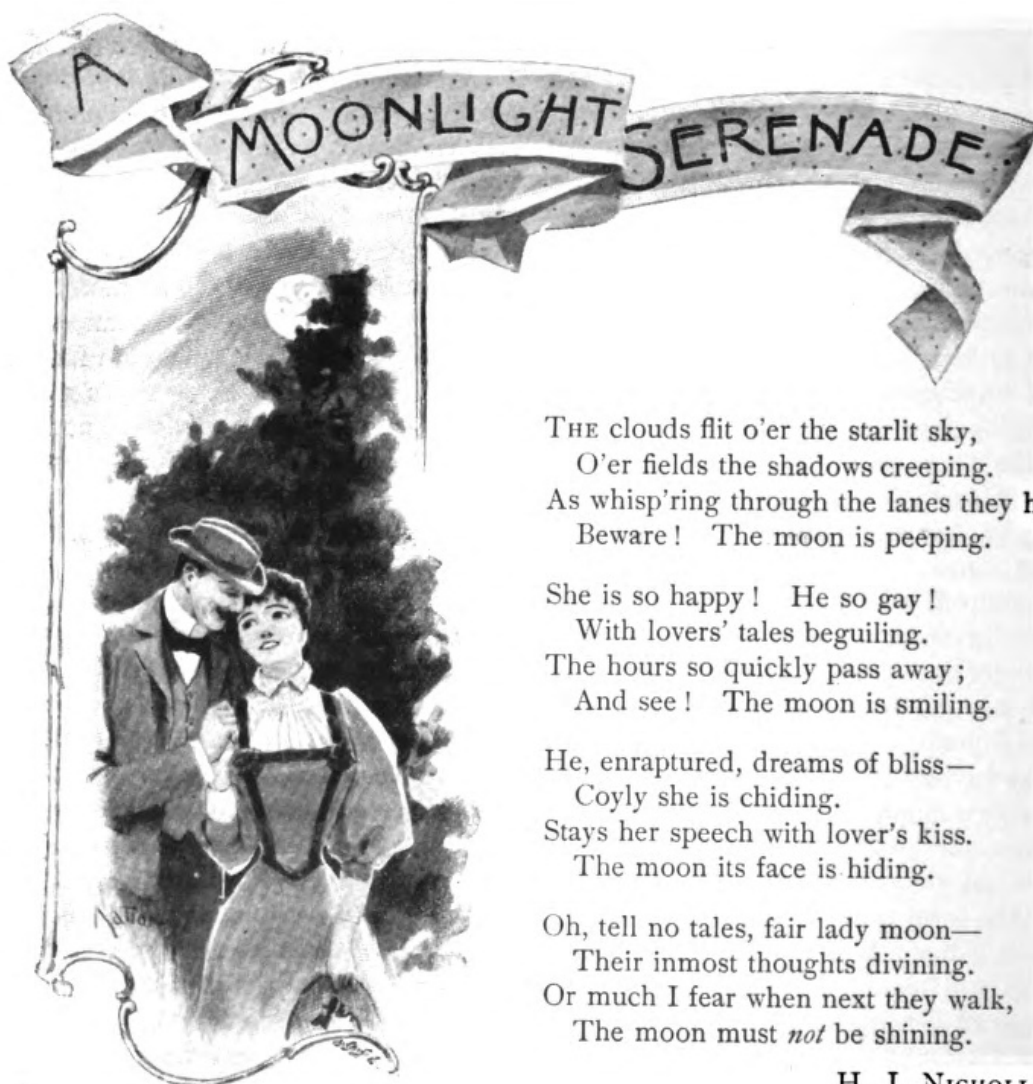
It may be worth while to mention here that the thin, zig-zag lines on the mountain sides are mule tracks, that is to say, the nearest approach to a road that the mountain districts of Peru can boast.

The railway passes through three distinct zones before it reaches its highest point at the mouth of the Galeia tunnel. First there is the arid rainless region of the coast, with its valleys of brown-grey sand and its gaunt, sun-scorched mountains of red earth and black

rock. Then at about 12,000 feet comes the zone of seasonal cloud and rain, with fertile tree-clad valleys and enormous mountain masses green with grass to their summits. Here there is, of course, an abundance of water, and unmistakable evidences of very extensive cultivation, which utilised every foot of ground in the valleys, and turned the mountains into a sort of hanging gardens with terraces on which the golden maize once waved and rustled, but which are now broken down and barren, and, like almost everything else in Peru, neglected and going to ruin.

Beyond this zone is another where, albeit

under the Tropics, the limit of vegetation is passed. This is a region of wild, glaring wastes of sand and rubble, of huge ragged rock masses, foaming cataracts, and deep, dark mountain tarns, and around and above all is the white majesty and awful grandeur of the mighty Nevados themselves—range after range of shining snowfields and glaciers and glittering peaks, dazzling in their unearthly purity and fearful beauty, untrodden and unapproachable, the virgin abodes of a silence that never has been, and never will be, broken by the sound of a human voice, and of a winter that will never end as long as the eternal Andes stand.



THE clouds flit o'er the starlit sky,
O'er fields the shadows creeping.
As whisp'ring through the lanes they hie.
Beware! The moon is peeping.

She is so happy! He so gay!
With lovers' tales beguiling.
The hours so quickly pass away;
And see! The moon is smiling.

He, enraptured, dreams of bliss—
Coily she is chiding.
Stays her speech with lover's kiss.
The moon its face is hiding.

Oh, tell no tales, fair lady moon—
Their inmost thoughts divining.
Or much I fear when next they walk,
The moon must *not* be shining.

H. J. NICHOLLS.



At the Royal Military Tournament

BY LOUIS TRACY.

"For the benefit of such military charities as the Commander-in-Chief may select," and for the delectation of many thousands of enthusiastic Londoners, the smartest soldiers in the British army are providing at the date on which this magazine is published a superb exhibition of martial exercises in the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Indeed, it is permissible to say that every branch of Her Majesty's forces is represented. Not only are the regular and auxiliary arms fully in evidence—horse, foot, and artillery—but the soldierly display which they have staged is for the first time aided and amplified by the presence of a naval brigade and of Indian and Colonial troops.

This is the seventeenth year of the Royal Military Tournament. It has been annually received by the public with ever-increasing favour, and has now attained such dimensions as a popular attraction that for thirteen days—from May 28th to June 11th, inclusive—the magnificent hall near the sign of the "Angel" will be crowded twice daily to its utmost capacity. The scope of the project has widened to an extent commensurate with its success as a national pageant. Originally, it consisted merely of well-organised military sports, somewhat on the lines of a regimental gymkhana in India. To-

day, the spectators at Islington may surely count upon seeing the most athletic soldiers in the service using the latest devices for strengthening their muscles and developing their intelligence, exhibiting at the same time the best and most recently adopted scientific appliances for the purposes of warfare.

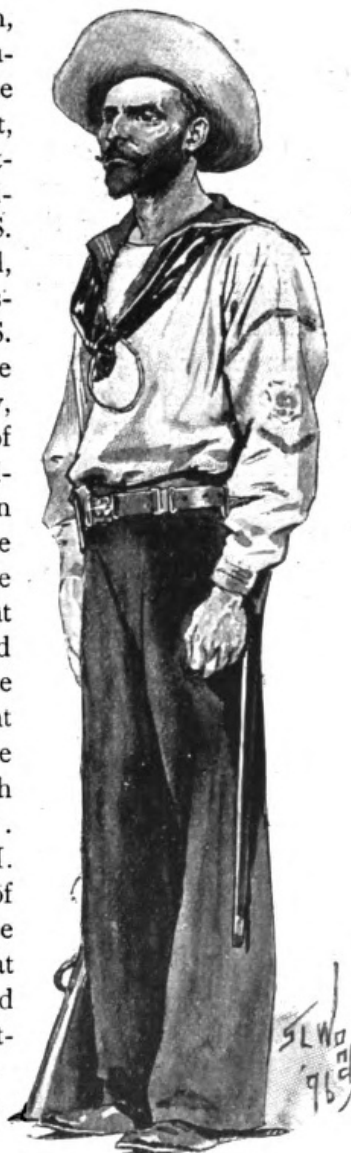
Since his accession to power, the present Commander-in-Chief has materially reformed the administration of the Tournament. Quick to recognise the direction and intent of popular movements, Lord Wolseley was clearly of opinion that an antiquated system of control, doubtless suitable enough for its day, no longer met the exigencies of an eminently progressive and attractive "show." In some quarters the drastic reforms insisted upon under the fresh *régime* were resented and severely criticised. It was the evergreen quarrel between the old and the new, that springs up intermittently between the advocates of long and short service, that shoots forth afresh whenever a weapon is modified or the cut of a tunic altered, and that dies away so rapidly when the question is irrevocably settled. It is not in my province, however, to resurrect worn controversies.

Whether stone or lump of lead,
Anyhow, the man is dead.

Suffice it to say that the present Tournament

is the best of its kind that has ever taken place. The average Britisher will, indeed, be hard to discover, who quits the Agricultural Hall and finds aught to quarrel with in the display itself, or the manner in which it is conducted.

A glance at the *personnel* of the executive committee will demonstrate the extent to which the military authorities are committed to full responsibility for the completeness and accuracy of the manœuvres and military exercises represented in the long and varied programme. Lord Wolseley himself is the President, whilst Major-General Lord Methuen, who commands the Home District, within the bounds of whose jurisdiction the Tournament takes place, fills the important office of Chairman of the Committee. Colonel W. H. Mackinnon, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Home District, supplies departmental recognition. Major R. S. S. Baden-Powell, of the 13th Hussars, Major J. S. S. Barker, of the Royal Artillery, Captain Irvine, of the Royal Engineers, and Captain Bramhall, of the Army Service Corps, represent individually and collectively, those highly important sections of the service to which they belong. Colonel G. M. Fox, Inspector of Gymnasia, the Commandant at the Hall, and Lieutenant-Colonel E. Blakely, R.A., Superintendent of the Woolwich Rid-



When "Jack" enters the inclosure.

ing Establishment, complete the roll of the executive; whilst Lt.-Col. E. W. D. Ward, D.A.A.G., discharges the onerous duties of treasurer.

But the man upon whose shoulders falls the weight of organisation and efficient control, is Major Eyre M. S. Crabbe, of the Grenadier Guards, the honorary secretary. For many months he has been busily engaged in his offices at 2, Great Scotland Yard, conducting the manifold operations which yield their fruitful product in the "two performances daily" now advertised. The whole scope of this article might well be occupied, in interesting detail, with a description of the preliminary arrangements. It must not be forgotten that the primary aim of the Royal Military Tournament is to encourage and develop skill at arms in all ranks of the army. In the earlier months of this year, local competitions have taken place in each regiment on the home roster. The winners again met in tournaments held in every military district, and by this double test the best men have been selected to compete at Islington.

The rules and regulations of the tournament now govern all similar exhibitions by the Colonial and Indian troops, and it may be predicted that the appearance this year of representatives of the Navy will probably result in permanently bringing the highly esteemed but seldom seen sailor into the arena on terms of equality with his better known *confrère*. When "Jack" enters the inclosure side by side with "Tommy," we shall have to lengthen the name of the performance and double the size of the Agricultural Hall. However, even now the stage is waiting. A stirring bugle-call is the equivalent to the lifting of the curtain. Let us see, from the point of view afforded by actual experience of many items in the programme, something of the true inwardness of mimic war.

For dash in execution and brilliancy in effect, there is nothing to compare with the time-honoured practice of tent-pegging. It demands the full speed of the horse, the highest efficiency of the rider, the utmost concentration of energy and purpose. The experienced charger snorts and paws the turf or tan

when he is wheeled for the course, as he well knows that in a few seconds he must gallop for all he is worth, keeping his line the while with the directness of a definition by Euclid.

Tent-pegging, and its magnificent cousin pig-sticking, are deservedly popular in the army. There is one form of the milder sport which the conditions of space will not permit in the Agricultural Hall. Sections of four ride abreast here, and very striking is the scene when each rider thunders ahead, proudly waving the lance with its transfixed peg. But imagination alone can picture the superb effect when two sections dash forward from opposite ends of the runs, meet in the centre with well-considered accuracy, and ride through each other with eight pegs carried off. This is a most frequent form of the exercise in India, and it is a highly commendable fact that the organisers of the tournament have succeeded

style must be considered, as the judges deduct points for inelegance or insufficiency of pace. Marks are allotted by scale: two for a strike, four for moving the peg, and six for "taking," which means carrying it off to the length of the ride.

The rules under which tent-pegging is conducted in the Bengal army are very explicit on questions of manner and method. Here is an extract: "The seat from the hips



For dash in execution and brilliancy in effect, there is nothing to compare with . . . tent-pegging.

in obtaining the services of the picturesque contingent of native troops, who figure so prominently in this and other portions of the current programme.

And the thing is not so easy as it seems, even to the experienced horseman. First and foremost, the horse must have a level gallop, without the slightest swerve or deviation in direction or length of stride. The point of the lance must be kept high in air until within fifteen yards of the peg, which, by the way, is twelve inches long, three inches wide, and half imbedded in stiff clayey soil. Absolute confidence, a firm seat, and correct hand and eye are all essentials in the game, and

downwards should be immovable, the body from the hips upwards bent well down towards the right rather than forward, its sway being supported by the left leg, the handling of the lance easy and free from stiffness, the right arm slightly bent, the hand just in front of the instep, the back of the hand inclined downwards, and the thumb along the lance, which should be kept close to the ground. Any jobbing at the peg, striking it with the lance, sloping from above downwards, or lengthening of the lance beyond the balance, must be avoided."

These rules do not add one other vastly important point, namely, that the wrist must be bent forwards and inwards the moment that the head of the lance enters the object aimed at. By this motion the shaft turns over out-

side the elbow, otherwise it is apt to strike the rider on the back of the head, and the blow will probably unseat him. There are many obvious ways of leaving the saddle when a two-year-old boar replaces the peg, but unfortunately Colonel Fox cannot turn a "sounder" out of the jungle at the back of the Islington arena; else seats behind steep barriers would fetch a guinea a time.

"Heads and posts" is a suggestive title. It is redolent of carnage, and reeks of villainous saltpetre. Indeed any *beau sabreur* who decapitated three opponents, ran three others through the body, and jumped a five-barred gate, all in eight seconds, during an actual fight, might certainly claim that for one brief moment he had not been denied the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

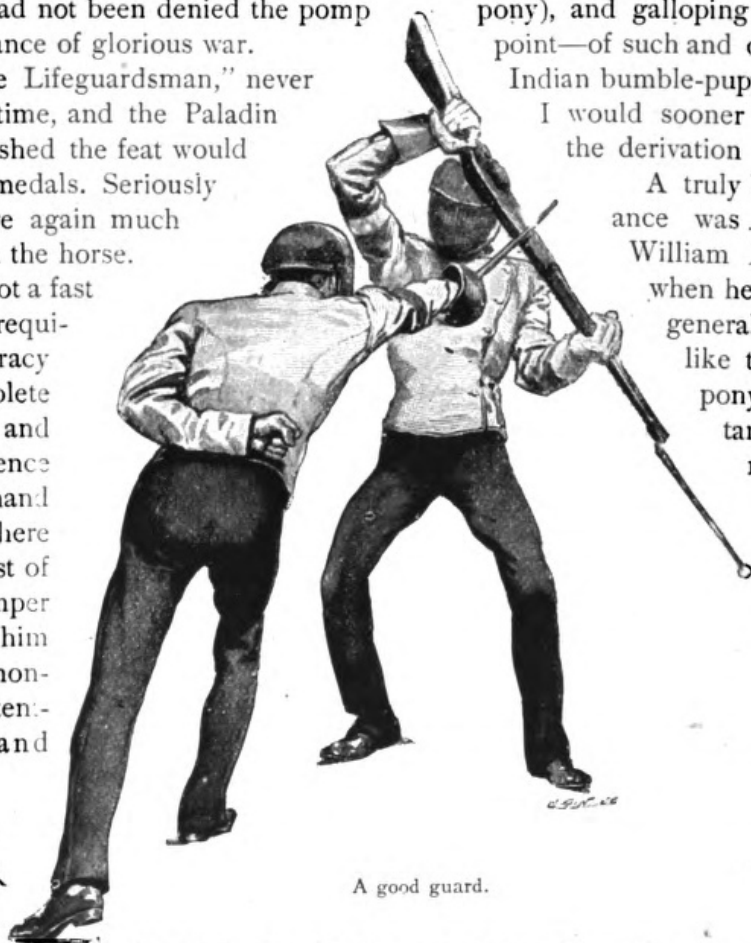
"Shaw, the Lifeguardsman," never had such a time, and the Paladin who accomplished the feat would deserve many medals. Seriously speaking, here again much depends upon the horse. The pace is not a fast one, but the requisites are accuracy of stride, complete confidence, and perfect obedience to the rider's hand and knee. There is no better test of a charger's temper than to try him first at "lemon-cutting" or "ten-pegging," and

at. Two lemons are slung on gallows some fifteen yards apart, and they must be sliced alternately with cuts numbers "one" and "two," the blows being properly laid for according to Crocker, and the sword being "carried" in the approved style before and after each cut.

There are many variants of these exercises which may be indulged in before another section, that of single or collective combat, is reached. For instance, placing polo balls in a bucket, picking up a handkerchief from the ground, throwing off saddle and girths, riding rapidly to a fixed locality, dismounting, putting on a night-shirt over the ordinary garments, remounting (try this with a skittish pony), and galloping back to the starting point—of such and others is the Anglo-

Indian bumble-puppy gymkhana, which I would sooner describe than give the derivation of its name.

A truly breakneck performance was devised by Lord William Beresford one day, when he was tired of things generally at Simla. It is like this. You ride one pony, and drive another tandem-wise with long reins, taking the pair over hurdles. It is astonishing the complications that can result from two country-breds and a man when properly used. Ordinary mathematical rules for the permutation of numbers have no bearing on the case. The chances



A good guard.

afterwards at "heads and posts." In the two former high speed and evenness of line are necessary; in the latter, judgment of pace and unhesitating compliance with his master's will. If an animal exhibits these characteristics after the dash and clatter of the fast run, he may be regarded, other things being equal, as a safe mount.

"Lemon-cutting" is simple enough to look

against rider and gee-gees finishing the run in the same order as they commenced are simply incalculable.

At Islington, also, fine exhibitions of riding and jumping, including some first-rate vaulting from and into the saddle whilst the horse is in motion, are given; but public interest centres more strongly in the purely military portions of the display, differentiating it from



Sword, mounted v. Bayonet, dismounted.

the tricks of the circus. In this category naturally fall such items as "Sword v. Sword," "Sword v. Lance," both mounted; "Lance, mounted v. Bayonet, dismounted," and the cavalry weapon *par excellence*, the sword, against the deadliest arm of the infantry-man, the bayonet. The handiness and steadiness of the horse are everlastingly the dominant factors in these affrays, but with the best and most docile of animals the mounted soldier is at the mercy of the man on foot if the latter be active, quick to decide, and coolly proof against the terrifying appearance of his antagonist.

The reasons are obvious. The bayonet is effective enough in itself were it constructed for use in the naked hand. Its keen point and murderous stab, which is so hard to heal when not fatal, make it a very unpleasant object at close quarters, but when these qualities are wedded to the length and driving force of a rifle wielded by an expert, it must be regarded as excellent for defence and simply irresistible in attack.

There is a picture in the Louvre portraying an incident in the Peninsular War, which shows with awesome vigour the peculiar qualities of the bayonet. A Frenchman has lunged at a Spaniard who is guarding himself with a sword, and of course the Frenchman is getting the better of it. Both hands are lifted above his head grasping the stock and barrel of his rifle. The point of the bayonet has entered the Spaniard's stomach, and the unfortunate Don is vainly endeavouring to ward off the frightful thrust, which one feels, as one gazes at the canvas, must come in an instant. I know no more gruesome object lesson of the power of the white arm. During a tournament the conditions of the game render it possible for the lance or sword to occasionally get the better of the struggle, but in the fury and carelessness of battle, the infantry soldier, if he only keeps calm and collected, can laugh at the attacks of cavalry. They are utterly powerless against him.

Some very pretty play with singlesticks

may be seen when two mounted men oppose each other, equally well horsed, alike in skill, and each fully determined to get the better of his adversary. "Sword *v.* Lance," too, affords many points which demand the enthusiastic plaudits of the onlookers, and when bayonet meets bayonet, on foot, there is plenty of cause for excitement. Hence it is that few events in the programme are so thoroughly successful in a spectacular sense as the "Bayonet Combats by Teams of Infantry."

Each team consists of a sergeant and eight men. They face each other along the sides of the arena and fight in pairs commencing from the flanks. If four on each side are placed *hors de combat*, it is obvious that keen interest is attached to the struggle between the two leaders, and as these are usually the most expert men in a district, the battle is one of giants.

Closely allied to the fight is the "Bayonet Exercise," by regimental teams of twenty-four men. This is quite a show business, but it has its serious application, as we have seen. It accustoms the soldier to the use of his weapon, it must be conducted with regularity, quickness, and grace, and, as a matter of fact, the discipline and drill of a battalion may be estimated more quickly by this means than by any other.

"Physical Drill," a modern development of the old fashioned "extension motions," is one of the prettiest sights for parade purposes. The majority of the practices are performed in time with the music of a band, ordinarily drums or pipes, but the fifth practice must be accomplished without the aid of the conductor's *baton*, metaphorically speaking, as its efficiency depends upon the powers of the men to maintain a uniform rate of movement throughout. It is pleasant for the men owing to its variety, and its popularity with the public cannot be doubted. Even in our board schools and "select establishments for young ladies" it has found a place.

But what is this rattle and clatter, and bump and thump at the entrance to the arena? In the shadows of the dark passage one sees a mass of blues and browns and blacks, with bright points of brass-mounted harness and the glittering of burnished steel. Ah, it is a

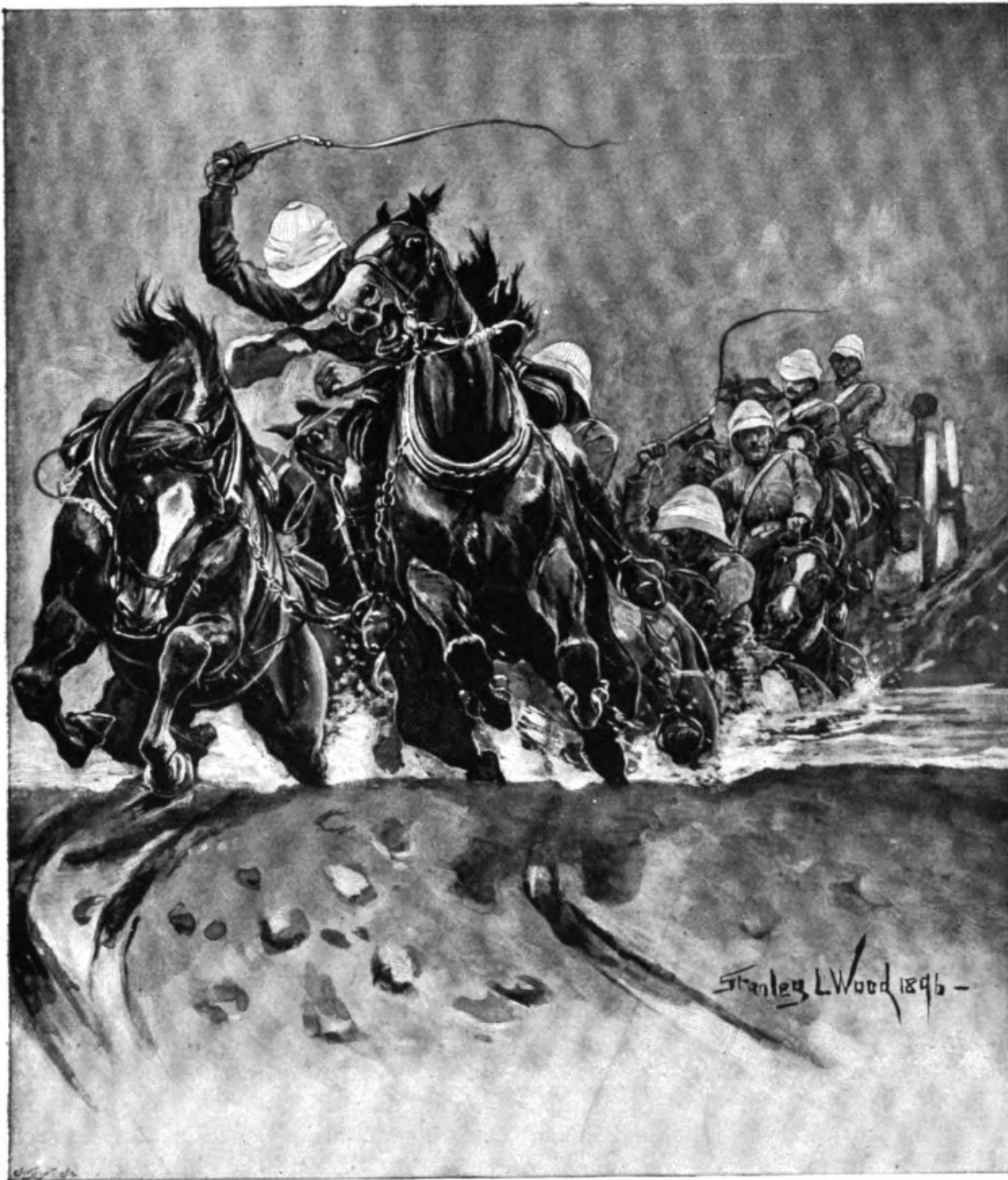
gun of the Royal Horse Artillery, about to try for the valuable prize given to the battery which best fulfils the difficult conditions of the galloping competition.

What a fine-looking fellow the sergeant is who leads! How splendidly the three drivers sit their horses, flying around the small space of the enclosure, and steering team and gun between gate-posts only 6ft. 10in. apart. Be proud of our gunners, for there is not their equal in the wide world. This is no idle boast. It is a fact admitted by every foreign soldier of distinction who has seen them in action or on parade. Where a horse can go those men can plant a gun. Their motto is "*Ubique*"—everywhere—and they live up to it. They are all alike members of *the* regiment, and they not only know it, but they make other people know it also. "First among the women, and amazin' first in war," says Kipling when he sings of the guns. Whilst they are thundering along the track, let me tell you a story.

Once upon a time the best known battery in the British army was the "Chestnut," so called from the colour of its teams, and the best liked officer in the service was Major Gambier, its commandant. It was a matter of general belief that Gambier and his chestnuts would open fire at the portals of the nether regions if required to do so, and the fame of the battery spread far and wide.

It came to pass that the Commander-in-Chief in India arranged a grand series of sham fights for the Bengal army, and France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy sent out a great array of beautifully costumed military *attachés* to witness the manoeuvres. At first they took a keen interest in everything, but soon they had eyes for nought save the Chestnut Battery. Wherever it went they went, with many a "*Sacré*," and "*Wunderschön*," and "*Corpo di Baccho*," for Gambier was on his mettle, and men and horses vowed that the foreigners would never forget what they had seen on the plains near Attock. Don't think that the horses have no interest in these things. They are madly enthusiastic.

Towards the close of the operations a slight breathing space had come, when suddenly up rode an aide-de-camp, *ventre à terre*, to order Gambier to open fire within ten



Dragged the twelve-pounder through to the other side.

minutes from the top of some rising ground nearly a mile distant. Away flew guns, cavalry escort, and *attachés*, in a cloud of dust, but they had not gone far when the leading gun stopped dead, as did everybody else when they found that a forgotten irrigation canal, banked up 7ft. high, and some 14ft. in width at the surface, blocked the road.

There was not a bridge for miles. It was an apparently insuperable obstacle, and the continental *militaires* curled their moustaches

as they smiled at each other. At last, then, by the holy blue, the British artillery had to confess itself beaten!

Gambier smiled, too, and gave some orders in a low tone. Men sprang from the limbers with spades, and cut tracks for the wheels in the embankments. The horses from No. 1 gun were taken out, swum across the canal, and then harnessed with ropes to the horses of No. 2. With a terrific amount of plunging and strong language, the twelve animals

dragged the twelve-pounder through to the other side, the operation was repeated, and in an incredibly short space of time the six guns were over.

Gambier himself was the last to cross before the export of dragoons. Now came the turn of the gold-laced gentlemen from St. Petersburg, Berlin, and the rest. But their horses were strange, and the water was deep—and wet. A French officer tried the passage and was thrown off. So they decided that they had witnessed enough of the manoeuvres. Gambier noticed their hesitation; he rose in his stirrups, waved his hand, and shouted genially: "*Au revoir, messieurs. Je vous verrai à dîner.*"

Then he hastened after his battery, and opened fire from the eminence selected within three minutes of his allotted time.

But the guns are now clattering off to make room for the "Tug of War," which needs no comment here, though it moves everybody in the Hall to a state of yelling and frenzied excitement. A fine variation would be afforded if the authorities could secure an elephant to pull against a squad of men. And this proposition should not be quite impracticable, as there were several of these huge brutes at the Indian Exhibition last year.

The Naval Brigade, though small in number, wears a remarkably serviceable aspect. There is, to my mind, always something very stern and menacing in the appearance of the British Navy, both in ships and men. To use a theatrical expression, they look the part; and when the stage villain, in the shape of a foreigner, comes upon the scene, it is evident that he experiences this emotion to a remarkable extent. The cutlass, too, is dear to the heart of every schoolboy. He is not quite sure what it is like, but he knows that, by national birth-right, he is entitled to use it indiscriminately upon pirates and Frenchmen.

No wonder, then, that people cheer to the echo when the sailors march into the centre of the Agricultural Hall and give their convincing display of exercises common to the early hours of the day on board a British man-of-war.

"Wrestling on Horseback" and the

"Balaclava cavalry *mêlée*" are highly interesting items in their own way. They are amusing enough for the spectators and the combatants, but very distressing for the horses. A horse hates to be hauled about without order or method, which is, of course, the chief characteristic of these contests. On the other hand he takes most readily to the "Musical Ride," given this year by the Royal Horse Guards and the Scots Greys.

This, which seems the most difficult of the trio, is thoroughly enjoyed and easily learnt by the animals, but even the most patient amongst them fails to see why his master should tug and kick him into all sorts of absurd positions, whilst he (the aforesaid master) is trying to pull another man off another charger's back, or desperately striking at a plume of red or white paper.

A quiet but effective interlude in the brilliant programme is filled by the performance given by the "Army Gymnastic Staff and Class." It calls for no special mention save a reiteration of the opinion that the authorities are well advised in substituting such valuable and health-giving exercises for the old-fashioned stock and crossbelt style of training which was in vogue during so many years.

Yet men climbed the heights of Badajoz and marched up the slope of the Alma in those days, and who shall say that their sons and grandsons, trained so admirably as they now are, cannot emulate the classic deeds of their progenitors when called upon to do so?

The culminating point of the Royal Military Tournament, viewed as an instructive entertainment, is reached in the "Display by a Combined Force of all Arms." Here we have every branch of the service actively engaged in the congenial task of attacking a strong position held by "natives." Unfortunate natives! Whatever land you inhabit, frigid, temperate, or torrid, it has, at some time or other, been the duty of the British Tommy to kill a lot of you in the first instance and to give his own life to save you from injury afterwards. There is plenty of noise and incident in this part of the show.

The novelty to-day is the introduction of a Maxim gun on a tricycle. Next year, perhaps, the Naval Brigade will produce the

pneumatic-tyred torpedo. Special heed should be given to the operations of the Sappers. The manner in which they throw two effective bridges across a ravine is remarkable alike for its rapidity and excellence. A pageant of all arms supplies a fitting *dénouement*.

Some statistics in connection with the tournament should prove neither dry nor un-instructive. The total value of the money prizes given to non-commissioned officers and

munitions of war and other military impedimenta. The Agricultural Hall holds 5000 people when packed to its utmost capacity, and as the house is full during each of the twenty-six performances, it is obvious that no fewer than 130,000 spectators will this year seek amusement and recreative information at Islington.

Concerning the utility of the Royal Military Tournament there can surely be no two



Stanley L. Wood
1906

"The Balaclava Cavalry *mêlée*."

men is £571 7s. The officers, who figure prominently on the card, take eight silver challenge cups, value £294, and sixteen silver cups, value £120. The cups, medals, and whips provided for the N.C.O.'s and men amount to £94, or a grand total in prizes for all ranks of £1079 7s. During the fortnight Colonel Fox is called upon to find board and lodging for 800 men and 400 horses simultaneously, besides housing a vast quantity of

opinions. Its lessons are as potent for good with the audience as with the competitors. Its influences are wholesome and invigorating, and its place as a national pageant will become more and more firmly established as its scope becomes enlarged.

When Englishmen are keen to play at soldiering their enemies throughout the world will be less eager to tempt them to indulge in realities.

IN THE QUARRY WOODS

A RONDELISH RHYME

BY THE RIVER

Written by

E. J. Miliken



FLOWING brown hair, which loosed might
kiss her feet,
Roseate skirts that drop and almost meet
The stream in which her languorous image
lies,
Eyes deep as flowers and dreamy like dim
skies!
By whose brightness bound one's fate were fair
Flowing brown hair.

No lithe Swinburnian she-thing panther-
keen
For clinging passion blent with hectic spleen.
Just a sweet English maiden sweet to fondle.
The rigid rules of the exotic Rondel
She'd break, as from restraint breaks forth
her fair
Flowing brown hair.

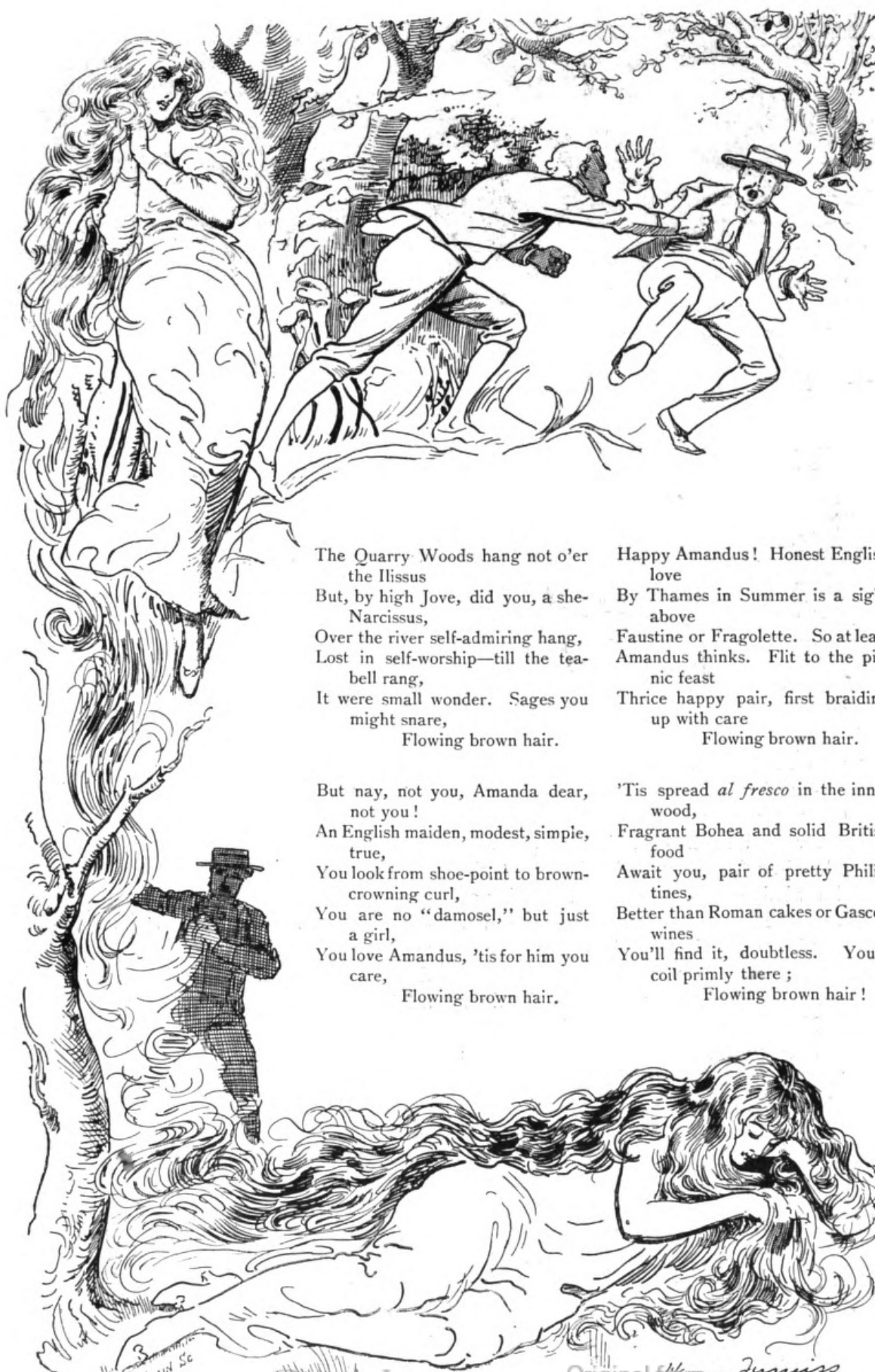
Rondel be hanged! Ronsard & Co. knew
not
Our Tamise ripe, and mediæval "rot."
(Let not the *argot* reach her dainty ears!)
Concerning biting kisses and salt tears,
Fits not the frank-eyed damsel sleeking there.
Flowing brown hair.

Hebraic fervour, fierce Provençal flame
Might find the English girl too trim and
tame;
Like the unhurrying stream she hangeth
over.
Yet have those lips no love thrill? Ask her
lover
Who smooths those strands with bold hands
brown and bare,
Flowing brown hair.

Ask him! He'll not reply in rondel form,
But with cold steely glance and language
warm,
After the fashion of the British man,
Checking impertinence on his simple plan;
He has no "lyric cry" who finds you fair,
Flowing brown hair.

But by the eyes of heaven—is that an oath?
"He'll kick the cad who cheeks her,"
nothing loth;
Oxonian, oarsman, he, he loves the river,
But England's Thames is not the Guadal-
quiver,
Your wind-kissed tresses flutter here, not
there,
Flowing brown hair.



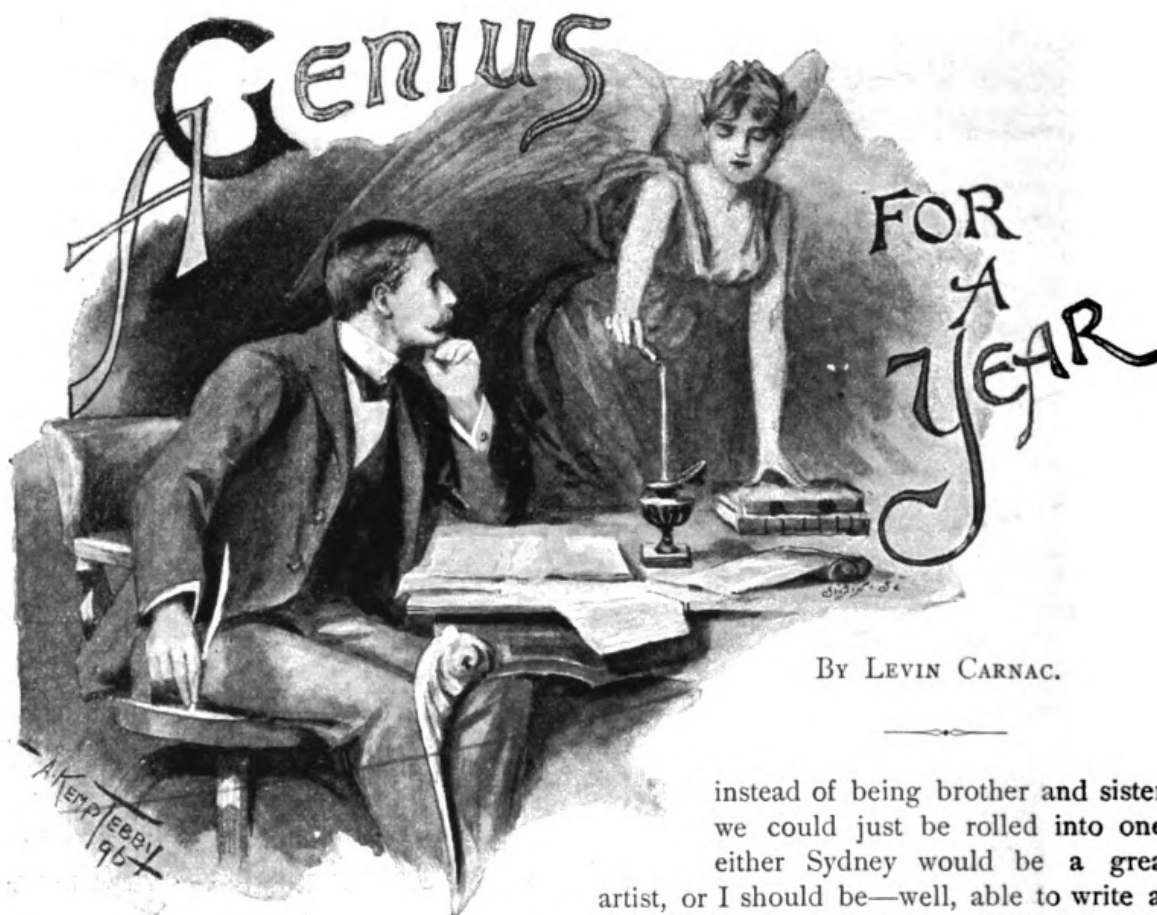


The Quarry Woods hang not o'er
the Ilissus
But, by high Jove, did you, a she-
Narcissus,
Over the river self-admiring hang,
Lost in self-worship—till the tea-
bell rang,
It were small wonder. Sages you
might snare,
Flowing brown hair.

But nay, not you, Amanda dear,
not you!
An English maiden, modest, simple,
true,
You look from shoe-point to brown-
crowning curl,
You are no "damosel," but just
a girl,
You love Amandus, 'tis for him you
care,
Flowing brown hair.

Happy Amandus! Honest English
love
By Thames in Summer is a sight
above
Faustine or Fragolette. So at least
Amandus thinks. Flit to the pic-
nic feast
Thrice happy pair, first braiding
up with care
Flowing brown hair.

'Tis spread *al fresco* in the inner
wood,
Fragrant Bohea and solid British
food
Await you, pair of pretty Philis-
tines,
Better than Roman cakes or Gascon
wines
You'll find it, doubtless. You'll
coil primly there;
Flowing brown hair!



BY LEVIN CARNAC.

"It's no use, Sturman, I shall never get it finished—at least, to my liking and Sylvia's. It's five years now since I made the first sketch for it, and there it is, complete in every detail as far as manual skill and technical knowledge can make it, and yet it's not a picture. There's something wanting that only genius can give it. The figures are correct, but they're not alive. There's no sight in their eyes, no movement in their limbs. No: it's not a picture, and I'm not an artist—only a successful illustrator, and that's all there is to be said about it."

"Except that Carlyle's definition of genius would hardly fit your case, for if ever mortal man had an infinite capacity for taking pains you have, March."

"Yes, Sydney would certainly be a genius if Carlyle had been right. I think the Fates have made a most aggravating division of the talents between us. They have given him the faculty of re-creation and almost perfect skill in execution, while they have given me the tormenting gift of dreams and denied me utterly the power of reproduction. Now, if,

instead of being brother and sister, we could just be rolled into one, either Sydney would be a great artist, or I should be—well, able to write as well as dream, and then I should live in a heaven of my own creation."

"In which you would yourself be the brightest angel!"

The words slipped out almost before John Sturman knew that he had spoken them. His lips had of their own mere motion echoed what he was saying in his soul at the moment. They brought a just perceptibly deeper colour into Sylvia March's cheeks, and a faint flash into the deep grey eyes that were looking at his from under the straight, dark, finely-drawn eyebrows. Her brother saved her from the awkwardness of replying to such a speech from a man she had only lately refused, albeit in the friendliest fashion, to marry, by saying:

"That's not at all badly put for you, Sturman, though it seems to sound a bit queer from a man who defines poetry as the pearl of literature because it is the result of disease."

"I'm quite consistent," said Sturman, half smiling and half serious. "What I ought not to have said just now was the result of disease—heart disease."

"Now you've made it worse," said Sylvia gravely.

"What? The disease? That couldn't be worse."

"Suppose we change the subject—or get back to our muttons," said Sylvia, looking more serious than her words. "Now tell me, have you ever heard a satisfactory definition of this something that Sydney and I seem to want so badly: this mysterious gift of the gods that people call genius without knowing what they are talking about?"

"No, I haven't; and if I did hear one it would probably be so far above my head that I should not understand it."

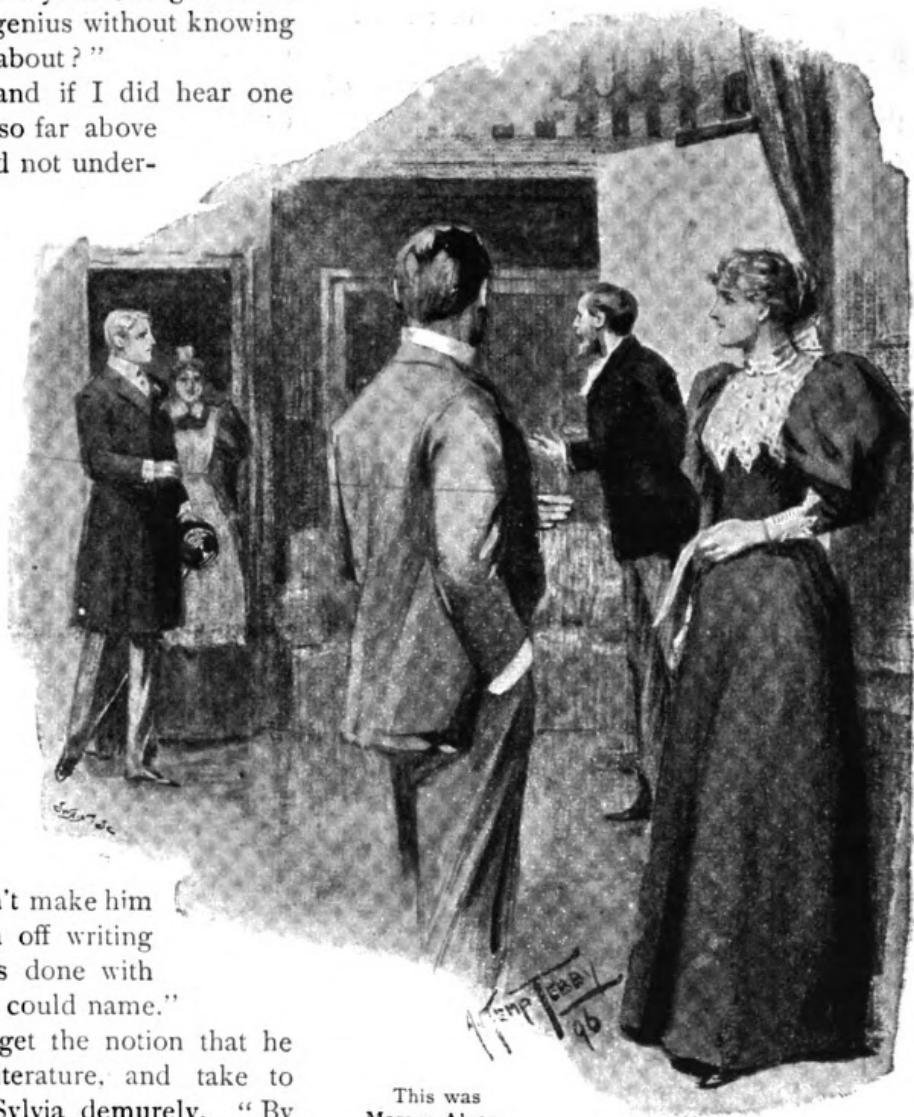
"That's only your vanity, Sturman," said March. "I think I've told you before that these aggressive assertions of mediocrity savour somewhat strongly of the pride that apes humility. But, to come to the concrete, I think there's something very like genius in this new book of Marcus Algar's that I'm illustrating. That fellow has a great future before him if his twenty pounds a thousand words doesn't make him greedy, and start him off writing himself out, as it has done with one or two others one could name."

"Or if he doesn't get the notion that he has a mission in literature, and take to climbing hills," said Sylvia demurely. "By the way, I suppose you haven't forgotten, Sydney, that the new genius is coming to tea this afternoon, to discuss those last sketches of yours."

"No, I haven't forgotten. Don't go, Sturman. No, you really mustn't. I particularly want you to meet Algar. Sylvia, tell him to sit down and behave himself. Ah! there he is. 'Talk of an angel' etc."

A ring and a well-composed fantasia on

the knocker sounded as he spoke, and a few moments later the door of the studio opened. As Sturman rose he saw Sydney go forward with outstretched hand to greet a tall, slightly built, perfectly dressed young fellow, fair-haired and dark-eyed, with the complexion of a boy and the face of a woman—at least it would have been a woman's face, he thought, but for a certain strength of brow



This was
Marcus Algar.

and chin, and two little perpendicular lines between the eyebrows, which would not have quite become a woman.

This was Marcus Algar, *le succès de l'heure*, as they would have called him in France—the writer, unknown the day before yesterday, whose first book was selling in thousands, despite the fact that it didn't even hint at the seventh Commandment,

and hadn't a chapter that either the British Matron or the Young Person could condemn openly with a view to dwelling fondly on it in secret.

The reviewers already called their notices of his work "appreciations," and were almost falling over each other in their haste not to be last or least loud in his praise. Far-seeing editors were competing for his unwritten works, and literary agents were scheming subtly for the honour and profit of standing between him and them.

In a word, Marcus Algar was the man of the hour, as other men and women had been of previous hours. The Vagabonds had entertained him and the Authors had dined him—and John Sturman knew all this, and if he had had all the wealth of Kimberly he would have given it cheerfully to stand in his shoes, for did he not possess that priceless gift of literary expression, that God-given, unlearnable art, the want of which meant to him the difference between Sylvia's friendship, which had been his for years, and her love, which, as she had told him, could be given only to the twin soul for whose advent hers was waiting, the ideal she had not yet met. unless—and as he looked at Marcus Algar and thought of that wonderful book of his, all the evil spirits that lurk behind the rose bushes in the Garden of Love seemed to come out of their hiding places and take possession of his soul.

He made his excuses and got away as soon as he decently could, because he wasn't the sort of man who could chatter cheerful trivialities when his soul was full of bitterness, and the earth's base seemed stubble and the pillars of the firmament rottenness to him.

He was a strong, straightforward, clean-hearted, clear-headed man, rich, well read and well educated, but with no more romance in his being than was inspired by his almost life-long and now hopeless love for the sister of his old schoolfellow and friend, Sydney March, this girl with the soft chestnut hair and big dreamy grey eyes whom he had worshipped as a boy and loved as a man, in his own plain, honest, manly fashion—only to learn, as he had learned but a few days before, that that wretched transcendental soul-theory of matrimony of hers was to condemn him to

stand by and see her give herself to someone else just because he lacked the one faculty that she placed above all others.

It was maddening to be so near and yet so far, for, with the confidence born of their life-long friendship, she had even told him that she liked him so much "in other ways" that she really would have tried to love him if she could, and she had said this so innocently and so sweetly that it had hurt him more than the most scornful refusal could have done, for it did not even leave him the poor consolation of getting angry either with her or with himself.

If Mephistopheles had come to his side just then, as he was walking home from March's studio in Edith Villas, West Kensington to the big house in Bolton Gardens—which he had made so beautiful in the hope that Sylvia would one day reign over it—and offered him that one gift of Marcus Algar's in exchange for everything else on the usual terms, he would have struck the bargain there and then, *coûte que coûte*, for Sylvia's sake—and yet, if he had only known it, Mephistopheles was a good deal nearer to his elbow just then than he had any idea of his being.

Altogether, his walk home was anything but a pleasant one, for, do what he would, he couldn't keep his thoughts from wandering back to March's studio, and picturing Sylvia and Algar wandering together in that magical Garden of Romance, which he could only look at over the fast-closed gate that only the key of Genius could unlock.

But when he got home there were two letters waiting for him, which speedily sent the lover into the background, and brought the man of affairs to the front. One was from Brindisi, and the other from Calcutta, but both had come by the same mail. The first was from his younger brother Cecil, who had been for the last three years in the Calcutta branch of the great firm of which John Sturman was the head, to tell him that he was coming home invalided, and the second was from a doctor who had attended Cecil.

There were four large pages of foreign note-paper closely covered, and when he got to the end, he turned back and read it over

again, and then he put it down and sat for nearly half-an-hour without moving a muscle, staring straight before him into the fire, and conscious of nothing but a single sentence, which he could no more get out of his brain than he could have helped hearing it if Mephistopheles himself had been whispering it into his ear :

"Perhaps the most extraordinary property of the drug is the unmistakable power that it has of altering either the mental or moral character, and sometimes both, of its victims, and making those under its influence the exact opposite of what they are in a normal state !"

II.

It was a curious and perhaps more than usually merciless irony of Fate that Mephistopheles should come to John Sturman in the guise of his younger brother, and yet such was

literally the case. The plain facts, as represented in the doctor's letter, were that Cecil had become a victim to the haschisch habit, and as soon as he had discovered this he had sent him straight home, knowing as he did that if he was to have a chance of rescue he must be almost constantly under the eye of someone for whom he had both affection and respect.

He had himself suggested his elder brother, the only near relation he had left, as soon as

the matter had been put plainly before him, and he had been told that his one chance of life and sanity depended on his placing himself unreservedly in the hands of someone who could bring a strong, healthy mind and an unimpaired will to the task of supervising the gradual diminution of doses which, as it were, marked the milestones along the only possible road to a cure.

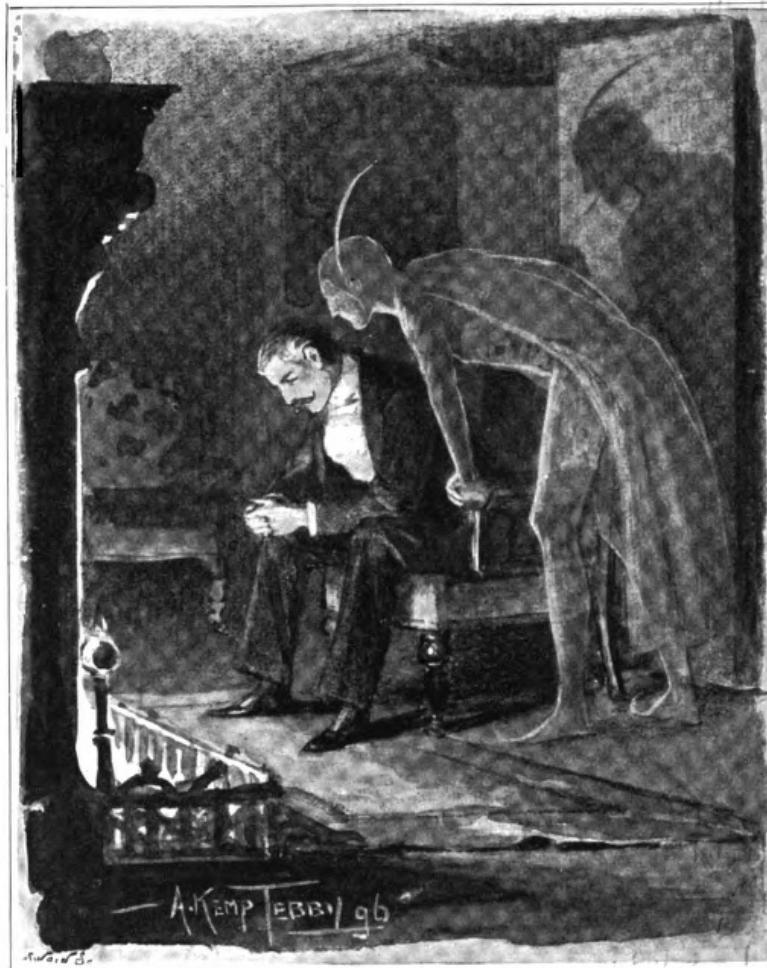
The doctor's letter had consisted for the

most part of precise instructions as to the course of treatment to be pursued, and if it had not been for that one fatal sentence which had set John Sturman thinking so hard the afternoon he read it, all might have been well.

But there it was, and the work that it had begun was rapidly completed by the inevitable conversations which he had with Cecil on the subject of

haschisch and its works. He kept the drug safely in his own care, measuring out the doses with scrupulous exactness, and noting with a fatally growing interest their effects on his patient.

Cecil would come down to breakfast dull and languid and headachy. He would take his three doses—each one ever so little smaller than the previous one—at ten, two, and six. At lunch he would be well and cheerful, and at dinner and all through the



If Mephistopheles himself had been whispering it into his ear.

evening brilliant in thought and expression, and then they would sit over the fire in the library and smoke, and Cecil would tell him of his visions, and weave stories splendid with all the gorgeous imagery of Eastern life, and then when Cecil had gone to bed he would sit on alone and think, and, unconsciously to himself, and before an atom of the drug had passed his lips, the subtle poison worked, and at last the struggle ended, and he yielded, almost before he knew that it had begun in deadly earnest.

He had been to tea that afternoon at the studio, and, though nothing direct or positive had been said, he had intuitively felt that Sylvia was fast coming to the belief that in Marcus Algar she had at last met the twin-soul, the incarnate ideal for which hers had been waiting, and, from a remark or two dropped, perhaps purposely and with the kindest intentions, by Sydney, that the young genius seemed also to have found his own ideal in Sylvia.

Nay, he had even at the last minute put back the publication of his new book, and, with a few deft and masterly touches, had recreated his heroine in the living likeness of Sylvia, and in a few days more all the world would be at her feet, drawn there by the master-hand which had painted this other-self of hers so perfectly that henceforth she would live two lives, her own and the greater and brighter one that Algar's genius had given her.

It was this that had brought his struggle to an end. His rival, as he perforce regarded him, had drawn the magic circle of his genius

round his darling, and so, in a sense, had already made her his own. What did it matter then to him, what became of the life that was henceforth to be a desert for him?

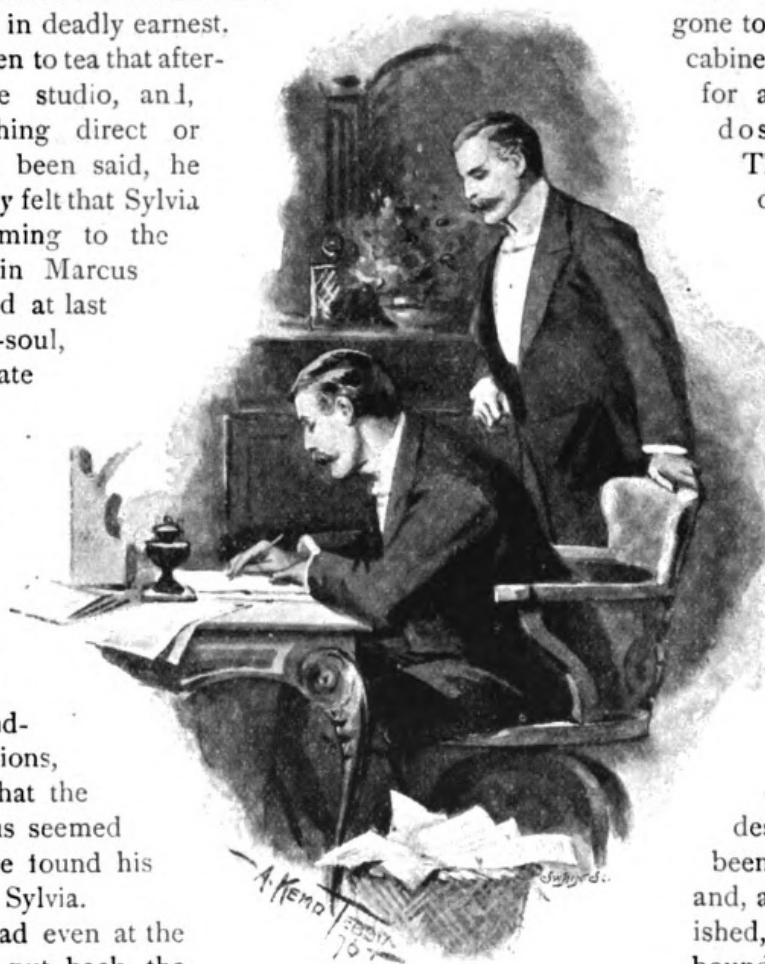
The enchantment of his hopeless love, turned all the strength of nature which should have saved him against him; and where a weaker man might have resisted through fear, he took the fatal step, impelled by his own perverted strength.

The night after Cecil had gone to bed, he went to his cabinet, and took what was, for a beginner, a heavy dose of haschisch. Then he locked the door and sat down in his easy chair by the fire, to await results.

Soon a delightful languor began to steal over his physical senses. He closed his eyes and his mind seemed to become detached from his body. A great unearthly light shone into the darkness of the despair which had been clouding all his life, and, as the darkness vanished, the chains that had bound his intellect down to the commonplace, were loosed, and it rose at a

leap into the long-forbidden, glowing realms of romance.

Then his eyes opened, and he saw a strange vision. One of those dream-stories of Sylvia's, which she had told to him in her halting, imperfect way, and which she would almost have given her life to be able to set forth in worthy language, came to him, brilliant and vivid, instinct with the poetry of the most exquisite realism. The characters sprang into incarnate being before him, with



He went and looked over his own shoulder.

such life-likeness, that he seemed to see and recognise them as though they had been old acquaintances, as they moved and spoke amidst the scenes that Sylvia had imagined for them without being able to reproduce them; and all was so real and vivid and beautiful that it seemed as though he were actually living in that vision-world which she would have painted if she could.

Why should he not paint it for her since he saw it so plainly before him? There was his writing-table and his chair ready for him. In his early clerking days he had learned shorthand as a convenience, and he had kept it up since as a hobby, and, however swiftly the glowing sentences might come to him, his pencil would keep pace with them.

He made an effort to rise from his chair and go to his table, but, before he reached it, it seemed to him that he was already there. It was curious, but he put it down to the effects of the drug, and caught himself wondering what was going to happen next. He saw himself sitting in the chair, and he went and looked over his own shoulder and saw the pencil already flying over the paper. Sheet after sheet he read as it was finished and thrown aside, and hour after hour he stood there reading and wondering what it all meant, until at last it was finished, and his other-self got up and looked at him.

He saw now that his face was ashen grey and deep scored with the lines drawn by intense mental effort. Beads of sweat were standing out thickly on his brow, and his eyes were burning with a fierce light that might have been either insanity or genius.

Then he saw his lips move into a faint and almost ghastly smile, and heard his own voice say to him, as though speaking from a distance:

"Well, that's a good night's work, and I think it's about time to go to bed. Good-night!"

Then his two beings seemed to fuse together again and become one. He lit his hand-lamp as usual, turned the gas out and went to bed and scarcely was his head on the pillow than he fell into a deep, heavy, dreamless sleep.

When he woke the next morning all that remained to him of his experiment in visions

was a slight tightness across his forehead and a dim recollection of having dreamed a very wonderful dream. That the dream was a reality never occurred to him for a moment.

He got up half an hour later than usual, feeling a trifle repentant and perhaps just a little ashamed of himself, but thinking that, after all, he had got pretty cheaply out of what seemed to him now to be the greatest danger of his life.

He had breakfast with Cecil, as usual, and then went to the library. He found the door locked, a circumstance which struck him as being rather strange, and mechanically put his hand into his pocket for the key. It was there, and he opened the door and went in. On the threshold he stopped and started slightly, and then he looked round to see if anyone had seen him come into the room.

Then he went in and locked the door again behind him. His writing-table and the floor beside it were littered with sheets of paper.

He crossed the room and picked one of them up with a hand that was not very steady and began to read it. There could be no doubt as to what it was. It was a fragment of one of Sylvia's dream-stories written by a master hand. He read the page through, and then picked up some more at random, and went and sat down in his arm-chair by the ashes of last night's fire, and read page after page, disconnected as they were, and yet most evidently parts of one beautiful whole.

Then he laid them on the floor beside him, and strove to collect his thoughts so that he might read the riddle, and bit by bit the remembered fragments of his vision came together and took shape, and then the truth dawned upon him.

What the Calcutta doctor had said about the drug was true. Under its influence he had been the exact reverse of his normal mental self, and the net result of his experiment, as far as he could see, had been the division of his being into two separate entities, one of which was still the sober, practical, commonplace man of affairs, and the other the dreamer of gorgeous dreams, the genius dowered with the supreme gift of literary expression in its highest form and most perfect capacity—and yet for all that

an unreality, a spectre that came out of the darkness of a drug-induced slumber to work its wondrous spells and then vanish back into the shadows.

Only too clearly did he see this, for the more he read of his own work the more horribly apparent became the truth that, not to save his soul alive, could he in his natural self put two of those glowing, perfectly worded sentences together.

He got up and collected the sheets, and put them in order, and then read the story through from beginning to end. He had learned enough of the art by reading to see that it was a literary gem, enough even of itself to found a reputation upon, and this was his work—or at least the work of that other-self of his which the potent magic of the drug had called into being.

And if it had done this once why should it not do it many times? Here was Sylvia's own story glorified into a splendid reality, and by him! Was not this a proof that this other-self of his was in truth that twin soul which hers had, by her own confession, been waiting to meet and mate with?

He folded up the sheets and put them into his pocket. At eleven his brougham came as usual to the door, and he took them to the city and gave them to his confidential clerk to transcribe on his typewriter. That evening he paid a visit to the Studio, and asked Sylvia to read his first essay in fiction.

III.

Not quite a year had passed since John Sturman had made his first experiment in visions, and during those swiftly passing months he had lived on earth and in heaven, and not infrequently he had descended into the nethermost hell of human suffering. He had carried on his business affairs as of second nature, yet with an ever lessening interest in them.

That spectre-genius of his had won him fame with all its intoxicating accompaniments, and he had no cause to envy Marcus Algar now, either in his new art or his old love, for his own fame was fresher and brighter than his, and Sylvia, all innocent of its terrible origin, had welcomed the awakening of his long-dormant genius as a heaven-sent revelation;

and so his latest wooing had not been in vain.

Sydney's picture, finished at last under his inspiration, was hanging on the line at Burlington House, the wonder and admiration of the thousands who had read the marvellous romance which he had woven round it, and for him the whole earth had been transfigured—until one of those inevit-



His latest wooing had not been in vain.

able hours came when he stood alone with his own reproachful and accusing soul on the edge of the deep, black, unbridgeable gulf at which the flower-strewn path of his love and fame must some day infallibly end, for that spectral other-self of his had to be fed every day with ever-increasing doses of the poison which ere long must slay both it and him—and then what of Sylvia?

They were to be married in a month, and meanwhile he was finishing the novel for which all the world was waiting. What was to happen? Would the remnant of his manhood and self-control compel him to save his darling from himself while yet there was time, or would he take her hand irrevocably in his, and lead her for a while along that enchanted path, knowing as he did what the end of the brief journey must be?

What his own answer to the inexorable question might have been there is no telling, neither is there any need to guess at it, for the Fates themselves answered it in their own way.

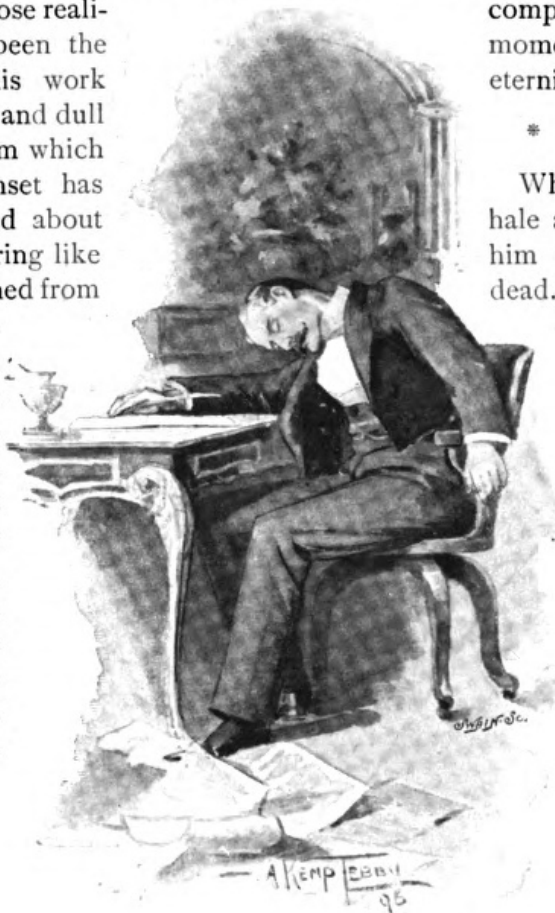
One night he sat down to write the last pages of his book. For a while the ideas came bright and thronging as ever, wedding themselves in harmonious union of sound and sense with the words which flowed so easily from his pen. Then, just on the threshold of the last scene, his pen stopped. The splendid vision whose realisation was to have been the crowning glory of his work grew dim and blurred and dull as the night-clouds from which the glory of the sunset has faded away. He stared about him, dazed and wondering like a man suddenly awakened from a dream. Then he turned back and read the pages he had just written, and could not even recognise his own work. He saw that it was beautiful, but it was utterly strange to him. Who had written it, and how did it come there on his table with the ink scarcely dry on the paper? He had forgotten.

Then his eye fell upon a few little greenish-brown lozenges lying at his elbow. A swift gleam of remembrance shone through the darkness that was falling on his mind like a lightning flash through sudden night. Behind him lay the path of his brief, dear-bought glory, strewn with flowers that now were withered, and before him the gulf, and beyond that a black infinity.

He gathered up the lozenges and swallowed them all at a gulp. Soon the fast-fading fires leapt up into a blaze of light, wild, lurid, and dazzling. Visions of chaotic splendour chased each other in headlong haste through the death-dance of his expiring senses. He had a dim consciousness of seizing his pen and driving it over the paper as though he were writing for his very life and more. Then, like the falling of a black pall before his eyes, came darkness darker than night, and he felt himself falling, bound and blinded, into immeasurable depths, through an eternity compressed into moments, and moments stretched out into eternities.

* * * *

When Cecil, now cured and hale and sane, came and found him in the morning, he was dead. The writing table was strewn with pages filled with the most piteous nonsense, and under the hand which still held his pen was the last page of all, half covered with an unintelligible scrawl and ending in a long, wavering line, which was the most eloquent of all the lines his pen had ever traced.



He felt himself falling, bound and blinded, into immeasurable depths.

How LONDON'S GAS IS MADE

By

LE BRETON

MARTIN.



Fit! and the gas is alight. So simple, so very simple, only to have to strike a match, and to turn on a tap, and the darkness becomes light. What would our great, great grandfathers have thought of it?

And yet of the hundreds, nay thousands, of men and women in London who every night go through that simple process of "lighting the gas," how many think for one instant of the immense amount of labour, or the marvellous engineering skill necessary to supply them with light for their city?

Everybody knows that gas is procured from coal, and that fact is enough for most people.

But, luckily for London, they are not so uninterested in the Old Kent Road or at Beckton, the very existence of which latter place is unknown to so many, though from that place come daily fifty million cubic feet of gas.

Beckton is a dirty, grimy place situated on the borders of the Essex marshes in North Woolwich, and the extreme east of easternmost London; and at Beckton are the big works of the Gas Light and Coke Company, while in the Old Kent Road are the works of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, and it is

thither that those who would see the art of gas-making in its entirety must go.

On arriving at the works the first idea the casual visitor gets is one of chaos indescribable and bewildering, of undersized, albeit capable, little engines bustling hither and thither, drawing trucks crammed with coal and coke, not only all around, but above as well, for an overhead iron railway is indispensable to take the coal right up to the top of the retort houses.

But despite the ceaseless din and the apparent confusion and chaos, the Beckton works—and they cover an area of some three hundred acres—are most systematically and methodically arranged.

To begin at the beginning, we must go to the huge pier which runs out into the Thames, a structure big enough to berth four large steamers and one small one, the larger sized ones capable of carrying two thousand tons of coal each journey, which they bring from the collieries of Northumberland and Durham, while the small one is a "tramp."

Steam cranes snatch up the coal out of the steamers' holds, the coal itself having been transferred into ponderous iron buckets, each capable of holding twelve hundredweight.

The "black diamonds" are then tilted into the railway trucks waiting on the pier to receive them, and the train, when loaded, passes on its way between two long rows of retort-houses, six on each side, with sidings branching off into each house.

A retort is a huge cylinder of fireclay, at the end of which rises an upright tube—

ascension pipe is the technical term—for the purpose of conveying the coal gas into the great water tank or hydraulic main above, where it is cooled, before being condensed and purified according to State regulations as to illuminating power, after which process it is ready for use.

It is inside the retort houses that the gas is actually made, and therefore are they models, if not of beauty, of all that man's ingenuity can devise in the way of practical utility.

They are split up into three storeys or stages. The ground floor consists of the furnaces which heat the retorts on the stage above to a fiery red, and where the coke—the coal with the gases drawn from it—falls when raked out from the retorts, to be quenched with water, put into trucks, and whirled away into the gloom beyond.

The retorts being the most important factors in the works, merit our careful attention, as it is in them that the gas is made.

A pitch-black wall runs along one side of the huge building, into which are set numberless small circular doors, from the vicinity of which pipes rear themselves perpendicularly—like the wall, coal black—to bend backwards after a while into a square box extending along the top of the wall.

Huge mounds of coal lie in front of the doors, coal that has fallen from the topmost floor above, along which a railway runs, though the floor itself does not reach right

across the building, while through trap-doors in the top the coal falls in a black cascade, ready to be flung into the retorts.

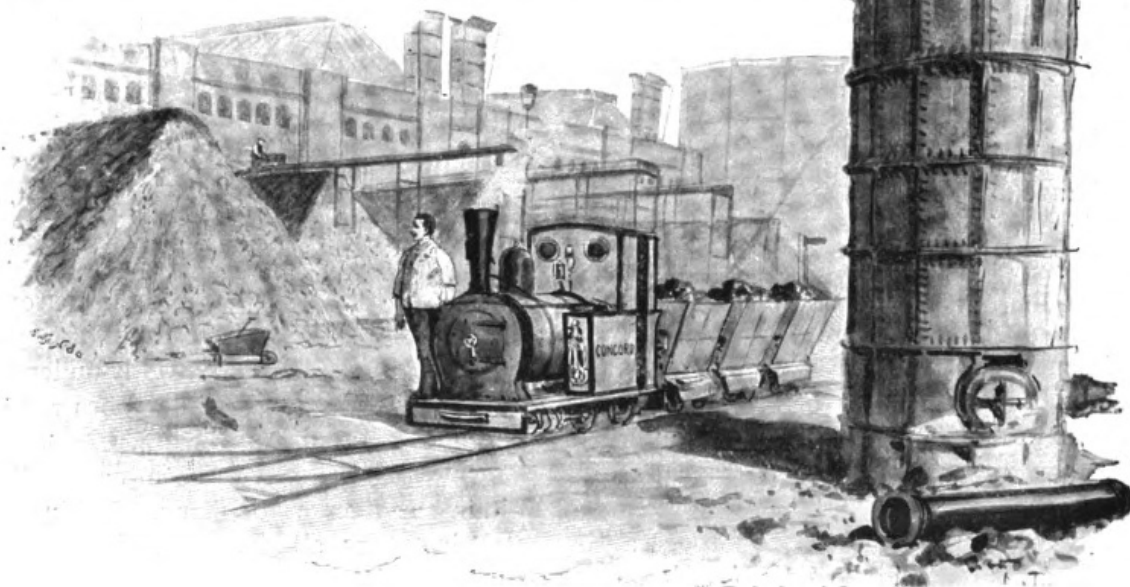
Inside the furnaces is a heat of between two and three thousand degrees Fahrenheit, though so perfect is the system of ventilation in the building that no excessive heat is apparent, unless indeed you may happen to stand opposite an open retort door, through which the angry sea of fire can be seen surging and boiling with fearful intensity.

Up an iron ladder, at the top of the retorts, are the "beds," where runs the hydraulic main, on a level with the top floor, the railway running on either side.

Below is the furnace flue, into which you can look, though not for long, as the heat that comes up is tremendous, and makes one shudder to think of the awful, raging sea of fire below.

It is terrible work, that incessant stoking at the furnace doors, and the men work in shifts of eight hours, so that there are three relays of men in the twenty-four hours. Nor is this all. The eight-hours shift, so trying is the labour, is divided into turns of half an hour each—half an hour continuously at the retorts, and then an interval while the next gang works its time.

The loading of the retorts is done thus: Underneath the retorts—which



are fixed in sets of nine, three upon three, with three men for each—run openings, finding their egress in the furnace floor below. Before these openings is set a plate of iron, while simultaneously three retort doors are thrown open.

A wave of tremendous heat rushes forth, and with long rakes the silent, strenuous figures of the men draw forth the glowing coke. The fiery shower at once falls on to the floor beneath, the furnaces being instantaneously re-filled with coal, shovelful after shovelful being hurled inside, to be apparently at once consumed, so terrific is the heat.

So far the door-opener alone has been engaged in feeding the retort, in the meanwhile his two colleagues loading their long scoop with coal.

Then the word is given, and each man, with marvellous precision, flings in two shovelfuls.

The man who had opened the door then seizes the cross-handle of the great scoop, the other two placing a bent iron bar under the centre of the scoop, and the trio thrust it into the retort. The scoop is dexterously turned over, to be speedily drawn out empty. This process having been gone through again, the retort is full, and the door closed.

Thus is each retort filled.

In the case of the South Metropolitan Company, a huge machine runs along the front of the wall, and pulls out the coke and tar when the burning process is finished, and fills up the retorts with a fresh supply of coal.

And in this huge, gloomy place, lit up occasionally by flashes of lambent flame, which throw out into bold relief the many pipes and clustering tubes and the figures of the men as they work, is made the gas that is to be pumped into London, perhaps twenty miles away, to light up homes innumerable and labyrinths of streets.

Outside the works proper are the mighty gas-meters and holders, the loftiest of which is some 200 feet in height, where the gas is stored away and mixed with oil and water-gas to magnify its power as an illuminant.

A sight, too, are the great

mains which carry the gas into the metropolis, huge pipes as thick as the trunk of a good-sized tree, while, as can be readily understood, miles upon miles of smaller ones are employed in the transit of the gas.

And yet all this has been accomplished within the memory of many. Neither does electricity, for all its vaunted superiority, appear likely to do away with gas—at least for many and many a long year to come.



A huge machine runs along the front of the wall.

SECRETS OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE

THE CONFIDENCES OF AN-EX-AMBASSADOR



VI.—A ROYAL FREEMASON.

ELICITED BY
ALLEN
UPWARD

I HAD called at the Ambassador's at a rather late hour, and, learning that he was out at a Masonic function, I was turning away from the entrance to his hotel, when I ran into the arms of his Excellency himself, returning from the scene of his mysterious celebrations. He insisted that I should retrace my steps.

"You are the man of all others whom I could have wished to see," he was good enough to observe, as he gave his overcoat to his man and led the way into the inner retreat reserved for his intimate friends. "I have been reminded to-night of a truly thrilling adventure which I passed through many years ago at a northern Court, and which I had just resolved to relate to you at our next meeting. But what a pity that you are not a Mason!"

"But why do you conclude that I am not one?" I demanded, attempting to borrow a touch of diplomatic caution from my host.

He turned round from the cabinet out of which he was taking a box of choice Pedro Murias, and regarded me with the amused pity of a father who watches the innocent but awkward gambols of his infant.

"Permit me to inform you," he replied gravely, "that it is impossible for two Masons to associate together for a day without discovering that they are members of the same craft. Even this fatal schism, which separates the lodges of your country from ours, would not have interfered with your recognising those elementary signs which are common to the whole brotherhood, and which I exhibited to you at the time when I first had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

I perceived the necessity of abandoning my ill-conceived attempt at reserve. Accept-

ing the cigar which the Ambassador pressed upon me, I responded:

"You will find me deplorably ignorant of Masonry, I fear, if I confess to you that I never heard of this schism of which you speak. If it is not some secret of the craft, perhaps you will consent to enlighten me on this subject."

"Ah! I am not surprised," exclaimed his Excellency with bitterness, as he struck a vesta to light his own cigar. "You, who are so truly French in many respects, will pardon me if I pronounce that it is the degraded state of Masonry in England and other northern countries which is responsible for the cleavage. With us Masonry is an enthusiasm, a holy mission, in which we are united to combat the odious principles of Legitimacy and Ultramontaniam; with you it is merely an affair of banquets and of orphanages.

"The schism about which you ask me is due to the influence of your Lutheran clergy, who have imposed a profession of religious belief on the neophytes of the order. It is in the interests of respectability that your Masons, ruled by their Prince of Wales, have consented to this odious test, to which we have replied by forming the Lodge of the Grand Orient, to which are affiliated the lodges of the Latin races in Europe and America. But I am going to weary you with these tedious explanations?"

"Not in the least," I murmured. "You were about to tell me of some remarkable adventure?"

"True. It is to this that I am coming."

And the Ambassador relit his cigar, which he had suffered to go out under the influence of his emotion, and dropped into one of the luxurious smoking chairs which give his rooms almost an English air.

"It was during my residence in Stockholm, where I represented France at the Court of Oscar II., that I became involved in the affair of which I have promised to give you an account. You will no doubt recollect that it was this King who presided over the initiation of the Prince of Wales into the Masonic order, in which he occupied an unusually advanced position. Unfortunately he had placed himself at the head of the revolt which I have described, and was in consequence included in the excommunication launched against these traitors by the Oriental Masons.

"For this reason I was unable to hold any Masonic intercourse with the King, with whom I was nevertheless on very friendly terms. The sovereign of Sweden and Norway is indeed a man of the most amiable character, and is besides distinguished in his own country as an author. I was frequently honoured by being admitted to those select gatherings at which he was accustomed to read aloud his literary compositions.

"My knowledge of the barbarous language of Scandinavia did not always permit of my comprehending what he read, but this fact did not prevent me from expressing the profoundest admiration for his genius. I even solicited his Majesty's permission to translate

some of his works into French, with a view to their publication in Paris, a compliment which completely won his heart.

"It was not long after this incident that I received an unexpected invitation to the Palace one evening. I hastened to obey the summons, and was shown into the King's private cabinet, where I found him surrounded by an immense quantity of printed volumes and manuscripts.

"'Come in, my dear Ambassador,' he exclaimed, greeting me with that elegant cordiality which distinguishes the descendants of Bernadotte. 'I have sent for you, not as the diplomatist, but as the friend and critic, to consult you regarding a most important literary project.'

"Overwhelmed by this gracious condescension I accepted the seat which his Majesty offered me, and prepared to listen.

"'You will remember,' he began, 'that a short time ago you were good enough to suggest that some of my writings were

worthy of a wider audience than they can hope for so long as they are confined to those who understand Swedish. I will confess to you that I have permitted myself to share this view, and I have often regretted that fortune should have denied me that wide circle of readers enjoyed by other authors perhaps not much superior to myself.'

"I perfectly understood the King's allusion. It was a singular feature of his character that, while most generous towards the class of professional writers, he was exceedingly jealous of the literary reputations of other



"I found him surrounded by an immense quantity of printed volumes and manuscripts."

crowned heads. He was accustomed, in private, to disparage the charming romances of my friend the Queen of Roumania; and I recollect his complaining to me once of the popularity achieved by Queen Victoria's Highland diaries, whose success he pretended was due rather to the exalted position of the authoress than to the real merits of the book itself. I therefore responded :

“‘You have too much reason for your regrets, sire, though the loss is in reality that of those nations who have not the good fortune to be included among your subjects. But I trust that it will not be long before a remedy is found for this unfortunate state of things.’

“The King directed at me a smile of triumph.

“‘What shall you say if I tell you that your friendly offers have already been repeated from another source, and that I am at this moment engaged in going through my works in order to select the most suitable for publication abroad?’

“I was so much taken by surprise by this announcement that it was with the utmost difficulty I preserved a suitable composure.

“‘I am not astonished to hear that your Majesty's fame has attracted other, and no doubt more able, admirers,’ I replied. ‘In fact, the only wonder is that your writings are not already as widely known throughout Europe as they are in Sweden. Nevertheless, I offer you my respectful congratulations.’

“‘Come, my dear Ambassador, you must not be jealous,’ retorted the King, who perhaps detected some insincerity in my tone. ‘I promise you that if there is any particular book which you desire to translate, I will reserve it from those which I am going to give to the syndicate which has approached me.

“‘Yes,’ he continued, observing my surprise at the word *syndicate*, ‘the application which I have received comes from a representative syndicate of three gentlemen, one of them a countryman of your own, who have come to Stockholm to negotiate for the copy-right of my works on behalf of the publishers of Europe and South America. They propose to translate them into French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and issue them in all these countries at the same time.’

“While I was listening to this great scheme, I could not forbear from inwardly remarking the curious circumstance that these publishers who had shown so sudden a desire to acquire the works of Oscar II. should all belong to the Latin nations. It was at least singular that no proposal had come from Germany or Great Britain, countries so much more closely allied in language and modes of thought with King Oscar's own dominions.

“I was careful to keep these reflections to myself, however. I merely answered :

“‘The publishers who have formed this idea have given a proof of their good sense. No doubt the terms which they offer your Majesty are very handsome ones.’

“I said this because I knew that all royal authors are extremely proud of making money by their productions, and, as a rule, show the utmost greed in their dealings with publishers.

“The King blushed slightly as he answered :

“‘That is the very point on which I desired to consult you. In their letter to me these gentlemen make no allusion to the question of terms.’

“‘Doubtless that is because they feared to seem presumptuous,’ I said quickly. ‘They will, of course, accept any terms which you, sire, think fit to impose.’

“‘Ah! You think that is so?’ he demanded nervously.

“‘Without question, yes, sire.’

“‘But does it not seem to you that there might appear to be some indelicacy in my being the first to raise such a question?’ persisted his Majesty. ‘Would it not be better if some discreet friend, acting on my behalf, were to interview these gentlemen and ascertain their intentions?’

“It was impossible for me to remain any longer in doubt as to the King's meaning.

“‘You could propose no office which I should feel it a greater honour to discharge,’ I exclaimed with enthusiasm. ‘Permit me, sire, to see these men, and to arrange those business details which are beneath the attention of a man of letters.’

“I saw that he was charmed by this last phrase. His eyes sparkled as he replied :

“‘I dare not so far impose on your good nature. It is true that you possess a know-

ledge of French methods of business which I could not hope to find elsewhere.'

"Say no more, sire, I intreat you. I shall feel hurt if you refuse to intrust me with this important task.'

"With these words I closed the discussion, and shortly afterwards I took leave of His Majesty, and returned home with the address of the members of the syndicate whom I was to interview. Their names were Monsieur De Rochemort of Paris, Signor Calvetti of Turin, and Dr. Ruy Blanco of Rio de Janeiro, and they were staying at one of the principal Stockholm hotels.

"On arriving at the Embassy I was met in the hall by my Secretary of Legation, the Comte d'Hervé, a young man whom I regarded as a son.

"The Count intercepted me with a strange piece of intelligence. He informed me that three strangers, one of whom was a Frenchman, and gave the name of De Rochemort, had come to the Embassy to see me, and were at that moment waiting in the library for my return. They had positively refused to disclose the nature of their business, but had insisted on being allowed to see me that night.

"It required very little discernment to connect these mysterious visitors with the syndicate who had been in communication with King Oscar. I rushed to the natural conclusion that my fellow-countryman had come to solicit my influence with the King,

but I could not help feeling surprised and a little annoyed at this show of persistence. Filled with these ideas I walked straight into



"The Count intercepted me with a strange piece of intelligence."

the library, and found myself in the presence of the three men.

"They rose to their feet as I entered, and saluted me with grave courtesy. De Rochemort was a middle-aged man of imposing appearance, and apparent respectability, who evidently acted as the spokesman of the party. The Italian was more elderly, of noble

bearing, but with a certain sternness in his gaze which affected me uncomfortably. Dr. Ruy Blanco, the third man, was more difficult to describe. He might have been any age from forty to sixty, so little had time marked his bold and inscrutable countenance. His eyes he kept half closed most of the time, but when he opened them to their full width they glowed with a fierceness and intensity which was positively startling. In short, it was easy to see that the three were no ordinary men.

"I motioned to them to sit down, setting the example myself, and opened the conversation by saying :

" 'I have already heard of your arrival in Stockholm. His Majesty King Oscar, whom I have only just left——'

"At this point I made a sudden pause. De Rochemort, to whom I was addressing my remarks, had quietly made a sign which filled me with astonishment. You may have heard that in Masonry there are thirty-three degrees or stages of initiation. The highest degree to which any ordinary man can hope to attain is the thirtieth, and the number of those who attain to that may almost be reckoned on the fingers of one's hands. De Rochemort had indicated to me, by the sign of which I speak, that he was himself an adept of the thirtieth degree.

"Hastily recovering from my confusion, I proceeded :

" 'The King has been graciously pleased to consult me with regard to the proposal you have addressed to him, and which he is disposed to——'

"Again I had to break down in the middle of a sentence. Signor Calvetti had seized the opportunity of my turning a glance in his direction to make another sign which caused me an even greater shock. I have spoken of thirty-three degrees. The three last have always been reserved for the secret masters and governors of the order, men who seldom reveal themselves to their disciples. Only one man in each generation is admitted to the thirty-third and last degree, and his identity never transpires below the numbers of the next two grades.

"There are usually four adepts in the thirty-second degree, corresponding to the four

quarters of the world. The number of those in the thirty-first degree is not much greater, never exceeding one for each nation. The last initiate of the thirty-first stage in Great Britain was an Earl, whose name I am forbidden to reveal, but who has since renounced Masonry and embraced the Church of Rome. King Oscar himself represented this degree in Sweden. My consternation may be imagined, therefore, when I realised that Calvetti had announced himself as an initiate of the thirty-first degree.

"It was with a beating heart that I strove to go on, while my eyes wandered with dread towards the grim countenance of the third of these companions.

" 'He is disposed to take your offer into favourable consideration,' I said, 'but as the matter must involve some discussion of business details——'

"This time I stopped, thunderstruck. The Brazilian doctor had at last made a sign in his turn. I beheld myself, with terror, in the presence of the secret master of a continent, an initiate of the thirty-second degree.

"It was useless to indulge in any further pretence. These three men, who held over me the dreadful power of the Brotherhood, and whose orders I was bound by the most sacred oaths to obey, had not come to me from the ends of the earth merely to discuss a question of copyrights. I waited in silence for their commands.

"De Rochemort had evidently been charged to communicate them to me.

" 'Enough, brother,' he said gravely. 'I see that you are a man of intelligence. It is not King Oscar, the amateur author, that we are here to deal with, but Brother Oscar, the perjured Mason. The Masters of our Order, two of whom now honour you with their presence, have sat in judgment upon him, and they have condemned him as the principal cause of the fatal schism which has rent the sacred ark in twain.

" 'To this course he has been prompted, as we believe, by disappointed ambition. It was his hope to attain, not merely to the thirty-first, but to the thirty-third and last degree, and thus to become the supreme head of Masonry throughout the world. This wish was not gratified, and therefore he has

promoted the rebellion, and placed himself at the head of the seceding lodges. For this crime he has been judged worthy of death.'

"So far I had listened with feelings of dread and horror. The conclusion made my blood run cold.

"'Of death!' I gasped out.

"'That is his doom,' returned De Rochemort sternly. 'There is, moreover, another reason for the sentence. When the schism took place, the Masters resolved that the excommunicated lodges should be deprived of the final knowledge shared among the three last degrees. Of these, there were only three initiates among the rebels.

"'One, an Englishman, has saved himself by renouncing our order, and solemnly pledging himself to let his knowledge die with him. Another, a German, defied us, and was put to death six months ago. Now it is the turn of Oscar II. He has openly declared his intention of initiating others, and imparting the sacred knowledge to them. For this, too, the Masters have adjudged him to be worthy of death.'

"I sat petrified. To know that so fatal, so relentless a conspiracy had been formed against the life of this monarch whom I so much esteemed, was enough to overpower me, but I knew that I had not yet heard the worst. These men would not have bestowed on me their terrible confidences unless they intended to make me an instrument in carrying out their designs. It was this presentiment which so unnerved me.

"My fears were quickly justified. As soon as De Rochemort had finished expounding the reasons why King Oscar's death had been determined on, he demanded my assistance in the name of the Secret Tribunal of the Masters.

"Of course I demanded the proofs of his authority, though I well knew this request to be a mere form. It was Calvetti who produced the solemn and alarming ensigns of that authority which all Masons are bound at the peril of their lives to obey. I could only bow my head in respectful submission.

"But, though I am a sincere Mason, I am not the less a man. It was impossible for me to calmly give my aid to the murder in cold

blood of a sovereign from whom I had received so many tokens of goodwill.

"I therefore ventured to remonstrate with my Masonic superiors. I pleaded for the life of the King, and urged them to postpone their design till the Masters had had an opportunity of reconsidering their severe sentence. I reminded them that the foundation of all Masonry was benevolence and the love of our fellow creatures, and that its progress ought not to be stained with blood. I became eloquent, reproachful, menacing.

"At the end of my address the doctor, Ruy Blanco, opened his lips for the first time.

"'Have you done, Brother? Then now, Brethren, we will explain to the Baron what it is that we require of him.'

"I was crushed by this cold and brutal apathy. But I did not lose heart. I resolved to feign a submission which I did not really feel, in order to obtain a knowledge of their plans, with the intention of secretly thwarting them. I listened, therefore, while they explained to me, by the mouth of De Rochemort, various schemes for securing a private interview with the King, at which they hoped to be able to assassinate him undisturbed, and leave the country before suspicion was aroused against them.

"'There is now lying in the harbour of Norrköping, a steamer, laden with wheat, the captain of which is lingering on various pretexts, and keeping up steam night and day, ready to start at a moment's notice. Immediately we have executed the condemned'—it was thus that De Rochemort spoke of it—'we shall make the best of our way thither, get on board the *Aesir*, and proceed to sea. After that we have no fear of pursuit. Should you become in any way compromised by the event, you will, of course, have the privilege of sharing our escape.'

"It was all I could do to restrain myself at this insolent proposition. I, an Ambassador of France, the associate of kings and chancellors, was calmly invited to exchange my position for that of a wandering outlaw, the companion, or rather the servant, of a South American desperado. It was difficult to realise that these men were serious, and that they really intended to

exercise the frightful powers which they possessed.

"However, I feigned to listen to them with the greatest deference, though I raised some fatal objection to every one of the plans which they proposed. Finally I saw Ruy Blanco dart a frowning glance at Calvetti, who interposed this remark :

" 'It is evident that our brother, who is familiar with the Swedish Court, is the best person to arrange a suitable scheme. We will leave you, M. le Baron, to turn the matter over in your mind, and to elaborate such a plan as seems to you most likely to be successful.'

"With these frigid words he rose from his chair, and the three companions silently took their departure, leaving me in a state of truly pitiable dismay.

"Torn between the conflicting duties of humanity and loyalty to my Order, I resolved upon a middle course, which I believe will commend itself to you. I resolved that, while doing nothing to betray my Masonic brethren, I would secretly watch over their victim, and if possible protect him from their vengeance. Say, then, my friend, would you have had me to act otherwise?" And his Excellency looked at me with stern inquiry.

"By no means, my dear Ambassador," I responded, with earnestness. "Your conduct in this affair, as in every circumstance of your career, seems to me to have reconciled the nicest dictates of honour with the imperative demands of conscience."



" 'For this crime he has been judged worthy of death.' "

"It is well. I rejoice that you take that view, which consoles me for many slanders and misrepresentations which my enemies have wished to propagate." And the Ambassador sighed eloquently.

"The whole of the night which followed this interview which I have described I spent

in considering my plans. I arrived finally at the conclusion that it would become necessary for me to assume a disguise in order to watch the proceedings of the three emissaries, and that which I selected was the costume of a Swedish gendarme. I took great trouble to alter my face by means of paint and a false beard, so as to defy recognition, since I had no wish to find the daggers of the secret tribunal turned against myself.

"I made these preparations with the assistance of young D'Hervé, whose name I have already mentioned to you. My next step was to cause it to be announced to my household that I was indisposed, and should probably not leave my bedroom during the next few days. These details arranged, I was able to go forth from the Embassy unsuspected, and devote myself to my task.

"My first experience was an amusing one. As I was approaching the hotel, the Carlskrona, where the trio were staying, I perceived two of them coming out, De Rochemort and Calvetti. I hung back and allowed them to pass by me, after which I turned and followed them. It was not long before I discovered that they were on their way to my own residence.

"I crept slyly up as the door was opened, and heard the porter inform them of my illness. The two men turned and exchanged chagrined looks, and as they came away I heard De Rochemort muttering the most offensive epithets between his teeth, for which, but for my disguise, I should have challenged him upon the spot.

"I continued to watch the movements of the conspirators during the day. It was my constant expectation to see them setting out for the Palace, in order to interview the King; and I had arranged an elaborate scheme for intercepting them, of which, as things turned out, I had no occasion to make use.

"But instead of that, the only movement that occurred was a solitary expedition of De Rochemort, this time to the railway station. I followed him as closely as I dared. It had evidently not occurred to these men that they were likely to be watched, for De Rochemort observed no precautions. He proceeded straight to the ticket office, and I

got near enough to hear him demand three tickets to Norrköping.

"I was seriously alarmed at this, as it clearly indicated to me that the conspirators expected to complete their work that very day. Completely baffled by the secrecy of their movements, I could only follow De Rochemort back to the hotel, where I remained on guard. My movements began to attract the attention of the hotel-keeper, whom I had to pacify by pretending that I had received instructions to watch his foreign guests, on suspicion of smuggling. Meanwhile the hours dragged on till night without my vigilance being repaid by any fresh discovery.

"I was beginning to fear that I should have to return to the Embassy, when, as I was pacing to and fro in the street in which the Carlskrona is situated, I caught sight of a muffled figure approaching, about whose walk it struck me that there was something which I recognised. Unable to trace this curious association in my mind to any particular person, I turned round and watched the mysterious stranger proceed straight to the door of the hotel, through which he passed.

"My suspicions instantly aroused, I hurried stealthily in after the new-comer. I heard a voice inquiring in low and indistinct tones after the three foreigners, and immediately afterwards the visitor, his features still closely obscured, was led up to the door of the private apartment which they occupied. I waited till he had gone inside and the door was closed behind him, and then crept up and laid my ear to the panel. The sound which I heard caused me to start back, and clutch at the doorpost for support.

"It was the voice of Oscar II.!"

The Ambassador spoke these words with dramatic emphasis, and gazed at me as if he would read my thoughts.

I assumed an expression of the deepest concern.

"What a terrible situation!" I exclaimed. "They had of course lured the King there, with the intention of killing him?"

His Excellency nodded seriously.

"It was impossible for me to doubt. While I had been engaged in watching the movements of his two comrades, the terrible

doctor of Rio de Janeiro had been secretly at work. No doubt his acute and suspicious mind had detected my lurking enmity to his schemes on the previous night, and he had determined to go to work without me.

"As I subsequently learnt, he had caused a private message to be conveyed to King Oscar, in which he pretended that, to defeat the rivalry of other publishers, it was necessary for their literary negotiations to be carried out with the profoundest secrecy. He had stipulated that the King should come to them at the hotel under a strict incognito, and had artfully sought to inspire confidence by telling his Majesty that I was to be present at the conference.

"You will realise," pursued his Excellency, "the fearful predicament in which I found myself. Every moment of delay might mean the death of his Majesty. On the other hand if I attempted to give the alarm I should involve myself in the charge of treachery to the Masonic Order, and it would no longer be merely the life of another which I should be called upon to defend.

"It was on my own resources that I had to rely in this extremity. I considered for a few moments—it is well-known with what rapidity the mind moves in such circumstances—and then decided on a plan. I listened once more at the door, and heard De Rochemort beginning to speak. Then I tapped softly on the panel.

"The knocks which I gave formed a Masonic signal, which I am not permitted to indicate more clearly, but which I knew the persons I had to deal with would not dare to disregard. The event justified my expectations. There was a dead silence within the room, then a muffled whisper, and immediately after I heard footsteps stealing towards the door.

"I drew back a couple of paces, and waited. The next moment the door was cautiously opened, and the anxious face of De Rochemort peered out. He perceived me, but my disguise, together with the obscurity of the passage, made it out of the question that he should recognise who I was. I made a well-known sign, and at the same time beckoned him to come a few paces down the corridor.

"He appeared to be overwhelmed with astonishment, as he well might be. Stepping out into the passage, he softly shut the door behind him, and followed me. As soon as he was close up, he whispered :

" 'Who are you, brother? What is it?'



"He rushed away."

" 'Beware!' I whispered back. 'Everything is known. I am here at the peril of my life to warn you. Go instantly to the train, and do not feel safe till you are on board the *Aesir* at Norrköping.'

"He stared at me aghast.

" 'But who are you then?' he asked again.

" 'Do not inquire,' I said sternly. 'Enough that I sacrifice my loyalty as a Swede to my honour as a Mason. Go instantly, before you are interrupted by the police.'

"He turned pale, and made a step forward.

" 'But the others, my comrades?' he murmured, drawing back.

" 'I will see to them,' I replied. 'I charge

myself with their safety. They shall rejoin you in the train. Now hasten ; every moment may mean death.'

"This time he showed no further hesitation. He rushed away, and I heard him passing downstairs and out of the hotel.

"As soon as I was satisfied that he was out of the way, I returned to the door of the room, and repeated the same signal. I felt assured that the others would not proceed with their deadly business till they knew what had drawn their comrade away, and I was right.

"This time it was the Italian whose dark face appeared in the doorway. I made the same sign to him that I had done to De Rochemort, and he, too, stepped out into the passage and closed the door after him. But his manner showed more distrust of me than De Rochemort's, and I quickly realised that I was dealing with a man who would not be so easily got rid of.

"Where is M. De Rochemort?' he commenced by demanding.

"He is on his way to Norrköping, to embark on a certain steamer which is waiting there,' I answered. 'I have come to warn you to do the same. Your intentions have been discovered and your plot foreseen. Your only safety lies in immediate flight.'

"While I spoke I edged my way gradually down the passage, to increase the distance between us and the fatal room. But Calvetti saw through this manœuvre, and remained standing within a few paces of the door.

"What does all this mean?' he demanded in low but threatening tones. 'What guarantee have I of your good faith?'

"Simply this, that I have incurred the guilt of high treason in order to save your life. This house is already surrounded by officers of the police. In a few moments I shall be obliged to give the signal, and they will rush in and arrest you.'

"He gazed at me darkly, as if still sceptical. Finally he exclaimed :

"But the King is inside. At all events, there is time to complete our work.' And he made a movement back towards the door.

"The perspiration broke out on my brow. I ask you to believe that, for an instant, I was at the end of my resources. At once,

however, I recovered my composure, and answered with coolness :

"That is not the King at all. He is a substitute sent to deceive you.'

"It was a fearful artifice. Instantly Calvetti's brow became black with rage, and he seized me by the arm.

"Now I know that you are lying!' he cried fiercely, under his breath. 'King Oscar is well-known to me by sight. Traitor, you shall not save him!'

"There was not another moment to lose, as you will perceive. It was Calvetti's life or the King's. Like lightning I had drawn forth my trusty revolver, with which I had been careful to arm myself, and thrust the steel barrel against his head.

"Come with me without a sound, or I will blow out your brains!' I hissed.

"At my words and the touch of the cold steel his firmness deserted him. He dropped his clutch on my arm and submissively accompanied me down the passage. At the end of a dozen paces, however, he whispered earnestly :

"On the faith of a Mason will you swear that we shall all three be allowed to reach the *Aesir* in safety?'

"On the faith of a Mason, yes.'

"Satisfied with this assurance he allowed me to escort him to the main entrance of the hotel, and I saw him go off in the direction of the railway station.

"But though I had thus disposed of two of the confederates, I felt that I had the most formidable still to deal with. By this time, moreover, I knew that his suspicions must be keenly on the alert, owing to the successive disappearance of his two comrades, and I dreaded whether he might not be led to execute his desperate purpose at any moment. I proceeded noiselessly but swiftly back to the famous door in the passage, and again gave the symbolic knocks.

"This time it was longer before there came any response, and I stood trembling with expectancy, and dreading the sight which I should witness if I made my way into the room.

"You will ask me, perhaps, why I did not now boldly walk in, as the odds were now against this Brazilian. I was, however, still

hampered by the same consideration which had been present to my mind all along. It was not merely necessary to rescue the King of Sweden from his assassins, but also to rescue my brother Masons from the vengeance of Oscar II. To do this it was necessary to keep his Majesty in ignorance till the three men were beyond his reach, and hence my anxiety to get them away without arousing any alarm.

"At length the door was opened for the third time, and, to my astonishment, the face which met my gaze was that of King Oscar himself. The idea that Ruy Blanco, in the exercise of his Masonic superiority, would compel a sovereign to act as his doorkeeper, had not occurred to me, so that I was for the moment bewildered. But I did not hesitate long. Drawing his Majesty out into the passage by the same artifice I had already employed twice, I hastily whispered:

"Sire, you have been deceived in the characters of these men whom you have visited. The police have found it necessary to take certain steps with regard to them, and they entreat that your Majesty will at once return to the Palace. It will then be possible to keep secret the fact of your presence here to-night."

"Oscar II. showed considerable annoyance and chagrin, as was natural, on receiving such an intimation. He plied me with questions as I escorted him respectfully down to the street, and I had considerable difficulty in satisfying him with the vague explanations I was compelled to invent. I fell back on my

theory of smugglers, and in the end I succeeded in seeing him safely off the premises.

"I now returned to deal with the formidable chief of the conspiracy. I approached the room where I had left him with trepidation, and took the precaution to display my revolver as I threw open the door and walked in.

"But I alarmed myself without cause. The apartment was empty."

"Then what——?"

I began, as the Ambassador assumed an air of having finished.

"There is one more incident which I have to tell you," he said quickly, forestalling my question. "My mission having been discharged, I returned home. When I reached the Embassy, I contrived, with the assistance of my young friend, to get rid of my disguise, and to resume the rôle of invalid which I had adopted that morning.

"D'Hervé mentioned to me, as I was changing my costume, that there had been a caller for me shortly before my return, who had been shown into the library, while the servant ascertained whether I was disposed to receive him. The Count had been careful to intercept the

card which the stranger sent up, and to cause him to be sent away. This card my friend now handed to me.

"I received it with a swift guess of the name which I should read upon it. My idea proved it to be correct. The card bore the inscription: '*Dr. Ruy Blanco, Rio de Janeiro,*' to which was added in writing the significant expression, '*Au revoir!*'



"What does all this mean?" he demanded."

"Drawn by an irresistible impulse, I went down into the library. There, arranged in a certain order upon my desk, I found a key, a coin, and a skull. I had no longer any doubt. This fearful man had penetrated the secret of my double dealing. The emblems which I beheld spoke to me in the mystic language of the craft the most awful of sentences. It was my death-warrant."

This time I allowed an interval to elapse after the Ambassador finished speaking before I exclaimed :

"Thank Heaven your Excellency is still alive ! But have these monsters ever attempted to execute their wicked threats ?"

He shook his head with a rebuking air.

"Do not apply such language to those men, who, after all, were faithful to their ideas of duty. But no, there has been no such attempt as you speak of, for a reason which, perhaps, I ought to mention. The

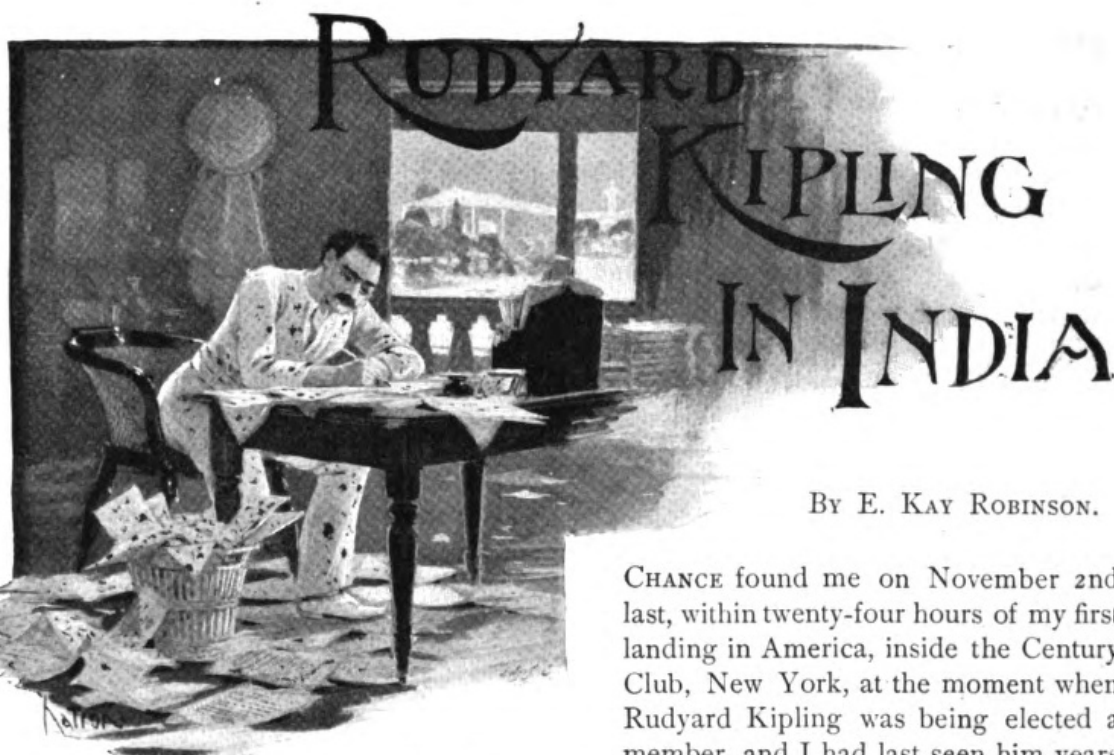
three men whose schemes I had been obliged to defeat arrived in safety at Norrköping, as I had promised them, and set sail upon their steamer the same night. But the *Aesir* has never been heard of since. She went down in the Baltic with all hands ; do not ask me to tell you how, or why."

Although I have set down this narrative exactly as I received it from the Ambassador's lips, I have since been informed by an English Mason of high standing, that my friend's statements with regard to the Order, and in particular his description of the degrees, must not be taken literally. Whether this is one of the differences between English and Continental lodges, or

whether the Ambassador purposely misled me with regard to mysteries into which he did not think me worthy of complete initiation, is a question which I have not yet dared to put to his Excellency.



"It was my death-warrant."



By E. KAY ROBINSON.

By the day's end he was spotted all over with ink like a Dalmatian dog.

CHANCE found me on November 2nd last, within twenty-four hours of my first landing in America, inside the Century Club, New York, at the moment when Rudyard Kipling was being elected a member, and I had last seen him years before at Lahore, in India, where he used to be my yoke-fellow in the daily

mill-round of Anglo-Indian journalism. This coincidence has suggested that some reminiscences of Kipling, as he was before he became famous and adopted America as his home, might not be without interest.

Although my official relations with Kipling did not commence till the autumn of 1886, our acquaintance on paper opened almost immediately after my arrival in India in January, 1885. I had written some dog-Latin verses in the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, to which pages I had gone out as assistant editor, and signed them with my initials "K. R.," while Kipling, who was assistant editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, was also in the habit of sending verses to the *Pioneer*, signed "R. K." I was unaware of this, and, indeed, of Kipling's existence, until I received a courteous letter from him saying that he had been undeservedly complimented upon the Latin verses which, owing to the similarity of our initials, were being attributed to him. I soon had opportunities of reading some of his work, and appreciated the compliment implied in the mistake.

Shortly afterwards I obtained a month's leave, and among other places visited Lahore, where I made the acquaintance of the Kipling family. A more charming circle, or rather square, it would be hard to find.

John Lockwood Kipling, the father, a rare genial soul, with happy artistic instincts, a polished literary style, and a generous, cynical sense of human humour, was without exception the most delightful companion I have ever met.

Mrs. Kipling, the mother, preserved all the graces of youth with a sprightly, if occasionally caustic, wit, which made her society always desirable, except, perhaps, to those who had cause to fear the lash of her epigrams.

Miss Kipling, the sister, now Mrs. Fleming, inherits all her mother's wit, and possesses a rare literary memory. I believe that there is not a single line in any play of Shakespeare which she cannot quote. She has a statuesque beauty, and in repose her face is marvellously like that of the lovely Mary Anderson. Indeed, a terra cotta bust of Miss Kipling, executed by her father, although an excellent likeness, used generally to be mistaken by strangers (myself at first included) for a bust of Mary Anderson.

With Kipling himself I was disappointed at first. At the time of which I am writing,

early in 1886, his face had not acquired the character of manhood. His juvenile appearance contrasted moreover unpleasantly with his stoop, acquired through much bending over an office table, his heavy eyebrows, his spectacles, and his sallow Anglo-Indian complexion; while his jerky speech and abrupt movements completed an impression so unlike what I had expected to derive from meeting with the author of Kipling's poems that I felt inclined for the moment to throw him down from the high pedestal of future fame upon which I had already placed him.

With the passage of time a marked and rapid improvement has taken place in Kipling's personality, and even at our first meeting the unfavourable effect which it produced was transient; for his conversation was always brilliant, and his sterling character gleamed through the humorous light which shone behind his spectacles. In ten minutes his personal disadvantages were forgotten, and he fell into his natural place as the most striking member of a remarkably clever and charming family.

It was a domestic quartette—they had combined, by the way, in the previous year to produce "The Quartette," a Christmas publication—of unusual ability, and each of the four had individually attained to almost as much literary fame as can be won in India, where the English-reading public numbers perhaps fifty thousand persons, scattered over a vast continent, three-fourths of whom are either too preoccupied with dry-as-dust official business, or too devoted to the frivolities of life to regard literature as anything better than a vehicle for the conveyance of ponderous statistics, or a means of embroidering the accounts of polo matches.

It was inevitable that such a family should, amid such surroundings, become a select Mutual Admiration Society, with a forcing-house atmosphere of warm domestic approval, liable to dangerously encourage eccentric growth in

Kipling's budding genius. He was compelled, however, to toil daily in a newspaper office under a man who appreciated his talent very little, and kept him at work for the most part utterly uncongenial; and this may have acted as a salutary antidote.

Nevertheless it was almost pathetic to look through the *Civil and Military Gazette* at that time, and note how Kipling's bright humour only flashed out in the introductory lines to summaries of Government reports, dry semi-political notes, and the side headings of scissors-and-paste paragraphs. This, however, was the maximum of literary display usually allowed to him, and it seemed such waste of genius that I strongly urged his parents to send him away to England.

But one of Rudyard Kipling's characteristics is, or perhaps was—for it is hard for a man whom the world agrees to praise to believe that the world is wrong—modest self-depreciation. He also entertains extravagant sentiments of gratitude for services he believes to have been rendered to him. To all suggestions, therefore, that he should leave India and make a fresh start in the world of Fleet Street he always returned the answer that, when he *knew* he could do good work it would be time for him to strive for a place in the English world of letters, and that in any case the proprietors of the *Civil and Military Gazette* had taken him on trust, a boy fresh from school, and he would serve them loyally, like Jacob in the Bible, for his full seven years.



HERE are very few, if they had felt, as Kipling must even then have felt, the power to move men, who would, from modesty and a scrupulous sense of obligation, have been content to remain at Lahore in the distant northwest of India, doing the dreariest drudgery of ill-paid newspaper work.

Whether he gained or lost thereby in the long run I do not know; for, against the dullness of the work, and the smallness of the pay, may be set the wholesome discipline for talents which threatened to be redundant, and still err occasionally on the side of exuberance; but

that I personally gained much is certain, for to Kipling's refusal to leave India was due the fact that when I subsequently arrived at Lahore to take over the editorship of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, I found him still there as "assistant." I also found a letter from the chief proprietor, in which he expressed the hope that I would be able to "put some sparks into the paper."

When the staff of a journal consists of two men only, one of whom is Kipling, such an exhortation addressed to the other doubtless seems curious; but, as I have said, above, Kipling had been discouraged from "sparkling." There are men going about, apparently sane, who deny to Rudyard Kipling any literary merit whatever, "unless," as they say, "vulgarity can be called such," and my predecessor in the editorship of the *Civil and Military Gazette* spoke of him, in his most favourable mood as "a clever young pup," and as a general rule did his best to make a sound second-rate journalist out of Kipling, by keeping his nose at the grindstone of proof-reading, scissors-and-paste work, and the boiling down of government blue books into summaries for publication.

But Kipling had the buoyancy of a cork, and, after his long office hours, still found spare energy to write those charming sketches and poems which in "Soldiers Three," etc., and the "Departmental Ditties," gave him such fame as can be won in the narrow world of Anglo-India. The privilege which he most valued at this time, was the permission to send such things as his editor, my predecessor, refused for the *Civil and Military Gazette*, to other papers for publication. These papers used to publish and pay for them gladly, and the compliments and encouragement with which more sympathetic critics treated his work, partly consoled him for the consistent efforts made by his own boss to suppress his exuberant literature, and his subsequent writings betray no undue suppression of fancy or depression of spirits.

There are many indeed who think Kipling's chief or only fault is excessive self-confidence, a cock-sureness, so to speak, about any phrase or sentiment he may fling down to the public being accepted as the mintage of genius. Perhaps this fault—and I think it is not

absent from some of Kipling's writings—would have been more conspicuous if my predecessor in the editorship of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore had been one of his admirers.

Youth is easily spoiled by success; and, although Kipling a year or two later passed through the ordeal of suddenly stepping into world-wide fame, without turning a hair or his back upon any old friend, however humble—and Kipling's range of acquaintance was as "extensive and peculiar" as Mr. Weller's knowledge of India—he may owe the fact that he has not been spoiled by a literary elevation as sudden as Byron's, to the chastening influence of those early years, when "clever young pup" was the highest praise his work could extort from the superior under whom he worked, and when his best writings only saw the light of day after they had been refused publication in his own paper. The reason for this treatment of Kipling's literary efforts is not easy to give.

Journalism in India is uncommonly hard labour for the few Englishmen who constitute an editorial staff; and with the greatest dislike of using a razor to cut grindstones, I could not help burdening Kipling with a good deal of daily drudgery. My experience of him as a newspaper hack suggests, however, that if you want to find a man who will cheerfully do the office work of three men, you should catch a young genius. Like a blood horse between the shafts of a coal waggon, he may go near to bursting his heart in the effort, but he'll drag that waggon along as it ought to go.

The amount of stuff that Kipling got through in the day was indeed wonderful; and though I had more or less satisfactory assistants after he left, and the staff grew with the paper's prosperity, I am sure that more solid work was done in that office when Kipling and I worked together than ever before or after.

There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work, which I really must mention, namely, the enormous amount of ink he used to throw about.

In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over

like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the ink-pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly.

When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning, I had to shout to him to "stand off"; otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a *full* pen in his hand—flying over me.

Driving or sometimes walking home to breakfast in his light attire plentifully besprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous, mushroom-shaped pith hat, Kipling was a quaint-looking object, especially as the vest—not infrequently *minus* the top button—displayed an expanse of chest. This was in the hot weather, when Lahore lay blistering month after month under the sun, and every white woman and half of the white men had fled to cooler altitudes in the Himalayas, and only those men were left who, like Kipling and myself, *had* to stay. So it mattered little in what costume we went to and from the office. In the winter, when "society" had returned to Lahore, Kipling was rather scrupulous in the matter of dress, but his lavishness in the matter of ink changed not with the seasons.

He was always the best of company, bubbling over with delightful humour, which found vent in every detail of our day's work together; and the chance visitor to the editor's office must often have carried away very erroneous notions of the amount of work which was being done when he found us in the fits of laughter that usually accompanied our consultations about the make-up of the paper.

This is my chief recollection of Kipling as assistant and companion; and I would place sensitiveness as his second characteristic. Although a master of repartee, for instance, he dreaded dining at the club, where there was one resident member, since dead, who disliked him, and was always endeavouring to snub him. Kipling's retorts invariably

turned the tables on his assailant, and got us all in a roar; and, besides this, Kipling was popular in the club, while his enemy was not.

Under such circumstances an ordinary man would have courted the combat, and enjoyed provoking his clumsy opponent; but the man's animosity hurt Kipling, and I knew that he often, to avoid the ordeal, dined in solitude at home when he would infinitely have preferred dining at the club, but I could never persuade him of the folly of doing so.

For a mind thus highly strung the plains of India in the hot weather make a bad abiding-place; and many of Kipling's occasional verses and passages in his Indian stories tell us how deep he drank at times of the bitterness of the dry cup that rises to the lips of the Englishman in India in the scorching heat of the sleepless Indian night. In the deep of that cup lies madness, and the keener the intellect, and the more tense the sensibilities, the greater the danger in those weary hours, when the dawn brings no relief to the throbbing brain as the weary body rises to another day of work in the stifling heat. I suffered little in the hot weather, day or night; and yet Kipling, who suffered much at times, willingly went through trials in pursuit of his art which nothing would have induced me to undergo.

His "City of Dreadful Nights" was no fancy sketch, but a picture burnt into his brain during the suffocating night hours that he spent exploring the reeking dens of opium and vice in the worst quarters of the native city of Lahore; while his "City of Two Creeds" was another picture of Lahore from the life—and the death—when he watched Mussulman and Hindoo spending the midnight hours in mutual butchery.

Apart from his marvellous faculty for assimilating local colour without apparent effort, Kipling neglected no chance, and spared no labour, in acquiring experience that might serve a literary purpose. Of the various races of India, whom the ordinary Englishman lumps together as "natives," Kipling knew the quaintest details of habits and language, and distinctive ways of thought.

I remember well one long-limbed Pathan, indescribably filthy, but with magnificent

mien and features—Mahbab Ali, I think was his name—who regarded Kipling as a man apart from all other “Sahibs.” After each of his wanderings across the unexplored fringes of Afghanistan, where his restless spirit of adventure led him, Mahbab Ali always used to turn up travel-stained, dirtier and more majestic than ever, for confidential colloquy with “Kuppeling Sahib,” his “friend”; and I more than fancy that to Mahbab Ali, Kipling owed the wonderful local colour which he was able to put into such tales as “Dray wara yow dee” and “The Man Who Would be King.”

To me, as Kipling's superior, Mahbab Ali was always embarrassingly deferential, for we understood not a word of each other's language, and his Mosaic magnificence of mien oppressed me, no less than if Abraham had arisen to do obeisance before me. His presence in my office was in fact overpowering, and so was his smell. Out of doors however, I have seen Kipling, in his cotton clothes and great mushroom hat, and Mahbab Ali's towering, turbaned, and loose-robed figure, walking together in earnest and confidential colloquy, the queerest contrast that friendship, even in India, that land of startling contrasts, has probably ever produced. But Mahbab Ali, peace to his ashes, was only one link in the strange chain of associations that Kipling riveted round himself in India.

No half-note in the wide gamut of native ideas and custom was unfamiliar to him, just as he had left no phase of white life in India unexplored. He knew the undercurrent of the soldiers' thoughts in the whitewashed barracks on the sunburnt plain of Mian Mir better than sergeant or chaplain. No father confessor penetrated more deeply into the thoughts of fair but frail humanity than Kipling, when the frivolous society of Anglo-India formed the object of his inquiries.

The “railway folk,” that queer colony of white, half white, and three-quarter black,

which remains an uncared for and discreditable excrescence upon British rule in India, seemed to have unburdened their souls to Kipling of all their grievances, their poor pride, and their hopeless hopes. Some of the best of Kipling's work has been in stories drawn from the lives of these people, although to the ordinary Anglo-Indian, whose caste restrictions are almost more inexorable than those of the Hindoo whom he affects to despise on that account, they are as a sealed book.

Sometimes, taking a higher flight, Kipling has made viceroys and commanders-in-chief, members of council and secretaries to government his theme, and the flashes of light that he has thrown upon the inner working machines of government in India have been recognised as too truly coloured to be intuitive or aught but the light of knowledge reflected from the actual facts.



AND no other writer, for instance, could have excited, as Kipling did, Lord Dufferin's curiosity as to how the inmost councils of the State had thus been photographed, without having somehow or other caught a glimpse of things as they were for at least one moment; and it is this which is the strongest attribute of Kipling's mind that it photographs, as it were, every detail of passing scenes that can have any future utility for literary reference or allusion.

His habit of thus storing up valuable material while seemingly engrossed in the business or pastime of the moment, inclined me at first almost to think that his absorption of local colour was automatic in its action, and dependent upon no mental and conscious act; but afterwards I concluded that this curious and admirable power arose merely from the activity and swiftness of his mind. As the drongo-shrike in India, tearing the crow, will leave a tree at the same time as his victim, pass and repass it, swoop upon it half-a-dozen times and make swift circuits round it, eventually alighting simultaneously with the crow upon another tree; so, I

suppose, Kipling was able, however he might be engaged, to make mental excursions of various kinds while still pursuing the even tenor of the business in hand.

In sporting matters, for instance, I suppose nothing is more difficult than for a man who is no "sportsman"—in the exclusive sense of the men who carry the scent of the stables and the sawdust of the ring with them wherever they go—to speak to these in their own language along their own lines of thought. Of a novelist, who writes a good sporting story, it is considered praise to say that "none but a real sportsman could have written it." But Kipling was no sportsman, and an indifferent horseman; yet his sporting verses always took the sporting world in India (where sport takes precedence of almost every other power of human activity) by storm.

I recollect in particular one case in which a British cavalry regiment, once famous in the annals of sport, and quartered at Umballa, once the brilliant headquarters of military steeplechasing in India, published an advertisement of their steeplechases, and to attract number rather than quality of entries, stated that the fences were "well sloped" and "littered on the landing side," or something to that effect.

Now, if Kipling had ridden a steeplechase then, I imagine the odds would have been against him and the horse arriving at the winning post together; and in India he could only have seen a few second-class steeplechases in the way that the ordinary spectator sees them. But he wrote some verses upon this advertisement, reminding the regiment of what they had been and of what Umballa had once been in sport, filled with

such technicalities of racing a stable jargon that old steeplechasers went humming them all over every station in Upper India, and swearing that "it was the best thing ever written in English."

It was a bitter satire on the degeneracy in sport of the cavalry officers who "sloped" and "littered" their fences, to make the course easy and safe; and to the non-sporting reader the technical words gave good local colour, and might or might not have been rightly used; but what impressed me was that a sporting "vet.," who had lived in the pigskin almost all his life, should have gone wandering about the Lahore Club, asking people "where the youngster picks it all up?" As for the bitterness of the satire, it is enough to say that many years after an officer of the regiment, finding the verses in a scrap-book of cuttings belonging to a friend in whose house he was staying, apologised for the necessity of tearing the page out and burning it.

On leaving India Kipling was plunged into a new world, and to some extent seemed to have lost his bearings, while his Indian writings—of jungle life, etc.—are losing the exactitude of local colour which marked his earlier work. It may be that I, writing as one who has only left India a few months, am regarding his late Indian work through the wrong end of the telescope, and that what it has lost in special Indian accuracy it may have gained in world-wide interest; but I believe that Kipling's maturing experience of life in Europe and America will before long enable him to make a fresher start on Western topics, and smite his way with ease to the very foremost place among the writers of the age, whether of prose or verse.



GREYBEARD



I.
GREYBEARD sits in the old armchair—
The firelight shines on him dreaming there;
Three score and ten is he to-day—
Ah me, how the years have slipt away!
Those whom he loved in the days of yore—
When life was sunny, are here no more;
Some are dead, some over the sea,
All alone with his dreams is he!

II.
Greybeard, Greybeard,
There are wrinkles on his
brow,
He is old, so old,
And the years are told—
Nobody wants him now!

III.
Greybeard dreams of the days that were,
When feet were tripping and life was fair;
Dreams of the lassie he wooed and won,
The wife who shared with him shadow and sun!
The merry patter of baby feet
Around his chair makes a music sweet;
Sorrow and sunshine, smiles and tears,
Make up the tale of the lost sweet years!

IV.
See, at the threshold somebody stands,
A posy of flowers in her tiny hands;
Looking at him with the sweet blue eyes—
Her grandmother has in Paradise!

V.
Greybeard wakens—it is no dream—
Someone is there in the firelight gleam;
Somebody's kisses are on his brow—
Somebody cares for him, loves him now!

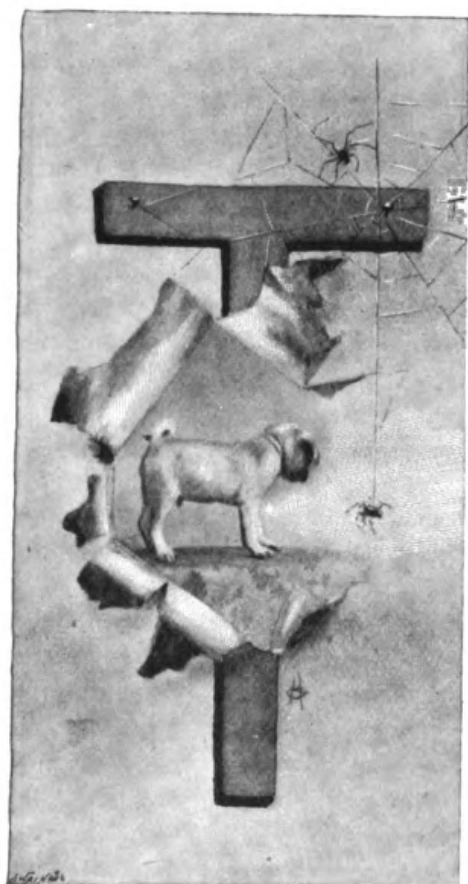
VI.
Greybeard, Greybeard,
Let the world say what it will,
Though you're old, so old,
And the years are told,
Somebody loves you still!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.



Animals as Criminals

By J. BRAND.



THE title of this article is not intended as a joke. It is a matter of fact that almost every form and variety of human crime is to be found among animals. There are burglarious bees, filibustering sparrows, and murderous individuals among nearly all animal species. And not only is criminality existent among insects and animals, but it has attained such proportions that Professor Lombroso, the eminent Italian savant, has made it a branch of study in the school of criminal anthropology that he has founded.

Bees, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, have been known to attack well-stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels, massacre the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions.

Repeated success in these nefarious enterprises begets in them such a taste for robbery and violence that they recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, until regular colonies of brigand bees are formed.

The most curious fact is that crime can be produced by drink among bees just as it is among men. By giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink you can introduce brigandage into an otherwise well-conducted, moral hive. The bees soon acquire a keen taste for this beverage; they become ill-disposed and irritable, losing all desire to work; and, finally, when hunger comes upon them, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives of their sober neighbours.

One variety of bees lives entirely by plunder. They are born with defective organs of nidification, and are what Professor Lombroso would call born criminals—that is, individuals who are led to crime by their own organic constitution.

It is almost impossible to suppress a certain feeling of sinful satisfaction at this discovery. From our childhood up, we have had the example of bees cast in our teeth. Their natural history has been made up in portable doses, mixed with trite moralities, and administered for the correction of youthful backslidings. And, after all, bees are no better than they ought to be—they are drunkards, thieves, housebreakers, and murderers. Not a bad record for a little insect that has for generations posed as a model of sobriety and well-ordered industry.

Sparrows and swallows are, I am sorry to say, very little better, but they have not the excuse of drink. Here are two instances of criminal outrage that may well take their place beside the Armenian atrocities.

“Some swallows had built their nests under the windows of the first floor of an uninhabited

house in Merrion-square, Dublin. A sparrow took possession of the nest, and in vain the unfortunate swallows endeavoured to retain their hold upon it. They were forced to abandon the nest; but they returned with a band of their companions, each of whom was provided with a little lump of mud. The entrance to the nest was soon blocked up, and the intruder found himself a prisoner."

Sometimes revenge takes a form even more demoniacal. "At Hampton Court a couple of sparrows took possession of a nest built by a couple of swallows, in spite of an obstinate resistance on the part of the latter. Having once established themselves, the intruders were no longer molested. But the day came when they were obliged to leave the nest in search of food for their young: then, as soon as they were out of sight, several swallows came to demolish the nest, and I saw the young sparrows lying dead upon the ground."

Theft is a common crime among pigeons, even in the civilised communities of artificial dove-cotes. An Italian naturalist tells us that in almost every dove-cote of the Roman Society for pigeon breeding there are individuals who try to obtain the material necessary for their nests by abstracting it from the heap of straw collected by others for that purpose; in fact, they rob their neighbours rather than work for their own families.

Among female dogs theft is not uncommon, but in almost all such cases maternal love is the cause of their lapse from virtue. Dogs ordinarily moral and self-respecting, are known to have begun stealing when they had puppies, when they steal anything that the latter will eat. This is a form of crime that may well be viewed with leniency.

The child-stealing of which sterile dogs have been proved guilty is more serious. Lady dogs whose maternal instincts have not been gratified will frequently steal the young belonging to others, in order to complete their own family circle. The family in these cases generally dies, in spite of the solicitude of the adopting parent, who is affectionate but inadequate maternally.

A Spanish naturalist has detected the same form of crime among mules, certain mules luring foals away from their mothers in order

to satisfy a morbid maternal instinct; then, being unable to nourish the foals, they let them die of starvation.

This is a serious indictment against the animal kingdom, but it is not the whole of my case. Murder in its worst form, committed under the influence of malice and passion, has been proved among animals.

Karl Vogt, the celebrated German naturalist, quotes the case of a couple of storks that had for several years built their nest in a village near Salette. One day it was noticed that, when the male was out in search of food, another younger bird began to court the lady. At first he was repulsed, then tolerated, and at last his insidious attentions were welcomed. Finally, one morning, the graceless pair flew away to the field where the husband was hunting for frogs and ruthlessly murdered him.

According to another authority storks often murder the members of the flock who refuse to follow them at the time of migration, or are unable to do so.

Murder is a common crime among parrots, who will attack their companions and crush their skulls by repeated blows from their beaks. Partridges will often kill each other's young, and monkeys, especially females in menageries, are given to fits of frenzied hatred which frequently lead to murder.

Most of us who have kept animals could quote cases of infanticide among them.

In short, you will find all the phenomena of human crime among animals, but on a smaller scale, and in rough outlines. You will find among animals, crimes very closely resembling those caused by madness in men. Elephants, normally the most meek and peaceable creatures, are sometimes seized with a desire to kill; and at those moments they are not fastidious—they will kill other elephants or men without provocation.

Rodet, the distinguished French veterinary surgeon, tells us that in every regiment of cavalry one finds some horses which rebel against discipline, and lose no opportunity of injuring man or horse.

With all their wickedness, however, animals are less criminal than men, and not even an enraged elephant will attain the hideous monstrosities of which his master is capable.

The BRAVEST DEEDS I ever saw

By MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

(Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army.)



Sydney Cowell

IN relating a few of the bravest, boldest, and most heroic acts that have come under my observation, I recall a scene at the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13th, 1862. The army of the Potomac had crossed the Rappahannock under very difficult circumstances. The opposite shore was lined with Confederate sharpshooters, and a pontoon bridge had to be laid under the fire of their rifles. Our own sharpshooters were aligned along the bank of the river, hotly engaging the riflemen on the opposite shore, in order to attract their attention, and as much as possible draw their fire away from the corps of engineers who were engaged in putting the pontoon boats into the river, and lashing them together. So hot was this fire that many of the men were killed, and volunteers were called for to take their places and carry on the desperate work. And there was ready response to the call; for, singular as it may seem, in almost every desperate emergency there was no lack of heroic spirits, ready to volunteer to occupy the most dangerous positions.

The bridge was finally completed, and a regiment passed quickly over, storming the banks on the other side, driving back the skirmish line of the enemy, and taking possession of that side. They were quickly followed by brigades and divisions, who took possession of the grounds and drove the enemy out of the city, back on to the hills beyond, where the army of North Virginia had taken up its position in battle array. Many hours of the day and the succeeding night were occupied in crossing the army over on the pontoon bridges. The

troops then moved out across the low ground, and gradually ascending the heights of Fredericksburg, encountered the Confederate forces, who were in very strong positions, partly behind stone walls, whence their fire was most destructive, and effective in checking the Union troops.

While my command of two regiments was supporting one part of the advance line, although not at the moment hotly engaged themselves, and were lying down in order to escape the severe fire of shot and shell that swept over the field, Captain William G. Mitchell, of General Hancock's staff, rode up to me and said:

"General Hancock sends his compliments, and directs that you move your command to the right and engage the enemy in that direction."

This order was given under one of the most terribly destructive fires that I have ever experienced. Men were falling rapidly about us, and the whiz of bullets and the cracking of bursting shells were rending the air on every side. Soldiers under such circumstances usually display some trepidation, excitement, enthusiasm, or emotion of some kind. In fact it is very rare that at such a time men do not exhibit strong feeling, either in their tone of voice, or expression of face, or otherwise indicate the feelings inspired by such appalling circumstances.

But this young officer was as cool as if on dress parade. He showed himself the *beau ideal* of chivalry, and presented a perfect picture of the true knight in action. His voice was as clear and quiet as if he were in a drawing-room, or as if he were speaking under the most ordinary circumstances; his large, clear, dark eyes indicated the cool fortitude that possessed his soul. He had finely chiseled features, a spare form, dark eye-brows, light moustache, and straight, black, unusually long hair, and had the attitude, appearance, and manner of the true soldier.

On another occasion, in the next ensuing desperate battle, which occurred on the field of Chancellorsville, during the worst and most desperate fighting of the second day of that battle, when the Union forces were being assaulted at every point, and in several places were being driven back in some disorder, a duel was being fought by two batteries, one on the Union and the other on the Confederate side, near where General Hancock, with his staff, had taken station. In the shifting phases of the battle, a division of the Confederate infantry made a strong assault upon one portion of Hancock's line, and it became necessary for him to change the front of one of his divisions in order to meet this threatened onslaught. It was one of those cases where the element of time is of the most vital importance.

In this emergency General Hancock turned to his trusted *aide-de-camp*, and, pointing to the danger, gave him directions to proceed as quickly as possible to the threatened point and change the front of the position there, in order to make a counter

attack on the enemy. Mitchell, with his soldier's instinct, realised the importance of giving the order with the least possible delay; so instead of going round to the rear of our own battery, then engaged in the duel, with a total disregard of his own safety, he dashed between the two batteries and succeeded in safely conveying the order, changing the front of the division, and saving that part of the field from disaster.

In doing this he had to defy the dangers from the shot and shell of the Confederate battery as well as the risk of death from the one on his own side, which was then engaging it. Such acts illustrate the indifference of some men to personal danger in the hour of battle, and the intense earnestness of their devotion to the cause in which they are engaged, which prompts them to behave with such reckless daring and heroism.

Another illustration of great coolness and courage under desperate circumstances, was the action of a young officer who was making a reconnaissance between the lines of the armies of the Potomac and northern Virginia. He was looking for the evidences of action, and presence of the enemy, and endeavouring to obtain all the information possible concerning the topography of the country and the number and position of the enemy's troops. He had with him, for escort, one troop of cavalry.

After making a reconnaissance for several hours, he turned towards the Union lines, intending to return by that route; but, wishing to gain still more information without requiring the escort to make a long detour, he directed them to return to their station by a shorter route, while he himself went by a more circuitous way. Before he could rejoin his command he was discovered by a troop of Confederate cavalry, on a reconnaissance similar to his own. The commanding officer, seeing that he was unaccompanied, immediately gave chase, and a rapid pursuit followed. The Union officer was but eighteen years of age; he was well mounted and a light rider, and thought he had a fair prospect of escape, especially as, in his opinion, his horse could out-foot the troop of Confederate cavalry.

The Confederate commander, however,

was mounted on a powerful, thoroughbred horse, and, soon leaving his troop well to the rear, gained rapidly on the young officer. As they struck into a well-beaten road, it was evident that it was a race for life. The young officer seeing that the other, who had left his troop far in the rear, gained upon him, resorted to a stratagem to effect his escape.

Coming to a sharp turn in the road, he

lines, and swept back over the few miles that separated him from them. His own forces, who had awaited his return with much anxiety, were much relieved when he dashed up to them leading the captured charger.

Another instance of great daring was observed at Malvern Hill. This was the closing battle of that campaign known as the "seven days before Richmond," where



As the latter swept round the turn of the road, the Union officer fired upon him.

passed for a moment completely out of sight, and wheeled in behind some thick evergreen trees. Springing from his horse he waited with cool determination the approach of the Confederate officer. As the latter swept round the turn of the road, the Union officer fired upon him, rolling him in the dust. Then, springing upon his own horse again, he seized the bridle of the Confederate charger, whirled round towards the Union

the siege of Richmond was raised, and McClellan changed his base of operations from the York river to the James. There had been six days' desperate fighting, in which both contending armies sustained severe losses, but in the end the ground was held by the Confederate forces, and the gradual retreat of the Federal forces towards the James river was the result. On the afternoon of July 1st, 1862, the army of the

Potomac had taken position on the strategic ground of Malvern Hill, a very strong position, overlooking the surrounding country.

There were a few undulations, but mostly wide fields of flowing grain, and rich green grass, that in places was from ten to fifteen inches in height, presenting one of the most beautiful and picturesque midsummer prospects that could possibly be imagined. The scattering trees of the open forests in full foliage and the green fields interspersed with flowers, under ordinary circumstances would have formed a scene most fascinating to behold.

The artillery was placed in position, and the infantry was drawn up in line of battle along the most commanding crests, preparatory to the final struggle of that remarkable campaign. The Confederate army followed in pursuit of the Union forces after the desperate battle

of Glendale, or Nelson's Farm, as it is sometimes called. They had taken position in the stretches of timber some three miles from Malvern Hill. They did not long allow the Union forces to remain in inactivity.

The first lines that were advanced by brigades, divisions, and corps, received a terrific fire from the Union batteries on the crests of Malvern Hill, but they still moved on up the slope occupied by the Federal troops. In these advances and assaults the destructive work of our artillery was very evident, and when they reached the infantry line they were hurled back with serious loss. In one of the advances made later in the afternoon was a Confederate regiment led by

a bold young colonel, who moved forward with his command with great spirit over the plain.

After they had debouched from the timber, the artillery cut wide gaps in the line, but they closed in towards the centre on the colours, and moved forward with splendid martial spirit. As they ascended the slope and came under the scattering fire of the infantry line, their pace slackened, and they seemed to move with a less elastic step, a growing semblance of hesitation, and gradually moved more slowly, and with less impetuosity.

Impatient at this apparent caution and trepidation on the part of his command (as a body, not as individuals; for the regiment was under such splendid discipline that not a soldier left the ranks), the gallant young officer dashed forward in front of his regiment, and turning about



"Come on! Come on! Do you want to live for ever?"

while he waved his hat, exclaimed:

"Come on! Come on! Do you want to live for ever?"

This was said with the coolest *sang froid*, and utmost apparent indifference to the hail of Minie balls and cannon shot that was falling thick and fast around him. This was a degree of courage that was not only indifferent to danger, but could defy imminent destruction from the engines of war with a buoyant sense of humour, that not only inspired fortitude in his followers, but aroused feelings of admiration in all those who heard him. It was a sample of the very highest type of courage, which is rarely witnessed even among the scenes of death and destruction.



BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

I.

As evening began on the highway, the quiet French highway, your traveller riding to his friendly inn might have drawn rein in some uneasiness, catching the first notes of a strange and dread-inspiring chant. He pulled up, perhaps, under the shelter of an oak, not certain whether to advance or to put his horse's head about.

That terrible dirge-like chant grew more distinct, and now in the intervals arose another sound, not more grateful to the ear, the clank of steel fetters.

Oh! oh! Jean Pierre, oh!

Fais toilette.

V'la, v'la le barbier, oh!

Oh, oh, oh, Jean Pierre, oh!

V'la la charette.

The air was unutterably mournful, the words were horrid in their realism. What voices were these urging Jean Pierre to his last toilette, showing him the barber-surgeon come to clip the hair from the back of the neck, and the cart of the guillotine standing for him at the prison door?

By the jangling of their chains the singers were proclaimed before they came in sight. These were the *forçats*, or convicts, of France marching to the prison called the *bagne*, and singing as they went the *Chanson de la Veuve*—Song of the Widow—the guillotine, the widow-maker.

They came on at a slow and painful

tramp, hundreds of them, men and youths, each wearing an iron collar and supporting a part of the chain which attached him by the neck to the prisoner in front. Their clothes were dull with dust; dust and sweat had made a glaze upon their faces. Some of the younger ones wore a look of terror, the effect of the dreadful "Song of the Widow," added to the wretchedness of their situation. Others, old *forçats*, were reminded of a guillotining in the *bagne*, when they had knelt upon the ground in a long double row, bareheaded, to see a comrade pass between them to the scaffold, at the foot of which stood the black coffin-cart, with the skull and cross-bones painted above the door.

The armed guard marching on either side of the vast chain of the condemned had heard that chant of the "widow-maker," many times, but none ever listened unmoved to those fearsome words, that air of incommunicable sadness.

Some of the prisoners had tears streaming down their faces, faces on which crime or evil fortune had written such "strange de-features." In others that hymn of the scaffold seemed to kindle afresh the passions which had riveted on their necks the steel collar of the *forçat*. Here and there in haggard eyes which were never uplifted burned the slow fires of remorse.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Faucher colas.

The chant ends with the falling of the blade.

* In the May number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE appeared a realistic description of the convict prison system in England to-day. We are now enabled to publish an article throwing a strong light upon the horrors of the French convict prison in the early part of this century. The terrible sufferings these prisoners endured are in effective contrast to the comparatively easy life of the well-behaved convict of 1896. The illustrations have been drawn by Mr. E. F. Sherie, from authentic pictures in an old and very rare French work.

On and on at a heavy pace went the long cohort of the chain, and each man knew that every step he took brought him nearer to the place where his miseries would not finish but begin. At the end of the march was the *bagne*. For the new-made *forçat* the name was an epitome of all the terrors the imagination could conceive.

Would not the traveller whose progress this piteous pageant had arrested spur forward to the shelter of his inn, and call quickly for a flagon of warm red wine?

II.

BUT leave the gentleman to dispel the picture with his wine, and follow the chain in its miserable procession through France, the France of the early days of our own century of grace.

When night fell, with its chances of slipping from the gang into cover of ditch or thicket, a halt was called. There were fixed *étapes* or stages for each day, and sheds and barns were requisitioned for the night's lodging. If the regular ration of meat were not forthcoming, it was a struggle to have the hand first in the common mess-tub of beans and cabbage. The warder's whistle blew the signal for rest, and, fettered and galled, you threw yourself into the straw.

At daybreak the whistle blew again. There was no dressing to be done, for no one had changed his clothes, and no washing, for there was no water to wash with; but the smell of the air, how sweet it was when the doors of the straw-shed were unbarred. The march was taken up once more.

Here came a little town, just turning out

for the business of the day—shop, warehouse, or meadow beyond. The rattle of the fetters is heard. *V'la les forçats!* The "lags" are coming! The town rushes out pell-mell, feasts itself with that gruesome sight, howls imprecations, which the chain is not slow to give back.

Sometimes it was different. The townsfolk or the peasants were ready with gifts of fresh fruit, vegetables, bread, wine, cider; and the chain knew how to thank them for these sympathies. In general, however, when

a town or village was passed on the stage, it was a battle of oaths and obscenities between the free people and the *forçats*.

At intervals along the march, the whole gang were turned into a field, stripped to the skin, and searched. Weather made no difference in the orders of the day; it was

trudge, trudge, trudge, in sun or rain; and some times a day's pilgrimage gave taste of three or four different climates. One might be burned red by midday, and lie down in the straw at night soaked to the skin. The doctor's functions on the march were not nominal.

It went on drearily, one day and another; ever so many days. The chain twitching at the collar—old *forçats*, fettered together, had the knack of easing the pain—grazed and worried the neck ceaselessly. There was no help, unless one fell by the way. It is not easy to conjure up in fancy the sufferings of the home-bred *forçat*, or the decent victim of conspiracy, or the prosperous lottery-swindler or bank-breaker, or the government contractor, or the easy and half-unconscious partner in some social crime, suddenly smitten by the law, severed from home and family, and thrust into that hideous company



THE CEMETERY.

of the chain. There were some who went mad on the route between Paris and the *bagne*.

At certain stages, lengths were added to the chain. The provincial courts sent out their drafts to meet the main contingent from Paris. As the chain increased in length it increased in criminal and psychological interest; and towards the end of the closing stage it linked together examples of every offence that the law had cognisance of. Thieves, robbers, and house-breakers made the largest category. Murderers, in a greatly less numerous class, figured second on the list; and it dwindled down from the poisoners (the art of poison flourished rather poorly at that epoch) to the parricides, the perjurers, the bigamists, and the curiously small tail of political offenders. I have omitted the forgers, coiners, incendiaries, blackmailers, and defaulters in public offices; but it will be seen that the catalogue embraced male society at large. The "flying chain" of the *forçats* on the march tethered one and all.

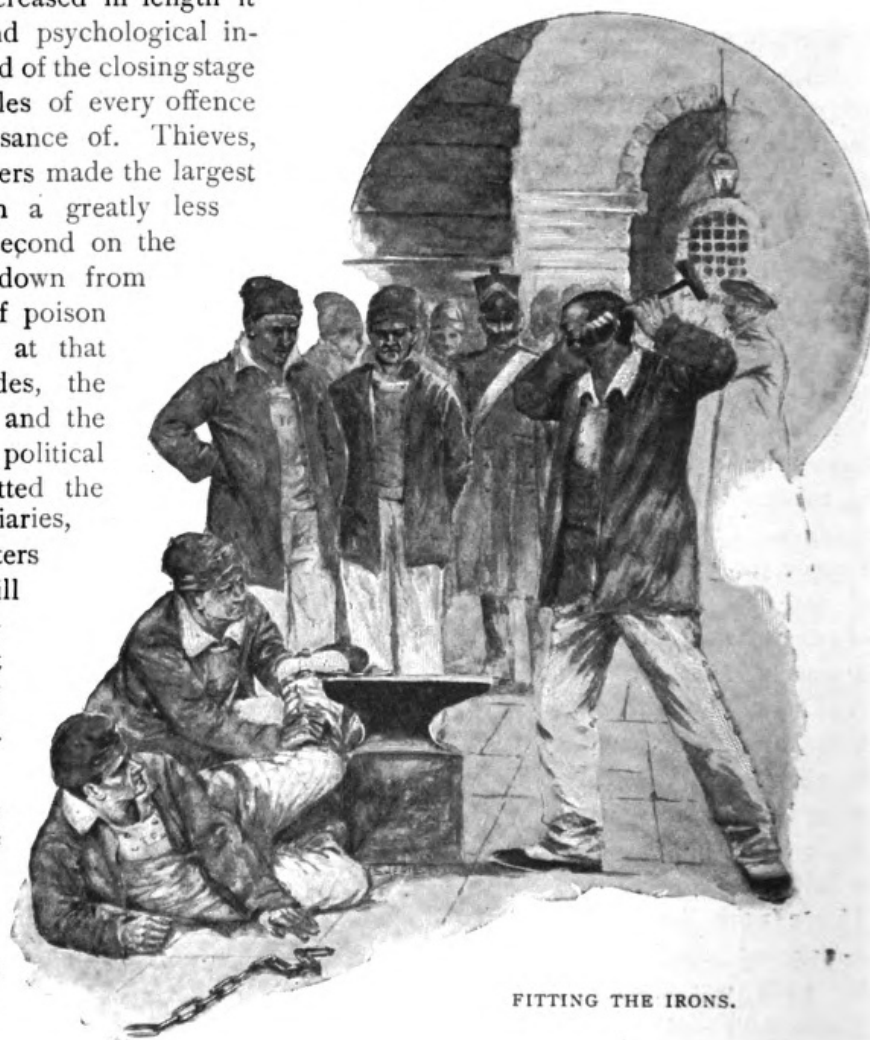
At the walls of Brest, Toulon, or Rochefort, the march ended.

III.

WHAT was the *bagne* ?*

It represented the penal system which had superseded the punishment of the galleys. The *galérien*, or galley slave, ceasing to be employed at the oar, or but very rarely employed there, became the *forçat*, which term is the equivalent of our convict. There were three great *bagnes* in France. That of Toulon was built in 1748; in the following year the *bagne* at Brest was erected by convict labour; and, sixteen years later, the *bagne*

of Rochefort was constructed. These prisons were under the control of the Ministry of Marine (which to this day has the control of transportation), and towards the middle of the present century they held a population of nearly eight thousand.



FITTING THE IRONS.

Footsore and sick and stained with many weathers, the company of felons at length passed through the gates of the *bagne*. The free world was fairly behind them now. They saw and felt defiant walls around them; great doors were unbarred for them; iron gratings smote them with a sense of hopelessness.

They saw the strong bodies of guards and warders—some with sabre and rifle, others with rods—who were to be their taskmasters in this grey abode.

They saw swarms of felons coming and going in the grotesque and flaming livery of the *bagne*.

* The name seems to be of rather doubtful origin:—Ital. *bagno*, Fr. *bain*, bath; i.e., the bath of the Seraglio at Constantinople was in the first instance a prison of this nature. Or, as others have it, the prison adjoined the bath. The French *bagnes* were sometimes known as *prisons mouillées*, floating prisons, because the prisoners had once been lodged in hulks.

This was the manner of their reception on arrival. They were first passed in review by the governor and chief officers of the prison, by the principal surgeon, and by the head of the police, who assured himself of each man's identity. They were then sent for a sorely needed bath, and the clothes which they put off for their ablutions were exchanged for the costume of the *bagne*. This was a loose red jacket, a sleeveless waistcoat of the same colour or of yellow, trousers of dark yellow or drab, buttoning down the leg, a shirt of coarse calico, and a woollen cap in shape like the Republican cap of liberty. The colour of the cap indicated to some extent the status of the wearer. The *bonnet rouge*, or red cap, told that he was condemned *à temps*, that is to say for a period of years, few or many. The dreaded *bonnet vert*, the green cap, was the badge of servitude *à perpétuité*—for life! Jacket and trousers were stamped with the letters T.F., (*travaux forcés*, hard labour).

Now, then, the habit of the new-comer is



CONVICTS FOR LIFE.



PILING SHOT.

complete. Not so; he has yet to receive his irons. The collar which he wore on the march has been put off, but an anklet of steel must replace it. He is taken to a courtyard where a convict smith, with anvil, hammer, and an assortment of fetters, awaits him. He lies face downwards, and a convict assistant bends his leg and raises his foot to the anvil. The ring is bolted on the ankle, and to this is riveted a chain, one end of which is attached to a leathern waistbelt.

Now, it would be no mean portion of one's punishment to sustain, night and day for years, the degrading burden of the fetters, but the degradation yet lacked some thing.

The *forçat* must not alone be chained; he must, in addition, be chained to another *forçat*. In certain circumstances this must have been the worst and most torturing penalty of all. For the new-comer could make no

choice of a companion for his chain. The choice was made hap-hazard, and in general without the least consideration, by the officer who presided over the ironing. "Your name's Legrand, is it? Next man in the line whose name begins with L," and so on. As a result, the most bizarre and repulsive couplings. There were, it is true, many affectionate companionships of the chain; but there were many more which inflicted an eternity of suffering upon one of the pair. Even in slavery, where there are two in perpetual association, one will be master; and thus it was with the bondslaves of the *bagne*.

It was by no means impossible for a man of breeding and refinement, choice and gentle in word and manner, to drag his chain at the heel of a truculent assassin, a brutal robber, or a gigantic negro who was continually coming under the lash for insubordination. That was an anxious moment when the *accouplement* was made, and the two partners of the chain first scanned one another.

Three days of repose were allowed to the new arrivals — "repose," fettered to the wooden guard-bed of the *bagne*, in a huge chamber shared by some five or six hundred condemned ones, and patrolled day and night by warders.

IV.

At five on the morning of the fourth day, if it were summer, at six in winter, the *Diane* sounded the turn-out, and the new hand fell

in with his gang. The life of the *bagne* had begun for him.

Suspicion is the note of prison rule, and in prisons like the *bagnes*, where most minds brooded on escape, suspicion was a virtue. What *forçat* had been tampering with his chain or ankle-ring in the night? This was the first question in the governor's mind in the morning, and there was a warder whose special duty it was to furnish a practical answer by demonstration.

As he descended into the courtyard from the great sleeping chamber, each convict presented his fettered ankle to this functionary, who tapped the ring and chain with a hammer. His

trained ear told him in an instant, by the sound which the metal gave out, whether file or saw had been at work on it since the previous morning.

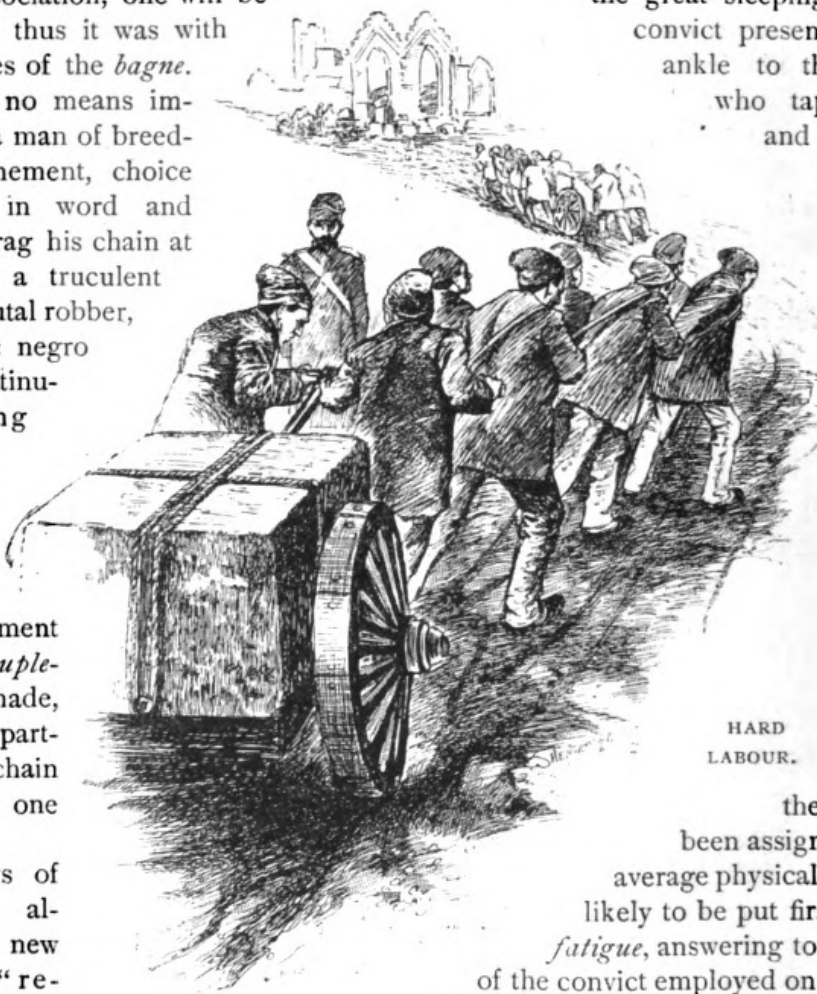
* The labour of the day for the *forçat* depended on

the class which had been assigned him. If of

average physical capacity, he was likely to be put first to the *grande*

fatigue, answering to the hard labour

of the convict employed on public works at Portland or Dartmoor; but very often a task of much greater severity. He might be sawing timber, hauling great blocks of stone, piling shot, excavating, cleansing docks, building, quarrying. The varied works of dock, harbour, and arsenal—along with other employment more drily penal—engaged the prisoner of the *bagne* to whom the *grande fatigue* was allotted. Sudden changes of temperature increased the pains of the task. Thus, during the ten hours of daily labour



HARD
LABOUR.

(the English convict works only seven) the *forçat* might be exposed in turns to the action of a burning sun, to humid airs, to glacial rains, to biting winds and penetrating fogs. The locality of the *bagne* made all the difference in this respect.

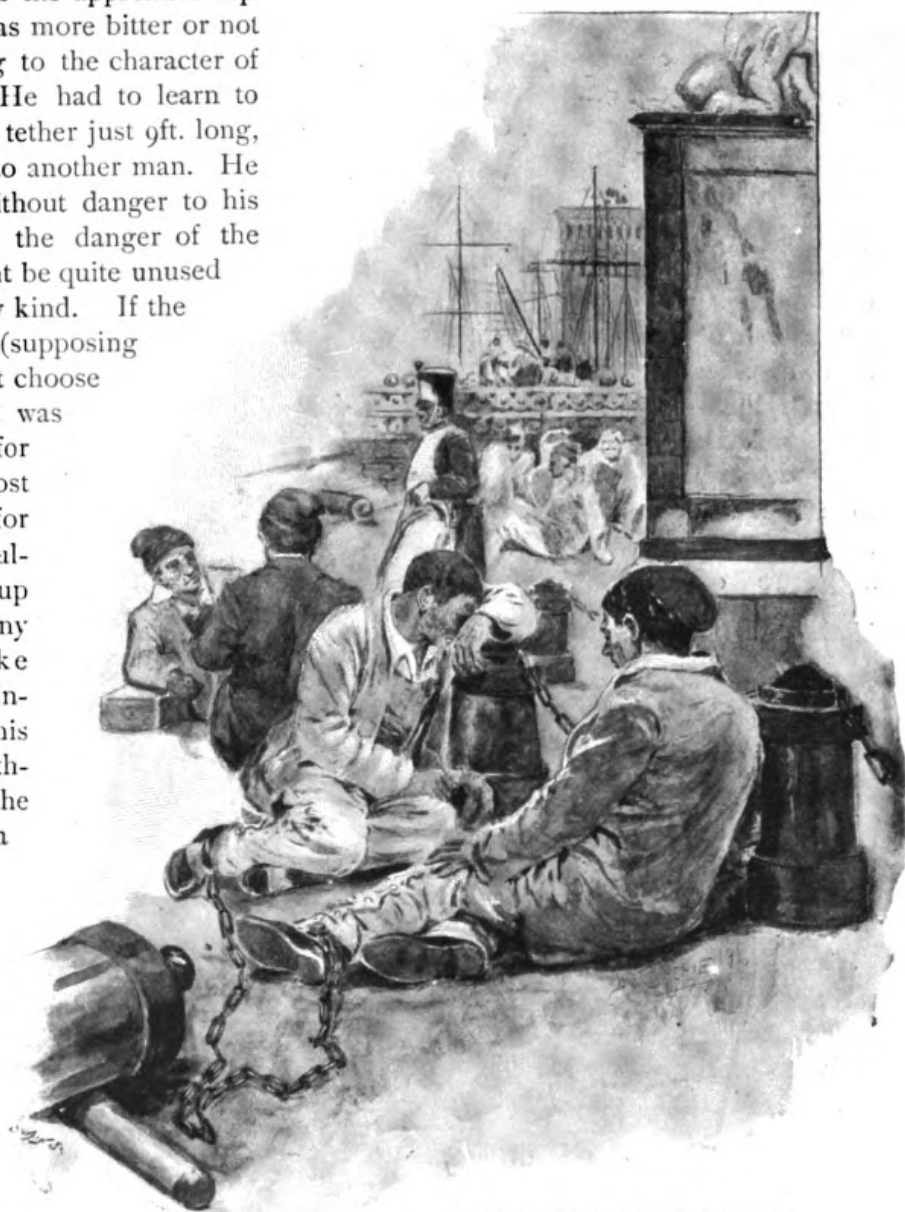
The raw beginner had his apprenticeship to go through, and it was more bitter or not quite so bitter, according to the character of his chain companion. He had to learn to walk and work in a steel tether just 9ft. long, $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. of which belonged to another man. He had to swing his pick without danger to his comrade, and to avoid the danger of the other pick—and he might be quite unused to physical labour of any kind. If the brother of the chain (supposing him an old hand) did not choose to help the 'prentice, it was liable to be awkward for both, but it was almost certain to be awkward for the 'prentice. In the hauling of weights of stone up a steep incline, so many *forçats* harnessed like beasts to the cart, no individual could shirk his share of the pulling without being observed by the others; and if he made a slip he brought a risk upon the whole trace.

In this event, on the return journey, the weakling or the shifty member of the party seldom escaped the vengeance, individual or collective, which the *bagne* so well knew how to wreak, unnoticed by the warder in charge.

In the stacking of timber, a pile, awkwardly built, was in danger of toppling. The warning was given, two partners of a common chain pulled opposite ways, and one—it was always, of course, the feebler of the pair for whom the grave had to be dug. These accidents might be accidental, but rather often they were not. Yet there were instances of quite another sort. It was not uncommon

for the habitual criminal, linked with a delicate first offender, to take him under his wing, shield him from the gibes of the gang, and do all his work for him during the first weeks of his sojourn in the *bagne*.

There were critics of the *bagnes* in the



AN HOUR'S REST AT MIDDAY.

Chamber and on the press, who maintained that the *grande fatigue* was a farce, and that no work was done. But access to these prisons—or, at least, to the actual scenes of labour—was even more difficult than it is to an English prison to-day, which, I need scarcely say, is not open to the first caller. Few persons capable of recording their impressions had ever seen the interior of a

French *bagne*. It would have been a juster criticism that the *grande fatigue* was of comparatively little worth to anybody. It was seldom so directed as to train the *forçat* to a habit of industry—the aim of the modern penal system in most European countries, and certainly in ours—but, when rigidly applied, and this depended a good deal upon a very callous system of overseership, it took the physical utmost out of the convict. He slept awhile in the sun at noon, or walked if the chance of the cards went against him. It was not unusual, when one partner of the chain wanted to sleep and the other to stroll, to settle the difference over a game of cards—a forbidden luxury which a “soft” warder winked at. One partner played the other for his half of the chain.

At the night whistle the several gangs were marched back to the *bagne*. Each man got what he could out of the *gamelle*, or mess-tub, and took his place on the plank bed, a long bench running from end to end of the dormitory. No pillow eased his head, no mattress his limbs; his chain was locked to a ring at the foot of the bed; and hot, wet, or cold, he never put off his clothes. The aspect of the *bagne* at night, under the flicker of the lamp, was that of an extended Morgue.

V.

THE *bagne* had its own penal code. It was death by the guillotine to strike an officer, to

kill a comrade, or to incite the *chiourme* (the general body of convicts) to revolt. Not seldom death on the scaffold was a form of suicide peculiar to the prisoner of the *bagne*. “I’m sick of life!—*je m’ennuie de vivre!*”—and the weary wretch took another’s life to end his own. Sometimes it was an agreement between two companions of the chain; one slew the other, and gave himself up to be guillotined.

The escaped convict *à temps*, brought back

to the *bagne*, received an addition of three years to his original sentence. If a life-sentence man, he was punished with three years of the “double-chain.” Sentence of the double chain meant confinement night and day, attached to a wooden form, in a large hall in which some hundreds of other unfortunates were undergoing the same cruel penalty; guarded incessantly, and



THE “BAGNE” AT NIGHT.

freed only at rare intervals for a scant period of exercise in the open air.

But by far the commonest punishment was flogging, or the *bastonnade*. The *correcteur*, or flogger, was invariably a convict who owed his office to the strength of his biceps and the pleasure he derived from wielding the whip. He laid on to the naked back and shoulders of his victim from ten to a hundred strokes with a one-tailed “cat” of plaited cord, very thick in the middle, and stiffened in coal-tar. The hatred in which the convict executioners

were held by the rest of the *chiourme* is easily imagined. The gusto they had for their work, arising in a deep-seated sanguinary instinct, was stimulated by the small gratuities paid them by the administration, and by extra rations. It was necessary to lodge them together in a separate part of the prison, for their lives were always in danger, and most of them carried the cicatrices of wounds inflicted by those of their comrades who had received the *bastonnade*. One of these ferocious creatures might be seen in the evening, towards the hour at which his victims were delivered to him, watching like an animal of prey the door by which they were led in.

The convicts made one exception, and one only, in favour of the *correcteur*. It was when the office was bestowed upon one of their number who had fulfilled a similar function before being sent to the *bagne*. They considered it not improper that he should continue to exercise in misfortune the calling he had lived by when in freedom.

VI.

"*Les forçats, tels coupables qu'ils soient, sont bien malheureux.*"—"Let the *forçats* be as guilty as they may, they have a pretty evil time of it." These were the words of an officer who had held one of the highest posts in the French prison service.

It was great luck to get into hospital for a while, if only to escape the eternal mess of bean-broth, brown bread, a little olive oil or rancid butter, and biscuit which the navy had rejected. Some trifling extras in food and drink might be bought at the canteen of the *bagne*, but in quantities such as none but the convicts themselves would appreciate.

Nevertheless, there were degrees in the pains of these unfortunates. Like Dante's, the Inferno of the *bagne* had its lower and its higher circles. From toiling in the open air under an ardent or inclement sky, the convict of approved behaviour might pass in time to the covered workshops, where the *petite*, as opposed to the *grande fatigue*, offered a large amelioration of his lot. Here he joined, along with other good-conduct prisoners, the infirm and sickly of the flock who could not be employed at the rude tasks of the outdoor gangs. The

first great boon accorded here was the releasing him from his companion of the chain. He was promoted to the honours of the "half-chain," wearing some three or four links attached to the anklet, the last of which could be fastened to the waist-belt. Then, his work brought him some slender recompense in wages, a portion of which, if he were destined to be sent again into the world, was put by against his day of liberation. The life-term man received his small wage in full.

There were other gains, and notably some freedom of choice in labour. It is not work which kills in prison, but monotony. If not excessive in quantity, the daily task of the convict, the necessity of using his muscles regularly, so many hours per day, keeps him in physical health.

The man going out of an indolent world into the ordered sphere of compulsory toil in prison, "puts on" flesh and weight if he is decently cared for. But there is the risk that the changeless routine may lower or impair his intellectual parts. The prisoner admitted to the *salles d'épreuve*, the probationers' or good-conduct rooms of



A WARDER.

the *bagne*, became to a small extent a free agent in his choice of work, and a fair latitude was allowed him to do little jobs on his own account. He had time of his own, and could use it to plait things in straw, or carve things in wood or cocoanut, or make little churches or models of the *bagne* in pasteboard, which were sold for him to visitors in the bazaar against the gate. If he remained a rogue in the *salle d'épreuve*, he found opportunity to coin money, or to forge passports for himself or a friend, for use in the event of an escape.

A coveted berth was that of *payole*, or scribe for the unlettered lags. This was only to be secured in the *salle d'épreuve*. It was an office which brought perquisites to the letter-writer, and gained him of necessity many of the secrets of his clients, which, at a pinch, he might turn to his own advantage. There is not an angle from which this

uniquely tragic scene of the human comedy may be viewed which does not show up some baseness, attempted or practised on one another by these unhappy creatures, who, dead to the law, came to kill in themselves every sense of justice and of honour. "*Le bagne est une pépinière de monstres*"—"The *bagne* is a nursery of monsters"—was said of it a few years before its abolition, in 1852, by those best able to speak of the actual results of the system.

There was an ironic humour in some of the anomalies of the administration. At one epoch, certain favoured *forçats* lived in the *bagnes* much as it pleased them. "Gentlemen" with means were allowed to hire themselves out as grooms, valets, tutors, or dancing masters. Some were followed to the town where the *bagne* lay by their wives and families (as the well-to-do British felon was accompanied by wife or mistress to

Botany Bay), and went out to spend the day with them, dressed in the fashion, and hiding under the trouser-leg the steel anklet which was the sole betrayer of their disgrace. They returned to the *bagne* at night, to a snug alcove partitioned from the common sleeping chamber, where the *chiourme* lay fettered in sweaty clothes on a bare board.

VII.

FRANCE, in most things so receptive of ideas, has been a tardy reformer of prisons, and

is backward in the matter at this day. Some three or four notable governors excepted, the administrators of the *bagnes* held to the old notion that it was more important to punish than to cure the criminal. It would be fairer to say that the new idea that the criminal *could* be cured had not yet taken root in France. To the governor of the *bagne* his "convicts" were still the "galley-slaves" whom he had whipped, half-naked, at the



SOMETHING TO SELL THE VISITOR.

oar, from which nothing but death or utter sickness ever released them. It was not in his bond to bring into the ways of virtue the criminals whom the law had handed over to him to use as "mechanical motors," or beasts of burden; or even to guide their labour in such a way as to teach them how to work for themselves when they had passed out of his keeping. In general he made it a point of honour to leave his *bagne* to his successor in the precise condition in which it had been left to him. His intercourse with his brother governors was confined to an occasional interchange of prisoners, as a present, much as the American slave-owner made a gift of a "useful boy" to a neighbour or a new colonist. Rarely, a prison chaplain of an intelligent and benevolent force not common in that service, devoted himself wholly to softening and elevating the lot of his "*miserables*"; and often with grand effect.

VIII.

BUT the humanest of governors, or the tenderest of chaplains, could not drive from the *forçat's* mind his fixed idea of escape. With many, if not with most of the inhabitants of the *bagne*, the hope or notion of escape became in time a veritable obsession. The



A "CACHE."

chapter of flights from the *bagne* is the most incredible in the sordid and sorrowful romance of its history. Were it not written

by some half dozen unimpeachable hands, it would never be believed how the *forçat* succeeded, in the open harbour, or chained

A SCRIBE OF THE
"BAGNE."

to the plank in the "*double chaine*" room, in cutting his fetters, and slipping out of reach.

One old hand, brought back after his tenth escape, saved himself from punishment for once by showing the governor the thirteen different ways of filing the irons. There was a trade in escapes by the *forçats* who were less eager for liberty than their fellows. They built a temporary hiding place for the convict who was willing to pay for it, put him in, and left him to his own resources. If he could not get out of his *cache* at the right moment he might be starved to death or buried alive. The *cache* maker was not unwilling to sell him to the governor for the legal reward. He seldom got clear away. If captured in the attempt he was flayed by the *correcteur*. If caught beyond the walls the life-term man went to the "*double chain*" for three years; and the *forçat à temps* had three years added to his sentence. There were men whose accumulations would have required them to live to one hundred.



His Eminence

BY

NELLIE K. BLISSETT

ILLUSTRATED BY

Wm. H. Brooke

CHAPTER I.

THE Cardinal laid down his pen carefully on the inkstand, pushed his papers away from him, and, leaning back in his writing-chair, looked out at the trees opposite to him. The window at which he sat was upon that side of the Royal Kensington Palace Hotel which looks out on Kensington Gardens, and, though it was late in October, the sun was bright and the leaves were still thick. The suggestion of Nature amongst the works of man—the greenery of antiquity beside the upstart redness of the Palace Hotel—pleased the Cardinal. An amused twinkle played about the corners of his keen eyes, and a corresponding softening curved the edges of his thin lips.

As a child, his had been one of those faces at which every one in the street turns to look. It was changed now, considerably, but what it had lost in almost angelical sweetness, it had gained in expression and power. It was a beautiful face still, wonderfully charming in animation, curiously cold in repose. Indeed, as His Eminence sat there, grave again now, there was something almost repellent in the icy majesty of his expression. His features looked as though cut out of a block of marble; he might have been a portrait of himself, so still was he, but for the tremulous shimmering of the great diamond in the ring on his hand. The diamond might have been an expression of the Cardinal himself—magnificence without ostentation.

Upon the writing-table lay two letters, open and unfolded, but both finished and signed. The signature of the first, written in the Cardinal's official writing—thin, angular, and small—was "Uberto"; the second, written in a much larger and more irregular hand, ended, "Your affectionate uncle, Christian Hubert." They were two different hand-writings, and two different names; but both belonged to the same man.

The Cardinal, indeed, was a more important personage in reality than he appeared to be at first sight. In addition to his high rank in the Church—and it was so very high, in every respect, that it was whispered in Rome that the "English Cardinal" had a very good chance of attaining to the Papal throne—he was celebrated throughout Europe as an elegant scholar, a profound and polished writer, an organiser of no mean ability, and, probably, the greatest orator of his day. He deserved the reputation he had gained, and something more, for over and above his many ecclesiastical rôles he was something greater, perhaps, than all—a superb, if unconscious, actor.

The theatrical attitude was so perpetual with him that it had become part of his nature. His eye for dramatic effect was so fine that he played comedies and tragedies in expression when he was alone. It amused him, though he never realised that he was acting. He had long ago banished every

disturbing emotion from his mind—heart he had none—and he had played an ideal character so long that at last he had really become what he had set himself to be. His idea of a Prince of the Church was the perfection of magnificent simplicity; he embodied it in himself.

As he sat gazing out at the gardens many different thoughts passed through his brain. He had not been in London for twenty-five years, and, though the changes he saw amazed him less than the fact that so many things remained unchanged, he thought fit to adopt a mildly sentimental attitude in alluding to his return to his old haunts. It had been early spring, he remembered, when he left London; it was now autumn. The idea pleased him, for he had left as quite a young man, and, although he was not much over fifty now, he could appropriately call his period of life autumnal. He made a note of this train of thought and pigeon-holed it in the inmost recesses of his literary memory. It would make a charming Latin poem, or even a tolerable English sonnet. Personally, the Cardinal preferred Latin; he did not write for the vulgar.

There was one incident in his life, however—it was merely an incident, nothing more—particularly connected with his departure from London, which, he was bound to admit, had not been marked by that prudence and foresight which characterised most of his actions. This was his marriage. He moved uneasily in his chair when he thought of it; the mere memory annoyed him. And yet there was little reason why it should. The marriage had been a secret, and the secret well kept—the Cardinal had kept it, and can anyone say more? It was a miserable piece of folly, of course, but then people are frequently foolish when they are in love, and the Cardinal had been very much in love—for the time. The time was not long, partly because his mad infatuation was bound to pass over, partly because the woman who availed herself of that infatuation was not capable of sustaining it for any lengthy period, and partly, perhaps, because the Cardinal himself was not the sort of man to remain long under the influence of any human affection whatsoever.

His marriage was merely a chapter in the book of his life. He soon wearied of it, and grew tired of the continual necessity for caution and secrecy which it entailed upon him. The inevitable catastrophe was hastened by the unwelcome appearance on the scene of a little daughter. For the sake of a son and heir the Cardinal would have braved the unpleasant consequences of his marriage and its avowal; he had all the feudal instincts of his ancestors. But, for a girl, he did the only thing he conceived to be prudent and possible under the circumstances—left England, studied for the priesthood, for which his father had originally intended him, and finally took orders. The Christian Hubert, who had married beneath him, vanished from the world, and in his place appeared a certain Brother Uberto, whose brilliant abilities carried all before him, until he at last attained to the dignity of the red hat.

And now—the Cardinal moved uneasily once more, and turned his face from the light. After twenty-five years, he came to London on a similar errand to that on which he had left it. He went to break away from his own marriage. He returned to prevent the marriage of his nephew, the son of his only brother, and the one individual in the whole world for whom he had the slightest real affection.

This young gentleman, who, at his father's death had been practically adopted by His Eminence, had lately announced his intention of marrying a very pretty actress—to the intense indignation of the rest of his family. But, bad as the announcement was, worse followed. He desired these relatives to recognise his future bride, not only after her marriage, but at once, and when in despair they sent for the Cardinal to bring his influence to bear on the subject, the offender also wrote to his uncle, and desired him earnestly to come to England and be introduced to his future niece. The Cardinal's sense of comedy was touched, he saw the possibility of a dramatic situation in the affair, and agreed to both requests.

Personally, though he had no objection to spending a few months' holiday in England, he thought the expedition very unnecessary. There would be no difficulty in subduing his

nephew. How, he asked himself with a smile of conscious power, *how* could anyone disregard *him*? The idea was absurd.

The smile called up by the absurdity of the idea still lingered on his expressive features, when his reflections were disturbed by a rap at the door, followed by the hasty entrance of the nephew in question.

The Cardinal rose from his seat with all the warmth of a genial unbending.

"My dear boy!" he said, with the cordial manner to which, had the world known it, he probably owed far more of his success than to his own abilities, brilliant though they were.

The three words, spoken so graciously, the smile on the speaker's face, the dignity of his presence, and the very genuine affection existing between uncle and nephew, all conspired to soothe considerably Hugo Hubert's feelings, ruffled by a recent skirmish with a maiden aunt strongly opposed to actresses.

"It's delightful to see you again, Uncle Chris," he said heartily. "You don't look as if your favourite beverage were vinegar. And I'm sure you've no foolish prejudices—now, have you?"

The Cardinal laughed pleasantly.

"My dear Hugo, of course not! I have no prejudices," he held up a volume which lay on the writing table, "if I had, should I be reading 'Lourdes'? Yet I am, and I have not discovered anything very dreadful in it, though if I dared to say so in Rome, there would be a schism in the Church! Sit down and have a cigar, and we will consider the question of your sins; they are the chief topic of interest with your elderly aunts just now, to judge by their letters."

Hugo Hubert's face clouded over again. He was a good deal like his uncle, though the likeness was more that of a softened and toned-down edition than of an even moderately correct copy. The characters of the two men were utterly different, and it was owing to that difference that the Cardinal had been summoned to England.

They sat silent for some moments. His Eminence wished to play a waiting game.

At last the younger man spoke.

"You don't mean to go against me, Uncle Chris?"

The unexpected mode of attack rather startled the Cardinal.

"I have never gone against you, Hugo," he replied cordially, "I should never wish to. But really—I think that in this matter you should be prudent. It is exceedingly serious."

His nephew's gaze was fixed on the floor before him, with an abstracted expression.

"Yes," he repeated slowly, "it is serious."

The Cardinal smiled to himself.

"Of course! I am delighted to see that you are open to conviction. Naturally—ahem!—undue influence has been brought to bear on you—you have been pushed too far. My dear boy, the best of us make fools of ourselves at least once in a lifetime," he sighed feelingly. "I perfectly understand the circumstances. But you must be decided—you must not give in."

All this was very diplomatic, and diplomatically involved, and Hugo understood very little of what his uncle inferred. But he did understand that his uncle wished to oppose his marriage, and he proceeded to defend his proposed action in very plain language.

The Cardinal leant back in his chair and listened amiably. He had no objection to listening—not the slightest. It is a good plan to let your antagonist tire himself out with words.

"But, Hugo," he said, in his smooth tones, when his nephew had exhausted his eloquence and paused, out of breath, and rather red in the face. "But, Hugo, you have not explained to me *why* you wish to marry this young lady."

"Because I love her, of course," retorted his nephew, rather irritably.

The Cardinal waved one of his long hands gently in the air. It was a tacit dismissal of the argument of love from that conversation.

"Of course—of course," he said airily. "Poor boy!—you love her—oh, yes, yes—very natural indeed. What a pity one's early sentiments don't last, isn't it? But they don't. Now, would you mind telling me the young lady's name? Your aunt's letters were far too excited to be intelligible, and you have hitherto alluded to her as 'Rosie.' I conclude her name is 'Rose.' A very charming name—and her surname?"



The Cardinal smiled to himself.

"Laroche," answered Hugo tartly. He had an idea that his uncle was preparing a trap for him.

The Cardinal looked slightly surprised.

"Laroche? Rose Laroche?" he repeated. His tone was thoughtful.

"Rosina Laroche," corrected Hugo.

The Cardinal bent down suddenly, and picked up a pin from the floor. The operation detained him in a stooping position for some seconds, and when his face again met his nephew's eye, it had regained its usual expression. Only the diamond on the hand which held the pin trembled oddly in the autumn sunshine.

"Rosina Laroche," he repeated again—his voice was quite steady. "And her mother's name?"

"It is the same."

"Is her father an actor?" inquired the Cardinal. For the first time his smooth voice sounded huskily; the strain was too much for him, superb dissembler though he was.

Hugo coughed uneasily.

"I know nothing about her father, except

that he must have been a consummate scoundrel. He married in secret, would not own his marriage, and deserted his wife when Rosie was a week old. He was a man of very good family, I believe. They never traced him."

"I wonder if they tried?" said the Cardinal to himself; but aloud he only remarked, in his iciest manner: "Do you believe this marriage to have been legal?"

"I believe Rosie's mother," said Hugo simply.

The Cardinal rose to his feet; he must put an end to the interview somehow, and get rid of Hugo. His self-control was fast deserting him; there was a curious choking sensation in his throat, and a sound as of many sledge-hammers in his head. If the strain were not removed in another moment he would become hysterical. But of this inward disturbance nothing appeared. He held out his hand.

"You must run away now," he said sweetly. "I have a deputation from the Sisters of St. Lachrymosa due in five minutes. Come and

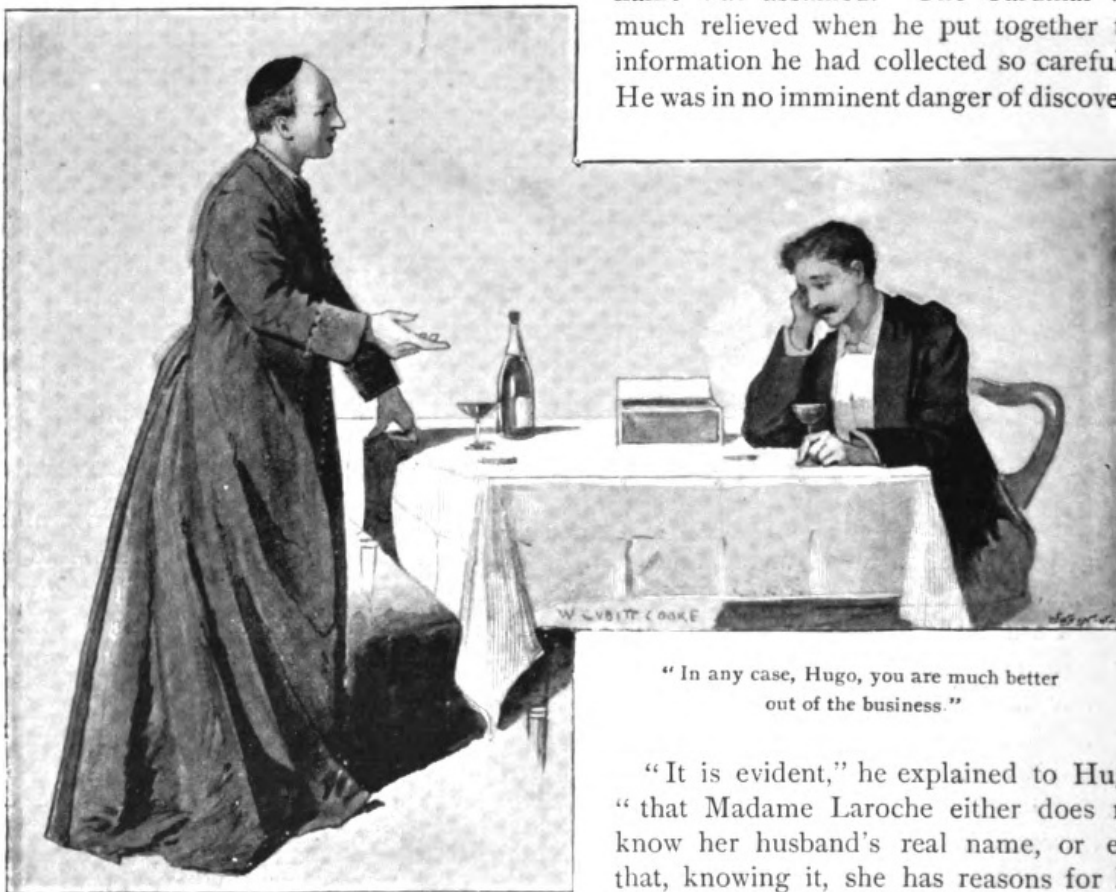
dine with me to-morrow. I have not much appetite," he added regretfully, "but we will try and find something tolerable for you. Good-bye, dear Hugo—God bless you."

Hugo departed rapidly, having the fear of St. Lachrymosa before his eyes.

* * * * *

Five minutes passed—ten—twenty. The deputation did not arrive.

The Cardinal sat at the table with his hands thrown out before him among the papers.



"In any case, Hugo, you are much better out of the business."

His countenance was a study in dramatic expression; his whole attitude denoted the concentration of tragedy.

"Good heavens!" he murmured. "Rosina—Rosina Laroche!"

He said no more—there was no need. Those few words expressed the mistake of his life.

CHAPTER II.

THE Cardinal set himself with praiseworthy interest to learn all he could about his nephew's future bride. He seemed particularly struck by the story of her father's

disappearance; he inquired into the matter, and sifted it thoroughly. By this judicious inquiry he found out what he really wanted to know—namely, that, as far as Hugo could tell him, Rosie knew nothing about her father, and was even ignorant of his real name. He had gone by the name of Christian, according to her mother's story, but whether he had been married under it or not was uncertain. Madame Laroche was obstinately silent on that point. But there seemed every reason to suppose that the name was assumed. The Cardinal was much relieved when he put together the information he had collected so carefully. He was in no imminent danger of discovery.

"It is evident," he explained to Hugo, "that Madame Laroche either does not know her husband's real name, or else that, knowing it, she has reasons for her silence. Perhaps she has doubts as to the legality of the marriage, and so wishes no inquiry made into the matter for fear of what such inquiry might bring to light. Possibly the whole story is a fabrication. In any case, Hugo, you are much better out of the business. Take the advice of an older man than yourself, and don't put a skeleton in *your* cupboard."

He threw such a pathetic emphasis into the last sentence that Hugo looked astonished. For once in his life the Cardinal was not acting; he honestly wished his nephew well. But he wished himself well, too, and if his

nephew married his daughter, and so established a link between him and the wife he had abandoned for twenty-five years, some solution of the mystery of that missing Christian was inevitable. The Cardinal shuddered at the bare thought of such a catastrophe. It was awful! Though he would have faced the greatest personal danger coolly, he was a coward. He feared the world which he had conquered; he dreaded the scorn of the men he had outstripped in the race of life.

His advice was quite lost on Hugo. He stood to his original intention. He would marry Rosie. "I am not marrying her family, but herself," he argued.

The Cardinal repressed an outburst of rage which would have astonished his ecclesiastical brethren. He had never spoken angrily to Hugo in his life, and he did not mean to begin now if he could avoid it; but really the boy was very irritating.

"That is what many men think," he responded drily. "There is her mother in your way."

Hugo sighed. "I hope she may remain there, I'm sure," he said. "I'm afraid she won't, though. She is very ill, and it makes Rosie anxious."

The Cardinal experienced a strange sensation—whether of joy or sorrow he could not quite tell. If she were to die—well, of course, in the abstract he wished her no harm. But it would simplify matters very much if she did.

After that day he took a great interest in Madame Laroche's health. It even struck his unsuspecting nephew as a little odd that he should appear so anxious about a complete stranger. It also seemed curious that he did not oppose the marriage so violently as he had done. His resistance appeared to be somewhat modified.

The fact was that a great struggle was raging in the Cardinal's mind. He was sincerely fond of Hugo; he wished him to be happy. If his happiness really depended upon this marriage, what did the social position of Rosie Laroche matter? The Cardinal was a broad-minded man; as he said, he had no prejudices. Rosie, as Hugo's wife, would have as good a position as anyone could desire, and, after all, it was as Hugo's wife

that she would be considered. Her own previous status was not of much consequence; besides, she was his daughter. If the world only knew it, she was as aristocratic, on one side at least, as Hugo himself.

In fact, the Cardinal was fast becoming reconciled to the idea of the marriage. The only thing in the way of it now was Madame Laroche. If she were to die, he told himself that he would be ready to marry his daughter and Hugo to-morrow, did they belong to his Church. At least, he would give them his blessing, and a present in his best style of priceless simplicity. But while Rosie's mother lived the great danger of discovery still remained. A chance meeting—a letter—and his secret was his own no longer. After that—the deluge was but a mild symbol of the horror of the affair in the Cardinal's eyes.

It was bad enough to have lived a lie in private for twenty-five years, but to have that lie blazoned to the general public—as it assuredly would be—no, it never should be! He would die rather than see himself disgraced. There was no excuse for him, and he knew it. He could not even plead the poor excuse that he believed his wife to be dead. He had deliberately left her—to starve, for anything he knew, or cared, to the contrary. He had deceived the world, the Church, and the woman who had trusted him.

He was a hypocrite and a scoundrel, as Hugo had called Rosie's unknown and missing parent. He, Cardinal Uberto, the great and shining light, the glory of his time, was no better than a whited sepulchre. It is characteristic of the man, however, that it was only the fear of discovery which made him acknowledge the fact, even to himself.

These reflections of his combined to weaken his objections to the marriage. Hugo's aunts were furious at his obvious indecision. "Forbid the whole thing at once, Christian!" they shrieked in chorus.

To them the introduction of even the prettiest of actresses amongst them was a sacrilege—a desecration of the family respectability. But the Cardinal merely smiled benignly on their wrath, and pointed out, in diplomatic phrases, that his nephew

was of age. Meanwhile he remained in London. He seemed to be waiting for something—was it for Madame Laroche to die? It was hard to tell; indeed, he could not have told himself. His feelings were in far too complex a condition for any attempt at analysis to be satisfactory.

CHAPTER III.

WHATEVER the Cardinal was waiting for, he did not have long to wait. One morning, as he sat writing, Hugo entered, looking very much disturbed. The Cardinal observed his excitement, and inquired the cause of it, not without certain guilty misgivings on his own account.

"It's no good, Uncle Chris," burst out his nephew in reply, "you can't stop the thing any more."

The Cardinal shivered. What would come next?

"We must be married at once—next week."

The Cardinal was intensely relieved. Hugo at least knew nothing; but the situation remained dangerous, all the same. He felt that if Hugo married Rosie during her mother's life, the secret was not safe for an hour. His spirits rose with the need for immediate action.

He turned on his nephew with all the air of authority he could muster at such short notice.

"I forbid it," he said absolutely. "Once for all, Hugo, I forbid it. I have no legal claim on you; you are free to act as you please; but if you marry this girl you incur my serious displeasure. Your obstinacy pains me beyond words. It is very hard," he concluded, striking the pathetic note with much success, "to have arrived at my age without feeling secure of the obedience of my dearest relative."

Hugo was much affected; he walked up and down the room restlessly, and the disturbed expression on his face deepened.

"I can't," he said, "I can't break it off even if I would." His voice trembled; there were tears in his eyes. "Even if I didn't love Rosie so—and I do—I do indeed—you don't know how I love her—I couldn't give her up. I shall soon be the only person there in

the world to take care of her—her mother——"

The Cardinal started. "What?"

"Her mother is dying—the doctors say she has only a few more days to live. How can I desert Rosie, now? It would be mean—dishonourable. Surely, surely, Uncle Chris, you would never tell me to do anything dishonourable?"

I have said that the Cardinal had an eye for dramatic effect. It stood him in good stead now. He saw his opportunity, and seized it with a decision not far removed from genius.

"I, Hugo!" he exclaimed. His voice quivered with wounded feeling—his beautiful eyes were turned upwards with an exquisite expression of reproach. "I, Hugo!" He sprang from his chair, and towered above his amazed nephew in all the dignity of a misunderstood martyr. "Tell you to do anything dishonourable—I! Have you known me all these years, and now—Go!—go and marry her!—go and protect the lonely orphan—I give you my blessing—I will attend the wedding if you like—I will do anything to prove that you are mistaken! Good God! what a mistake—to accuse *me* of advising you to commit a dishonourable action! Oh, Hugo!"

He sat down again, overcome with emotion, and covered his face with his hands. He was unaffectedly trembling from head to foot, and that gave an added weight to his outburst of pious indignation. He had seized the opportunity for sanctioning the marriage he had previously forbidden, and, if ever retreat were masterly, his might be considered so. But the reaction overcame him. He had barely escaped the perpetration of a grave error, and men of the Cardinal's disposition feel more remorse for an error than they probably would for a crime.

Hugo was conscience-stricken at the effect of his words. It struck him—afterwards—that they had not been an accusation at all, but merely an appeal. But at the time he was far too distressed to notice the unfair advantage taken of him. He poured out apologies, and regrets, and excuses, until the tide of his eloquence ran dry, and the Cardinal cheered up, and presented him with

a box of very choice cigars as a seal of their reconciliation.

"By the way, Uncle Chris," he remarked presently, "there's one thing I have not told you. You said when—I mean just now"—poor Hugo! he did not like to allude even remotely to his unfortunate speech—"you said you would do anything I liked to show—you know, don't you? Well, Rosie's mother wants to see you. She has got a fancy to ask you something about us—to be kind to Rosie, I believe. Of course you would be that in any case, you couldn't help it; but it would satisfy her to see you. Will you go?"

The Cardinal began to regret that box of cigars. Here was a worse dilemma than any he had found himself in yet. See Rosie's mother! "I can't," he said decidedly. Then he caught Hugo's eye, and paused. To refuse would be to court suspicion. What excuse could he plead when he had already consented to the marriage?

He paused; and in that pause there came to him the inspiration of genius in despair. He would go. He would see Rosie's mother—he would appeal to her as he knew how to appeal. He would influence her as he had done long ago. The game was dangerous, and he felt that this was his last card. Very well; he would play it. He looked up at his nephew with a beautifully assumed air of hesitation; gradually the hesitation softened into a smile of tenderness.

"My dear boy," he said, "I—I can refuse you nothing!"

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING decided on a desperate course, the Cardinal was naturally anxious to see how it would turn out; he therefore announced his

intention of visiting Madame Laroche at once.

"But remember one thing, Hugo," he said impressively. "I must see her alone—do you understand?—alone. Your presence, or even her daughter's, would probably be a restraint upon her, and I wish her to speak freely."

"About her husband?" asked Hugo doubtfully. "You won't find out anything—is it any good to try?"

But the Cardinal was far too diplomatic to commit himself to any distinct statement. If the interview brought about what he wished, he did not intend to be tied down to any revelations. So he said nothing more, but simply ordered a hansom, and they started almost immediately.

As they drove to their destination the Cardinal considered, with some surprise, the odd train of circumstances which had caused him to place himself, almost voluntarily, in a position the bare thought of which, before he came to England, would have filled him with terror. Yet now, somehow, he did not feel at all terrified, nor even excited; he was perfectly cool and calm. There was a curious premonition of victory in his mind which quieted his misgivings.

The hansom drew up before a small red house with pretty blinds, and flowers in the windows. The door was opened by an irreproachable-looking maid, and they passed through a charming little hall into the drawing-room. The Cardinal had not time to examine the room, for there rose from a big chair a young lady in a mauve dress, whom he recognised instinctively as "Rosie."

He looked at her curiously: this was his daughter. He had wondered whether he



"I, Hugo!" he exclaimed.

should feel any unusual sensation at meeting her—whether his presence would affect her in any way. He almost hoped, for a moment, that it would. But nothing occurred. She greeted him pleasantly enough, and he sat down opposite her, and began a very prettily-worded declaration of the pleasure he felt at seeing her. All the time he was observing her closely, with a peculiar sensation of satisfaction. It was the desire of his life to keep the secret of their relationship, and yet, so strange is human nature, that he would have been very disappointed had she fallen short of his idea of a Hubert, and Hugo's future wife. Happily there was no cause for disappointment; he acknowledged, with a thrill of hardly impersonal gratification, that in appearance, at least, she fully justified Hugo's devotion. There was something curiously and deliciously simple about her. The mauve dress was simple—with the elegant simplicity of perfection so dear to the Cardinal's heart. He recognised his own faultless taste in the dress, the manner, the speech of the girl before him. She was his daughter, and he felt she was worthy of him.

After a little while she looked up at him.

"I think you had better see my mother,

now," she said; "she is expecting you. I hope it was not inconvenient to you to come. Sick people have such fancies, you know," she sighed, "and my mother is very ill. I will show you up and leave you. She wishes to see you alone."

Curious! Why did she wish it? At the same time it was convenient.

The Cardinal followed his daughter upstairs with a mind reduced to an amiable blank. He did not know what was coming; he had no idea what to do or say. But he felt that, whatever happened, he was equal to the occasion. That was a comfortable state of mind to be in: the Cardinal felt comfortable.

Rosie opened the door and looked in.

"The Cardinal is here, mother," she said; then she smiled, nodded, and left him with the handle of the door between his fingers.

He went in slowly; he had expected gloom, and dreary surroundings; he saw a pretty little sitting-room, bright with flowers, furnished simply but cheerfully, with oddly-shaped tables and big wicker chairs lined



with silk cushions in art shades. By the window was a long couch, and beside the couch, on a pedestal, stood a small copy, in marble, of Carey's wonderful "Eternity releasing Time." Even at that supreme moment the Cardinal's artistic sense was alert. He could admire the marble group. It was a beautiful idea, exquisitely worked out. Time, old and worn, sat gazing mournfully at his scythe which had fallen at his feet. Behind him, in all the radiance of never-ending youth, stood Eternity, a smile of meaning sweetness in his eyes, and with his hands outstretched towards the old man's shoulder.

The Cardinal was amazed. There was no surprise in her face—no reproval—no anger. Beyond a doubt she recognised him, but the recognition seemed expected.

He took the hand she offered, and stood holding it and looking down at her, in silence.

She was the first to speak.

"You have come back, Chris," she said very gently. Then the great tears rose



Beyond a doubt she recognised him.

All this the Cardinal saw in his first glance; then he saw the woman lying on the couch, and the details of the room became a hazy impression on his mind.

She was very pale, this woman, and very thin. Her features had once been pretty, but of that there was little trace left. Her dark hair was streaked with faint lines of grey, and her eyes, which the Cardinal remembered soft and laughing, burned in her white face with a feverish light. But they were the same eyes still, and as he approached her something of their old softness came back to them. She smiled too, and held out her hand.

slowly in her eyes and overflowed them, and ran down her cheeks, but she made no effort to brush them away. Indeed, she seemed quite unconscious of their existence, as she lay there gazing up at the Cardinal.

He had turned white, with a mixture of indescribable sensations.

"You know me then?" he asked presently.

"Yes."

He turned whiter still.

"How long have you known—what became of me?"

"I found it all out after you went away."

The Cardinal looked at her with a strange expression.

"You have had my life in your hands for twenty-five years," he said—his voice was very quiet—"you could have ruined me if you had spoken."

He paused. "Why didn't you speak?"

She smiled again, and closed her eyes for a moment without answering.

"You are going to speak now, and ruin me," went on the Cardinal, breaking into uncontrollable agitation.

He waited; she said nothing.

"Are you?" he asked presently.

She opened her eyes; the tears were gone from them. There was something else there, which the man who was watching her did not understand.

"No," she said quietly, "I am not."

He drew a long breath of relief. Then a strong feeling of curiosity came over him.

"Why?" he inquired, more naturally than he had yet spoken.

"Because I love you, Chris," she said, very simply.

His eyes dropped hastily from her face. For the first time in his life he, Cardinal Uberto, whom no man had been able to snub or dismay, turned scarlet with something very like genuine shame. He had wronged this woman persistently and unrelentingly for twenty-five years, and now, after everything he had done, she told him that she had renounced her plain rights, that she had kept his secret as carefully as he himself had done—that she would keep it to the end—because she loved him. It was a strange sequel to that sarcastic remark of his to Hugo about the instability of early sentiments!

He looked up once more.

"I am sorry," he said. Perhaps it was the humblest confession he had ever made in his life. Indeed, he felt almost humble—which is saying a good deal.

She did not answer, and he noticed what had escaped him before—that she looked fearfully ill. Her white face caused him a sudden pang of terror. "You feel worse?" he said. "Shall I call Rosie?"

Madame Laroche shook her head.

"I don't want Rosie." Her voice was faint, and she spoke with an effort. "I have had Rosie always. You—I want you. Don't go!"

He stood helplessly waiting. She put out her hands towards him, sharply, as if she were about to fall. "Hold me!" she gasped, "my head is going round."

The Cardinal hesitated for a moment. Then he sat down on the edge of the couch, and lifted her from the pillows to his arms. Her head rested against his shoulder. The pressure of the small grey head, so fragile, so pathetically light, sent an odd thrill quivering through him. He bent over her, and his hard face looked almost pitiful.

"Keep still," he told her. "You will be better in a moment——"

She raised her head and tried to smile at him.

"I'm dying, Chris," she whispered. "I can feel it coming—fast. Chris!"—her voice took a tone of entreaty—"dear Chris—you cared for me—long ago—Chris!—won't you kiss me once—before——"

Her voice died away into silence, and, though her lips moved, no sound came. But her eyes were still fixed on the Cardinal's face with an awful intensity of entreaty. He felt the room spinning round him; strange shapes and mocking shadows seemed to dance about. But through them all he felt the silence which had followed her prayer—he saw the eyes still fixed on him, the entreaty in them fast fading out into darkness.

The expression on that imploring face decided him. For a moment he forgot everything—even that he had hated this woman, whose existence had been the skeleton in his cupboard for twenty-five years. He only remembered that she was dying; and he was sorry for her. He had seen people die before, and he had not pitied them in the least. He had simply regarded it as destiny. But this woman—he remembered her so young, so pretty, so different. He bent down and kissed her as she had asked.

Her head fell back—the Cardinal's arms relaxed their hold, and the slight figure slipped from them on to the pillows. Then there was a great silence in the room—the silence of sunshine and peace. The golden autumn light came streaming through the yellow blinds—it streamed on to the flowers—on to the coloured silken cushions in the

chairs—on to the figure lying on the couch. It glittered on the statuary; it played in a halo over the brow of the white Eternity, and touched the scythe of Time with gold.

The Cardinal rose to his feet; his beautiful features were haggard and drawn. He looked up at the shining figure of Eternity above him. Its eyes met his, and the sweetness in them seemed to deepen. The marble face appeared to smile at him.

Then he spoke, and his voice was harsh and broken—

"Thank God!" he said. "Thank God!"
The woman was dead.

CHAPTER V.

FOR the third time in this history the Cardinal sat at his writing-table with a pen between his fingers. But this time the writing-table stood, not in the Kensington Palace Hotel, but in the library of the Cardinal's palace in Rome.

A little more than two years had passed since Madame Laroche's death; about eighteen months since the marriage of Hugo and Rosie. The Cardinal had kept his promise, and attended the wedding breakfast with his sweetest smile, and in all the magnificence of his ecclesiastical presence. This action of his had rendered Hugo radiantly happy, and set the seal of social approval on Rosie. Even the maiden aunts, finding their new niece not such an awful person after all, succumbed to circumstances; but they remarked sometimes with bated breath, *à propos* of Hugo's marriage, "how bad it might have been," thus proving that, though they might be conquered, the main bulk of their prejudices survived.

The Cardinal laid down his pen and pushed back his chair. It was Christmas time, and he had been attending a service in all the glory of his gorgeous robes. He had not taken off his state vestments, as he was waiting to go down into the chapel to superintend

the rehearsal of the Mass he had lately written—he was a musician of considerable ability, with a very pretty gift of composition. He had kept on his robes as usual, with an eye to effect; he wished to impress the choir. It must be confessed there was some method in this desire. The boys would be more attentive if he impressed them, and it was necessary to the success of the Mass that they should be attentive.

He glanced impatiently at the clock. "Father Geronimo is very late," he muttered.

The choir were practising whilst waiting



The silence of sunshine and peace.

for him in the chapel. As the chapel was next to the library, the sound of the music floated in, and fell pleasantly on the Cardinal's ear. "Unto us a Child is born," sang the clear boyish trebles.

The familiar sound of the Latin soothed his impatience. His face resumed its usual calm expression as he leant forward and commenced to tidy the papers on the table. The last thing he took up was an English newspaper, with a mark in red ink against an announcement in the Birth's column. The Cardinal's eye ran along the line: that announcement had haunted him all day.

"On the —, at Hubert House, Hubertstowe, the wife of Sir Hugo Hubert, of a son and heir. (Christian Uberto.)"

That is what the Cardinal read. He sat holding the paper in his hand for a moment, and then suddenly tore it across and flung it on the floor. It was a strange action, and, for a man like him, almost inexplicable. He was not given to fits of unreasonable rage when a fresh relative came into the world.

But it was not so much the announcement that affected the Cardinal, as the two names in brackets at the end of it. They had called the child—his unacknowledged grandson—after him!

He sat back in his chair and looked round the library. It was a beautiful room, and, as he made it a sitting-room as well as a library, it contained many things not appertaining to books. There were two or three pictures in it—only two or three—but each worth a sum which would not be paid as ransom for any ordinary king. There were two or three cabinets of priceless glass and china; the books themselves were exceedingly old, and many of them could not have been bought for money.

For the first time he realised how silent it was—how empty—how cold. For the first time he saw it as it really was. It was very beautiful—very imposing—but there was something wanting—something wrong. What was it?

As he sat thinking, there passed before him, in a long, monotonous procession, all the years he had lived in that room. It was his favourite sitting-room; all the associations which bound him to the place centred in it. He had worked there, read there, thought there for years. Yet now, as he looked round, he almost hated it.

It was so empty, so lonely. He realised suddenly how lonely it was—how empty the long years of triumph and success. They were filled with magnificence—the swinging of censers—the sound of cathedral music—the softened light of coloured windows—the sweep of trailing vestments over pavements inlaid with mosaic of marble and gold; and they would go on as they had gone on for so long—one march of towering supremacy over the rest of the world; the triumph of

the one man over the many. The Cardinal saw that march as he sat there, watched it sweeping slowly and surely on its way till it passed into a blaze of light—an apotheosis of unearthly radiance—and ended in the haven of all his hopes, all his triumphs and ambitions—the Vatican.

He saw something else, too. He saw himself Pope; an old man, lonely in his splendour, friendless amongst a host of admiring parasites, far removed above the reach of human affections. And then he knew what he had thrown away when he fled from London twenty-seven years ago.

He saw again that little room, bright with flowers, with the long couch by the window, where the October sunshine fell on Carey's "Eternity releasing Time." He saw the smile in the eyes of the marble figure—the smile so full of strange meaning. He understood the meaning now. He had sacrificed another's life to his own glory; and in doing so he had sacrificed himself. "Unto us a Child is born" sang the voices in the chapel. He was thinking of another child, "a son and heir"—not Christian Uberto, but Christian Hubert—not Hugo's son, but his own. It was the ghost of what might have been—a little ghost, white and shadowy. But, as it rose before the Cardinal, he bent his head and hid his face in his hands, and something fell between his fingers and splashed on the papers on the writing-table.

* * * * *

There came a tap at the door. The Cardinal looked up quickly.

"Come in!" he said.

It was Father Geronimo.

The Cardinal rose from his seat, and his face was as cold, his demeanour as stately as ever. He put the torn paper in the waste-paper basket, and smoothed down the front of his robes with his hand. As he did so something bright flashed down the rich silk and fell on the floor. He put out his foot and crushed it into the thick, soft carpet.

No man had known his sin, no man should ever know his repentance.

But Father Geronimo noticed nothing: he only admired the unusual brilliancy of the diamond in the Cardinal's ring.

"WISDOM LET LOOSE"



BY

W. L. ALDEN

Illustrated by CHAS. MAY.



WANTED, AN INTELLIGENT MILKMAN; ALSO A
MODERN EDITION OF THE DELPHIC ORACLES
—FAIR PLAY FOR THE POET LAUREATE—A
SUGGESTION FOR MR. EDISON—AUTOMATIC
SOLDIERS—SUBURBAN VILLADOM—HOW DID
DICKENS'S CHARACTERS LIVE?—THE LEAP
YEAR JOKE IS PLAYED OUT.



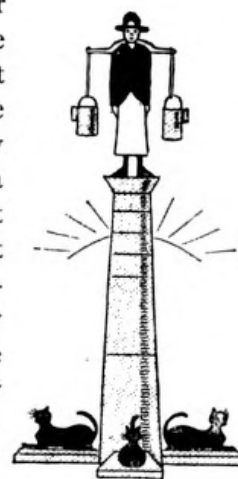
HERE was once an honest and benevolent milkman. Having said this I need hardly add by way of explanation, that he was a sort of fairy milkman, and dwelt in a flourishing city of fairyland. This good man wanted to sell milk, and yet he was far too good to be willing to yell. He therefore had a large number of cards printed with the single letter "M." These he distributed to every house in his part of the city, and requested the householder who might wish for milk to place a card in the window, just as the Londoner who desires the services of Patter Cartison or other carrier, to that effect places a card with "P. C." in his window.

The public hailed this new method of obtaining milk with enthusiasm. In the morning every house displayed the magic card, and the good milkman thereupon stopped and supplied his customers with pure milk as silently as if he were a mere gentleman making an early call. The rival milkmen yelled themselves hoarse for a few days, but, finding that they could not sell a single pint of milk, they presently gave up the

struggle, and drowned themselves in their own cisterns.

Meanwhile, the good and silent milkman grew fabulously rich, and when, after a long and well-spent life, he was finally removed to Paradise, his grateful customers erected to his memory a monument higher than the Eiffel Tower, bearing the inscription: "To the First Milkman who ever sold Milk without a Yell."

Of course, it will be said that no merely human milkman can ever be expected to emulate this noble example, but I am by no means sure that at some future day there may not be such a person as an intelligent milkman, even if he is not a good milkman. This intelligent man will possibly grasp the idea that the public would rather buy its milk of a silent man than of a yelling fiend, and if he puts this idea into practice, nothing is more certain than that he will speedily bankrupt his yelling rivals.





Q

NOW that the Greeks have revived the Olympic games with modern improvements, they should also revive the Oracle of Delphi. The latter would be an easier task than the former. At the modern Olympic games there are bicycle races instead of chariot races, and Scotsmen playing golf matches take the place of boxers with the cestus. These modern improvements hardly add to the interest of the Olympic games, but a modern edition of the Delphic Oracles would be at once interesting and valuable.

Of course the New Priestess would sit on her tripod and prophesy concerning the weather. Her predictions of an approaching anti-cyclone from Macedonia, or an area of depression from Salamis, would be based upon sound meteorological information, and would be true at least three times in five, which would beat the average of ancient oracles clear out of sight.

Then it would be perfectly safe for the Priestess to prophesy speeches and telegrams from the Kaiser, for the Kaiser would be sure to make the prophecy good within a week or two after the delivery of the oracle. Probably the Priestess, as she mounted her daily tripod, would begin business with an announcement of an impending cabinet crisis in France, and a week later



everyone would say that her prophecies were simply infallible. A letter from Mr. Gladstone would be another safe prophecy, and there would be very little risk in prophesying that Prince Ferdinand would presently discover some new method of rolling in the Russian mud.

The ancient oracles were simply guess-work, and if one in ten of them turned out to be true, the simple public of the period was filled with admiration. The modern

oracles would be based on scientific theories, and they would be universally popular. The oracle business has had vitality enough to last until the present time, although it has fallen almost exclusively into the hands of racing touts, and manufacturers of astrological almanacs. Still its popularity is unquestionably great, and if the Greeks were to publish a weekly edition of Delphic Oracles, say at the price of one penny, they would make almost as much money as they now make by robbing tourists.

* * * * *



IT is becoming clear that the shortest and surest way to ruin a poet's reputation is to appoint him Poet Laureate. I do not profess to have any opinion as to the merits of Mr. Austin's poetry, for the simple reason that I have read next to none of it. But before he was appointed Poet Laureate he certainly enjoyed a very fair reputation. No sooner, however, does he receive his appointment than there is a universal outcry against him, and we are told that his verses are little better than so much doggerel.

What I cannot understand is, how the fact that a man who is appointed Poet Laureate is able to exercise a retrospective action on his poetry, and to convert what was, prior to his appointment, poetry of at least a respectable character, into silly rubbish. It is well known that every man who had ever published two consecutive lines of rhyme was a candidate for the Laureateship, and that about thirteen thousand (in round numbers) unsuccessful candidates, when the final selection was made, were bitterly disappointed. I refuse, however, to believe that this disappointment can have induced the rejected candidates to abuse the new Laureate, and to sneer at the very verses which six months ago were so generally praised.

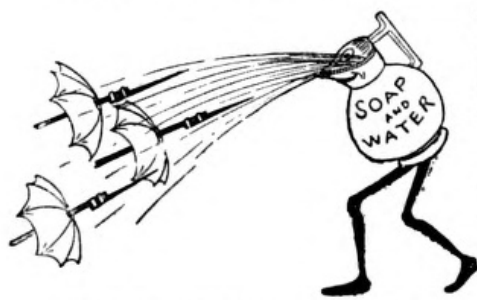




MR. EDISON seems to think that soldiers have a terrible dread of water, for he proposes to substitute pumping engines and hose pipes for artillery and rifles, and to put the enemies of America to flight by throwing water on them. It is barely possible that a Russian regiment might prefer death by the bullet to compulsory washing with water; but water has no such terrors for the British soldier.

It is only fair to say that Mr. Edison does not mean to rely upon pure water alone. His plan is to pump electrified water on the enemy. I have never tasted electrified water, and I cannot say to what extent it is more unpalatable than pure water; but I doubt very much if it would have any terrors for the average soldier.

Now, if Mr. Edison were a practical man instead of a mere inventor, he would fill his pumping machines with American cheap whiskey instead of water. The fumes of this whiskey are warranted to intoxicate a man at a distance of several yards, and if every soldier of an advancing regiment were to be sprinkled with it, the entire regiment



would fall down dead drunk within five-minutes after receiving the deadly discharge. It is true that there are one or two trifling difficulties in the way of fighting successfully with the help of pumping machines alone. The modern rifle can kill at the distance of a mile, and as nobody has yet invented a pumping engine that can throw liquid of any kind further than a few rods, the men in charge of Mr. Edison's pumping machines would be shot down long before the enemy came within reach of his water. Mr. Edison doubtless means well, in trying to throw cold water on the enemies of his country, but his

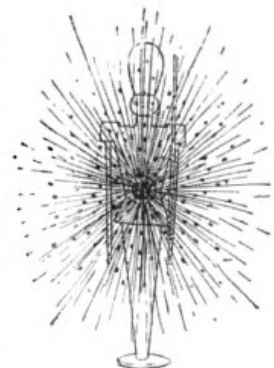
proposal will hardly commend itself to military men. Even a Russian regiment could face a stream of mingled soap and water, by charging with umbrellas as well as bayonets fixed to their rifles.



ANOTHER American inventor has taken what may prove to be the first step towards putting an end to bloodshed in war. He has invented a new automatic gun which fires three hundred shots a minute, and does not need the service of a single man, after it once begins to fire. It can be levelled at the enemy, and when the trigger has once been pulled, it will continue to load and fire itself until the supply of ammunition is exhausted.

If a German army were marching on Paris, a battery of these guns could be placed in its path, and the most worthless soldier in the French army could be detailed to pull the trigger, while the remainder of the army went to dinner at a safe distance in the rear. The automatic battery would annihilate the Germans, and after the Frenchmen had finished their dinner, and their subsequent cigarettes, a regiment or two could be sent out to bury the invaders.

The next step towards making war a harmless pastime, will be the invention of automatic soldiers, as well as automatic guns. A regiment of these soldiers will be transported to the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy's automatic forces, and the hostile automata will shoot at one another with their automatic guns until both sides have exhausted their ammunition. Then the number of uninjured automata on each side will be counted, and the victory will be awarded to the side which has sustained the smallest loss.



When we come to think of it, there is something incongruous in fighting battles

with live men, when they could be fought with machinery. This is the age of machinery, and since we have learned how to make a steam excavator do the work of a thousand navvies, why should we not make a mechanical soldier capable of doing the work which it now takes a whole regiment of men to do? War carried on by automatic soldiers would be quite as humane as arbitration; and in the case of England it would probably be much more satisfactory, for it is scarcely probable that automatic battles would be as uniformly decided against England as arbitrations have hitherto been.

* * * * *



HE dweller in the suburban villa has a fondness for giving his residence a name, and carving or painting the name above his front door. This is a harmless amusement, except in the opinion of the postman, who, in order to deliver letters, is compelled to commit to memory the names of four or five hundred villas, most of which begin with the syllable "Glen."

The fondness of the villa resident for Scotch names is very curious. The whole of Scotland has been ransacked in search of Glens, and as the supply has fallen short of the demand, hundreds of new Glens have been invented. There is nothing that is less like a glen, except perhaps in point of dampness, than is the average suburban villa, but the villa resident is never happy unless he can say that he lives in "Glencairn" or "Glenlivet," or "Glen-somethingelse." If he is unable to hit on a Glen that has not already been appropriated by someone living in the same postal district, he contents himself with a Scotch county, or anything else that is Scotch.

Now and then a bold cockney calls his villa by some English name, but the dweller in "Usquebaugh" or "Haggis" looks with scorn on the man who lives in "Cedar Grove" or "Three Oaks." There must be some explanation of this passion for Scotch names, but no one has yet ventured to offer it.

The American suburban resident shows

vastly more poetic feeling when he comes to name his villa than does the Londoner. The man who lives in "Home! B'Gosh!" advertises to all his neighbours his happiness in having a home of his own. The dweller in "Struckitrich" wishes everybody to know that he has been fortunate, and the owner of the "Howling Paradise" is instantly recognised as a contented man. The more sarcastic American calls his villa "Robber's Cave," or "Stockbroker's Den," or "Pirate's Delight," or "Lawyer's Lair." But these names have not the poetic charm of the usual American villa nomenclature.



It is a comfort to reflect that there must come a time when the suburban Londoner will grow tired of "Glens" and other Scotch names, though in that case he may possibly develop a fondness for Welsh names, and live in "Gwllswmpbd," or in some similarly-named villa, and thereby drive the local postmen to suicide.

* * * * *



OW did the people in Dickens's novels who were without an income from money invested manage to live? A very large proportion of them were obviously incapable of making an honest living. There was Captain Cuttle, whom Dickens erroneously supposed to be a sailor. Nothing is more certain than that Captain Cuttle was utterly unfit to command a ship, and that no ship-owner was ever mad enough to give him a command. What did this pretended mariner live on? He had a little ready money in a tin canister, but, unless this canister resembled the widow's cruse of oil, it must have become empty long before the Captain ran away from Mrs. McStinger's.

Then there were the Cheeryble Brothers. They were alleged to be merchants, but they never sold a pennyworth of anything, and were constantly giving away vast sums of

money. Where did this money come from? How did Little Nelly's objectionable old grandfather provide food for himself and his tiresomely angelic grandchild? He kept an old curiosity shop, but, like the rest of Dickens's shopkeepers, never sold anything. He borrowed money from Quilp, but it was solely for gambling purposes, and he conscientiously lost the whole of it at cards. Does anyone believe that old Willet made a living out of the Maypole? The man was little better than an idiot, and to suppose that he was capable of keeping an inn is absurd.

Mr. Pickwick is said to have been a gentleman of more or less fortune, but he kept no bank account, and never drew any dividends or collected any rents. Apparently he always carried his entire fortune in his pocket-book, and it must have come to an end long before he went to the Fleet. George, the ex-Dragon, is represented as keeping himself and his retainer Phil out of the profits of a shooting gallery to which no one ever came. Mortimer and Eugene were lawyers, but they openly acknowledged that neither of them ever had a client.

Dickens introduces us to several solicitors and barristers besides these two young men, but would any sane person ever go to any one of Dickens's lawyers, with the possible exception of Mr. Tulkinghorn, for advice on any matter involving the value of a yellow dog? How did all these incapable people make their living? My own impression is that most of them were makers of counterfeit money, and the remainder lived by skilful forgeries of Bank of England notes.



AGES ago, that is to say at the period when the astronomers invented leap year, someone proposed that during every leap year women should have the privilege of asking men to marry them. A little later a second idiot, probably the professional humourist of the *Roman Agenda*, made the

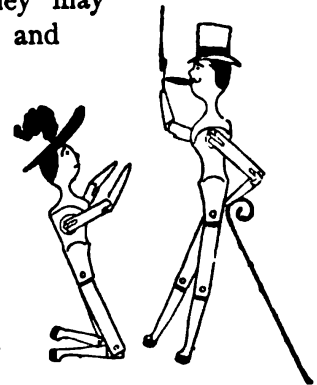
reckless assertion that women gladly availed themselves of this privilege.

This anæmic and rickety joke has survived to the present day. Every time a leap year arrives we suffer from twelve consecutive months of this joke. The newspapers repeat it daily, and persons who, in other respects are sane, constantly allude in conversation to the danger which threatens the unmarried man. Maidens and widows are constantly represented as going to and fro during leap year seeking whom they may marry, and young men and old bachelors take an inexplicable pleasure in pretending to dread the proposals of marriage with which they feign to be threatened.

Now every one knows that never since leap years came into being has one solitary, as well as single, woman proposed to a man because it was leap year. We all know that this leap year joke is a bare-faced lie, but still we affect to believe it.

Why this should be the case is utterly inexplicable. Nobody pretends that women have the right to marry six simultaneous husbands in leap year, and that they constantly avail themselves of this privilege. Yet it would be just as sensible, and quite as funny to make the one pretence as it is to make the other. If there were the slightest particle of humour in this leap year joke, its persistent survival could be understood, but in comparison with it the messages of President Cleveland, and the philosophical essays of Mr. Spencer are masterpieces of humour.

There is every reason to believe that, having lived so long, the leap year joke will be eternal, and that, millions of years from now, the Patagonian and North Polar papers will repeat it. It is a pity that the name of the wretch who invented the leap year joke has not been handed down to us. If it had been, there would be some little satisfaction in holding him up to the execration of the race, as the inventor of the worst joke the world has ever known. I do not even except the French Republic.



HONEYCOMBED ENGLAND.

By J. MASON.

LONG before the dawn of reliable history, the process of honey-combing these islands began in its south-western extremity with the search for tin. For ages after that, the Sussex hills were tunnelled for iron ore, and lead, copper, and salt were mined in very early times. It was not, however, until the advent of the coal-consuming age that mining operations in this country assumed great proportions.

It is a singular fact, and one difficult of comprehension, that of all the principal products of the mineral kingdom, that which now distances all others, in magnitude and in utility—coal, was the last known, or at any rate the last applied to industrial purposes.

In less than three centuries our annual yield of coal has risen from very small to colossal figures, and in its wake the mining of iron ore has also reached formidable dimensions.

For many years past the duration of our coal supply has been the subject of anxious inquiry, for, in the matter of coal, we cannot conserve the capital whilst we live on the interest; and, unlike the metals, when once employed, it is gone for ever. Still, according to the best authorities, our reserves are very large, and even if the present heavy rate of consumption were maintained, but not exceeded, our children, to the tenth or twelfth generation, would have no great cause for worry. But of late years the annual rate of consumption has increased so enormously—more than doubling in thirty years—that, if the same rate of increase goes on, the year

2000 will find the annual British output risen to something like 2000 millions of tons, and the workable coal will be exhausted in considerably less than another century.

Of course, all the probabilities point to a greatly reduced rate of increase, but the prospect is still sufficiently serious. Our object, however, is to show that, even now, the term "honeycombed" is by no means a misnomer, and therefore our business is with what has already been done, rather than with what remains to be done.

At the beginning of this century the annual output of the British coal mines was estimated at ten millions of tons; in 1894—the last year for which the returns are yet issued—it had risen to 188 millions of tons. Allowing an average of only five million tons per annum for the eighteenth century, and of two million tons for the seventeenth century, we arrive at a grand total of coal production in the British Isles, of nearly 7500 millions of tons.

Dealing in a similar way with iron, lead, tin and copper ores, salt, etc., we get at a total of not less than 10,000 millions of tons of mineral so extracted.

The area of the United Kingdom is $74\frac{1}{4}$ millions of acres, and therefore it follows that, on the average, from beneath every single acre of that area, 130 tons at least of mineral matter have been extracted.

In England and Wales the average rises to 260 tons to the acre, whilst over the whole county of Durham, South Lancashire, South Yorkshire, South Staffordshire, and other more limited areas, the average runs up to fully 1500 tons to the acre.

This is quite sufficient to justify the title of this article, but after all, relatively, it does not amount to much. A cubic yard of coal weighs practically one ton, and necessary waste included, iron ore and other minerals will average just the same; but, as coal amounts to 91 per cent. of our whole mineral output, the coal datum may be taken for the whole. Ten thousand millions of cubic yards of solid matter! After all, it means only the clearing out of some two millions of acres to the depth of one yard.

But many collieries work coal seams, one below another to a total thickness of thirty feet or more, and including a certain amount of water brought to the surface, a single acre may yield 50,000 tons, or, its equivalent, 50,000 cubic yards of minerals.

Vast figures are sometimes rendered a little more comprehensible by what may be termed fancy illustrations. The 188 millions of tons of coal taken out of British mines in 1894, if it could all be placed in one great block, would measure 1000 yards long by 1000 wide and 200 yards high, or, in other words, would cover considerably more than 200 acres to a depth of 600 feet.

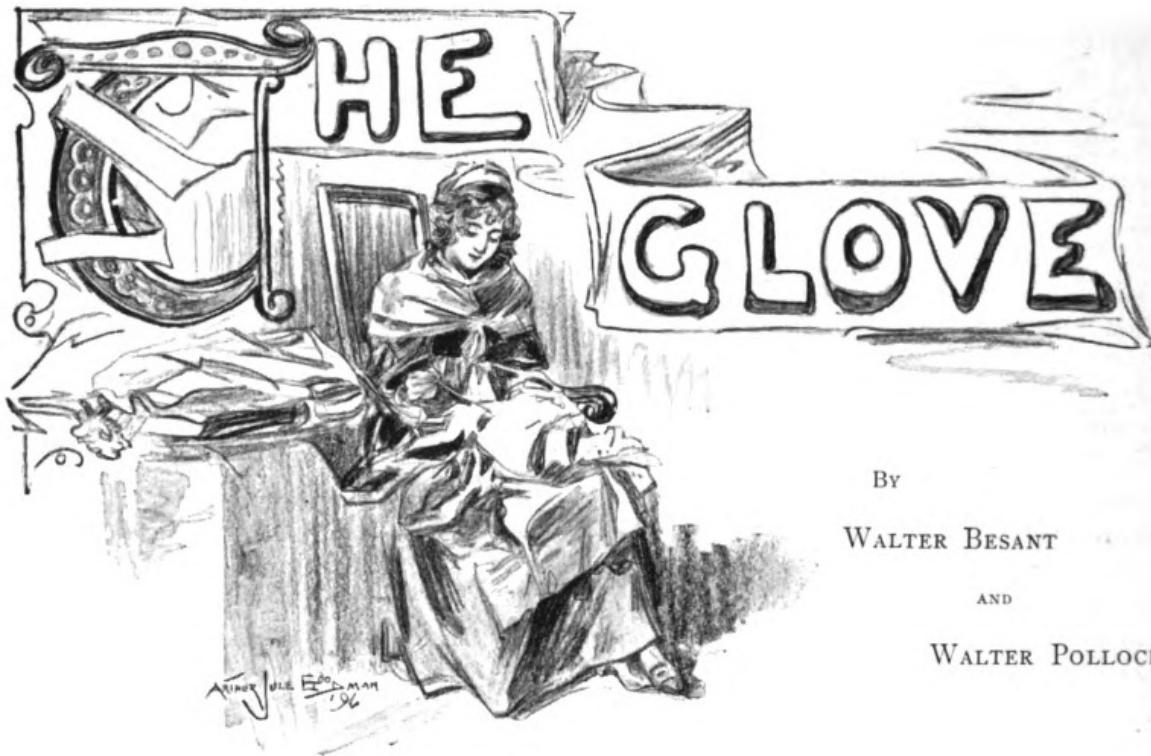
Out of this block the Houses of Parliament, which cover nine acres; St. Paul's Cathedral, and all the other cathedrals in the country could be carved *in the solid*; and we should still have a good many million tons of chippings left. Or again, if the whole of this mass could be spun into a cable a yard in diameter it would suffice to go round the world at the Equator nearly six times.

Just one more. The 10,000,000,000 of cubic yards of mineral matter in one block would cover 10,000 acres to the same height of 600 feet; and out of this huge mass could be carved, in the solid, every dwelling-house, every cathedral, church and chapel, and every public building in the United Kingdom.

Thus, at the usual average of five people to a house, we have 8,000,000 of dwelling houses in the whole country. At the liberal average of 500 cubic yards to each we absorb only 4,000,000,000 out of the 10,000,000,000 of cubic yards, and leave 6,000,000,000 for the various classes of public buildings.

It might be supposed that such enormous masses of material could not be extracted without causing much more surface disturbance than appears to take place. Around Wigan there are considerable depressions, and in recent years large lakes have been formed, in the midst of which trees still standing bear silent witness to what has been going on far below. But it must be borne in mind that by means of props and cross beams, and stacks of waste stone, or pillars of coal left standing, any serious depression, whilst the colliery is working, is guarded against; and directly work ceases water fills every vacant space; and, as water is practically incompressible, and at such depths finds no easy vent, whilst a column of water rising hundreds of feet in a disused shaft sets up an hydraulic pressure compared with which anything accomplished by mechanical means is child's play, all this establishes a tremendous counter pressure, and so materially helps to maintain the surface.





By
WALTER BESANT
AND
WALTER POLLOCK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HUGH VALENTINE (*Cavalier Colonel, in love with Lady Beatrice*).
JOHN TOMLINSON (*Roundhead Colonel, in love with Lady Beatrice*).
VAUGHAN (*Serving Man*).
LADY BEATRICE GRAHAM (*Aged 21. Father killed at Worcester*).
NELL (*Lady Beatrice's Waiting Woman. Father killed at Worcester. Almost same age as her Mistress*).

TIME May, 1660.

PLACE Lady Beatrice Graham's House in the Country.

SCENE—*Hall of the House. If the space is very limited, call it LADY BEATRICE GRAHAM'S boudoir. Not too much furniture. Portrait of a Cavalier on the wall.*

(NELL discovered at work—sewing a silk dress at a table—dress of the period for servants—neat and sober—white cap, white kerchief over her neck and shoulders.)

NELL (*looking up*.) There's more trouble! Always more trouble! Ay! and always will be till the King comes back. As my lady is so fond of singing:

Then look for no peace, for the war shall never cease,
Till the King shall come to his own again.

Yes, always more trouble. And my lady always to know about it. One of these fine days she'll be carried off to prison for treason. When all is said, there's some advantage in being a waiting woman instead of a great lady; not but what I'd follow my lady to prison, or anywhere else, if she wanted me. No one can know my lady and not love her. She wins all hearts.

(*Enter LADY BEATRICE with a letter in her hand.*)

LADY B. Nell! Nell! Where are you? I have had news——

NELL (*looks up interrogatively.*) What news, my lady?

LADY B. Nell! You are a Phoenix of waiting-women. And, like me, Nell, you have memories to keep you faithful. Your father was well stricken in years when he went out to Worcester to die beside my father—I was a mere girl of eleven—yet I remember as if it were yesterday seeing them ride away. Your father rode behind and ever looked over his shoulder for the chance of sudden attack.

NELL. I remember it, too, my lady.

LADY B. My brother rode with them.

NELL. Yes, my lady—I remember.

LADY B. (*laying hand on NELL's shoulder.*) You are a good girl. But listen, Nell, listen. Is there no one about? (*Looks about.*) This letter—is from Holland—from my brother the Earl, who is with the King. Listen. “The times are almost ripe. Noll gone to his own place”—he means the Devil—my brother always means well—“the new man with no hold of the people, who have no fear of him, nor no love of him”—indeed, that is true. You see, Nell, how well they understand things at the Hague. “I can tell you now, but this. Expect the King in his own Palace at Whitehall before many weeks, and thy brother back to his own house as soon as the crop ears are turned out. Our messengers are up and down the country heartening the people. ’Tis a dangerous duty, and they who undertake it carry their lives in their hands. The messenger who brings you this may be trusted. But be careful in whose presence you speak to him. I will not tell thee his name. That is a surprise for thee. I have told His Majesty what I have said. He bade me add these words: ‘Tell thy sweetheart sister, Tom, that I will kiss her at Whitehall before all the Court’”—Nell—’Tis a gallant Prince!—“Certainly, dear sister, none ever knew the King to break his word in such a promise as that. Wherefore be of good heart, forget the past, and look forward steadfastly and stoutly to the time when the King shall come to his own again.” Yes, Nell, yes—that time is at hand. (*Sings same song as the maid.*)

Then look for no peace, for the war shall never cease,
Till the King shall come to his own again.

Oh! the old words. They ring in my brain. . . . It is like the morning when they rode away. Nell! (*Catches maid by the hand.*) Yes, we can both remember that day. . . . they rode away—they rode away. . . . to die—two of them to die and the other to live in exile. My brother’s life was saved by his friend Hugh Valentine, whom he loves so dearly. I would I could see that Hugh Valentine again. Well, we would send them again to-day on the same errand if need were—to die—to die—for the King—for the King! (*Sinks down and buries her face in her hands. Springs to her feet again and sings again.*)

NELL. Nay, mistress, be calm. Should Colonel Tomlinson hear!

LADY B. His ears must be tingling; let them tingle!

NELL. Should the servants hear!

LADY B. Let them hear! They will all join in this refrain.

Then look for no peace, for the war shall never cease,
Till the King shall come to his own again.

NELL. The people are not *all* to be trusted, my lady. But yesterday I met the sour old saint, Win-the-fight Sludge, the sexton; he was muttering as he walked along. When he saw me, he lifted up his head, and said: “Go, tell your mistress there’s men to fight now as there were men to fight then. Another Worcester field shall send them flying again.” There had been drinking of the King’s health at the tavern.

LADY B. Let him talk. He will be drinking the King's health ere long himself. But, Nell—where is the messenger who brought this letter? My brother said it would be a surprise. Go, look for him. Find him food and drink.

NELL (*looking out at window.*) Madam, he is on the terrace, and—he is a cavalier gentleman.

LADY B. A gentleman? You have quick eyes. Then—then—it must be one of the messengers of whom my brother speaks. Go, bring him here. (*Exit NELL.*) Oh! If it can be true! If I shall see the King—and my brother, banished for nine long years—and perhaps the gallant Colonel Valentine who saved my brother's life, and is my brother's dearest friend.

(*Enter COLONEL VALENTINE. NELL waits with folded hands at the door.*)

VALENTINE (*bowing low.*) Lady Beatrice Graham, if I guess aright.

LADY B. Sir, I am sister to the Earl of Mercia. Pray be welcome, Sir. You come from the Hague recently?

VALENTINE. Quite recently, Madam; as the letter which I brought with me has doubtless told you.

LADY B. (*looking at him curiously.*) My brother is well?

VALENTINE. He is quite well—and hopeful.

LADY B. And—and—he said that I should receive a surprise. Sir, there is a gallant gentleman about the King, of whom I would fain ask news. He is a gentleman whom I saw once, when I was but a mere girl. But he saved my brother's life; being a very valiant gentleman—and he is my brother's dearest friend—and—I should like to ask about him—the Colonel Hugh Valentine.

VALENTINE. Madam, I carry that poor name.

LADY B. Then, Sir, in one word, I thank you. Can I say more? There are no words that can say more. (*Offers her hand. He takes off his glove—throws it on the table, and raises her hand and kisses it.*) Sir, it is now nine years since you dragged my poor brother off the field. Oh! Colonel Valentine, what can I say? Where find words of gratitude? Oh! loyal friend and brave soldier! In my brother's name you are welcome here. For his dear sake, all that this poor house contains is yours.

VALENTINE. Nay, Madam. This is but old history. Shall I tell you about your brother?

LADY B. Why did he not tell me who was the bearer? But he said it would be a surprise. It is, indeed, a joyful surprise—yet I must not forget. There is danger—which you love—tell me of—the King—does all go well?

VALENTINE. All goes well. We wait only to see which way inclines the army. Meantime, there are many, like myself, going from house to house to sound the heart of the country. If I read the signs aright, a few more weeks—or even days—and then—



(*He raises her hand and kisses it.*)

NELL (*runs in hurriedly.*) My lady—my lady—Colonel Tomlinson is marching across the park towards the house with a posse of men armed with pikes and firelocks.

LADY B. With a posse of men? Then, Colonel Valentine, he is coming to seek you. Who betrayed you? Did you pass through the village? Did anyone speak to you?

VALENTINE. One spoke to me—a sour, crop-eared knave. I showed him scant courtesy in reply. The scoundrel looked as if he would threaten.

NELL. Win-the-fight Sludge. It must be he. The bitter Independent!

LADY B. No doubt—no doubt—the sexton. He must have made some guess and gone straight to Colonel Tomlinson. Well, quick; Nell—quick, girl—thou art always ready. Should Colonel Valentine fly?

NELL. My lady, it is too late. The Colonel cannot get across the open ground of the park without being seen.

LADY B. Then the hiding-place—the Priest's Room!

NELL. They found Lord Hexham there. The secret of the Priest's Room is known too well. If we were to disguise Colonel Valentine—

LADY B. Not friendship for me—not the love he professes—would stay Colonel Tomlinson's hand a moment. He will arrest you if he finds you, and, once arrested—Oh! They know nor ruth nor reason. Oh, Colonel Valentine! That you should run this cruel peril for me!

VALENTINE. Since it is for you, Lady Beatrice, could I regret it?

LADY B. Quick, Nell! What disguise shall we invent?

NELL. He is the same height as Vaughan, your Ladyship's serving man. He might put on Vaughan's clothes.

LADY B. True—true! The trick shall serve well. Quick! quick!

(*Exeunt NELL and COLONEL VALENTINE.*)

LADY B. (*looks out of window.*) Here they come—the Colonel and his posse. How determined he looks! Ah! How good and great a man is there spoiled by his party and his religion. What shall we want the pretended Vaughan to do? He must bring in wine. He must pour it out. That is not much. Men like Colonel Tomlinson do not regard a serving man. They never look such an one in the face. The King himself escaped as a serving man. Oh! It will be a quarter of an hour only; a formal search of the house—then he will go away again—and search the park and gardens. (*Tramp of feet outside.*) Here they are. (*Goes to door. Voices outside.*) You are welcome, Colonel Tomlinson. You would be more welcome without this company of armed men. What mean you, Colonel? Am I to be arrested? Come in and let me know what I have done to be honoured by this visit of an armed posse?

(*LADY B. enters, followed by COL. TOMLINSON. At the door he turns round and speaks to men outside.*)

COLONEL T. Six of you remain outside. No one is to leave the house. The rest remain in the hall, waiting orders. Lady Beatrice, believe me, I am troubled thus to intrude



"Here they come—the Colonel and his posse."

upon you. My reason is this. The country is filled with agitators and emissaries of the Young Man——

LADY B. You mean, of the King!

COLONEL T. As you will. They are going in disguise from house to house, from village to village. They fill the minds of ignorant people with hopes that cannot be realised; they preach another rising; they want more bloodshed.

LADY B. They might be better pleased with a bloodless revolution?

COLONEL T. They prepare the way—a way that will be rude and rugged.

LADY B. (*sings in a low voice.*) "Till the King shall come to his own again."

COLONEL T. As for these messengers of rebellion, one of them passed through the village just now—called for wine at the inn—told the people to expect the Young Man soon, and then entered the park and came to this house.

LADY B. To this house? Colonel Tomlinson, you have always expressed a great friendship for me.

COLONEL T. More than friendship, Madam.

LADY B. Then—more than friendship—if you please to call it so. Now is the time to prove that friendship. If the man is here—let him depart in peace. Take your soldiers away and let this person—if he is in the house—go unmolested.

COLONEL T. Should I be worthy of your friendship, Lady Beatrice, if I were guilty of treachery to my country?

LADY B. Treachery to—but I must needs be silent.

COLONEL T. Lady Beatrice, I have my duty. I must search the house.

LADY B. As you please. I will tell my women to throw open the rooms. (*Exit.*)

COLONEL T. (*sees glove on table—takes it up—examines it. Aside.*) A glove! A gentleman's glove! The glove of a caballero—of a cavalier! I must find the hand that fits it! Let me think! What if it were the very man I am seeking. Hugh Valentine! the old friend of the Earl of Mercia. Yes—it may well be. And I must arrest him, and the end is certain. Then farewell to Lady Beatrice! Yet it must be done. (*Goes to door, calls men.*) Four of you to basement and cellars. Look behind every cask. Take lights and leave no corner unsearched. Four of you take the rooms on the ground floor. The rest upstairs—search in every room—search the roof—the chimneys—the garrets—look in every cupboard and under every bed. (*Stands back to let LADY B. enter. She comes in followed by NELL and COLONEL VALENTINE disguised as a serving man; NELL takes her work again. COLONEL VALENTINE stands in the corner, ready to obey when ordered COLONEL TOMLINSON when the men have gone off tramping to their work, turns back to the room.*)

COLONEL T. I trust, Madam, that this trouble to your household will not occupy many minutes. I confess that I hope the fellow has escaped. He will be arrested sooner or later, and I would prefer that he should be arrested outside your house.

LADY B. The trouble, as you call it, Colonel Tomlinson, of your presence, and that of



"A glove! A gentleman's glove."

your friends, has gone on for a good many years. A few house searchings, more or less, matter little. We are, however, in hopes that all this will cease before long. But I forgot. Vaughan, bring wine. (*Exit COLONEL VALENTINE.*)

COLONEL T. (*goes to door and speaks off.*) Well?

(*Enter a trooper, who says : Nothing, sir.*)

COLONEL T. You are sure?

TROOPER. I am sure, Colonel. (*Exit trooper.*)

COLONEL T. Lady Beatrice, I am happy to report that this man of whom we are in search is not in the house.

(*Enter WIN-THE-FIGHT SLUDGE, the Sexton. He carries in his hand the COLONEL'S embroidered coat.*)

SLUDGE. They did not look in the Priest's room, Colonel—I knew the room. 'Twas there we found Lord Hexham, whom we took to London and beheaded. In the Priest's room I found these things. (*Shows coat.*) 'Tis the scarlet coat of the man who passed through the village—the man to whom I spoke—the man we are looking for.

COLONEL T. I know it—he has been here—he must be here still. (*Goes to door.*) Search the house once more from top to bottom. He must be here somewhere.

(*VALENTINE, bearing tray with wine and two long glasses upon it, offers to LADY BEATRICE, who pours out a little and holds the glass in her hand. He offers to COLONEL TOMLINSON, who fills a glass and takes it off the tray. Notices servant's hands. (Aside.) Ha! Hands rather white and shapely for a servant. (Looks at his face.) And face—ah! not a familiar face. I have never seen this fellow at the Hall before.*)

WIN-THE-FIGHT (*whispers COLONEL TOMLINSON.*) Sir—Sir—a word—this servant is no servant—he is the gentleman whom you seek.

COLONEL T. Silence! I understand. You can leave the room.

(*Exit WIN-THE-FIGHT.*)

COLONEL T. (*shuts the door, points to coat and to glove, addresses VALENTINE.*) Sir, I see before me a servant whose hand seems to me to fit a cavalier's glove, and I believe that I am speaking to Colonel Hugh Valentine, lately arrived from the Hague, and one of the followers of the young man, Charles Stuart.

VALENTINE. Sir, I am a cavalier and I am a servant, the servant of the King! Long live the King! (*He fills and drinks a bumper to the King's health and breaks the glass.*) Now, Sir, I am at the service of Colonel Tomlinson, the King's enemy, but despite that a gentleman.

COLONEL T. Sir, you are my prisoner. I arrest you by my power as a Magistrate of the County.

LADY B. Hugh! (*She takes his hand. To COLONEL T.*) Who told you that this was Colonel Valentine?

COLONEL T. That glove which I found on your table told me. I knew that Colonel Valentine was in the country—I knew that he would come here from your brother. I saw that the hands of the serving man were not the hands of a servant.

LADY B. Oh, the glove!—the fatal glove!

COLONEL T. Lady Beatrice, you must say farewell to my prisoner. Sir (*to COLONEL V.*), make your farewells. I will leave you alone with this lady for a few minutes. I have your parole. (*Exit COLONEL T.*)

VALENTINE. Lady Beatrice, I thank kind Heaven that it has allowed me once to look into your face and to kiss your hand. (*He raises her hand and kisses it.*) I have so often talked with your brother over your perfections that—may I say it?

LADY B. Colonel Valentine, say what you will ; for, oh ! my heart is breaking ! Oh, my brother, my brother ! That you should lose such a friend ! And I—— Quick ! Let me think. They will take you to the assize town—to London. They will try you. I will fall at the feet of this new man—this son of the Protector——

VALENTINE. Nay, I fear that will scarce serve. It will be a drum-head court martial most likely. Let me say farewell. Dear Lady Beatrice ! (*Kneels on one knee and takes her hand.*) Queen of my heart ! whom I have always loved, yet never till now spoken to—Farewell !

(*Ringings of church bells outside ; blowing of trumpets ; shouting.*)

LADY B. (*runs to window.*) What is it ? They ring the church bells. There are men running across the park. They are crying—what ?

VOICES (*outside.*) God save the King !

LADY B. (*clutching VALENTINE by the hand.*) What ? Is it—is it—is it—God save the King ?

(*Enter COLONEL T.*)

COLONEL T. Whatever the varlets shout, you are still my prisoner, sir. (*Opens door.*) What ho ! Guard ! (*Enter SLUDGE.*)

SLUDGE. They are all tossing up their caps for the Young Man, sir. They are drunk with the blood of Babylon. They are all gone astray. The Devil reigns. (*Exit, tossing up his arms.*)

VALENTINE. You see, Colonel, to remain a prisoner I must have a guard. I withdraw my parole. If —outside the house — (*touches hilt of sword.*)

VOICES. God save the King !
God save the King !

COLONEL T. You are free, sir.

VALENTINE. In that case—(*takes cup of wine ; offers it to LADY B.*)—in that case, Lady Beatrice, what say you ?

LADY B. (*takes the cup and sips ; then holds it up and sings*) :

Then look for no peace, for the war shall never cease,
Till the King shall come to his own again.

(*To COLONEL T.*) Friend, we have been friends when to be a friend to any of your party demanded the highest gifts on your side and the greatest faith on mine. Reverse the position, dear Colonel Tomlinson. Be now the friend of the conquering side.

VALENTINE (*takes the cup and holds it up*). God save the King !

COLONEL T. I may not drink that toast with you. Madam, we have been friends—we shall remain friends, friends for ever and ever. Lady Beatrice, I drink *your* health. (*He raises his glass, puts it to his lips as the CURTAIN falls.*)

(*This series is now concluded.*)



WANTING THE EARTH.



BY ROBERT BARR.

IN the Far West they have a phrase which is applied to a grasping person, and the phrase is "This man wants the earth." The desire for the possession of our planet has been universal throughout all the ages, and there has been no time in the history of man when some one did not want the earth. Alexander the Great was one of the few men who really got it, and we read that even then he was not satisfied, but sat down and wept because there were not a few more worlds for him to conquer.

This yearning on the part of man may be pictured in various ways. Here, for instance, is a sketch of an unfortunate sailor struggling with the waves in the middle of the Atlantic ocean; in his case there was undoubtedly some justification for his demands. And here is another of an unfortunate man falling out of a balloon, something more than a mile up in the air. It certainly looks exceedingly probable that his wish will also remain ungratified.

The latest individual who desires the universe is Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, but differing from Alexander, he desires the earth only to give it away, temporarily, to a horde of needy little people, who not only do not possess an inch of its surface, but rarely have an opportunity of playing for an hour, even, on one of its many green fields, and Mr. Pearson does not wish all the earth, but merely a portion of it, and that the cheapest. He does not desire any part of the town, which is always an expensive portion of this planet, but what he would like, to bestow again, would be some open fields, a pure stream or two, and, perhaps, a few thickets or part of a forest, where little folks from the slums might wander at will and hear the birds sing.

It has been well and truly said that God made the country, but man made the town. In the town are concentrated all the malignities of our modern civilisation—the newspaper offices, the clubs, policemen, railway stations, sewer gas, four-wheelers, coal smoke, and the Underground. Many of us take our cities as we do our stimulants; revelling in town and having a high old time, and then going to the country to recuperate. But there are

unfortunately some hundreds of thousands of wretched creatures who would never have an opportunity of seeing the country at all, were it not for the benevolence of those who subscribe to such a laudable charity as "The Fresh Air Fund."

Year in and year out they are prisoners of the slums, just as truly as Bonivard was a prisoner chained to his pillar in the Castle of Chillon. They can no more get out through their own efforts than can a convict in Dartmoor prison, in fact the convict in Dartmoor is better off than they, for he has his share of the fresh air from the moors. Being a civilised people we take good care of our criminals, and they live long; but we allow the honest poor to shift for themselves, and depend on the donations of the charitable.

It is too late in the day to write a eulogy on fresh air; everyone knows its health-giving qualities.

I see it stated in the papers that the new Röntgen rays, if projected through a man's body, will kill certain microbes that may inhabit that body. We all know how, a few years ago, Doctor Koch thought he had discovered a substance that would kill the consumption microbe. Perhaps all these things may help, but it must not be forgotten that Providence entered the field with microbe remedies long before the Germans took to that branch of discovery. Fresh air is a greater specific for all the ills of the body than any decoction ever "made in Germany."

Mr. Eden Philpotts, the novelist, some years ago wrote a charming and most delightful book, entitled "Folly and Fresh Air." The two make an exceedingly entrancing combination, and it is to give the poor children of this great city a chance to mix some folly with fresh air that Mr. Pearson now asks all those with a little money to spare to contribute to his fund. He wants a portion of the earth to give away to those children who rarely see the world in its green mantle. An incredibly small sum will take an incredibly small child an incredibly long distance, and give him or her something to eat when he or she gets there.

Fresh air has been responsible for all the stirring events in history, and for most of the books that are worth reading. The Jameson raid is an interesting case in point; the troopers had an overdose of fresh air, and consequently invaded the Transvaal while the cautious inhabitants of the town, Johannesburg, not having fresh air enough, did not move from their houses, although they outnumbered the troopers a hundred to one. Evidently Jameson's men would have got through all right enough had it not been that they happened to meet the Boers, who had a still greater supply of fresh air than themselves, because a Boer will never willingly enter a town. This is the true explanation of the Jameson raid, which has never yet been placed before the public.

"Treasure Island" is a book that owes its popularity entirely to fresh air, and "Robinson Crusoe" is another, for Robinson had an island completely to himself, and had at his command all the fresh air of the Pacific ocean.

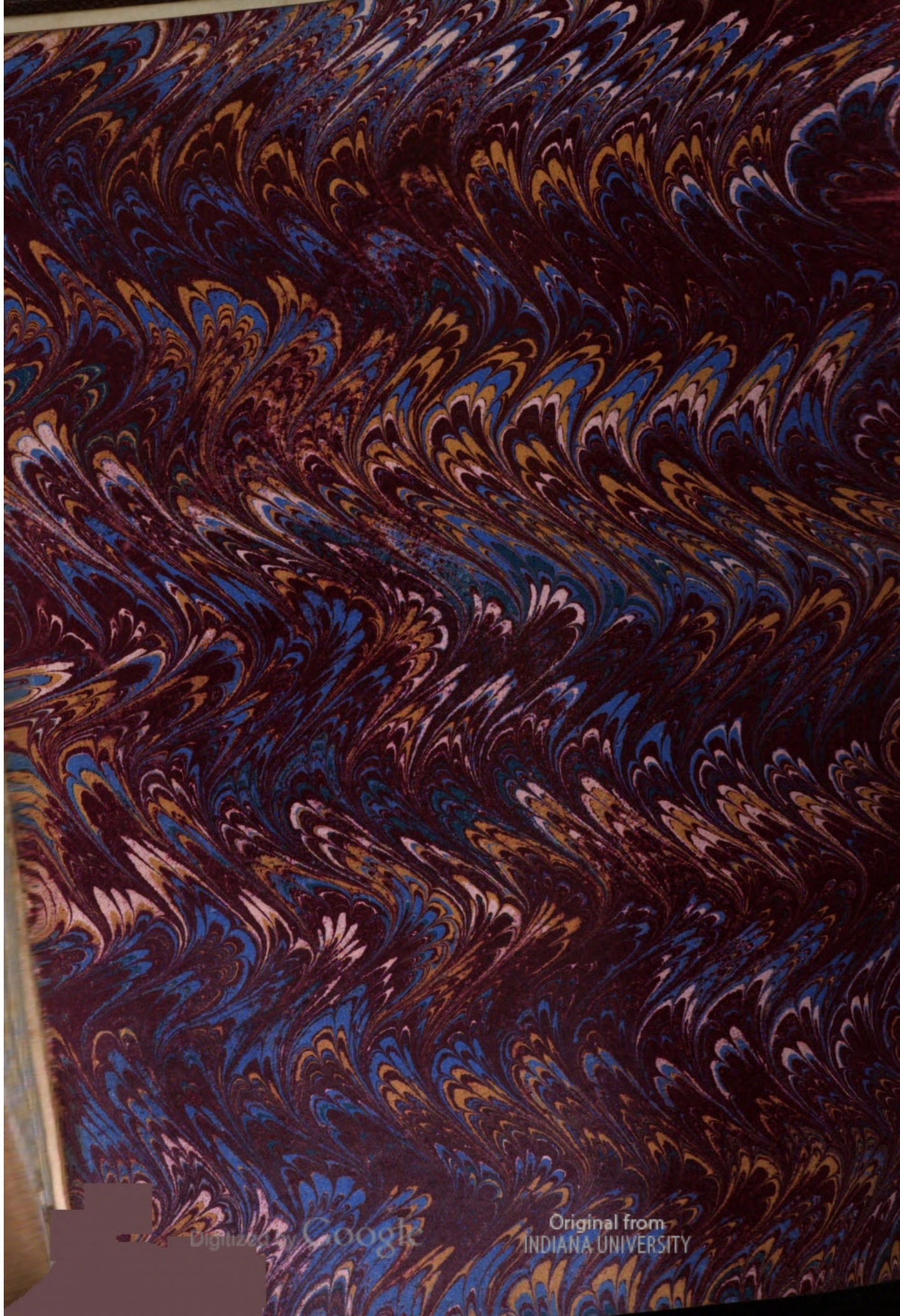
Therefore let me beg of all those who read these words to subscribe to "The Fresh Air Fund," and be in part responsible for a number of Pearson raids during the coming summer—raids into the Transvaal and veldts that surround London, but which are out of reach of the children, unless kind-hearted people subscribe to bestow this enjoyment upon them—raids which, let us hope, will not end in Bow-street, but will do the little troopers an immense deal of good, even if they breathe the fresh air but for one day.

[The Fresh Air Fund was started by the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* and *Pearson's Magazine* in 1892. During the summer of 1892 20,600 poor children enjoyed a day in the country through its agency; in 1893, 40,230; in 1894, 74,074; and last summer, 94,061. The total expenses for travelling and two splendid meals amount to ninepence only per day for each child. All the expenses of management are defrayed by the promoters of the F.A.F. Each ninepence, therefore, contributed by a reader of *Pearson's Magazine* gives to one child a day's complete happiness. *Pearson's Magazine* being a monthly publication, and going to press two months in advance, all sums received will be acknowledged week by week in the columns of *Pearson's Weekly*.

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The background of the entire image is a dense, intricate marbled paper pattern. It features swirling, organic shapes in shades of deep blue, teal, and ochre yellow, all set against a dark, almost black, base. The pattern is highly detailed and covers the entire surface.

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